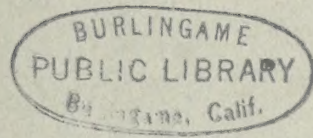


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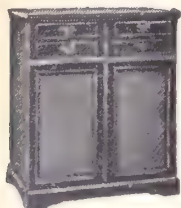
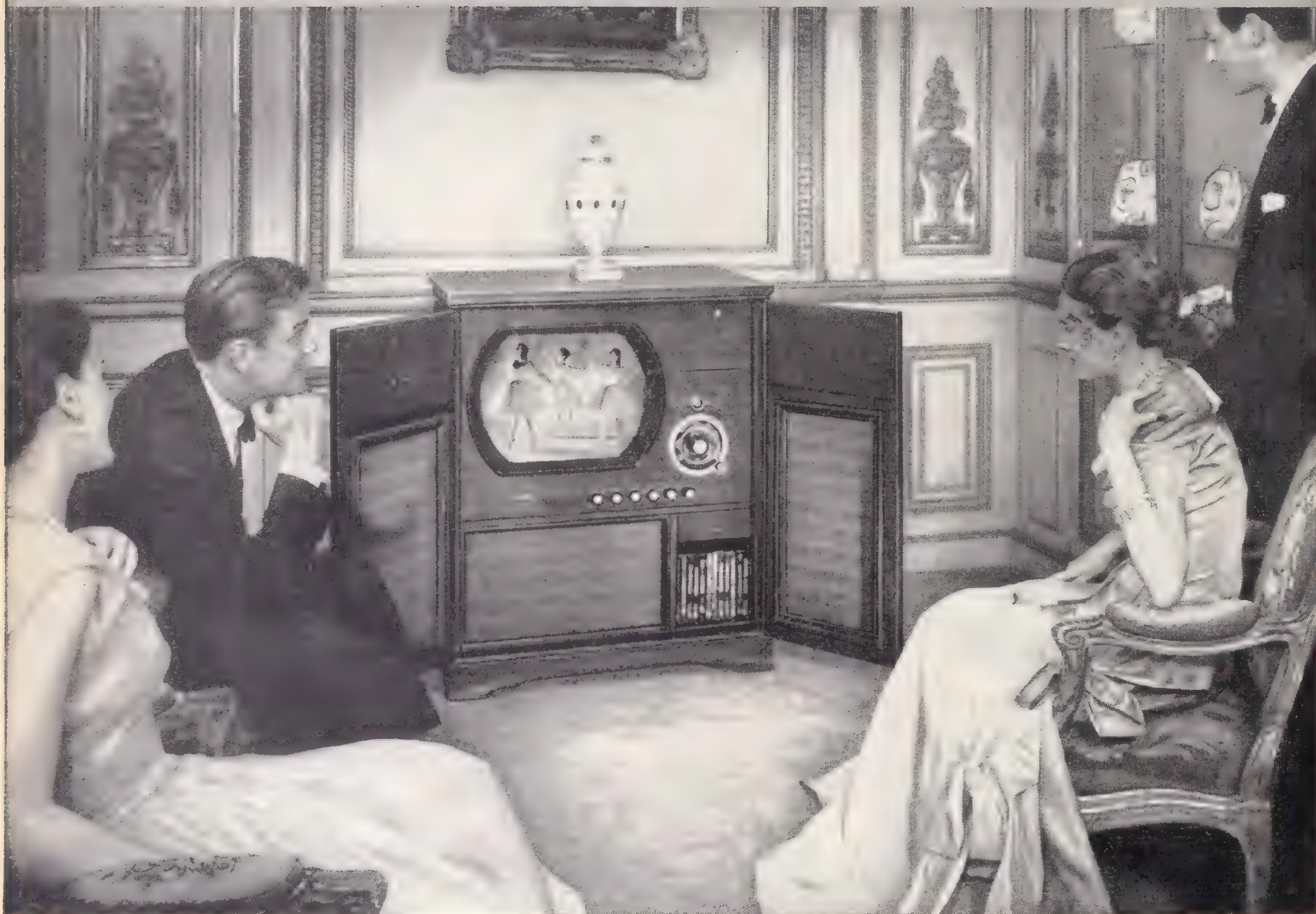
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MAGAZINE

JOYCE CARY's reputation as a novelist is growing steadily in this country, and his forthcoming Book of the Month Club selection, *The Horse's Mouth* (a section of which we printed as a short story last September), should match its brilliant success in England over here. We're proud to publish in the February number Mr. Cary's authoritative description of "How a Novel Gets Written," which has all the charm and insight of his fiction. We're also publishing another authority, in a very different field—**Everett DeBaun**, who is now confined to a penitentiary for robbery, and who has written for us a definitive treatise on the theory and practice of "the heist." We don't believe you've ever read anything on this subject from quite so well-qualified a source.

NO INTERNATIONAL event in years has been filled with as many confusions for the average American as the Communist advance in China. Special pleaders on both sides have presented the Chinese Communists as demonic tools of Moscow and as national saviors, respectively. Next month **Jean Lyon**, an American newspaperwoman who lived in China and has no axe to grind, gives a straight-forward, first-hand account of what happened "When the Communists Entered Peking" and how some of her Chinese friends—a young girl, a mother, an old scholar, a shopkeeper, and others—reacted to the new idea. It's a fascinating, dispassionate report, worth volumes of theoretical analysis.

JAMES RORTY, who has been conducting an intensive investigation of our commercial white bread and the bread hearings in Washington, draws some uncomfortable comparisons between "Bread and the Stuff We Eat," and **Dr. Edward U. Condon**, whose ordeal is described in this issue, brings our series on atomic security to a dramatic close with an essay on "Science, Secrecy, Security"—another proof of the astonishing articulateness and eloquence of our leading scientists.

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Personal & Otherwise

AS SOME of our readers know, *Harper's* has embarked on an experimental research project called "The *Harper's* Leadership Panel." Periodically we will fire some questions—about matters of social or economic consequence in these times—at a carefully selected cross section of the thoughtful and influential people who read the Magazine.

It occurs to us that readers other than those who compose the Panel would be interested in the findings; so from time to time we will make it a point to pass on any material of general interest. Look for the first of these items in P & O next month.

One Touch of Venus

FOR almost a year we have been waiting for the chance to tell you about "The Day the Sun Stood Still" (p. 19). Week after week, at the editorial meetings, the rest of us on the staff have urged our colleague, **Eric Larrabee**, to explain just what he meant by saying that, according to Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky, the sun did, indeed, stand still when Joshua told it to. But Mr. Larrabee would not be hurried. Dr. Velikovsky's book, he insisted, was not the sort of book one could readily summarize.

Now that the article is ready, we can see what he meant. For there is scarcely a branch of human knowledge which is not touched upon in the course of Dr. Velikovsky's argument, and it would be impossible to check, or even to investigate all aspects of, his theory without a thorough knowledge of archaeology,

paleontology, geology, astronomy, psychology, physics, chemistry, and several other sciences—as well as world history.

The theory, as Mr. Larrabee's article explains, is expounded in a book called *Worlds in Collision*, which Macmillan will publish in a few weeks, and which is one of many books in which the author will eventually elaborate his thesis. We first heard of Dr. Velikovsky's work from a Macmillan editor who later sent us galley-proofs to read, with the idea that we might print a portion of the book in the Magazine.

Mr. Larrabee tried first to *condense* the argument of the book, but when he had finished work on the first half, it was perfectly plain that that approach would never succeed. We heard that Clifton Fadiman had been at work on an article about the Velikovsky theory and had assembled a mass of notes, but had abandoned the project. When he learned of our interest, he graciously turned over his notes to Mr. Larrabee, who found them very helpful while working on the present piece.

The first mention in print of Dr. Velikovsky's theory was in an article in the *Herald Tribune*, August 11, 1946, by John J. O'Neill, the science editor of that paper and the author of the first magazine article about the successful splitting of the atom ("Enter Atomic Power," *Harper's*, June 1940). It was Mr. O'Neill's mention of Dr. Velikovsky that aroused Mr. Fadiman's interest.

It is obviously preposterous to attempt to explore the implications of the Velikovsky

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theory without a careful study of the entire book, to say nothing of the volumes still to come. Yet P & O, like everyone who reads Mr. Larrabee's account of it, is tempted by some of the possibilities.

Think of the sermons that will doubtless be preached on the basis of this theory! For, after all, its connotations are moral as well as intellectual, religious as well as scientific. No one who has read Mr. Larrabee's article can ever again read the Old Testament prophets with the same blind piety, or the same blind skepticism, that he felt before. Remembering Venus, the erratic comet of Dr. Velikovsky's theory, and the destruction it visited on mankind, one hears a more imminent thunder in Isaiah's prophecy that the day of the Lord cometh, when God "will shake the heavens, and the earth shall remove out of her place." And when one thinks of "Lucifer, the son of the morning," as Venus, the morning star, one finds new meaning in Isaiah's description of him as the one who "made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms, that made the world as a wilderness and destroyed the cities thereof."

Shortly before reading Mr. Larrabee's article, P & O had been reading a long review written in 1837 by Edgar Allan Poe of Stephens' *Arabia Petraea*, in which Poe (astonishingly enough) argued for "a literal understanding" of scriptural prophecies. Poe's detailed, ratiocinative "proof" that "in all instances the most strictly literal interpretation" of Biblical prophecies has been and will be fulfilled, seems, to the average reader in 1950, an odd feat. Reading the Velikovsky theory today, one wonders.

Laurels for 1949

NINETEEN FIFTY is, among other things, the Centennial Year of *Harper's Magazine*. But before we start polishing our medals from way back, we mention a few new ones for 1949.

James Rorty has just received first prize of \$200 granted by Poetry Awards, for his poem, "Night Hawks over Bronxville," published in *Harper's*, February 1948. It now appears in the 1949 anthology of magazine verse, published by the University of Pennsylvania Press and edited by Robert Thomas Moore and Joseph Joel Keith.

The O. Henry Awards in fiction, published in *Prize Stories of 1949*, edited by Herschel Brickell, included four of our stories in its recent issue: "High Diver" by John Ashworth, "The Best Bread" by Bentz Plagemann, "Meeting Time" by John D. Weaver, and "Public Address System" by Jessamyn West. Earlier in the year, *The Best American Stories, 1949*, edited by Martha Foley, chose from the same period Irving Pfeiffer's story, "All Prisoners Here."

Dr. Condon and Real Security

THE shameful events recorded in "The Ordeal of Dr. Condon" (p. 46) are one more sample of the kind of cruelty and injustice that is bred by ignorant fear. They are also a sample of exactly what Bernard DeVoto was talking about in the October "Easy Chair"—the tragic effects of the state of mind which permits the useful functions of the FBI to be perverted by irresponsible use of the data that agency collects. But worst of all, perhaps, they are a sample of an attitude which can be much more dangerous to our national security than the presence of a spy in Oak Ridge itself could be.

To overstate the point: let us assume that the Russians do indeed have fully developed atomic bombs *plus* (however unlikely this may be) the "peaceful" uses of atomic energy which Mr. Vishinsky invites us to inspect any time we want to—so long as it is between 8:45 and 8:50 on Thursdays only. Let us also assume that the Russians, confident that the United States and its allies—as General Bradley recently said—"will never start a war for any purpose," decide to be satisfied with a minimum of atom bombs and to devote their energies to harnessing atomic energy for industrial production.

Then let us suppose that we in the United States, worried from time to time by a little strategic belligerency on the part of Russia's statesmen, and compelled by our ignorance of what is going on behind the Iron Curtain to assume the worst, spend more and more of our resources upon atomic weapons. To quote General Bradley again, our expenditures for defense and for stockpiling atomic weapons, even before the announcement that Russia had a bomb, "required all of the defense money our economy could

stand." Increased expenditures, undertaken in the kind of hysterical effort to buy security which Congress occasionally shows signs of, might well lead to a serious decline in the national standard of living and to all the social and economic stresses which that would produce.

What more could Russia want? Especially if, in the meantime, it was making tangible progress with those "peaceful" uses of the atom which Mr. Vishinsky has announced. We have, after all, no right to assume that such progress cannot be made. The fact that, with our present techniques, the production of atomic energy is too expensive for economical use in industry and agriculture does not mean that cheaper and less unwieldy methods cannot be discovered. As P & O pointed out once before, the United States is in a position much like that of the Ford Motor Company in 1920. It has a huge capital investment in a productive mechanism which may soon be obsolete. We are committed, to the tune of billions of dollars, to an atomic technology which was the *first* workable one we could find but which—for that very reason—is almost certainly *not* the most efficient. The entire history of technology is testimony to the likelihood that less cumbersome and less expensive processes will be found—if we have the time and energy left over from actual production to hunt for them and if many minds are free to experiment with the problems involved.

Given twenty years of the sort of "cold war" we have fancifully assumed, Russia might succeed in raising its standard of living, relative to our own, to an unprecedented degree, without any foreign conquest whatsoever. She has, after all, some excellent nuclear physicists and technicians (many of them "borrowed" from Germany), and unlimited natural resources—including uranium ore. And what then? Would our own people, to say nothing of the rest of the world, be easily persuaded then that our system was so superior to the Russian?

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which our suppositious history of American atomic development implies. But the problem P & O is trying to point up here is an important one, closely related to the terrifyingly naïve assumptions about secrecy which inhabit the minds of those who tried to get Dr. Condon.

As *Louis Welborn* points out in his article, the attack on Dr. Condon was, in part at least, an attack on civilian control of atomic energy—on the civilian commission which insures the maximum possible freedom of investigation of the “peaceful” as well as military uses of the atom. Dr. Condon is quite right in saying that a hysterical obsession with atomic security tends to defeat its own ends. We must remember that the “peaceful” industrial uses of atomic energy are, in the long run, as much (or more) a part of our security as the bomb itself. For, to quote General Bradley again, “a strong economy is our best resource against the onslaught of the poison of communism.”

THE author of our article about Dr. Condon has a small security problem of his own, and therefore writes under a pen name. He is a Washington correspondent with a wife, and a year-old son whose voracious appetite and capacity for outgrowing shoes are two good reasons why his father dares not risk his job by flouting a rule of his employer against writing for magazines under his regular by-line.

Welborn covered the Condon case from its noisy inception to its all-too-quiet demise as front-page news. The present article resulted from his observation that the long and bitter controversy had apparently reached an end without reaching a conclusion. “No trial, not even a trial by headlines, is complete without a summation of the evidence and a verdict,” he wrote to P & O. “In the Condon case, the jurors were lulled to sleep in the middle of the argument, and nobody so far has bothered to awaken them.” We hope Mr. Welborn’s article will do the job.

German Nationalism

Soon after the first world war ended a young German ex-soldier was brooding in prison about the

fate of his country, “doomed to languish along unarmed beneath the thousand eyes of the Versailles peace treaty.” His conclusion was this:

The question of regaining German power is not: How shall we manufacture arms? but: How shall we manufacture the spirit which enables a people to bear arms? If this spirit dominates a people, the will finds a thousand ways, every one of which ends in a weapon! . . . Regardless, therefore, from what standpoint we examine the possibility of regaining our state and national independence, whether from the standpoint of preparation in the sphere of foreign policy, from that of technical armament or that of battle itself, in every case the presupposition for everything remains the previous winning of the broad masses of our people for the idea of our national independence.

We learn from *Fred M. Hechinger’s* article. “The Eagle Without the Swastika” (p. 54) that there are many young men in Germany today who, under the thousand eyes of our occupation authorities, are dreaming a similar dream of resurgent nationalism. Whether their dream will become, like Adolf Hitler’s dream, the nightmare of mankind is the question with which the occupying authorities must concern themselves.

Mr. Hechinger’s interest in the occupation began while he was serving, from 1944 to 1946, with the American Embassy’s and the British War Office’s intelligence sections in London.

Since then he has sampled just about every aspect of the occupation, met with its officials, talked to Germans from Mrs. Goering and SS concentration-camp guards to some of the latest figures such as the new Ruhr industrialists and Alfred Loritz in Bavaria.

In 1948 Dr. Alonzo G. Grace, then director of Education and Cultural Relations, invited him to act as an unofficial consultant to Military Government for about eight weeks, and he subsequently submitted recommendations. This year he did a more rapid follow-up check for the same Military Government division. Previously (1947-48) he had been asked twice to discuss the occupation in the *Military Government Journal*.

P & O

This year he covered the first federal elections in all parts of Western Germany and attended meetings of all parties as well as some open and secret student conferences. Before he left for home he had a luncheon meeting with Mr. McCloy.

Mr. Hechinger's present article expands and brings up to date his concern with the problem of re-educating the young Germans which he first discussed in "The Battle for German Youth" (*Harper's*, February 1948)—the article which won the Education Writers Association's first award for "the outstanding article . . . appearing in a magazine of general circulation."

January Openings

●●●In 1935 *John Fischer*, a young Rhodes scholar and former newspaperman from Texas and Oklahoma, was studying economics at Oxford University. On the side he served as Oxford correspondent for the United Press and during vacations sent home copy from Germany and the Saar. He did occasional consultant jobs for the BBC and edited a university magazine. Articles by him from Spain and Germany appeared in a number of English and American magazines, and *Harper's* published, in March 1935, "England's Pink Party," its first Fischer piece.

At that time, Sir Stafford Cripps led the most uncompromising and noisiest group within the rambunctious opposition Labor party, according to Mr. Fischer's description. "Cripps and his few thousand followers are perhaps the most realistic members of their party," he wrote. "They alone seem to realize that any Labor government, no matter how tame, is bound to run into plenty of stormy weather."

Now Sir Stafford is England's Old Man Austerity and the Labor party is running through a storm more wicked than either he or the young American economist had visualized. When Mr. Fischer, who is now one of our contributing editors as well as editor-in-chief of trade books for Harper & Brothers, set off last summer to scout for books in England and on the Continent, we asked him to take some old-fashioned news



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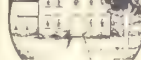
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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

notes. "Insomnia in Whitehall" (p. 27) is his report on England today.

Mr. Fischer spent nearly ten years in Washington, on jobs which ranged from agricultural economics to the handling of Lend-Lease in India, and was later an editor of *Harper's*. Among the memorable articles which we have run by him was the series later developed into his Book-of-the-Month Club book, *Why They Behave Like Russians*.

...We published two daffy stories by **Max Steele** ("Grandfather and the Chow Dog," August 1944, and "All the Wet Animals," May 1945) when the author was a private in the Army. Since then his work has appeared occasionally in other magazines, but he has been occupied as a writer mainly with a novel, *Debby*, which is winner of the current Harper Prize novel contest and will be published in March. We are pleased to see that "Hereby Hangs a Tale" (p. 35) is in the excellent humor of his earlier stories.

Mr. Steele comes from Greenville, South Carolina; he studied at Furman University and the University of North Carolina until in his senior year he entered the Army and studied meteorology at Vanderbilt. He became a weather observer and was stationed with the AAF Weather Wing at Ontario, California; Trinidad; and Puerto Rico. After the war he received his A.B. degree at Chapel Hill, and he has been living there since. In 1947, he was granted a literary fellowship by the Eugene F. Saxton Memorial Trust.

The judges for this year's Harper Prize contest were Katherine Anne Porter, Joseph Henry Jackson, and Glenway Wescott. Their decision was unanimous; six hundred and sixty-six manuscripts were entered in the competition. Earlier winners of the award include Anne Parrish, Glenway Wescott, Julian Green, Martin Flavin, and Joseph George Hitrec.

The illustrations with "Hereby Hangs a Tale" were made by another of the young war veterans who supply us with so much excellent work. **George George** had three years in the Air Force (including two in India), and came back to study and to tour Europe for a year.

... "The Man Who Makes Weather" (p. 63) is the latest treasure in a trove which **C. Lester Walker** has discovered and explored for us in *Harper's* over a period of several years. While his specialty is collecting the facts and exposing the ramifications of the commonplace thing about which we all know something—for example, the frozen foods industry or arthritis or diabetes—he frequently goes to work on the frontiers of technology and turns up a story which is still in the making. Our present article, dealing with the process of making or breaking stormy weather, is such a frontier story. Mr. Walker thought he had it in the bag last June, but he had to halt in order to get official reports on the Honduras experiments. In July, the twin-storm experiments in Idaho promised new evidence, so he waited once more. As a result we have the fullest account now possible of a scientific marvel which may touch all of our lives.

... "Breath of Air" (p. 71) is the first story we have run by **Michael Jaffé**, who, like Max Steele (our other short-story writer in this issue), returned from the war to continue his interrupted education. Mr. Jaffé wrote to us last summer from King's College, Cambridge, where he was completing his fourth and final academic year.

He served as a navigating officer in the Royal Navy during the war, chiefly in Atlantic convoy duty; and he holds a permanent commission as lieutenant in the Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve. Before the war he was a King's Scholar at Eton, and at Cambridge he was a Foundation Scholar of his college. "Breath of Air" appeared in *Cornhill Magazine* in England.

The drawings for Mr. Jaffé's story are the first published work by **Joan Schaffer**, a young New York artist who studied at the Art Students League, the Parsons School of Design, and the Brooklyn Museum.

... **C. Hartley Grattan's** portrait of "Senator Flanders: Intelligent Conservative" (p. 79) sends us back for comparisons to Peter Viereck's definitions:

Conservatism is a treasure house, sometimes an infuriatingly dusty

one, of generations of accumulated experience, which any ephemeral, rebellious generation has a right to disregard at its peril. To vary the metaphor: conservatism is a social and cultural cement, holding together what Western man has built and by that very fact providing a base for orderly change and improvement.

It is a matter both of definition and of definer whether Mr. Grattan was born a liberal or a little conservative—and we do not consider it our present purpose to define. Since Mr. Grattan has produced several articles for us in the past year—not to mention many more in earlier years—we merely mention here that one of the things he disapproves of is the destruction done by war ("What the War Cost," April 1949), that one of the things he seems to love is New England ("What Makes New England Go?" August 1949, and "Where Is New England Going?" September 1949), and that one of the values he looks for in social change is its worth to all of the people ("Social Security Poor," December 1949). Wherever that brings us out in regard to Mr. Grattan's liberal-conservative nature, it does indicate a basis for a sympathetic study of the Senator from Vermont.

•••**Bruce Bliven**, editorial director of the *New Republic*, admits that his article, "How to Save Lives in Traffic" (p. 87), is partly a response to prodding by the Automotive Safety Foundation, but his interest in the subject is based on his own long-continued fascination with city and regional planning, transportation, and the special problems created by the automobile.

Besides having spent most of his working life in journalism in New York City, Mr. Bliven has nurtured a passion for science and technology, of which his interest in traffic problems is one of the social branches. He hurries home, after a day of political writing and editing, he tells us, "to bury myself in books or scientific journals dealing with biology, physics, psychiatry, electronics, or astronomy." Partly to fill the gaps in his knowledge, he wrote a book of popular science, *The Men Who Make the Future*, which has been published, in the appropriate languages, in Brazil, Argentina, Ger-

man-speaking Switzerland, France, Norway, and Great Britain—and banned in Czechoslovakia.

Mr. Bliven writes: "As might be expected of one with a weakness for technology, my home workroom is a mass of dictaphones, trick electric clocks which turn things on and off, fancy filing systems, magnetic bulletin boards, and especially designed furniture, including one of those beds with so many built-in appliances that it is practically an apartment in itself."

•••**Gerald W. Johnson**, who speaks his mind in "Why Communists Are Valuable" (p. 93), has spoken out many times in defense of human freedom. He is author of several books dealing with American traditions (for example, *Andrew Jackson—An Epic in Homespun*, 1927) and, often, with American journalism (for example, *An Honorable Titan*, 1946). He has written articles for *Harper's* since 1927, including "What an Old Girl Should Know" (April 1934), "A Little Night-Music" (June 1935), "A Moral Equivalent for Athletics" (July 1936), "Great Newspapers, If Any" (June 1948), and "Overloaded Democracy" (September 1949).

Writing to us about his present article, which will be part of a book to be published this spring, he reports that he signed a petition urging the Attorney-General to accept reasonable bail for the Communist leaders recently convicted under the Smith law. "I don't care much what happens to the Communists," he comments, "but I do care what happens to the Constitution, and if excessive bail can be required of a Communist it can also be required of a Democrat; and eventually it will be."

•••The four poems in this issue came from faraway places. "August Light" (p. 62) was composed by **Katharine Strelsky** in Florence, Italy. **Uys Krige**, author of "The Seagull" (p. 34), is a South African poet, who writes both in Afrikaans and English. **Sylvia Stallings** sent us "Charlottesville: The Age of Reason" (p. 96) from Paris last summer. **William Abrahams'** poem for Katherine Anne Porter, "Portrait of the Artist" (p. 92) arrived from Palo Alto, California.



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L E T T E R S

Catholic Controversy—

To the Editors:

Unless you publish an answer to George N. Shuster's article ["The Catholic Controversy" November 1949], I fail to see how you can expect to keep the reputation you have enjoyed (and deserved) up to now.

... Will you please, at least, give the other side a hearing?

VIRGINIA CREWS
New York, N. Y.

We have received a large number of letters about Dr. Shuster's article, and they represent a great diversity of opinion and points of view. Many are long and ably argued, and the excerpts which we print below will give our readers a sampling of the reactions that the article provoked.

To the Editors:

... You have performed a real service in the publication of a treatise so irenic in spirit. Reprints, widely distributed, might help to alleviate the bitterness that has so often pervaded both the Protestant and Catholic camps. ...

ALBERT EDWARD DAY, Minister
Mount Vernon Place Methodist
Church, Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors:

... I found the article downright funny. The basic, fundamental position of the Church under discussion does not change; only the strategy is altered from time to time. Toynbee's principle of "withdrawal" and "return" is an excellent description of the Church's approach. As I read Dr. Shuster's comments I could not forget a statement he made in one of his books, *The Catholic Spirit in*

America (page 175): "Had it not been for the grotesque stupidity of Protestants, we would long since have built up in this country a system of denominational schools subsidized and to some extent supervised by the state."

His recent irenic gesture in *Harper's* was altogether unconvincing.

PAUL L. MCKAY, Minister
First Presbyterian Church
Akron, Ohio

To the Editors:

... There is one basic point which carries this so-called "controversy" far beyond the mere exchange of opinions concerning religious matters: the Roman Catholic Church, as a church, is not at issue, but Roman Catholicism as a political force is. ...

The average American doesn't care a hoot what the Catholic believes in, so long as he stays on his side of the fence and minds his business. But the Church is in politics up to its spires, and there is no sense in denying it. ...

Mr. Shuster loves his Church; that is fine. We love and admire many fine Catholics. But we still do not think the Roman Catholic Church has any business meddling in American politics. We recognize that Church as a foreign-controlled politico-religious entity which exists in its present state of comparative freedom because of the very Constitutional laws it seeks to "re-interpret." ...

STANLEIGH MALOTTE
Birmingham, Ala.

To the Editors:

Immediately after finishing George Shuster's persuasive article ... I was

inclined to give him his stalked but un-shot deer, wish him well, and go off about my business in a glow of cheerful good fellowship, determined to shun as the plague all fire-brand-carrying ostriches.

Now, sadly, I fear the "Catholic Controversy" is not so easily dismissed, however much we may wish it were. Just three days after I finished Mr. Shuster's piece, the Associated Press carried a story datelined Rome, November 7, which convinced me, as it must have thousands of others, that when the time comes to stand and be counted, Mr. Shuster and I will be on different sides of the aisle.

The AP reported a message from Pope Pius to jurists all over the world, setting the course which they, in Catholic conscience, must follow. ...

"The judge," said the Pope, "can never, through his decision, force anyone to commit an intrinsically immoral act, that is to say, *contrary by its nature to the laws of God or the church.*"

Great Gods and calm judgments! If there is anything we owe grim old Tom Hobbes it is the statement, explicit in all Anglo-American political philosophers since him, that civil law, not the great, misty cloud of natural law which has let Continental philosophers go bumbling through so many metaphysical briar patches, must be the supreme law in [the] state.

Call it secularism if you will—and it may well wear the title proudly—this philosophy is the one which has nurtured our institutions, and which we recognize as our own. ...

I leave Mr. Shuster more determined than ever not to be an ostrich,

and the red you see isn't any firebrand; it's the back of my neck which gets hotter by the minute.

LEE TEMPLETON
Berea, Ohio

To the Editors:

... How will the individual Roman Catholic solve the demands for his dual allegiance in his day-to-day performance of the routine functions the state alone is able to provide? In the showdown will the Catholic jurist bound by loyalty to his Church and by his oath of office to his State choose the State or the Church? Church and State must live together. Will they in their struggle destroy themselves and their society? That is what concerns the non-Catholic. That is what concerns the Catholic. That is the real problem.

CLYDE TOOKER
Riverhead, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Mr. Shuster attributes the retention of laws against birth control in Massachusetts and Connecticut to "Catholic pressure on the legislature," but these archaic laws were not retained without "reprehensible backstage political manipulation." In Connecticut it is illegal for doctors to practice contraception, and in Massachusetts it is illegal for doctors to give contraceptive prescriptions under any circumstances. Yet birth rates in these two states are among the lowest in the entire country, and there is ample evidence that the great majority of married couples, both Catholic and Protestant, practice birth control. ...

There seems to be some discrepancy between theory and practice in the birth control controversy.

KARL SAX, Director
The Arnold Arboretum
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

To the Editors:

... The liberal, and I am sure Mr. Shuster falls in this category, must have a gnawing uneasiness about any lack of tolerance. It is true that in countries other than Spain the Catholic Church has been much harsher toward non-Catholics when it secured the support of the government and a majority of the

people than "secular" democracies have been toward the Catholic Church when Catholics were a minority. ...

RICHARD B. WOLF
Worcester, Mass.

To the Editors:

... Neither ostrich-like tactics nor firebrand methods have materially altered the growth of the true Church in two thousand years. Perhaps this is because the Catholic Church is based on human dignity, the laws of God, and behavior controlled according to sound psychological principles. One feels much security in such a life, and security is important to all of us.

We regret the antipathy many bear toward us. We know no such attitude toward Protestants—neither in our churches nor in our society, probably because we fear no one.

It is regrettable that *Harper's* editors are incapable of better judgment in the selection of material. ...

ROBERT L. FRANSWAY
Badger, Wisc.

To the Editors:

... You say he [Shuster] is a Catholic and is well able to speak about Catholicism. ... No Catholic in his right mind would say the lies he said about the Catholic Church. Are the Reds using him as a front? ...

KATHERINE BIGGIO
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

... While it is kind of a Catholic triumph for Mr. Shuster to get a hearing in a magazine of the *Harper's* order, and a featured hearing at that, this Catholic reader would prefer less triumphing and more uncompromising doctrine. The only thing that is worse than persecution, open and declared, for my Church is its patronizing adoption by a secularized society. Isn't there an old saying about the blood of the martyrs being the seed of the Church? The Shuster *apologia* is definitely preclusive of such seedtime; but there are worse things than martyrdom, and the cry of peace where there is no peace is one of them.

M. WHITCOMB HESS
Athens, Ohio



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LETTERS

To the Editors:

. . . There is one main issue which Mr. Shuster overlooked or underestimated and that is the influence of a great number of people who in general are indifferent to, yet are greatly affected by, religions. These are atheists and in some cases agnostics whose first consideration is for the state, and secularism . . . This is a large body of individuals who cannot be forgotten in the controversies of religion. It will take more than this single letter to convince the loyal supporters of Christianity that atheism must be considered in so-called Christian problems, but they must be convinced. Unfettered as he is, the "free thinker" is the decisive power that will in the final judgment decide religion's place in this secular world.

CARL R. HULTBEY
Everett, Mass.

Yorkers are regimented. They miss too many good things just to follow the crowds.

LARRY MOORE
Aboard S.S. Baranof

Doctor's Dilemma—

To the Editors:

After reading Milton Mayer's exposure of Dr. Morris Fishbein ["The Rise and Fall of Dr. Fishbein," November 1949], I make haste to confess a deception, in which, for the sake of two Annie Oakleys for the Reinhardt production of "Danton's Death," I presented myself at the box office as Dr. Fishbein. The tickets were obtained for me, but in Dr. Fishbein's name (for a reason I have forgotten) by a then well-known author who was currying the favor of a then literary editor of the now defunct New York *World*.

I was assured that Dr. Fishbein would be either at another theater or on a train for Chicago. Imagine my embarrassment when the attendant asked me to leave my seat number at the office in the event of a sudden sick call in the theater. Averting my face, I said, in my best gruff, medical manner, "Never mind!" but shuddered throughout the performance lest a sudden emergency betray my medical incompetence and unmask me. I feel much better now.

HARRY SALPETER
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

. . . Mr. Mayer's article is dirty, malicious gossip, and its purpose is to discredit Dr. Fishbein, the American Medical Association, and physicians in general. In addition, it is a very thinly disguised form of shabby propaganda for "welfare state medicine" which even the most ardent Washington bureaucrat would reject as unfair to everyone concerned, including your readers.

Dr. Fishbein is a truly great genius and a leader in American Medicine. His contributions to society are tremendous and wholly misunderstood and unappreciated by Mr. Mayer. Dr. Fishbein is, among other things, a great teacher of medicine. . . .

P. C. MARTINEAU, M.D.
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

Catch as Ketchikan—

To the Editors:

In less than an hour we will dock at Ketchikan, Alaska. Less than five minutes ago I read Mr. Harper's "Chez Atmosphere" ["After Hours" November 1949] in which he asked why all salmon comes from Kennebec.

The connection is that most salmon comes from Ketchikan by the millions, and more salmon "get away" up here than are caught in Kennebec and all the other localities combined. This very ship will load millions of cans of the world's finest salmon before this letter takes to the air. Mr. Harper has something in his query. Why not Alaska salmon for a change?

I grew up in the restaurant business, starting on Houston Street in New York City. My father operated in many sections of the country for forty-five years. He always insisted that no one ever heard of Yankee pot roast until the Greeks got into the restaurant business. His contention was that "the Greeks had a name for everything" and "very little taste to anything."

There are many good and unusual restaurants in New York. I could name dozens, not widely known, but good. Unfortunately native New

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MAGAZINE

The Day the Sun Stood Still

Eric Larrabee

THE Old Testament describes an event which was seen over Palestine, when the Hebrew tribes were led into the battle of Beth-Horon by Joshua. "And he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is this not written in the Book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day."

The sun over Gibeon was in the forenoon sky. It would have been night or very early morning in the Western hemisphere.

There is a Mexican tradition, recorded in Nahua-Indian in the *Annals of Cuauhtitlan*, that once in the remote past the night did not end for a long time. Friar Bernardino de Sahagun, a Spanish scholar who came to the New World a generation after Columbus, wrote that the American aborigines told of a great catastrophe, in which the sun had risen only a little way above the horizon, and then

stood still. These are but two of the many traditions from all parts of the world which refer to a disturbance in the earth's orderly rotation.

It is conceivable that a large celestial body approaching the earth could exert an attraction sufficiently powerful to slow down its turning and make the sun appear to stop in the sky. The heads of comets are assumed to be composed of clusters of meteorites. If a comet were to come close to the earth, it would be accompanied by meteors falling in a torrent. The Old Testament, two verses above the description in the Book of Joshua of the sun standing still, contains the following passage: "As they fled from before Israel, and were going down to Beth-Horon . . . the Lord cast down great stones upon them in Azekah, and they died . . ."

In a book to be published in a few weeks called *Worlds in Collision*, Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky will present a great body of evidence to show that about 1500 B.C. a comet, a new member of the solar system, *did* pass

The remarkable theory of Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky, which will be set forward at length in his forthcoming book (to be published by Macmillan) is here outlined compactly for the first time by Eric Larrabee, one of the editors of Harper's.

close to the earth. This he places at the time of the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. Fifty-two years later, at the time of Joshua, the same comet returned. At both of these two meetings with the comet, in Dr. Velikovsky's words, "according to the memory of mankind, the earth refused to play the chronometer by undisturbed rotation on its axis." *Worlds in Collision* is the first of four or more volumes in which the same author will maintain that not only on these two occasions but many times has the earth undergone vast and disastrous cataclysms in which its rotation was interrupted.

This article is an attempt, necessarily condensed and incomplete, to offer a preview of Dr. Velikovsky's findings. It is impossible to give here any idea of the extent of the material he has assembled to substantiate his argument. In the descriptions which follow, for every piece of evidence mentioned, *Worlds in Collision*, the first volume alone, contains scores more; and every statement in the book is supplied with numerous references.

DR. VELIKOVSKY'S work crosses so many of the jurisdictional boundaries of learning that few experts could check it against their own competence. The main body of the evidence in *Worlds in Collision* is historical, and the details are drawn from—among other sources—the Old Testament, the Talmud, the Egyptian papyri, the historical texts, traditions, and legends of Rome, Greece, Babylonia, Arabia, Persia, India, Tibet, Finland, Iceland, West Africa, Siberia, China, Japan, the Pacific Islands, Mexico, and Peru. Dr. Velikovsky describes the area of his investigations as "anthropology in the broadest sense," within the framework of a single science, concerning itself with "the nature of the cosmos and its history."

This universal student was born in Vitebsk, Russia, in 1895. He studied natural sciences at Edinburgh, and law, economics, and history in Russia. He studied medicine at the Moscow Imperial University and medical law at the University of Charcow. Later he received his M. D. in Moscow.

During the early twenties he studied biology in Berlin. He founded and edited the *Scripta Universitatis*, a joint work of Jewish scholars out of which grew the University of Jerusalem. Dr. Chaim Weizmann asked Dr.

Velikovsky to direct the inception of that University, but he declined and in 1923 went to Palestine, where he practiced as a physician. Beginning in 1928 he studied psychoanalysis and the function of the brain in Zurich and Vienna, with Eugen Bleuler, Wilhelm Stekel, Alfred Adler, and other pioneers in the field. In 1937 he delivered an address to the International Psychological Congress, "On Psychological Roots of Hatred Among the Nations," and in 1939, five weeks before war broke out, he came to this country.

Dr. Velikovsky brought with him to America an unfinished book on *Freud and His Heroes*. In the study of Moses and Ikhnaton in preparation for this work, he came upon the idea that great physical catastrophes might be used to synchronize the records of the ancient peoples of the Near East, and before the end of 1940 the main outlines of his work were clear. It is so far composed of *Worlds in Collision*, a natural history of the world catastrophes, and of two further volumes called *Ages in Chaos*. The latter (completed first though they will be published second) contain the elaborately documented rewriting of ancient history assumed in *Worlds in Collision*. "I ask a credence of the reader," says Dr. Velikovsky, "that he allow me to use this chronology until *Ages in Chaos* is published." He has been working on both books concurrently for the past nine years.

Professor Horace M. Kallen, former dean of the New School for Social Research, was among the first to read the manuscript of *Worlds in Collision*. "Even if I thought that Velikovsky's theories were entirely ungrounded," writes Professor Kallen of Velikovsky's historical and archaeological work, "I would treat them as an extraordinary achievement of the scientific and historical imagination. . . . But it is my belief that Velikovsky has supported his theses with substantial evidence and made an effective and persuasive argument." Gordon A. Atwater, Curator of the Hayden Planetarium, wrote to the Macmillan Company that "the theories presented by Dr. Velikovsky are unique and should be presented to the world of science in order that the underpinning of modern science can be re-examined. . . . I believe the author has done an outstanding job. In fact, he has gone beyond what might normally be expected of a single individual."

II

THE comet, at the first of the two meetings reconstructed in *Worlds in Collision*, touched the earth with its gaseous tail, and one of the first signs of the encounter was a rain of fine, rusty pigment. The world turned red. "All the waters that were in the river," reads the Book of Exodus, "were turned to blood." The *Manuscript Quiché* of the Mayas tells of the rivers turning to blood, and so does the *Papyrus Ipuwer* of the Egyptians. Then, as the story continues in the *Visuddhi-Magga* of the Buddhists, the fine dust turned to coarse dust, "and then fine sand, and then coarse sand, and then grit, stones, up to boulders as large . . . as mighty trees on the hilltops."

And with the shower of meteorites the earth stopped turning.

It came to rest so faced to the sun that a long night, darkened by the cosmic refuse sweeping in from interplanetary space, fell on Europe, Africa, the Americas, and the valleys of the Euphrates and the Indus. The Babylonians, the tribes of the Sudan, the Finns, the Greeks, the Peruvians, and the American Indians all have traditions of a long night accompanying a catastrophe which the earth very nearly did not survive. Further east, the Iranians saw the sun suspended several days in the sky. In China, it is said that in the reign of the Emperor Yehou the sun did not set for a number of days and all the forests burned.

We suppose that if the earth stopped turning it would destroy itself, as H. G. Wells imagined it would when his "man who could work miracles" commanded the same act. Our idea of momentum—and the Law of Gravitation, about which Dr. Velikovsky has much to say—leads us to assume that the earth's surface would fly onward in the direction of its rotation and be torn apart. A great global catastrophe, with seas and continents changing their places, is in fact described in the traditions of mankind. The world gave every sign to its inhabitants of being on the brink of destruction.

Approached by the body of the comet, the earth was forced out of its regular motion; a major shock convulsed its entire surface. The shift in the atmosphere caused by the ap-

proach of the comet and the stasis of the planet itself produced hurricanes of enormous velocity and force. "The face of the earth changed," writes Dr. Velikovsky, summarizing the Mayan account from the *Manuscript Troano*, "mountains collapsed, other mountains grew and rose over the onrushing cataract of water driven from the oceanic spaces, numberless rivers lost their beds, and a wild tornado moved through the debris descending from the sky."

The human population was decimated and many species of animals perished entirely. The surface of the earth burst. Three Mexican manuscripts tell how everywhere in the Western hemisphere new mountains came into being. New volcanoes opened and fissures in the flat land threw forth fire and smoke and liquid basalt. The rivers steamed and the sea boiled. The *Zend-Avesta* of the Persians says that a star made the sea boil. The Polynesians say that a star caused new islands to appear.

It was the tenth plague of Egypt, the night of Passover, when the Lord passed over the huts of the Israelites and struck the mansions of the Egyptians (the light rush houses would survive an earthquake more easily than heavy stone ones). "There was not a house where there was not one dead," says the Book of Exodus, and St. Jerome wrote that "in the night in which Exodus took place, all the temples of Egypt were destroyed either by an earthshock or by the thunderbolt." The head of the comet came close to the earth, breaking through the darkness of the dust cloud, and the Hebrew tradition tells that the last night of the Jews in Egypt was as bright as the noon of the summer solstice.

The blow fell at midnight. Dr. Velikovsky observes in passing that as the Israelites counted the days from sunset it was for them the 14th Aviv; and, ever since, the Passover has been celebrated on the fourteenth day of the first month of spring. The Egyptians counted from sunrise, as we do, and for them it was the 13th Thout, a day forever after unlucky. As for the thirteenth of any month, said the Egyptians, "thou shalt not do anything on this day." The Aztecs also counted the day from sunrise, and in their calendar it was noted that on the 13th Olin, a month called "earthquake," a new world age had come into being.

WHEN a comet encounters a planet, it may become entangled and drawn from its path, then forced into a new orbit, and finally liberated. This is what happened to Lexell's comet, which was captured by Jupiter and its moons in 1767 and did not free itself until 1779. Some form of balance between attraction and inertia was maintained for twelve years; Jupiter and the comet did not crash together. Neither, according to Dr. Velikovsky's thesis, did the earth and the comet that came near it in 1500 B.C. They exchanged discharges of electrical potential.

The action of the sun and the moon on the earth produces the ocean tides. If the earth were to slow down, the seas would first recede toward the poles; but the attraction of a large comet close to the earth would draw them back toward itself and heap them high in the air. The story of the seas divided and then rising to break over the land is widespread. The Choctaw Indians say that when the land was in darkness a bright light appeared in the north, "but it was mountain-high waves, coming nearer"; the Peruvians say that the ocean left the shore and inundated the continent; the Chinese annals say that in the reign of the Emperor Yahou a great tidal wave broke over the mountains into the Chinese Empire and flooded the land for decades.

The tides carried huge rocks along with them. For instance, the Madison Boulder, near Conway, New Hampshire, is a ten-thousand-ton piece of granite quite different from the bedrock beneath it. An early nineteenth-century explanation of this and other "erratic" boulders was that great tidal waves, originating in the north, must have swept the rocks and geologic till (clay, sand, and gravel) across the land. According to the calculations based on the amount of erosion under them, the boulders were deposited in their places less than six thousand years ago. It has been assumed that the stones were drawn along by the glacial ice sheet, but the disquieting fact is that accumulations of rock were moved from lower latitudes to higher latitudes—and even uphill toward the Himalaya, though the existing glaciers push stones down, not up, the slopes.

At the Sea of the Passage the Israelite tribes saw the water drawn aside and heaped up in a double tide; and, after they crossed, the waters of the Mediterranean fell and broke into the

Red Sea in a great wave. "It was an unusual event," writes Dr. Velikovsky, "and because it was unusual it became the most impressive recollection in the long history of this people. All peoples and nations were blasted by the same fire and shattered in the same fury. The tribes of Israel on the shore of a sea found in this annihilation their salvation from bondage. They escaped destruction but their oppressors perished before their eyes. They extolled their Creator, took upon themselves the burden of moral rules, and considered themselves chosen for a great destiny."

Here is Dr. Velikovsky's description of the pageant that took place in the sky:

When the tidal waves reached their highest point, and the seas were torn apart, a tremendous spark flew between the earth and the globe of the comet, which instantly pushed down the miles-high billows. Meanwhile, the tail of the comet and its head, having become entangled with each other by their close contact with the earth, exchanged violent discharges of electricity. It looked like a battle between the brilliant globe and the dark column of smoke. In the exchange of electrical potentials, the tail and the head were attracted one to the other and repelled one from the other. From the serpentlike tail extensions grew, and it lost the form of a column. It now looked like a furious animal with legs and with many heads. The discharges tore the column to pieces, a process that was accompanied by a rain of meteorites upon the earth. It appeared as though the monster were defeated by the brilliant globe and buried in the sea, or wherever the meteorites fell. The gases of the tail subsequently enveloped the earth.

To the peoples of the earth below who witnessed this spectacle, the head of the comet and its tail seemed to be two separate bodies. The bright globe fought the "crooked serpent" and destroyed it, thus saving the world from further harm. It would be difficult, Dr. Velikovsky writes, "to find a people or tribe on earth that does not have the same motif at the very focus of its religious beliefs." The great spark that flew between the comet and Earth is remembered as the bolt of lightning, placed in the hand of a god who threw this thunderbolt at a world overwhelmed by water and fire: Zeus of the Greeks, Odin of the Icelanders, Ukko of the Finns, Wotan of the

Germans, Mazda of the Persians, Marduk of the Babylonians, Siva of the Hindus. The pattern of conflict between the comet and its tail takes almost identical form in the battles of Zeus with Typhon, Isis with Seth, Vishnu with the Serpent, Indra with Rahu, Marduk with Tiamat, Ormuzd with Ahriman. "A terrible comet was seen by the people of Ethiopia and Egypt," wrote Pliny in his *Natural History*, "to which Typhon, the king of that period, gave his name; it had a fiery appearance and was twisted like a coil, and it was very grim to behold; it was not really a star so much as what might be called a ball of fire."

The earth was wrapped for decades in the gases of the comet and the dust of exploding volcanoes. No green thing could grow. The Chinese called this time the Valley of Obscurity and the Somber Residence; the Nordics called it the Twilight of the Gods. According to the *Annals of Cuauhtitlan* there was darkness in Mexico for twenty-five years. The American Indians say that it was not until the fifteenth year that plants would bloom. And for the Hebrew tribes, who had been led out of bondage by the pillar of smoke by day and of fire by night, this was the Shadow of Death.

How did mankind live when nothing grew? The tail of a comet is composed of carbon and hydrogen gases, and these elements were in suspension in the earth's atmosphere after the comet departed. The Hindu *Vedas*, the Egyptian papyri, and the Hebrew legends say that the wind smelled sweet, and eventually the carbohydrates combining in the air precipitated. Mankind fed on morning dew, say the Icelandic traditions, and the *Vedas* tell of the honey-lash falling—as the Greeks say ambrosia also fell—from the clouds. Where the honey-frost fell on the waters, it turned them milky and sweet. Ovid, the *Vedas*, and the Egyptians say that the rivers flowed with milk and honey. The precipitate also fell among the Israelites, and they called it Manna.

III

THE astronomical records of the ancient past raise perplexing issues. A scholar who examined the computations of the longest and shortest shadows observed at noon-time in China about 1100 B.C. remarked that "they do not really represent the true

lengths." The Hindu astronomical tables compiled by the Brahmans show a uniform error of $21^{\circ} 46'$. The astronomical tablets of Babylon of the eighth century B.C. present three different schedules of planetary motion. The Venus Tablets of Babylon, excavated by Sir Henry Layard from the ruins of the library of Ashurbanipal at Nineveh, show an irregular behavior of the planet Venus that differs from modern observations not by minutes but by weeks and months. The water clock of the Amon Temple of Karnak is consistently inaccurate for day and night, at any season, in the latitudes of Egypt. The shadow clock found at Fayum, Egypt, originating in the eighth century B.C., will not show time correctly at Fayum or anywhere else in Egypt. And in the tomb of Senmut, the architect of Queen Hatshepsut of Egypt, there is an astronomical panel in the ceiling which refers to an earlier period; it is completely reversed and shows the Orion Sirius group proceeding in the wrong direction.

Dr. Velikovsky presents historical evidence that these ancient records were not incorrect at the time when they were made. Astronomers will find this particular suggestion difficult to take, as the calculations of contemporary astronomy are precise and the play of mechanical forces on which they are based has been well understood for over two hundred years. Celestial mechanics, in fact, is one of the few sciences that has not been rudely disturbed by the discoveries of the past century, for the behavior of the solar system can be predicted so accurately on mechanical principles that no one has been able to replace them by any other. Even with the tiny discrepancies which need the modification of the Theory of Relativity, the planets follow the immutable Law of Gravitation. They roll on and on, but only because of the primeval inertia implanted within them.

Dr. Velikovsky willingly concedes that the behavior of the earth and the comet in his description is not in accord with the celestial mechanics of Newton. Indeed, it invites skepticism as to the infallibility of the Law of Gravitation, a law heretofore so firmly established that it has never been successfully combined into one system with the laws of electromagnetics. It is Dr. Velikovsky's contention that over three thousand years ago Nature performed a great experiment, in

which it was demonstrated that the electromagnetic laws are as supreme in the heavens as they are inside the atom.

Niels Bohr was one of the first to compare the atom with the sun and the planets. The nucleus is like the sun, and the electrons are like the planets—but in applying the quantum theory to the atom it was found that things happen inside it that are not supposed to happen in the solar system. John J. O'Neill, science editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, has written this description of the atom's peculiarities:

In the atom, electrons revolve around the nucleus of the atom in a quiet, orderly, orbital rotation, just like the earth moving around the sun, and may go through billions of rotations, or atomic years, without any major changes taking place. Suddenly the atom emits a quantum of energy, and [an] electron drops to an orbit nearer the nucleus, where its "year" is shorter, or the reverse may happen: a quantum of energy is absorbed by the atom, and [an] electron jumps to a higher, or outer orbit, where its year is longer.

In the same article from which this quotation is taken, Mr. O'Neill discussed the probable impact of Dr. Velikovsky's research on the comfortable assumption that the planets and the jumping electrons have nothing in common. "Dr. Velikovsky finds evidence for new planets appearing in the sky," wrote Mr. O'Neill, "and for the earth being struck by and passing through the tails of comets. . . . [His work] presents a stupendous panorama of terrestrial and human history which will stand as a challenge to scientists to frame a realistic picture of the cosmos."

A charged body which rotates creates a magnetic field. The sun is a charged body, and it rotates, and charged particles arrive from it in a continuous stream. The earth is a charged body, and it rotates, and it possesses a magnetic field. If the magnetic field of the sun were to govern the earth's motion, then after an encounter with a comet the earth could resume its rotation, though on a changed orbit. If it is true that the comet and the earth exchanged electrical discharges, as Dr. Velikovsky maintains that they did, then there may even be reason to suppose that the earth's "inertia" is electrical in character. How do we know that the earth and the planets

are so different from the electrons inside the atom? The answer has been phrased thus: "We do not read in the morning paper that Saturn and Mars have changed their places." But we do read in the ancient records, says Dr. Velikovsky, that Venus, Mars, and Earth have changed theirs.

VENUS is the Morning and the Evening Star. It is the most conspicuous of the planets. Early astronomers observed its motion with great care, and the Mexicans computed the day when they thought the world would end by a cycle of fifty-two years based on Venus. So bright is Venus in the sky, in fact, that it is most remarkable to find no record of its existence prior to the second millennium B. C.

Early Babylonian astronomy counted four planets and four only—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, and Mercury. In the Hindu table of the planets attributed to 3102 B.C., Venus alone is missing, and it is said that the Brahmans "never mention five planets." Later Venus is called "the great star that joins the other great stars" by the Babylonians. In all traditions the Morning Star is described as having a specific birth, an event of great significance to the Tahitians, the Eskimos, and the Buriats, the Kirghiz, and the Yakuts of Siberia, as well as to more sophisticated peoples. Hesiod said that Phaëthon, whose name means "blazing" star, drove the chariot of the sun too close to the earth, disturbing its rotation, and was later changed into the Morning Star. The Chinese tell of a "brilliant star" that appeared in the reign of Yahou, and a Samaritan chronicle says that during the invasion of Palestine by Joshua "a star arose out of the east against which all magic is vain." At the time of great catastrophes, Quetzalcoatl, the Venus of the Mayans, appeared in the sky for the first time. And the Chaldeans and the Chinese are in agreement that Venus "rivalled the sun in brightness."

Dr. Velikovsky brings strong evidence to bear that the comet which so terrorized the earth was in fact the planet Venus—newly born, by eruption from a larger planet. While it was still a comet, Venus wandered erratically, which is why its course was so closely watched, why the Venus Tablets of Nineveh do not seem to make sense, and why the appearance of a comet has always aroused pre-

monitions of disaster everywhere in the world. The dreaded comet Venus that was later to become a planet had many names—Tistrya, Ishtar, Astarte, Isis, Baal, Beelzebub, Lucifer. Often it was confused with Jupiter (Isis in Egypt and Ishtar in Babylon were first names for Jupiter and later names for Venus). for Jupiter was the planet from which Venus erupted as a comet.

Students of Greek and Roman mythology may object that according to legend it was Pallas Athene, or Minerva, who "sprang full-grown from the brow of Jupiter." The classical scholar may wonder, however, why Greek mythology contains no deity for the planet Venus and no planet for the deity Pallas Athene. The Greek equivalent of the Roman "Venus" was Aphrodite, who was identified with the Moon. The answer, once known but long forgotten, is that Pallas Athene was the Greek name for the planet Venus. (Plutarch said that Minerva of the Romans and Athene of the Greeks were the same as Isis of the Egyptians; Pliny said that Isis was the planet Venus.) The birth of Pallas Athene was "a day of wrath in all the calendars of ancient Chaldea." During the birth of Athene, described in a Homeric hymn, the earth reeled and the sun stopped for "a long while."

FOR many centuries the inhabitants of the earth were in such fear of Venus that human sacrifice was practiced in both hemispheres in the hope of placating its wrath. The Mexicans were so profoundly affected by the fifty-two-year interval between Venus' two encounters with the earth that they adopted the period in their calendar and made bloody sacrifices to Quetzalcoatl—the "feathered serpent" who was identified with the Morning Star—when fifty-two years passed without harm. The years of terror lasted until the seventh century B.C. Venus, as the result of an encounter with another body, took up its present orbit and changed from a wild comet to a tame planet. Venus' flirtation with another planet—that is, with Mars—is a common theme in mythology. This meeting, the battle of Athene with the God of War, is described in the *Iliad*, a conflict in the heavens which took place at the same time as the siege of Troy. "It is the conjunction of Venus and Mars," wrote Lucian, "that created the poetry of Homer."

The encounter between Venus and Mars disturbed Mars' orbit, and at intervals of fifteen years Mars also passed close to the earth. On two days in particular—February 26, 747 B.C. and March 23, 687 B.C.—Mars caused a repetition of the earlier catastrophes on a smaller scale. In the year 747 B.C. a new calendar was introduced in the Middle East. It began on the 26th of February, and in the calendar of Mexico the 26th of February was also counted as New Year's Day. It is during this period that the worship of Mars came into prominence among peoples whose institutions were not fully formed. The Romans had a vigorous cult of Mars and regarded Mars as their national god, the founder of their state, and the father of Romulus. The chief celebration of the Roman Mars cult was on the 23rd of March. On the night of the 23rd of March, 687 B.C., the army of Sennacherib, the Assyrian king who invaded Palestine, was destroyed by a blast of fire from the sky. "On the 23rd of March, 687 B.C.," wrote Edouard Biot in his catalogue of the meteors which were observed in ancient China, the fixed stars were not visible but "in the middle of the night stars fell like rain."

The battle between Venus and Mars ended with Venus, shorn of its power to disturb humankind, rotating on the serene orbit it now occupies. Venus seemed to have fallen from its earlier eminence. This was the period of the Hebrew Prophets, men of astronomical skill who from watchtowers built in Judea, as elsewhere in the East ("Watchman, what of the night?") recorded and predicted Mars' fifteen-year approach to the earth and warned the people and their kings of coming catastrophes. After an upheaval that took place in the eighth century B.C., "Isaiah, Joel, Hosea, and Micah insisted unanimously and with great emphasis on the inevitability of another encounter of the earth with some cosmic body." Their prophecies were fulfilled on the days when Mars came close to the earth and moved it from its place.

Finally they observed that a hated enemy—Beelzebub, the Morning Star, who had provoked pagan worship—was no longer powerful. Venus, which had "weakened the nations" and had tried to ascend on high, was cut down to the ground. "How art thou fallen from heaven," wrote Isaiah, "O Lucifer, son of the morning."

IV

THE history of the calendar is often used to exhibit the conquest of ignorance. Gradually the errors seem to have been removed from the first primitive efforts to codify time, until now we pride ourselves on a system that closely approximates the actual movements of the earth and its moon. Yet it is curious that the ancients should have used such hopelessly inaccurate calendars when their measurements of celestial motion were so carefully made. The Mexicans knew that the synodical moon period consists of 29.5209 days, a computation more exact than that of the Gregorian calendar, which was not introduced into Europe until long after America was discovered.

The introduction of a new calendar in 747 B.C. indicates to Dr. Velikovsky that the orbit of the earth—the length of the year, the months, and the seasons—had actually changed. Previous to this time the Chinese, the Hindus, the Persians, the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Israelites, the Egyptians, the Romans, and the Mayans all used a calendar of twelve lunations of thirty days each, a year of 360 days. During the period of Mars' meetings with the earth, the length of the seasons changed repeatedly, but at some time during the seventh century B.C. all these nations added five days to their calendars. The Persians called the five days Gatha days, the Egyptians called them the "days which are above the year," and the Mayans called them "days without a name." If the earlier calendars were merely mistakes, then in a man's lifetime an error would have accumulated of an entire year, a dislocation in harvest cycles which could not have been ignored even in the most primitive agricultural societies.

BUT more than the development of the calendar hangs on the assumption we make today: that the earth has rotated through millions of uninterrupted years, each consisting of 365 days, 5 hours, and 48 minutes. Philosophy, science, religion—there is scarcely an area of knowledge or conviction invulnerable to Dr. Velikovsky's detailed and

documented denial that the earth's history has been one of peaceful evolution. The long erosions of wind and rain, the slow buckling and folding of sedimented rock, and the infinitely graduated series of the developing species have hitherto provided a background of certainty. Now these orderly images have been challenged, and in their place a scholar has offered a basis of evidence for the astonishing pattern of catastrophe implicit in the world traditions. "If Velikovsky's thesis should withstand the test of time and become generally accepted," Clifton Fadiman writes, "revolutionary consequences ensue; and prevailing views in a dozen fields—including evolution, mythology, gravitation, and particularly classical and Biblical history—will have to be radically revised."

"Collective amnesia" is the phrase Dr. Velikovsky uses to describe the "psychological phenomenon . . . [in which] the most terrifying events of the past may be forgotten or displaced into the subconscious mind," obscuring the real meaning of many archaeological discoveries and historical texts. Trained in psychoanalysis as well as in history, he is aware of the parallel between the reconstruction of buried events from the past of an individual and his own effort to bring to light the shattering experiences that affected all mankind.

In view of the cosmic upheavals of the past, our own time of troubles is dwarfed. There is also a hidden purpose in Dr. Velikovsky's book, a warning to the world that threatens to explode with hatred among the nations: the cosmic catastrophes may repeat themselves. "This world will be destroyed;" reads a passage from the *Visuddhi-Magga* which serves as motto for his final chapter, "also the mighty ocean will dry up; and this broad earth will be burned up. Therefore, sirs, cultivate friendliness; cultivate compassion."

Bringing to this perspective all the apparatus of learning—from astronomy and physics to folklore, religion, classical literature, archaeology, geology, paleontology, biology, and psychology—Dr. Velikovsky has undertaken the awesome task of making an "inquiry in the architectonics of the world and its history" and of applying the techniques of scholarship and psychoanalysis to the entire human race.

[In an early issue, Dr. Velikovsky will summarize the implications of his thesis and its conflicts with other theories.—The Editors]

Insomnia in Whitehall

John Fischer

FIFTEEN years ago I knew a nice revolutionist named Peter. He was an attractive specimen of the British upper middle class—blond, diffident, carefully tweeded, well drilled in Latin and cricket, and endowed with a modest inheritance. Like many similar young men in England about that time, he had dedicated his life to smashing capitalism (he called it *capitalism*) and building a chrome-bright socialist society on the ruins.

Peter was, of course, an idealist. He had taken up revolution from the same religious impulse which might have sent him, fifty years earlier, into the clergy or off to India to civilize the barbarous Hindoo. Since we then lived in neighboring rooms in an Oxford college, he spent a good many evenings preaching his lofty and indignant gospel to me.

It sounded pretty plausible. In those days of depression, capitalism obviously wasn't working too well—or, as Peter saw it, "the System is destroying itself with its own cruel and absurd contradictions." Once this *hara kiri* was complete, he had no doubts about what would follow. A horse-doctor's dose of state ownership would cure everything. Once the Workers' Government had taken over farms and factories, all the hard problems would evaporate out of hand. England would become a plump and shining realm, cleansed of parasites, peopled by happy laborers, and

ruled by the wise and just—including, naturally, Peter himself.

The last part of his vision, at least, eventually came true. Peter had inherited many of the traditional governing-class talents, and as soon as the Labor party came to power after the war he was given an inconspicuous but responsible job in Whitehall.

When I looked him up there recently, I was surprised to find that he didn't look a bit like a successful revolutionist. He was slumped behind a mountainous deskload of papers, bound (literally) in red tape. His face was tense and his shirt collar was frayed. The evangelical high spirits with which he had started his rebel's career had been shed somewhere along the road. Nor had he picked up any of that triumphant assurance which one might expect in a minor prophet busily constructing the New Jerusalem. Instead he looked worried, uncertain, and pitifully tired.

In the following weeks I saw a good deal of Peter, and of other old acquaintances in the same faith—minor bureaucrats, Labor journalists, and back-bench members of Parliament. Together they made up a fairly wide sample of the Labor party's junior officer class. I have no way of guessing at the temper of the high command—the Cabinet and the lords of the trade unions—but in these middle ranks, morale was curiously frazzled. All these were still devout socialists, but nearly every

John Fischer, editor in chief of the trade book department of Harper & Brothers, revisited England and talked with many Labor party public servants during the summer of 1949.

one exhibited the same hesitant lack of confidence.

Peter himself finally summed it up. "We are just beginning to suspect," he said, "that socialism has some built-in contradictions of its own."

THE things that worried him turned out to be quite unexpected—to me, anyhow—and they are, I believe, matters of considerable importance to America. Before we examine them, however, it may be worth noting two items which were *not* causing much concern among the thirty-second degree socialists.

For one thing, they weren't especially worried about the election coming this spring. Most of them were reasonably confident that Labor would get back in—if only because the Tories have not yet shown the public any alternative line of political drygoods. All the Conservatives are offering is a kind of diluted we-can-do-it-better socialism, plus their venerable war relic, Winston Churchill. Now, almost everybody in England seems to feel that Old Winnie is the best possible man to run a war, but that in peacetime he is about as useful as a beat-up Sherman tank. Even the younger members of his own party speak of him as an embarrassment, long overdue for glorious retirement.

Neither were the Labor people I met much bothered about those features of their welfare state which have set so many journalistic shirts afire in America. The National Health Service, to cite only one example, actually appeared to be working out slightly better than they had expected.

Plenty of bugs still infest it, of course. It got under way with too few doctors, dentists, and hospitals, so that the professional staff is brutally overworked and patients often get second-rate treatment. In the beginning, too, a good many clients took advantage of the "free" service to wangle menstrual pain-killers, wigs, and lumbago plasters that they didn't strictly need, but the new charge of one shilling for each prescription presumably will curb some of that. Eventually, too, the shortage of physicians can be mended.

Meanwhile, even second-rate medical care is a great comfort to many thousands of families that once couldn't afford *any* treatment for a serious illness. Mass Observation—a

rough equivalent in Britain of the Gallup Poll—reported last summer that three-fifths of the people who had used the National Health Service spoke of it with approval. Only 26 per cent regarded it as an inconvenience, while 16 per cent thought it hadn't made much difference to them personally. In the face of such figures (and the bumptious health of English babies) the shrillest keening of the Scripps-Howard papers and the American Medical Association can hardly support an indictment of complete failure.

It is scarcely necessary to add that nobody I talked to—Labor, Liberal, or Conservative—was sprouting gooseflesh over certain bugaboos which are occasionally paraded in the American press. They weren't afraid that free speech might be muffled, or scientists dragged into a party line, or the London bobbies turned overnight into a Gestapo.

II

WHAT really worries a good many socialists is a failure of theory. They have run into a series of problems which they did not foresee, and their traditional doctrine provides no answers. In describing them as "contradictions," Peter was being quite precise, for they have usually cropped up in just that form. Perhaps the most pressing is—

Full Employment vs. Inflation. Of course all good socialists (like practically everybody else) believe in full employment. They also dread inflation, which is now the most dangerous threat confronting both the Labor party and Britain. For if the little island hopes to escape starvation, it must keep the prices of its manufactured goods low enough to compete in the world markets. Otherwise England can never pay for its indispensable imports of food and raw materials once the Marshall Plan spigot is turned off.

Yet nobody has so far discovered any way to keep full employment in present-day Britain and to smother inflation at the same time.

Remember that some 80 per cent of the economy is still run by private enterprisers. This means that thousands of individual business men are constantly bidding against each other for workmen and machinery and raw materials. They can bid handsomely, because—for reasons noted a little further on—most

firms are raking in such whopping profits that they seldom have to think twice about costs.

Well, in an economy where money is plentiful but manpower and all other resources are scarce, there can be only one result: a steady bidding-up of the prices of nearly everything, from stenographers and carbon paper to machine tools. This is what has been happening ever since the war, in spite of the partial controls on many items. This is why England was forced to devalue the pound, in a convulsive effort to lower prices for her customers overseas. This also is why there is grave danger that the benefits of that devaluation may be eroded away within a few months, as prices keep crawling upward.

The old-fashioned remedy in any economy—from wide-open *laissez-faire* to communist—would be to tighten up the whole machine: put the screws on credit, throttle down construction and other capital investment, and trim public spending right to the quick. In short, deflation—an ugly word. It would mean a delay in many of Labor's pet projects, such as housing (which undeniably is badly needed). It would draw some blood from the sacred social services, because there's not much room in the budget for really big cuts anywhere else. Food subsidies might have to go; people might have to pay a little more for their medical care and public housing.

Worst of all, such a policy would mean some unemployment—not on a depression scale, but just enough to put a brake on rising wages and to squeeze some of the surplus manpower out of over-staffed industries. (There are a number—railroads, mining, building trades, ship repairing, for example—whose payrolls are stuffed way beyond the limits of efficiency.)

Any unemployment is heresy to the Labor party, however—especially with an election in sight. Consequently, when the cabinet did announce a new economy program in late October, after weeks of agonized debate, it was not surprising that the London *Economist* had to describe it as “a catalogue of fleabites.” The orthodox socialist simply cannot bring himself to tackle inflation by such means.

INSTEAD his thoughts turn to more and tighter controls. If he can't drain off the steam behind inflation, maybe he can sit

harder on the safety valve. This answer is theologically acceptable, but it runs squarely into another contradiction—

Stability vs. Rigor Mortis. In theory, enough controls—with enough inspectors to enforce them—might check inflation, and at the same time achieve Stability, one of the socialist's dearest idols. (One of his favorite pleasures is delivering a rousing lecture on “the chronic instability of the American economy.”) To him, stability means something more than an end to the great tidal waves of boom and depression. It also means the ironing-out of those little dips and surges which make Rational Planning (another cherished idol) almost impossible. But the socialists are now discovering that when they “stabilize” prices, wages, profits, and markets, they also freeze up all the moving parts in the economic engine.

This freeze-up already had gone pretty far before the Laborites came to power, for few English business men really believe in competition. Unhampered by anti-trust laws, they started long before the war to spin a web of cartels, price agreements, divided markets, and “trade customs,” with the happy purpose of eliminating most of the risk and discomfort from their operations.

They also eliminated most of the hustle. Today the goal of many British industrialists apparently is to keep on selling the good old product, made on the old machines and displayed in the old packages, to the old customers at the old price (or a little higher) until the crack of doom. This is known as A Proud Tradition.

One machine-tool manufacturer told me he is still using some equipment his grandfather installed seventy-five years ago. He has plenty of capital to retool, because the firm “has been paying at least a 25 per cent dividend ever since I was a lad, and still is.” But his idea of the right moment to buy a new lathe is when grandpa's finally caves in like the one-hoss shay—not when somebody invents a better one.

This attitude may have something to do with the fact that our tool and die shops are “twenty years ahead” of comparable British plants, as the head of Slater & Wakefield, a leading British concern in this industry, recently told a convention of his American colleagues. It certainly had a lot to do with the

painful findings of an English productivity team which investigated American steel foundries last fall. The team reported that efficiency in American factories was 50 to 90 per cent higher than in their British counterparts—primarily because “productivity consciousness is to be found among all grades of employees, from executives to shop level.”

THE Labor government's policies haven't done much to encourage this kind of “productivity consciousness” in England. After all, why should the average British manufacturer sprain his brain cells to find new ways to do it cheaper, faster, and better? He already can sell everything he turns out at a highly comforting profit, because he has two guaranteed markets of solid plush:

(1) *The home market*, floating high on the tide of inflation and dammed-up wartime demand. Here he is saved from any prod of competition by that cozy armor of “trade custom,” plus rigid controls on imports from abroad. Similar controls—on raw materials, plant construction, and even on paper for advertising—make it difficult for new firms to enter his field or for old ones to expand.

(2) *The “sterling market,”* which means India, the Middle East, and all the other areas where England piled up huge debts during the war. These countries can collect only by taking payment in British goods—which they are now permitted to swallow at the rate of some two hundred million pounds a year. Since England gets nothing in return, this draining away of scarce goods increases the pressure of inflation very considerably. Because these sterling customers have, in effect, paid in advance, the British manufacturer doesn't have to worry about shaving his prices.

Moreover, so long as this ready-made market is wide open, it is almost impossible for England to redirect her exports toward America, to earn those dollars she needs so desperately. When the government exhorts a bicycle maker, for example, to forget about his old and eager customers in Pakistan and fight for a toehold in the strange, highly competitive American market, he behaves like any sensible business man. He laughs.

If Britain ever hopes to balance her foreign trade accounts, therefore, she will have to choke down on this flood of “free” exports to her sterling customers. Naturally her creditors

will howl when their payments are slowed down, and some unemployment is bound to follow until the stream of trade can be diverted to new channels. So far, the government has found the task too painful to face.

Meanwhile, the industrialist not only finds “the earning of profits as easy as falling off a stool,” as the *Economist* recently put it. He also sees no point in risking a backache to earn more. After all, the tax collector would grab most of it—19½ shillings out of every 20, in the top brackets; 39 per cent of the entire national income. By the Treasury's own estimate, only 250 people in all Britain now enjoy an income, after taxes, above \$14,000 a year. So why shouldn't everybody slide along in the same old grooves? There is no penalty if they do, no substantial reward if they try to change.

But change—swift, deep-cutting change—is the only thing that can save Britain. The brutal needs of survival demand shifts throughout the whole economy—shifts from the easy sterling customers to the tough dollar market, shifts from high-cost producers to the more efficient, shifts to meet the new pattern of demand caused by a massive redistribution of income, shifts to new products and new methods.

The socialists know this, for most of them are intelligent men. They also realize that the controls they yearn for in the name of stability are certain to make any such shifts more difficult. At this writing, they are still wringing their hands in indecision; the dilemma remains unsolved.

III

THEIR problem has been made tougher still by a third contradiction, which might be labelled—

Socialism vs. Trade Unionism. In theory, it ought to be possible to make all the needed shifts in the British economy by means of Socialist Planning. The wise men in Whitehall presumably could decide the proper level of wages in each industry and announce: This is it. They could figure how many men should be yanked out of the building trades, and send them packing to the undermanned textile mills. They could close down an exhausted coal pit in Scotland and ship both machinery and miners to a better site in

Wales. Right now, in fact, the government has authority to do all these things.

Unfortunately for theory, the Labor party is mostly made up of trade unionists. Their stubborn habit is to behave like good union men rather than socialist planners. For example, the British working man doesn't like to move. The footloose tradition of America, which can funnel thousands of families across the continent overnight, is simply unthinkable to him. In his mind, "full employment" means a permanent stranglehold on his present job. If the cabinet hints that it might actually use its power to direct labor, he cuts loose a bellow that even John L. Lewis would admire.

Besides, the bitter years of unemployment are sharp in his memory. He can't quite believe that jobs-for-all will last. Labor-saving machinery is suspect, therefore, and any worker who sets a pace faster than a leisurely plod is a traitor to his class. (Penalty: nobody will drink a pint of ale with him, come evenings, at the Bricklayer's Arms.) Nor is he much tempted by higher pay for higher output. He no longer has to save up for sickness, unemployment, or the education of his children—social services take care of that. And taxes would get a big bite of the extra earnings anyhow.

Finally, he believes that the purpose of his union is to get him better wages and shorter hours, and that the duty of "his" government is to back up the union. Haven't Labor politicians been telling him for twenty years that once they got in power every laboring man would get more money for less work? Now, in office at last, they start to mutter about austerity, harder work, speedups, and tightened belts. Naturally the laboring man doesn't take them seriously.

The union leaders can't do much about this. When they side with the government against their own members, the Communists are always waiting to scream "Betrayal!" The result has been a long series of wildcat strikes, many of them led by the Communists, who loathe socialists even more than they hate Churchill. Although these Communists are not very powerful at the moment, their persistent efforts to kidnap the unions away from the established leadership give nightmares to both the government and the trade union hierarchy. There is real danger that the

workers might eventually look to the Communists as their only real spokesmen against their boss, the State.

Indeed, the whole position of trade unions under a socialist regime has turned out to be a maze of contradictions. When the laborer's government becomes his employer as well, collective bargaining obviously doesn't make sense. And so long as it is attempted, Socialist Planning must remain a wistful fantasy.

In the meantime, imagine what happens to the spirit of a revolution when its banner reads: "Come on boys, let's build a Brave New World—but don't work more than forty-five hours a week, insist on time-and-a-half for overtime, and never under any circumstances lay more than thirty bricks an hour."

IV

AMONG all the curious puzzles which lie strewn about England's political scenery, perhaps the most baffling to an American is the conflict of—

Internationalism vs. Isolation. As everybody knows, the Socialists have been internationalists from way back. The Brotherhood of Man has always been their goal, nationalism their enemy. This article of faith, one might assume, would have been powerfully reinforced by the events of the past ten years.

That decade surely has made it plain that Britain no longer can stand alone. By herself she can neither feed her people nor defend her shores. Since 1940 she has been kept alive only by repeated blood transfusions from the United States—lend-lease, Marshall aid, and loans which will never be repaid. Today she seems little more fit to stand on her own feet than she was when the treatment started. Even if all the problems noted above could somehow be magicked away overnight, there is little evidence that England will ever again be able to support forty million people at their accustomed living standard on her crowded little island.

The reasons have been set forth in these pages from time to time by Barbara Ward, Kenneth Galbraith, and others, so there is no need to repeat them here. The conclusion has been underlined many times in the past few months by Paul Hoffman of ECA. Britain cannot survive unless she integrates her economy into some larger unit—a United States of

Europe, or an English-Speaking Union, or perhaps a still broader Atlantic Community.

Does this mean, then, that the socialists are hot and panting after some such federation? Not at all. On the contrary, they have made England the most isolationist country in the Western world. Every suggestion that they snuggle up a little closer has been repulsed with shudders of distaste.

Their usual explanation is that England already belongs to one club—the British Commonwealth—and the Dominions might feel terribly upset if she joined another. There is some truth in this, but it isn't the whole story. The Labor people have stronger reasons, which they are usually too tactful to mention in public, for shrinking from any kind of economic union. They hold a different set of objections against each of the three kinds of merger commonly proposed.

THE most widely discussed of these is an "integration" of Western Europe. It has become an official aim of American policy, and several European governments at least pay it lip-service. So do Mr. Churchill and a number of his Conservative colleagues.

The British socialists, however, want no part of it. They can foresee nothing but chaos if their economy—so austere, so delicately poised, so rigidly corseted—were linked to the disheveled and undisciplined societies of the continent. The wild men of France, for instance, can't even collect taxes, run a rationing system, or keep a cabinet in office for more than a few months. Switzerland and Belgium are crawling with unrepentant capitalists. Conservative Catholics rule Italy, and God knows what may emerge in a reviving Germany. If rational planning is hard for England by herself, it would become quite impossible in harness with such diverse and unpredictable teammates.

Worse yet, British living standards might be pulled down to the level of the Continent. At the very least, a score of British industries would be disrupted by the competition of more efficient producers across the channel. In the long run, a more sensible, large-scale, productive pattern of industry might result. But meanwhile the shock of the operation might kill the patient. Almost certainly it would kill British socialism.

Well, then, why not an English-Speaking

Union—an economic merger of Britain, Canada, the other Dominions, and the United States? This arrangement would have certain obvious advantages over a European federation. It would solve England's dollar shortage once and for all, it would link her to areas producing food surpluses, and it would give her a chance to decant some of her excess population into relatively uncrowded countries.

The customary argument against it—and it has considerable weight—is that such a step would split off Britain and America from the Continent. The Western Europeans might then conclude that they had been deserted, and sidle into the waiting arms of Moscow. Moreover, Englishmen of all shades of political opinion feel an understandable nervousness that they might be engulfed by their bigger partner. They have no desire to become a forty-ninth state.

But the socialists—at least of the left-wing variety—are more than nervous; they shake with horror at the very thought. Many of these left-wingers are totally ignorant of America. Others—such learned metaphysicians of the True Church as Harold Laski, Tom Driberg, and Kingsley Martin—are merely blinded by their own dogma. They see the United States as the stronghold of capitalism, and therefore the nest of all evil. In their eyes, it is a barbaric wilderness, addicted to bubble gum, lynching, and juke boxes, and ruled by bloated plutocrats who rejoice in stomping on the faces of the poor. They accept each dollar of American aid with sincere regret, like a penitent drunkard reaching for the bottle.

Some even argue that America is turning imperialist and "proto-fascist" (because that is always supposed to happen to capitalism in its last stages). They expect our long overdue depression to overwhelm us any week now. They also fear that we may get "hysterical"—a favorite adjective for Americans—and start dropping atom bombs all over the lot. Marriage to such a monster clearly would be a fate worse than death.

For a long while the sages of the left advocated a closer relationship with Russia, rather than the United States. Now even they are coming to realize that the Soviets would be interested only in the sense that a coyote is interested in closer relationships with a jack-

rabbit. At the moment, therefore, they have no coherent foreign policy. Yet they have a following, and their repugnance for the Beelzebubs of Wall Street must be taken into account by the more realistic leaders of the Labor party.

The third alternative—a gradual welding of the Western Europeans and the English-speaking countries into a great Atlantic Community—is open to many of the objections brought against the two less ambitious schemes. Certainly the political difficulties are enormous. The economic strain and dislocation would be most painful, and Britain's socialism might get seriously diluted in the final mixture. Hence most Laborites are inclined to dismiss the idea as utopian and impractical.

Of course it is equally utopian to expect the American taxpayer to go on subsidizing England indefinitely. Nevertheless, nobody in England, so far as I could discover, is drafting specific plans against the day when ECA money stops flowing. The Labor people are too busy, too tired, too harassed with their many cross-grained problems. They seem to be able to plan only from one crisis to the next, like Eliza crossing the ice. Much like their counterparts in our old-fashioned capitalist parties, in fact.

V

IT WOULD be a great mistake to imagine that all these skull-popping dilemmas are causing much distress to ordinary Englishmen. Aside from those like Peter, who are actively interested in politics, hardly anyone seems conscious of them. Throughout the devaluation crisis, most of the people I met in London took the whole affair with aplomb, not to say indifference.

And why not? These people have been living through one crisis after another ever since 1939. Dunkirk, the blitz, V-bombs, imminent bankruptcy—they all sounded terrible, but somehow the country has always muddled through (up to now, anyway). In spite of near-insolvency, moreover, the conditions of ordinary living have been improving at an astonishing rate since the Labor government came to power.

London, which I had last seen in 1946, has been rebuilt and repainted in a short three years more than I would have thought possible

within an entire generation. Nearly a million families have moved into new homes since the war; several million other houses have been refurbished with government aid. (Because they are heavily subsidized, rents average only about \$2 a week.) Where the bomb craters still gap, they have often been turned into tidy parking lots. What rubble is still left has been stacked, with true British neatness, into square mounds along the sidewalks.

The people, too, look surprisingly better off. The gray, drawn, slightly shabby look is gone. Crowds in the midtown streets—largely made up of working people, naturally—seemed better dressed, better fed, and somehow gayer than I had remembered them even before the war. Rationing is still a genuine hardship; fats and proteins, in particular, are probably too scarce to keep the country's vigor up to the proper notch. Still there is plenty of evidence that the ordinary laboring-class family is eating better than ever before. Especially the children.

The prostitutes who patrol Picadilly and Glass House Street are gaudier than they used to be, and far fewer. One common theory is that most of them retired on their wartime earnings, bought stately mansions in the country, and now pour tea for the vicar every Thursday. A more prosaic, and more likely, explanation is that any girl can now take her pick of respectable daytime jobs.

Although the upper classes are being gradually liquidated by ferocious taxes, they are marching to their doom with a certain style. Most Savile Row tailors are booked up for months in advance. Theaters do an SRO business, and swank cafés like the Caprice are crowded every night. In a single week I saw more champagne on restaurant tables than I have seen in five years in New York—and I didn't eat in fancy places, either. One reason is that Scotch is scarce, since practically all of it is shipped abroad; but another is that business men entertain each other generously. Sir William takes his solicitor to lunch today, and the solicitor returns the courtesy tomorrow; both bills can be deducted, wine and all, from their firms' income tax as business expense.

Rolls Royces can be hired on the same basis, thus circumventing gasoline rationing. One evening I counted seven parked outside a modest home where a party evidently was

under way. The pub around the corner was pretty gay, too. The truck drivers and charwomen who made up most of its clientele jammed the parlor bar right up to closing hour—and a surprising number seemed able to afford gin-and-orange in lieu of the traditional pint of bitter.

What most people really got excited about last fall was the radiant weather: the warmest, sunniest autumn within living memory. It made the worries of bureaucrats and socialist pundits seem curiously unreal and far away. God obviously was in His heaven, looking

after His chosen island just as He always has.

The problems and contradictions of British socialism are real enough. Very possibly they are unsolvable. So far, however, I suspect that they have not even touched the great mass of Labor voters—and that these millions will not nourish any serious doubts about socialism so long as vague disasters merely darken the horizon. When the storm actually hits, when jobs get scarce and living standards begin to pinch, the story may change.

Right now the barometer seems to be falling fast.

The Seagull

U Y S K R I G E

BETWEEN the white house
and the white house;
against the white cloud
and the gray peak;
high above the sea
silver and gray,
silver and gray
of spindrift and spray,
light at play
on waves without end
to the furthest horizon's
most distant bend
where the sky shrinks,
a white seagull
with the whiteness of stone
rises and sinks,
rises and sinks
alone.

What is the sea's deep song
echoing like a gong?
What, far and faint,
the wind's old plaint?
What shrill in the sky
the gull's quavering cry?
What deeper than the surge
(making moan
even in the marrow-bone)
the heart's dirge:
the still heart

forever apart,
forsaken, alone?

The sea sings,
the wind sighs,
the gull flings
its call into the clear skies,
the heart cries
on the sheer cliff-side
between the white house
and the white house
in the full noontide
silver and gray,
silver and gray:
whither, whither
do I go
as the winds blow,
the waters flow
hither, thither?
Whither am I borne
gripped in this cleft
of despair, bereft
of all hope, shorn
of all peace, all rest
at what blind fate's behest
rootless, upturned
to what dim bourn
forlorn, forlorn, forlorn?

(Translated from the Afrikaans by the author)

Hereby Hangs a Tale

A Story by Max Steele

Drawings by George George

WAY back, long before loyalty probes, psychiatry, soap opera, and other modern forms of amusement, my Uncle James dreamed that he had a long tail like a monkey. It became disconcerting to the entire family and eventually to the small Southern town where they had lived—up until then—in peace with themselves and their neighbors, and on happy nodding terms with Nature and Nature's Laws.

He was in love at the time. He was in love with his own wife and had been for ten years, which naturally made some people in the town rather skeptical of him. Aunt Edith, to be truthful, could have inspired little more than a gentle drowsiness or a dull ache behind the eyes in most men, but apparently she was a disturbing and endlessly fascinating creature to my uncle who, except for an attack of seven-day hiccoughs in World War I, had lived a not exactly spectacular life. "I'm afraid to look straight at the woman for fear she'll burst out crying," my grandfather used to bellow about Aunt Edith, and then in a surge of radiant tenderness, "or that *I* will." She did appear that timid to everyone but Uncle James. Anyway, what happened was, in a way, bound to happen, and it was sad.

Aunt Edith woke up, she later reported, about five o'clock, just before dawn, and saw in the late, late-winter moonlight her husband standing by his bed tucking the sheets under the mattress as though he were back in the Army making up his bed for inspection.

"James," she said, not realizing that he was half-asleep. "James."

"Wut?" he mumbled.

"What are you doing out of bed?"

He turned toward her and as the sleep-fog drifted from his eyes they focused with anger on her face. "What?" he asked.

"What's wrong with you?"

He gazed down at his bare feet, inspected his toenails as though they were meaningless medals, then slowly gazed about the room. "Oh," he said; nothing more, just "oh," but he was plainly disturbed. He lay back in the bed, then quickly turned over on his side.

He stayed there until dawn, smoking cigarette after cigarette until his wife could not bear a silence any longer even though she was afraid to make him talk when he was not inclined to.

"What were you doing out of bed?" she asked nervously. As long as he remained silent there was the possibility that he had planned to strangle her in her sleep. "Why were you out of bed at five in the morning?" There was a carefully restrained note of anxiety in her voice.

Uncle James inhaled slowly and blew smoke out through his nostrils in a sigh. "I dreamed I had a long tail like a monkey," he said flatly. "It had got out from under the cover and was cold. I had simply got out of bed to cover it up."

"Well," said Aunt Edith. Nothing more, just "well." For the next few minutes she watched him lying there smoking, then she

asked in a triumphant tone: "How could you have covered it up if you were out of bed?"

"I couldn't," he answered as though he had been expecting exactly that technical question from her. "So it's just as well that you woke me." He shut his eyes. "It would have been frozen off by now."

"What would?"

"The long tail," he said, as though his wife might easily be the dullest woman in the world.

"Quit talking that way. You haven't got a long tail like a monkey."

Uncle James opened his eyes and a smile for a second twitched the corner of his mouth before he began frowning again.

"James, you aren't still dreaming, are you?"

"I'm awake," he said, "wide awake."

"Well, don't go back to sleep." Aunt Edith was anxiously watching his face. "You might dream again."

"I'm awake," he said, and that was all that was said until later when he was dressing. Without looking at her, he asked, "Did you go to the fire yesterday?"

"Certainly," Aunt Edith said. She had missed only two fires since she came to the town as a bride: a hog-pen and stable at the edge of town burned down without her presence because the sirens and firebells were silent that day in honor of a newly dead mayor; and the Burgess Hotel burned beautifully without her because my grandmother held the car keys firmly in her apron pocket saying: "That isn't the kind of place a respectable woman watches burn."

"Was it a good fire?" Uncle James asked, tying his tie.

"So-so," she reported. All fires were so-so to Aunt Edith even though she could not easily be kept away from them, and even though when she watched them a tiny gleam of life, almost akin to joy, came into her usually expressionless face. "Sometimes when she watches a fire and the firemen her little gray eyes almost dance," Uncle James used to brag, and it must have been at such times that he found her especially bewitching, mysterious, and alive.

"Was Scala there?" he asked.

"Scala?"

"The fire chief."

"Yes," Aunt Edith yawned. "He carried

the hose up the ladder. I think that was Scala."

Uncle James turned quickly, and if Aunt Edith had been more observant she might have seen jealousy drain the color from his face and the strength from his body. He sat down heavily, then stood up quickly and glanced in the mirror at the seat of his pants. He was still studying himself when Aunt Edith asked: "Why don't you be a fireman?"

Color, in fact one color after another, came back into Uncle James' face. "LOCAL BANK-TELLER BECOMES FIREMAN TO PLEASE WIFE," he read from a sensational, imaginary newspaper. He was furious. "You can't make a monkey out of" He stopped suddenly and brushed at the seat of his trousers. His voice was cool, almost humble when he spoke again: "Why don't you marry Scala?"

"Whatever for?" Aunt Edith asked.

"You seem to like men who climb around with long"

Aunt Edith interrupted, which she had never done before. "Just because I like fires and crowds and excitement! Back home in Louisville, I went to the races every year," her voice was threatening to rise a note above its usual level, "but I didn't marry Man-o'-War." She had made a joke! Her mouth remained open in what might have been amazement. She moved to the mirror and looked at the creature who had made a joke. She almost smiled at her image.

"See," Uncle James said, desperately, "you are changing."

He put his arms around her. "And I don't want you to change. Ever."

"You're the one who's changing," she said.

Uncle James turned red and hurried from the room.

"**W**E just won't mention it, not even to the preacher," my Grandmother said when Aunt Edith came downstairs that morning to tell her how James had dreamed about having a long tail, how he had tried to cover it up, and how later he had rushed from the room. Grandfather was delighted. As far back as he could remember no Hawley he had ever heard of had had a long tail like a monkey.

"Well certainly no one on my side of the family ever had," Aunt Edith said in utter confusedness, but perhaps in the mild hope

of escaping responsibility.

"What kind of family did I marry into?" Grandmother cleared herself with innocence and dignity.

"My, my," Grandfather was grinning proudly. "A long tail."

They talked about Uncle James all morning. They agreed that he had always seemed excessively conservative, modest, and, in nice words, dull. He was and had always been, even as a boy, a gentleman. This growing a long tail was very unlike him. The two women speculated on his embarrassment, and after persuading Grandfather with threats, they all agreed that no word would be spoken about the tail either in the house or out. Grandfather must not, above all things, brag.

Aunt Edith had not reported the conversation about the fires. She had been careful not to mention Scala, the chief. She could not imagine how Uncle James had found out about her secret crush on the fireman, except perhaps by the fact that she had missed only two fires in ten years. She merely said, "I'm glad we aren't going to talk about it any more."

They were indeed innocent, though, if they thought silence would cure Uncle James. During the weeks that followed they were forced through their agreement to ignore his new habits. He would not wear his thin overcoat because it did not have a split back. He began walking through doors backward or else turning completely around before shutting them cautiously and gently. He would not let anyone walk behind him, and on the few occasions when there were visitors he either stood with his back to the wall, or perched painfully on the edge of a chair. During the second week he abandoned his usual, overstuffed chair in favor of a Windsor. My grandparents glanced quickly at each other with worried and baffled expressions. Grandfather finally found an excuse to walk behind the Windsor where Uncle James sat. He stared suspiciously at it and at the floor.



Finally Aunt Edith had to speak. "Why have you changed chairs?"

Uncle James again blushed. He cleared his throat and spoke: "I'm tired of that one. Just thought I'd try out this."

Aunt Edith stared at the open back of the Windsor chair and at the distance between the spindles. "Don't you think . . ." Then she stopped. There was no use worrying him with the idea that it might get stuck between the spindles; he would have to sit somewhere. A standing man in the house would make her nervous.

"Think what?" he asked.

"Think," she paused, "you might sit in your own chair if you sit kind of sideways."

"Possibly," he said with somewhat injured dignity. "But I see no reason to contort myself into a spectacle." He stood up, strode bravely from the room, then turned shyly around to keep from shutting the door on himself.

My grandparents glared at Aunt Edith, who gazed back with her face, as usual, expressionless.

That was as near as they came to speaking openly about James' condition. He, himself, though, tiptoed near the subject one night at supper when he refused a piece of chocolate cake.

"It used to be your favorite," Grandmother said.

"I'm tired of it," he said, "there are other kinds of cake, you know."

"What kind would you like?"

"Any kind. Coconut."

Perhaps they would not have thought anything about his new preference except that he turned red and redder. Grandfather's eyes were sparkling with pride and twice he opened his mouth to ask Uncle James a question, but each time my grandmother coughed.

However successful the family was in hiding its concern and interest in my uncle's behavior, the clerks, officials, and clients of the Chate Street Bank did not know exactly how to react to a series of sudden changes in his activities. They first noticed that he locked the gate behind him when he walked into his cage in the morning, so that the ease and co-operativeness which the tellers had enjoyed among themselves were ended. His old customers saw that he no longer smiled at them when reaching for their deposits and in fact that he seemed to grab and rake in the money as though he were acquiring personal property to be hidden carefully away.

All of this was whispered about, but no one said anything openly until Uncle James began eating peanuts during the slack hour and throwing the shells on the floor. First the janitor complained and then the cashiers in the adjoining cages. Uncle James was not too careful about where he threw the shells. When asked about his new diet, which apparently now required six hours of steady munching, he said, "I've got to keep healthy." And if no clients were in the bank he would open the gate and swing and chin himself on the overhead crossbar. The bank president, who was forced by a cashier to watch my uncle from his balcony office, merely said that when men start approaching middle age they sometimes begin worrying about their health and strength. He had a great deal of faith in Uncle James.

My uncle, though, was losing faith in himself. When warm weather came the bank installed its revolving doors. Sometimes my uncle would stand for five or ten minutes before going through them. He would emerge white and shaken on the other side. After the ordeal of coming through the doors

each morning he perched moodily on his high stool until the first customer appeared at the window of his cage. That brought him out of his despair and for the remainder of the open-day he rushed about the cage in furious activity: reaching out and grabbing money and deposit books from clients, throwing back deposit slips or money to them, rarely speaking. No one suspected that he had a long tail.

One Tuesday morning in May, however, Goodman's Furniture store, three blocks from the bank, rang a fire alarm. My uncle was out of his cage and through the doors before anyone could swear they had seen him leave. When he returned forty minutes later he was carrying a sixteen-pound bag and was such a pitiful sight that the president came down to ask him if anyone was hurt or killed in the fire.

"Just me," my uncle said.

The president laughed and went back up to his balcony.

When the president looked back down again, Uncle James had not reopened his window, which had been closed during his absence. He was eating bananas out of the large bag, tossing the peels on the floor of his own cage and the adjoining one. Two peels were hanging on the grillwork above his window. It was at that unfortunate moment that a Mrs. Cousins approached the window to deposit \$16.25, the sum total of a penny collection which her Sunday School had conducted.

"Mr. Hawley, I know you're a good man" She never finished the sentence. The words enraged my uncle. He seized the bars and shook them with such vigor that the grillwork rattled around the entire bank lobby. Mrs. Cousins dropped the paper sack of pennies and retreated through the rolling pennies, across the bank, then turned and fled through the door.

UNCLE JAMES did not tell the family that he had been fired, or as the president said: "Relieved of duties until you have had sufficient rest to regain your composure." Instead, he sat without eating at the supper table and stared at Aunt Edith, who chewed steadily and constantly, pausing only at set intervals to sip lukewarm water. When she at last glanced away from her plate long enough to see him staring at her, she almost

dropped a forkful of rice: but recovered it in time to continue the unbroken rhythm of her chewing.

"How did you like the fire?" Uncle James asked quietly.

"So-so," Aunt Edith answered.

"Did you have to applaud Scala before everybody in town?" my uncle asked her later when they were upstairs alone.

"Everybody clapped," she said.

"No," he shook his head sadly. "You were the only one."

"Well, they should have. That was a magnificent leap. When a man jumps five feet from the top of one building to another, people ought to cheer."

"You did your part," Uncle James said.

"I didn't see you there. Why weren't you sitting safely in your bank?"

"I can do other things too," Uncle James answered. He walked to the window and stared out at a giant oak, its tender new leaves fluttering softly. "Five feet isn't far to jump."

The next morning Uncle James left the house at seven forty-five, as though he were on his way to work at the bank. By ten o'clock, however, the family knew he had been fired. Naturally the news was all over town. The way many people heard and told the story—and still do, for that matter—was that my uncle threw banana peels in Mrs. Cousins' face, jumped through the window, snatched a \$60.25 bag of money from her, ran out, and was caught at the Goodman fire. Another story spread that he had set fire to the furniture store, and another that Scala had jumped across a five-foot chasm to capture my uncle on the roof of the next building. Everyone was talking about the Chate Street Bank robbery even though the switchboard operators both there and at the newspaper office were denying that even a penny had been lost or stolen. A department store manager phoned my grandmother to ask her to see a display of mink coats an agent was showing in his office, and an automobile dealer tried to sell my aunt a yellow convertible. No one could find Uncle James.

"You stay here. I don't want you swagging all over town today," my grandmother said at lunch to her husband. "Edith, you stay here and see that he doesn't leave. I'm going out to find James."

IT WAS late that afternoon when she found him in the Zoo Park. He was standing in front of the moat at the Monkey Mountain. A spider monkey leapt from a rock to the limb of a young poplar, caught with one hand, and swung by its tail. Uncle James laughed out with delight. "How far would you say that was?" he asked, as though he knew without turning that Grandmother was standing behind him.

"Five feet," she said.

"Oh, it's more than that. It must be twelve. Ten anyway."

Another monkey jumped and swung by his tail. Uncle James clapped and cheered. An old man and woman who had been tossing peanuts over the moat watched him, then edged away, whispering to each other. A little red-headed boy called to a monkey and threw it the last of his popcorn. My uncle took a bag of peanuts out of his pocket, selected two large ones, and ate them.

Grandmother held out her hand for the peanuts. He put the bag in his pocket without glancing away from the monkeys. "You'll ruin your supper," she said.

"Did you make banana pudding?" he asked.

"I will," she said. She glanced shyly at the old woman who had begun edging back closer to listen. "Come on, James, let's go home."

"All right," he said as though that were a wonderful idea, but as she led him away he was stumbling along, staring back over his shoulders at the swinging monkeys. He stopped in front of Maggie's cage and handed the ugly baboon the bag of peanuts while my grandmother looked on jealously. He glanced back once more at the swinging monkeys. "I don't see how they do it." He sighed. "I'm tired, just from studying them." As they drove home there was chill in the air and gray in the sunset.

Grandmother stole glimpses of him from the corner of her eyes and drove on in silence. She followed him from the garage and stopped when he did under the oak in the backyard. "How far would you say that straight limb is from the gable?" He pointed to the peaked roof over his bedroom window.

"Ten or fifteen feet," she said.

"That far?"

"Why?" she asked.

He stood as though he were holding the door open for her but she had to open it for herself. "No reason," he said. "Wondering, wondering, wondering."

For supper Uncle James ate a whole banana pudding. A dreadful silence was in the dining room. He pushed back his chair and went up the steps. The family listened to his soft footsteps on the stairs. Suddenly there were running steps, a door slammed shut, and a key clicked in the lock. Aunt Edith hurried up the steps. "James! James! What are you going to do?"

There was no answer.

"James," she rapped on the door. "James, what are you going to do?"

"Something Scala can't," he answered. He dropped one shoe to the floor, then the other. "If he can jump five, I can jump ten. He can't make a monkey out of me. Not while I'm alive."

"He's going to jump," my grandmother gasped from the landing. She ran down the steps to the telephone and dialed furiously. "Hello hello yes Scala Mr. Scala this is Mrs.

Hawley James is jumping out the window bring a ladder bring a net don't make any noise hurry hurry."

Grandpa and Aunt Edith followed her into the yard. Sure enough, through the thickening dusk they could make out Uncle James climbing out the dormer window of his bedroom. Slowly he crawled up the roof and out onto the gable. There he sat down and with great care began taking off his shirt and undershirt. He folded them neatly, and placed them beside him.

"Sh-h," my grandmother whispered, when Aunt Edith started to call out.

He took off his socks, placed the toes together and rolled them into a ball. Darkness was closing over the housetop, but when he stood up they could see him against the blackening gray sky. He took off his trousers, held them upside down by the cuffs, and stretched them out on the roof. In his white shorts, hands on hips, he did fourteen knee-bends. His knees creaked each time.

"Listen," my grandfather said, "he's not in good shape for jumping. Lucky he's got a long tail to catch by."

Uncle James must have been worried by the creaking too. He tried a few more knee-bends then proceeded to waist-bends.

"Why aren't they here? Why isn't Scala here?" Grandmother whispered to herself and to the black sky.

"Scala!" Aunt Edith said. "No. He mustn't come here. He mustn't stop him. We've got to let him jump." She paused. In the distance the fire truck was chugging up the hill, sounding, without a siren or bell, more like a water wagon or moving van. On the roof Uncle James paused in his warming-up exercises. When he quit moving his white shorts disappeared in the darkness. Even the grey stone chimneys were invisible against the black sky. My grandmother squeezed Aunt Edith's arm. "Where is he? Where? Can you see him?"

Without warning Aunt Edith screamed. "Jump, James! You can make it!"

"No! Don't, don't!" Grandmother hollered.

"Jump. Scala is coming with a net. Jump, James, jump!"

"Catch with your hands too," Grandpa belowed. "Just in case."

Hollow footsteps rushed across the rooftop and were drowned out by Grand-



mother's screams, Grandfather's cheers, and the fire truck's bell as it swung, with a blinding light, into the drive.

"James!" Aunt Edith yelled. "James! Did you jump?"

"He must have run over the rooftop," Grandpa said, after searching the ground for something apparently the size of a butter pat. "He's hiding on the front roof."

"Up on the roof. Up there, quick," Grandmother shouted to the firemen who were unhooking the ladder. Scala began climbing even as the ladder shot skyward. He and three other firemen searched the roof with their flashlights.

"He's not up here," Scala called. He shined the light down the chimney well. "Or down here."

"He was going to jump to the oak," Grandpa hollered.

Scala flicked the tree briefly with the light beam. "No human being could jump that far." He shined the light down at Grandpa. "I've jumped all my life and I wouldn't dare risk a leap like that."

"But you don't have . . ." Grandpa began.

Grandmother interrupted: "Mr. Scala, would you mind directing your light to the tree."

"No'm. But I tell you, it's impossible . . ."

"There!" Grandmother called.

The spot of light danced, held still.

There, hanging by one elbow and one knee, Uncle James was struggling feebly to climb up on the limb.

"He did it. He did it." Grandpa danced in the drive.

"But he had to use his hands too." Grandmother said, in an effort to calm her husband.

"Wait, we'll get a ladder," Scala called climbing down from the roof.

"You will not," Aunt Edith said. "My husband can take care of himself."

Uncle James' tree-climbing was not as professional as his jumping. Slowly, almost motionless at times, he climbed down the trunk in the strong spotlight from the fire truck. Aunt Edith was waiting for him. She brushed



the bark dust from his chest, then placed her cheek there as she hugged him around the waist.

"Are you hurt?" Grandmother asked, seeing the thin streams of blood along the tiny scratches on his face and shoulders.

"Just my tail," Uncle James answered, his arm around Aunt Edith.

"What happened to it?" Grandfather asked.

"It broke off, at the base."

"Oh." Grandpa shook his head. "That's a shame."

"Should we call a doctor?" Grandmother asked.

"No," Uncle James said, his breath at last coming back to him in long heavy gasps. "I won't be needing it again."

Together, arms about each other, he and Aunt Edith walked to the back steps while Scala stood in the drive and flashed the light from the housetop to the oak limb. "Say, you! Wait a minute," Scala called. "Do you want a job as a fireman?"

Aunt Edith looked back over her shoulder and said coldly: "Why should my husband want to be a fireman? He's a banker."

Uncle James held the door open for his wife. He followed her in and let the door bang shut behind him—without turning around.

The Easy Chair

Parable of the Lost Chance

Bernard DeVoto

THE thirteen-year-old boy, George, came in several times to ask questions about birds. Polly has always had a dozen bird-baths and bird-houses scattered about her lawn, just as inevitably as she has a sundial lettered in antique, "I number only the hours that are serene," though there could be no other kind of hours to number where Polly is. But she has never known anything about birds. They can't cast Citizens' Committee votes, there is no way of educating them to create a fairer world, it's hard to find in them any symbol that will hearten mankind on its way, and they have a distinctly biological aspect. Still, she answered George's questions not only with sunny patience but with what appeared to be alert and even vigilant interest as well. I observed suddenly that there were a lot of stuffed birds in the living room. They were as out of place among Polly's chairs and rugs and those arresting things she hangs on the walls as they would have been in a teller's cage at a bank.

But I have started this wrong. We have had a long, beautiful autumn in eastern Massachusetts, and there came an afternoon when I felt like getting out in it, away from the documents of seventeenth-century America I have lived among so long that deerskins and a cuirass would feel more natural than a dinner jacket. Polly and Pete live in a village out at the far edge of Middlesex County where I once lived too and it would make a pleasant drive. Besides I had lost touch with the right ideas, I didn't know what they were this season, and Polly always knows. Polly is the right ideas, in fact, and I hadn't seen her for months. So I telephoned. She said that Pete was spending the day in Worcester to do something or other about his new

novel but she would be home. (The society that has made war all but impossible wasn't doing anything today, then, nor the one that will federate the world before Easter, nor the Planned Parenthood League, nor the League of Women Voters, nor any of the study groups in sociology, foreign affairs, and the architecture of the future.) She said she would love to have me come to tea. Polly uses the word "tea" with exact botanical reference, but I love her and her mind, and she is most agreeable to look at, and maybe Pete who uses the word metaphorically would get home in time.

I saw George playing on the lawn and had that wearily familiar shock at time's acceleration, for I recognized him as Georgie. He was Polly's third pregnancy. In fact, he was Planned Parenthood III, for Polly's mother had died and there was something about the passage of one soul into the universal and therefore the obligation, in our brief moment, to bring another soul into time. There were other urgent reasons too. Mattie was five years old and Little Pete was three and neither of them had ever before known about death. Now death had come right into the family. This was the first breach in childhood's perfect security, the first terrible intimation of mortality. It might create crippling fears, it might cause a trauma, and unavoidably it would mystify the child mind and lay a burden on the child soul.

If it had been me, I would have left the problem to Pete, who in my opinion has written about death more profoundly than anyone else of my literary generation and ought to have been capable of handling his children's ideas. (A long speculation of mine has dealt with the relation of his books, which I

admire just this side idolatry, to Polly's mind and its wondrous workings in the institution of marriage.) But Polly has always known that there is a vein of insensibility, perhaps even coarseness, in Pete. Her mother—who I am sure wanted the children to call her Grandmother but whom they called Alice because Polly feels that discriminations based on age are unjust and that though children are different from adults they are not in any way less—her mother had died in the spring. So strolling over one afternoon, I ran into a ceremony in Polly's garden. She had the two children there and they were planting heliotropes. This was for Alice. See, we put the seed in the ground, where we put Alice. The leaves that have died too, and the rain and the sunlight and the frost and the snow and the wind—all nature works in harmony and though the seed has been lost in the earth forever, when summer comes there will be flowers and their beautiful colors and their sweet perfume. Alice has merged with beauty—how could there be anything terrifying in a flower?

Polly, however, felt that the ceremony was not enough and, as I have said, it was because of Alice's death that there came to be the little heliotrope named George and called Georgie, though I do not crudely associate the symbolism of the seed. Simply, Alice must be reborn in petals of infant flesh. But now, you will understand, another mystery might confuse the child mind. There was that danger but parents can always avert danger if they are courageous and imaginative. And furthermore these rosy petals would be of life, not death, and therefore this was really an opportunity for the imaginative, courageous parent. As long as I have known Polly she has recognized opportunities far off and risen to them. One day when I dropped in I was surprised to find a cat in the living room—surprised because Polly's county and woodland emotions had always run to dogs, large, tweedy ones. But I learned that the cat was for the enlightenment of the child mind: Polly was going to convert danger into security. Soon now she was going to get . . . big. I am sure that Bryn Mawr gave her A in all her courses and they must have included zoology, and country living had also repeatedly exposed her to instruction. She knew therefore that presently the cat, a black and white scrub

which the children had named Clara, would also be getting . . . big. So the child mind would develop none of those erroneous theories that Dr. Freud had, rather insistently, shown might do harm. Mattie and Little Pete would see gravidity as not mysterious at all but as something widespread in nature and quite jolly. They could have no dark ideas about Polly's pregnancy because of Clara's, which would seem to them just a droll romp of a pet. While Clara was helping the heliotropes merge their grandmother's death in nature's loveliness, she would also be sanitarily shaping their minds to nature's ordinariness.

Polly has an infinite capacity to surprise me, never more so than with that cat. For I perceived that if Clara was to grow big it must be by overeating. I said so but Polly said, nonsense, I was wrong. She has always been saying that to me from the summit of an honors degree at Bryn Mawr and her intuitive understanding of life's beneficence, and so I repeated my assertion rather forcibly and with reference to the anatomical evidence. But Polly shook her head and for thirteen years I have treasured the sentence with which, smilingly superior in knowledge and understanding, she waved away, besides the evidence, the slight coarseness of mind which she has always felt is my bond with Pete. She pointed out that Clara was black and white and, she said, you must know, Benny, for everyone knows, that black and white cats are little girls.

SHE brings this same infrangibly sweet assurance to Congress, a united world, the poll-tax problem, but when I drove out last week I was not briefed on the current right ideas. We were off to a good start, I thought, when she said that at tea recently she had heard a variation of the old desert-island question that had made her do some extremely serious thinking. That old cliché, you remember, runs: "If you were forced to spend the rest of your life on a desert island with just one person, whom would you choose?" I reminded Polly that the inquiry had been closed forever a couple of years ago when a ship reporter asked the question of a movie actress just back from Europe. With an admirable good sense that made all the front pages, the girl said, "I'd choose a good obstetrician." I

was clearly being coarse and Polly told me that the question was serious and we had to ignore All That. The disturbing variant she had been asked was, "If you had to spend the rest of your life on a desert island with just one person, would you choose a man or a woman?" That, Polly said, brought it down to the deepest lessons you had learned from life. It required the most searching analysis and the most detached balancing of values. Basically, of course, this was a problem of social systems. Of a special social system, to be sure, but one in which the elements were so starkly isolated that you saw the psychological constituent of society.

I said that I wouldn't hesitate for a moment, I'd choose a woman. Polly, disregarding All That, nodded gravely and said, yes, that was the inevitable decision. In order to make the social system work you, whether you were male or female, would have to choose a woman. To survive on a desert island society you would, most of all, need realistic thinking; otherwise the primitive environment would snuff you out. And only women thought realistically; the realist mind was woman's mind. Next to that, society would need adaptability, elasticity of personality and mind, for there would be just the two of you and society would perish of civil war unless you could adjust to each other. And that was woman's foredestined and eternal job, it was women who absorbed life's centrifugal forces and cushioned the shocks of society, it was women as stabilizers who kept society going. Women were the cohesive binder in the social group. . . . But here George came in for the fourth time with a question relating to birds and I asked, parenthetically I thought, what all this was about. I knew at once that it was serious when Polly spoke of Country Day. I had a child at Country Day for a while, till my wife and I took him out because it wasn't development toward a fairer world we wanted for him but some schooling, and I knew that at Country Day everything, at every moment, is very serious indeed.

So it proved. Polly would have been alarmed, except that nothing justifies the A-plus and realistic mind in feeling alarm, and Country Day (where she has long been a Delegate in the Parents' Senate) had, as always, caught it in time. How long it had

been repressed in the boy's unconscious Polly did not know, but it had become overt one afternoon when the closing bell rang. George got his books together and went out of the room. As he went through the door he picked up a stuffed eagle, set it on his head, and walked out with it.

I felt an initial skepticism, for a stuffed eagle seemed improbable at Country Day. The eagle is a symbol of jingoistic national pride, which is one of the things the school is abolishing so that peace and brotherhood will be here in time for our children to avoid the fearful mistakes we have made. Eagles, I felt sure, must be a barrier across the way to the good society. They must be as abhorrent as the swastika or the dollar sign used to be or the sickle and hammer are now. (For though the wives of Country Day are always forward, the husbands are Republican and the school has learned that Russian education is not the liberating force it seemed to be ten years ago.) But I understood when Polly said that old Mrs. Graves had given it to the school. That would be why it was not kept in the room where they teach civics: Country Day does not affirm the validity of political compromises.

With the eagle set splendidly on his head George walked past his teacher, past several other teachers on the path, past the secretary, and at last Miss Perkins, the principal. At your school any of these would have run down the curtain by saying, "Take that damned bird back," but your school does not recognize the significance of behavior. Significant behavior is Country Day's preoccupation till the going-down of the sun. So everyone understood that something dire and festering in George had reached the surface, and Miss Perkins called a special committee into being before he was off the grounds. They remembered to phone Polly, so she was able to prevent Pete from more deeply agitating that small, troubled psyche when it got home with the eagle. Country Day is a precision instrument for revealing neuroticism in children who have cunningly concealed it, though saddeningly often it fails with resistant, more primitive types. The committee broke up into sub-committees and for a week there were consultations with psychiatrists, child-guidance counselors, intelligence testers, and similar specialists till the faculty was sure of its ground and its duty.

Pete, who is enthusiastic about Country Day since it has kept him in copy for years, refused to accompany Polly on any of the consultations the school called for and in fact quite failed to see the significance of the case. But that was not wholly a loss, for the case needed the realistic mind—all the more so because the final diagnosis was that something must be wrong in the child's home life. (I once asked Miss Perkins if she had ever known an instance when a child was wrong and its parents right. She answered that Country Day's unintermitted problem was the parental ego which supposed such a thing possible.) This determination was intensely painful to Polly, who has built her home life on the right ideas and has always conducted it so that the child mind might be free, sweet-scented, and unwarped. But the realistic mind knows better than to demur when Country Day lays guilt on the line. It was not, Polly told me, that any of the right ideas had failed but only that we are fallible and that one or more of them must have got overlooked. Clearly George would not have taken the eagle if something deep in him had not forced him to, and her shame was that she had not observed the then tiny cause years ago and rooted it out before it could grow so big.

The school saw the rape of its eagle as anti-social behavior, and at Country Day that is equivalent to both treason and dementia praecox. The fear was that worse would follow, and Polly must amend her family life at once. She knew she must too, for it had been proved unhealthier than adultery, alcoholism, or divorce could have made it.

ON BEING interrogated (oh, ever so considerably), George said that the reason he had taken the eagle was that he felt like taking it. This showed how severe the trauma was, the school pointed out, for his motive had been repressed and buried, had been glossed over as mere impulse. Clearly, it was so grave that only deep therapy could uncover it and that would take the school's united efforts for a long, long time. Meanwhile it could only watch and, as its primordial predecessors would have said, pray. It had, however, a temporary, stopgap prescrip-

tion. The upper meaning of this theft was that George was symbolizing his conflicts as a strong need of stuffed birds, and he had had none and had therefore taken one. Polly must provide stuffed birds for him in plenty and so contain the neurosis till the school could uncover and resolve it and George could be socialized. So Polly had found a museum that had put away a couple of hundred stuffed birds in its storeroom because they were a little moth-eaten, and had bought them for George. There were stuffed birds all over the house now.

It was working, Polly told me, for George had shown no further antisocial behavior—here she colored faintly and added, at least at school. The revelation had shaken her, she said, and her great quest now was to find out how she had gone so dreadfully wrong. She gazed for a long time at the silver tea-service inherited from Alice and then turned toward me those deep, candid eyes that could have been disturbing, on a desert island, backed by a less realistic mind. She said, I can't hold you responsible, for I should have been realistic enough not to be put off by your cynicism. It was just like a cat killing a bird; Georgie was a big cat killing that big eagle. I'm quite sure it's a birth trauma, and it must come straight from the mystery Georgie's being born was to the other children. I should not have let you laugh me out of what I knew: I should have been strong enough to get another cat, a girl cat. Everything would have been different for Georgie.

It was on that grave note that we said goodbye. I went out into autumn twilight and Pete was getting out of his car. He led me back for a cocktail and he said, Has Polly told you her theory?—I'm sure it's wrong, the real mistake she made was in not having the kids plant Alice in the garden. George was coming in too, his arms full of birds and materials that I had no trouble identifying. He seemed to me happy and tranquil in his neurosis and I asked him how he was coming with his new hobby. He said, Just fine, sir—for another of his conflicts makes him a reactionary child with no acceptance of his elders as his equals. He said, I'm getting a lot of fun out of it; I think I'm going to be a taxidermist, and I'm thinking of stuffing Miss Perkins.

The Ordeal of Dr. Condon

Louis Welborn

UNTIL the evening of March 1, 1948, Dr. Edward Uhler Condon, a robust, rather rotund man with a belligerently youthful crew haircut and an earthy sense of humor, was distinguished among scientists primarily for his research on alpha-particle radioactivity, one of the very few native American contributions to the basic theories of atomic energy. He was also known, to a somewhat larger circle, as a patriotic citizen who had accepted a hefty pay cut to become Director of the National Bureau of Standards; a witty public speaker with a gift for bringing scientific intricacies down to poolroom terms; an outspoken liberal and anti-isolationist; a devout Quaker; and a friendly, straightforward fellow addicted to chamber music and conversation, and allergic to formality and all forms of physical exercise.

Today most people know him best, and many know him only, as the man who was branded "one of the weakest links in our atomic security."

This distinction, which has been only partially outdated by the announcement, last September, of an atomic explosion in Russia, threatens to eclipse everything else Dr. Condon has done and been. It was conferred, on him by a "report" released to the press on March 1, 1948 at 6:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time—just in time for the supper news broadcasts and the bulldog editions of

the metropolitan morning papers—by J. Parnell Thomas, who was then the chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

As Mr. Thomas evidently expected, the report provided an imposing sheaf of clippings for the scrapbook of newspaper headlines he is said to peruse on wintry evenings. Unfortunately, none of the headlines to date has provided a suitable end-piece for the collection. No newspaper has been able to say:

"CONDON CASE CLOSED."

MR. THOMAS has no one but himself to blame for this deficiency in his mementos. He asserted in the opening paragraph of the report that it dealt with "a matter of such importance that it demands immediate attention." Yet he refused, during the ten months that he remained chairman of the committee, either to withdraw the charges or to press them at public hearings.

Recently the committee, now under Democratic control, voted to give Dr. Condon a hearing "if he asks for one." Although Condon had repeatedly demanded a hearing in the months following the attack, he has not availed himself of this belated and somewhat curious offer.

The reason is easy to guess. If he appeared before the committee now, at his own request,

"Louis Welborn" is the pen name of a correspondent of a well-known news organization which prefers that members of its staff not be identified with the presentation of their individual views on controversial subjects.

he would probably be in the awkward position of having to act as both his own prosecutor and defense. Since the present edition of the committee is, theoretically at least, not responsible for the acts of its predecessor in the 80th Congress, Condon might well find himself faced with the question: "Well, doctor, you asked for a hearing; now what have you got to say for yourself?"

Thus it appears likely that the Condon Case will simply be dropped, at least as far as the principal protagonists are concerned. This will be a most regrettable denouement. There are larger issues involved in Dr. Condon's personal ordeal which, as he himself has pointed out, cannot be settled merely by forgetting that they were raised.

Even if Dr. Condon's reputation were the only thing at stake, it would be unfair for him to remain identified in the public mind as a man who was indicted but never brought to trial. The theory of quashed indictments, of course, is that he will be presumed innocent because he could not be proved guilty. But it is debatable whether this noble concept of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence has as great a following today as the precept that where there was so much smoke there must have been some fire.

In justice to Dr. Condon, and to all fair-minded men who have been forced to sit in judgment on him, the smoke-fire ratio in Mr. Thomas's report should be established with as much precision as possible before that remarkable document is permanently consigned to a pigeonhole. Since no more appropriate forum has been made available, it will be at least some help to hold a hearing on the Condon case here in the pages of *Harper's*.

For the purposes of our hearing, the case for the prosecution is presented in italics. It consists almost exclusively of direct quotations and statements paraphrased for brevity out of Mr. Thomas's original report,* but the possibility that the committee might

have produced additional evidence on certain points, had it seen fit to follow up the report, will also be considered. The rebuttal which Dr. Condon and his supporters might have made at an actual hearing is presented in brackets at appropriate intervals.

II

THE court will now come to order and receive the opening statement of the prosecution:

"That the Soviet Union and her satellite nations have been desperately attempting to not only secure our complete atomic know-how, but also to weaken or destroy our hold of this important knowledge is plainly evident. . . . For over a year now, agents of the committee have been assigned to special investigations in this field, and while their investigation is not yet completed, the subcommittee feels that it should submit a preliminary report, particularly on one aspect of this matter which is of such importance that it demands immediate attention. It has to do with Dr. Edward U. Condon, Director of the National Bureau of Standards. From the evidence at hand, it appears that Dr. Condon is one of the weakest links in our atomic security. In substantiation of this statement, the subcommittee respectfully submits the following information. . . ."

[A Washington attorney, who would gladly have served as Condon's defense counsel, observed recently that this paragraph is "probably the most remarkable indictment ever written. Read it rapidly and you get the distinct impression that Condon is being accused of giving away atomic secrets to the Russians. Analyze it carefully, however, and you find he has really not been accused of *doing anything*. True, the inference is that he is a cog in the Communist espionage machine. But the only thing he is actually charged with is 'appearing' to be a weak link in atomic security, whatever that means."

[Without benefit of legal training, Condon arrived at very much the same conclusion about the basic "charge" against him. "How can a man answer a charge like that?" he asked a reporter who telephoned him shortly after the report was made public. "If you say I've got a wart on my nose, I can deny it. But if you just say I'm one of the ugliest men

*Technically, this document was a report to the full Un-American Activities Committee by its "Special Subcommittee on National Security." Mr. Thomas headed both the subcommittee and the full committee, and there is convincing evidence that the Condon report was his personal project. Other members of the subcommittee were Representatives John S. Wood, Democrat, of Georgia, and Richard B. Vail, Republican, of Illinois.

in town, all I can do is argue that I'm really quite pretty." Regrettably, he insisted at the time on keeping his initial reaction "off the record." What he said for publication was: "If it is true that I am one of the weakest links in atomic security, that is very gratifying. The country can feel absolutely safe, for I am completely reliable, loyal, conscientious, and devoted to the interests of my country, as my whole life and career clearly reveal."]

The prosecution agrees that Condon's whole life and career should be examined. To this end it submits the following biographical sketch: "Condon was born at Alamogordo, New Mexico, on March 2, 1902. On November 9, 1922, he married Emilie Honzek, an American-born woman of Czechoslovakian descent. Dr. Condon is a graduate of the University of California, having received an A. B. degree from that institution in 1924, and a Ph.D. in 1926. During the years 1926 and 1927, Condon studied at the Universities of Munich and Göttingen in Germany. In 1928, Dr. Condon was a lecturer on physics at Columbia University in New York City. In 1929, Condon was a professor of physics at Princeton University, and during the years 1930 to 1937, he was associate director of the physics department at the institution. From September 1927 through November 4, 1945, Dr. Condon was employed by the Westinghouse Laboratories at Pittsburgh, Pa. While with the Westinghouse Laboratories where he was employed as director, Condon was a consultant on war research projects being performed at the radiation laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass., and the University of California, at Berkeley, California. Condon is principally regarded as a theoretical physicist which involves radar, nuclear physics, radio-active tracers, mass spectroscopy, and the elastic properties of metals."

[If this paragraph proves anything, it is that there are no modern Boswells—or physics students—on the staff of the Un-American Activities Committee. There are a number of inaccuracies, trifling in themselves, which reflect little credit on the investigative diligence of the committee, since the correct facts could have been ascertained by a routine check of any one of several standard biographical encyclopedias.

[For example: If the research expended gratuitously on Mrs. Condon's genealogy had been devoted to the spelling of her maiden name, it would have been found to be Honzik. Condon was never professor of physics nor associate director of the physics department at Princeton, but an assistant and later an associate professor. He was a full professor of physics, at the age of twenty-seven, at the University of Minnesota, a fact which is omitted. He was never "employed as director" of the Westinghouse Laboratories, but as associate director, and the laboratories happen to be in East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, which is a separately incorporated city near Pittsburgh.

[But the real defense objection to this "biography" lies in what it does *not* say. Bear in mind that the whole point the prosecution is trying to make is that Condon should be blacklisted and barred from atomic energy research and other secret scientific work of the government. Therefore it is surely germane to know how much of this kind of work he has already done, and whether his contributions were valuable, or of so little importance that he would be no great loss if he were hounded into inactivity. Intentionally or not, the report seems to imply that he was no great shakes. His contributions to America's scientific position are dismissed with the remarks that he was "a consultant on war research projects" and that he is "principally regarded as a theoretical physicist"—the latter presumably being of less use than a "practical physicist" in the author's eyes.

[The truth is that Dr. Condon is regarded by his fellow scientists, who are after all the only competent judges in the matter, as one of the world's leading authorities on quantum mechanics, microwave electronics, and radioactivity. His pioneering research in these fields, beginning with his Ph.D. thesis and continuing throughout his years at Princeton and Westinghouse, laid important planks in the "theoretical" floor on which such grimly practical structures as radar and the atomic bomb were later built.

[Even if Dr. Condon had never done anything else, he would be assured of scientific immortality for his part in developing what is known as the barrier-leakage principle. This was the first satisfactory explanation

of the process by which alpha-particles escape from the nucleus of a disintegrating atom. It is now known to scientists as the Gurney-Condon-Gamow theory and ranks only a notch below Dr. Einstein's $E = mc^2$ as a key to the Pandora's box at the atom's nucleus.

[The defense calls that eminent anti-Communist, Mr. Henry Luce, as a witness to Dr. Condon's position in American science:

[A few years ago, *Fortune* magazine, discussing the paucity of fundamental research in this country, observed that "in two centuries the U. S. contributions of great basic discoveries can be counted on the fingers of the hands. There was Ben Franklin in electricity, Joseph Henry on electrical induction, Willard Gibbs in thermodynamics, Michelson-Morley for experiments on the speed of light, Millikan for the nature of the electron, Morgan for the gene theory of heredity, Anderson for the discovery of the positron, Davisson-Germer for wave properties of electrons, Condon for the theory of alpha-particle radioactivity, and Stanley for discovery of crystalline protein virus." It would appear that, in some eyes at least, Dr. Condon is not readily expendable, even as a "theoretical physicist."

[Dr. Condon's activities during the war years, which the report condensed beyond recognition, are particularly pertinent to the case. One of the most reliable tests for red coloration is to examine what a person did, or didn't do, on behalf of national defense during the years of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Communists and their sympathizers at that time, it will be recalled, universally took the line that the U.S.-British war effort was "imperialist aggression" and should be sabotaged as far as possible.

[In 1939, when Molotov and Von Ribbentrop made their infamous deal and Nazi legions poured into Poland, Dr. Condon was happily engaged in the exploration of a problem which at that period might have seemed most impractical to the Un-American Activities Committee. With Westinghouse's new Van de Graaf electrostatic generator, one of the few giant atom-smashers then in existence, he was studying the possibilities of uranium fission.

[Early in 1940, President Roosevelt called on Dr. Vannevar Bush to mobilize American science, and Condon was immediately tapped

as a consultant to Bush's National Defense Research Committee. His first project was radar. He helped to organize the radiation laboratories at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where most of the basic development work on radar was done, and then returned to Westinghouse to set up new electronics divisions at the three big plants which produced a large part of the actual equipment.

[When the radar program was well under way, Condon worked for a while on rocket research. But he was called away from that task early in 1941 to serve on a top-secret project originally known as the S-1 committee. It was later re-named the Manhattan District.

[Condon was appointed associate director of the Los Alamos laboratory when it was set up in the spring of 1943. But he remained there just long enough to turn out a little manual for the indoctrination of younger scientists. This unique volume, the first textbook on the design of atomic weapons, is affectionately known to its now famous students as the Los Alamos Primer.

[With this task done, Dr. Condon was ordered to the University of California at Berkeley, where he spent nearly two years on the drab but essential job of solving the intricate mathematical problems involved in the design of U-235 extraction equipment for the plant at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. He was driving through Wyoming, on his way back to East Pittsburgh, when the first bomb was tested a few miles from his birthplace.]

Condon was appointed Director of the National Bureau of Standards on November 5, 1945, on the recommendation of Henry A. Wallace.

[The prosecution clearly considers this one of the most damning items of evidence against Condon. It is true that Mr. Wallace, then head of the Department of Commerce of which the Bureau is a part, submitted Condon's name to President Truman. It is also true that a departmental committee, charged with finding the best available man, submitted his name to Wallace. Condon had never met Wallace until he was offered the job. It is noteworthy that, when the recommendation was made, the conservative Kiplinger Agency interpreted it as a sign that Wallace was trying to woo big business. It told its subscribers that Condon is "primarily a business-

man's scientist—the first director of the Bureau of Standards to be recruited from industry." It is perhaps also worth mentioning that Condon was making \$15,000 a year at Westinghouse, while the bureau directorship pays \$10,000. His motives must have been quite sinister—or quite patriotic.]

"The Bureau of Standards is one of the most important national defense research organizations in the United States. Because of this, it has become the target of espionage agents of numerous foreign powers. . . .

"The associations of Dr. Condon and his wife have been cause for great concern to the agencies charged with the security of the United States. Dr. Condon, knowingly or unknowingly, entertained and associated with persons who are alleged Soviet espionage agents, and persons now reported to be under investigation by a Federal Grand Jury."

[This, a Washington news commentator has pointed out, is like saying that Condon is alleged to have associated with a man who is alleged to beat his wife. Since the committee itself has demonstrated the possibility of bringing almost anyone into the category, "alleged Soviet espionage agent," it is impossible for Condon to deny that he may have knowingly or unknowingly been in the company of such persons.]

The committee's agents have gained access to a confidential FBI report which says in part: "The files of the FBI reflect that Dr. Edward U. Condon has been in contact as late as 1947 with an individual alleged, by a self-confessed Soviet espionage agent, to have engaged in espionage activities with the Russians in Washington, D. C., from 1941 to 1944."

[Others who gained access to the same confidential report discovered that it also said: "There is no evidence to show that contacts between this individual and Dr. Condon were related to this individual's espionage activities." According to Mr. Thomas, the latter sentence was "inadvertently" omitted from the subcommittee report.

[The identity of "this individual" has never been officially established. However, persons in a position to know say that the "self-confessed Soviet espionage agent" referred to was the celebrated Miss Elizabeth Bentley. One of those whom Miss Bentley later named in her public testimony before the committee as

the alleged head of a Soviet spy ring in Washington was Nathan Gregory Silvermaster. Condon had indeed "been in contact" with Silvermaster. While Silvermaster was an official of the War Assets Administration, he approached Condon, whom he had never met before, to ask technical advice from the Bureau of Standards on surplus property disposal. He called at Condon's office several times thereafter in connection with this official business, and the two men met casually at one or two Washington social functions. This was the extent of their "contacts," and it is a masterpiece of understatement to say that they were not "related to espionage activities."]

The same FBI report states that Dr. and Mrs. Condon "associated with several individuals connected with the Polish Embassy in Washington." Particular stress is laid upon his association with Ignace Zlotowski, former counselor of the Polish Embassy and Poland's delegate to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission. "Zlotowski is identified as a nuclear scientist who studied under Joliot Curie, known member of the Communist party. It is known that in February 1947, Zlotowski purchased 270 books on atomic energy which had been published by the Department of Commerce. It is also known that Dr. and Mrs. Condon were in contact with several other persons closely associated with this alleged Soviet espionage agent. It is also reliably reported that in March 1947, Zlotowski offered the use of the Polish diplomatic pouch to scientific groups as a means of transmitting scientific material outside the United States."

[Condon acknowledges that he "associated" with Dr. Zlotowski at several official functions and semi-official social occasions in Washington. Once Zlotowski was a dinner guest in Condon's home, along with a member of Congress and a high Navy Department official. As director of a government agency which continually has official relations with other governments in connection with international standards of weight and measure, and other non-secret technical matters, Condon has also associated with accredited diplomatic representatives of Russia, Britain, Yugoslavia, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Canada, Hungary, and Haiti, to mention only a few.

[While it is not directly charged, here or

anywhere else in the prosecution's case, that Dr. Condon gave away atomic secrets during his "associations" with Zlotowski *et al.*, that obviously is the intended implication.

[To answer these insinuations, once and for all, Condon has said publicly and is prepared to repeat under oath:

"I have never discussed any secret or classified matter, relating to atomic energy or anything else, with any foreigner or with any other unauthorized person.

"The only occasion on which I have ever been asked a question that should not be answered was in 1944. A foreign visitor asked me point-blank if we were working on a uranium bomb. I told him I knew of no such project."

[In the face of this blanket and unequivocal denial, surely the burden of proof lies on the prosecution to bring forward at least one iota of tangible evidence that Dr. Condon has breached security. It has not done so.]

"Your subcommittee, by a very diligent investigation, has determined that Dr. Condon has in the past five years been in personal contact and communication with a number of individuals who are American citizens but who are members of the Communist party. There is no evidence in our possession that Dr. Condon is a member of the Communist party, however. But as a member of the executive committee of the American-Soviet Science Society, which is affiliated with the National Council of American Soviet Friendship, and which was recently cited as a subversive organization by Attorney General Clark, he has lent his name and influence to one of the principal Communist endeavors in the United States."

[This paragraph, constructed to convey the impression that Condon is a Communist fellow-traveler, deserves a sentence-by-sentence answer.

[It would be impossible for anyone but a hermit to enter a flat denial of the first assertion. Without a very diligent investigation, it might also be said that Mr. Thomas, J. Edgar Hoover, and Judge Harold R. Medina have been in personal contact and communication with Communists in the past five years.

[As for the grudging admission in the second sentence; there not only is no evidence that Condon is a Communist, there is abundant evidence that he is a militant believer in democratic government, human dignity, the

Bill of Rights, and other precepts of the American way of life to which Communism is uncompromisingly hostile.

[Before dealing with the third, or punch-line sentence, it is necessary to correct a grammatical error which may or may not have been deliberate. The American-Soviet Science Society was not cited as a subversive organization by Attorney General Clark as the construction of the sentence implies. It was the National Council that was so cited. The Society contends that it severed all connections with the Council when the latter organization succumbed to Communist domination. Clark's lists usually included all offshoots and side-fronts of proscribed organizations, and his failure to list the Society seems to indicate that he didn't consider it a Council affiliate.

[The Rockefeller Foundation also appears not to regard the Society as a subversive "front." Its Board of Trustees, including Mr. Winthrop Aldrich and Mr. John Foster Dulles, authorized a \$25,000 grant to finance the work of the Society *after* it was attacked by Mr. Thomas.

[Condon joined the Society, along with some 400 other eminent American scientists, during the big-power honeymoon which prevailed all too briefly after VE-Day. The Society was formed for the vaguely high-minded purpose of wooing Russia's scientists into the family of nations. Its only specific project was the translation of Russian scientific papers *into English* for distribution in this country, where little material on Soviet research has been available.

[The Army and Navy, which had the good sense to recognize this operation as a valuable if unintended adjunct to U. S. Intelligence, were quite sorry when the Society, a few months ago, gave up the ghost in the face of the bad publicity it received from Mr. Thomas and his associates.]

III

THE foregoing testimony covers the highlights of the original Thomas report. Would the prosecution have been able to present new and more damning evidence if an actual hearing had been held?

The committee has never been noted for suppressing information which tends to justify its activities. On that basis alone, there are

grounds for a strong presumption that if any additional derogatory facts had come to hand, they would have been made public long ago.

Fortunately, however, there are even more positive reasons for doubting that the prosecution's case would have been strengthened by more intensive investigation.

Early in July 1948, the five members of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission decided that the question of Condon's trustworthiness was of too great importance to be left to any subordinate "loyalty board." They took the unusual step of personally sitting in judgment on his case. The members of the commission were keenly aware that they were sticking their necks out by passing on Condon's eligibility for secret atomic work at a time when the Un-American Activities Committee was still promising, almost daily, to back up its denunciation of him at a full public hearing. Therefore the commission took extraordinary pains to make sure that it knew all there was to know about Condon's activities, to eliminate the possibility that the committee might later spring "surprise evidence" that would make the commission look foolish if not grossly incompetent.

At the commission's request, the FBI went over Condon's past with a fine-tooth comb. Agents from coast to coast were assigned to what must have been one of the most painstaking and thorough investigations of one man ever conducted. FBI men interviewed more than 300 persons who had known or worked with Condon. The commission also obtained the files of Army Intelligence, which had checked Condon during his wartime work with the Manhattan District, and of every other government agency which had ever had dealings with him, including the State and Commerce Departments.

After studying this voluminous record, the commission announced, on July 15, that it could find "no question whatever concerning Dr. Condon's loyalty to the United States."

The alternative possibility, suggested by the Thomas report, that Condon is a muddle-headed parlor pink who might unintentionally give away atomic secrets during indiscreet conversations with subversive associates, was dealt with in a statement which other loyalty investigators might take as a model for balance and perspective:

"In considering the record," it said, "the

commission has found that, in the opinion of some persons, Dr. Condon's tact, judgment, and discretion appear to be subject to some degree of criticism. On the other hand, there are statements by persons who have been closely associated with Dr. Condon during his long work on classified information, which indicate proper care on his part in assuring that unauthorized persons should not obtain access to classified information.

"The file contains unfavorable information of a relevant character concerning certain persons with whom Dr. Condon and Mrs. Condon have from time to time had contacts. The file also shows that Dr. Condon is a man of wide associations, and that his associates include many highly reputable members of the scientific community who have great confidence in him."

IV

AMONG those who believe there was never any legitimate reason to question Dr. Condon's loyalty, there has been much speculation about "the real motive" behind the attack on him. One theory, which has been advanced on the floor of the House by Representative Adolph Sabath, Democrat, of Illinois, and others, holds that the Un-American Activities Committee simply cooked up a "quick" sensation to grab headlines. The Condon report was issued, they note, just before the committee asked for (and got) a \$200,000 appropriation to finance its investigations.

Whatever merit this theory may have as a general comment on the committee's operations, it fails to explain why Condon was chosen as scapegoat. It also does not jibe with the fact that Thomas had previously attacked Condon, by innuendo, in two magazine articles. These were published in two national magazines in June 1947, nearly a year before the committee allegedly felt the need for a burning issue to dramatize its bid for funds.

Representative Chet Holifield, Democrat, of California, a member of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, has suggested another motive. In a House speech on March 9, 1948, he charged that the attack on Condon was in reality an oblique effort to "discredit civilian control of atomic energy."

Condon is rather intimately associated with the historic decision to remove atomic energy from army control after the war, and entrust its development to an all-civilian commission.

In December 1945, shortly after he became director of the National Bureau of Standards, Dr. Condon was appointed scientific adviser to the special Senate committee on atomic energy. For several months he patiently "lectured" to that unusually conscientious body of lawmakers, explaining in vivid and easily understood language the awesome proclivities and potentialities of the dismembered atom. It is generally agreed among friends and foes alike that his advice did much to convince the committee of the need for the bold and sweeping law which it drafted.

Representative Holifield argues that a certain "military clique" has never forgiven Condon for his part in taking atomic energy away from the Army, and that this unidentified clique worked through Thomas to even scores with Condon.

THERE is a certain amount of circumstantial evidence in support of Holifield's thesis. Thomas has been close to Major General Leslie R. Groves, who ran the atomic program when it was under the Army, and Thomas bitterly opposed the bill turning the program over the civilian control.

While this does not warrant any conclusion that Groves inspired the attack on Condon, there is no reason to suspect that the General was broken-hearted to find Condon on the griddle. He and Condon have been something less than bosom friends ever since they first met on the wartime atomic project, and on one occasion they had a rather serious clash.

In May 1945, when the United States and Russia were still allies-at-war, the Soviet Embassy in Washington invited various American scientific societies to send delegates to the 220th anniversary celebration of the Russian Academy of Sciences. Condon was not invited by name. But he was chosen as a delegate by the American Institute of Physics, and also

by the science committee of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. The State Department issued passports to Condon and the other delegates, who included Dr. Irving Langmuir, associate director of research for the General Electric Company, and many distinguished scientists. President Truman made available an army transport plane to fly the delegates to Teheran.

Condon was in New York with the rest of the party, preparing to depart, when a second lieutenant from Army Intelligence arrived secretly at his room one night to tell him that General Groves had raised objections to his making the trip and that his passport was canceled.

At the same time an effort was made to keep Langmuir at home, but he succeeded in convincing the Army that he knew so little about the atomic project that he was finally allowed to go. Meanwhile the British government, reportedly at Groves' insistence, canceled the passports of eight nuclear physicists preparing to leave with the British delegation.

When the British and American delegations reached Moscow, their Russian hosts could scarcely avoid noticing that every nuclear physicist who had been scheduled to come had dropped out at the last minute.

Dr. Langmuir has since asserted that "this clumsy attempt to maintain secrecy resulted in giving the Russians the very information the Army wished to keep from them. Any sensible Russian scientist would have believed that we were developing an atomic bomb and were keeping it secret from the Russians."

Dr. Condon remarked recently that the fiasco attending his aborted trip to Moscow perfectly illustrates how a hysterical obsession with "atomic security" tends to defeat its own ends.

In a somewhat different way, his later "ordeal by smear" demonstrates the same truth. Our only real security in a divided world is to keep our present lead in the development of nuclear force. And for such security one of our strongest links is Dr. Condon's brilliant, restless, probing mind.

The Eagle Without the Swastika

Fred M. Hechinger

LATE last summer a young Ruhr miner walked into a Military Government office in Essen. He had been appointed captain of the workers' football team and he wanted to get the club's new emblem approved. Carefully he unwrapped the design and spread it on the desk. It was the old coat of arms of his former mining firm—the German eagle, wings powerfully extended, a sword in one claw, and a swastika covering its heart.

The British official was baffled for a moment; but the miner explained matter-of-factly, "Of course, we will remove the swastika."

No one could have told the story of the occupation of Germany more strikingly and more succinctly. The miner's denazification of the German eagle was as sincere, as naïve, and as effective as most of the over-all efforts of the occupying powers. He was acting with the best of intentions; he knew no better way, and he had no precedent to guide him. Neither had Military Government. And so it, too, dealt with one of history's most deadly revolutions by destroying only its outer emblems and symbols. The young miner was surprised to find that his proposal was unsatisfactory. For very similar reasons, I suppose, many who helped to shape the policy of Military Government are surprised to find that the occupation has failed.

Many wild and unfounded accusations have been leveled at the occupiers. The critics have scrambled the minority of willful and selfish acts with the majority of human and inevitable error. Now that the military occupation is history, the willful and the selfish acts are best forgotten; but a review of the unintentional follies that were perpetrated between 1945 and 1949 may help the post-occupation system of the High Commission to modify the failure and salvage some of the still useful pieces.

THE occupation failed because it could not succeed. From the beginning its aims and expectations were fixed in a vacuum of unreality. America considered it plausible and essential that Germany be made the democratic outpost of the West; so it was accepted as fact in this country that democracy was being—or had already been—established by the occupation. It was unpopular for a reporter or a newspaper to point out that in reality nothing of the sort was happening—and unpopular voices are very rarely audible. But when the Paper Curtain finally went up, there was no avoiding the fact that the stage revealed the survival of a good deal of Nazism and still more chauvinism and Irredentism.

The expectation of a successful occupation was born in equal parts of American idealism,

Fred M. Hechinger, who wrote before in Harper's of what he thought about "All the News That Fits the Pattern," now draws the outlines of a pattern that is not as new as it is disquieting.

ignorance, and arrogance. The idealism grew out of American democratic knowledge of what should and could be; the ignorance was the result of not knowing Germany in particular, and of never before having had a hand in dealing with anything as sinister as a nation poisoned by Nazism and devastated by war; and the arrogance was the natural consequence of total military victory and the mistaken belief that what followed would be easy in comparison with the shooting.

Another basic difficulty—largely beyond American control—paved the way for failure: the East-West split. If constructive foreign guidance in Germany was difficult by virtue of being foreign, it became practically impossible once the victorious Allies turned on each other. And when they used Germany as the battlefield and the Germans as far from silent partners in the so-called cold war, hope faded rapidly.

Mistakes were made on both sides; but the record shows that the Soviets, in pursuit of totalitarian ends, have sabotaged whatever minute chance for a successful occupation may have existed. From a blindly destructive policy of dismantling and revenge they moved into an equally destructive policy of accepting any German who was willing to change his autocratic garb from brown to red. The black boots remained the same, and the unquestioning precision of the People's Police today is as efficient as the storm-troopers ever were in trampling freedom underfoot. National Socialism has been replaced by National Communism, and, true to German tradition, both have come out of the wash as the same truculent German nationalism.

The real face of the Soviet occupation showed itself to me last year in the experience of a Berlin educator. He had been a life-long liberal and member of the Social Democratic party. When the Nazis took over, he refused to teach Nazism, rejected two specific offers of reinstatement at the price of conforming, and finally managed to lose his identity and sweat out the Third Reich in underground concealment. Last year, when he refused to sign up with the Communists after he had returned to his teaching position in the Russian zone, Soviet soldiers "found" two Nazi books in his classroom. Ludicrous as the accusation of Nazism was, he had to flee to save his neck.

Tragically, the Russian attitude has stampeded many Americans into the camp of those who were always ready to accept German Nazis and nationalists as potential allies against Russia and, presumably, against the Soviet-dominated Germans. In this process Germany has moved on-stage again—not as an underpaid extra but as the stage director who, since the casting of the world power play has not yet been completed, is still pitting the Allied actors against one another in the hope of reaching a profitable contract with each of them. As a French wit put it, Germany has divided the Allies into four zones.

All this paved the road to failure. But the steps which were taken down that road and the false compass readings which kept American Military Government moving in the wrong direction still remain to be explained. During three successive European tours—in 1947, 1948, and 1949—I spent many months following the progress and the backsliding of the occupation.

II

MANY of our officials brought with them good intentions and abysmal ignorance of the German background—the kind of ignorance that caused a regional Military Governor to compare the Nazi revolution with a change from a Republican to a Democratic administration in America. On a less conspicuous level, there was the widespread feeling that Nazism had been an evil, but brief, interlude; that it had merely interrupted a tradition of German democratic processes; and that "this thing" had simply to be removed, like a spot from a basically unharmed piece of fabric. Officially this theory received its ludicrous confirmation when the original re-educators thought that some good could be achieved by pasting paper strips over "objectionable" passages in the textbooks and leaving the rest intact.

What the educators—and many other policy planners—overlooked was that popular government in Germany died with Bismarck, not with Hitler; that ever since Bismarck the recurring battle for democracy has been a minority fight; and that the true story of that battle, as indeed the true story of almost all world events, has never been available to the German masses in their books or in their schools.

Faced with a people which had suffered this kind of isolation for a hundred years, the West-zone occupiers made the fatal mistake of turning the clock back to Weimar after simply removing the swastika from the eagle's chest. Although the Bonn government is incomparably better than the total dictatorship of the new East-zone rule, it is a return to an experiment which failed; and the stage has been re-set with all the anti-democratic props of failure. Even the flag—black, red, and gold—is the same. Worse, the opposition flag is the black, white, and red of Bismarck, the Kaiser, the chauvinists, and the industrialists who paid Hitler's way. And worst of all, this opposition flag is again within the government coalition, ready once more to achieve by infiltration, subversion, and wealthy intrigue what the anti-Weimar rightists achieved in much the same way before.

It is no surprise that there is a growing demand for the return of the old national anthem, with all its connotation of aggressive chauvinism. It seemed even more discouraging to me when I found that, at the monstrous national monument of Hermann, the Teutonic hero, small children were required by their parents and teachers to recite the atrocious, nationalistic verses of "Germany's Power," inscribed on the warrior's sword. But many American observers dismiss these facts as signs of normal patriotism. "Why shouldn't they be nationalistic?" an American official once asked me. "If we were in their place, you'd call it patriotic."

This misconception played a major role in the failure of the occupation. The German "patriot" for the past hundred years has consistently aligned himself with the most vicious expressions of nationalism. He has indoctrinated children, supported secret armament, burned books, persecuted dissenters, and created the conditions for the most efficient mass-murder of history. True, elements of such "patriotism" exist in America, too; but I doubt whether the indulgent official would count the Ku Klux Klan or the Silver-shirters as spokesmen for legitimate American nationalism.

THIS same error in perspective came stubbornly to the fore in much official American comment on the outcome of the recent German elections. A turn-out of

nearly 80 per cent was hailed as a proof of democracy achieved. (Since the American turn-out, as a rule, is considerably lower, it might logically have been concluded from this that German democracy had already overtaken the decadent American model.) Forgotten was the element of well-ordered German mass behavior, the fact that Hitler had achieved election turn-outs of almost 100 per cent, and the more recent fact of similar statistics in the fake elections in the Russian zone.

Having congratulated German voters on their democratic performance, American officials then went on to cheer the election results as a victory for democracy over communism. Since no serious observer had regarded communism as a threat in Western Germany, the victory was largely a triumph in shadow-boxing. And with the mood of right-wing nationalism heavy in the air, joy over the spectacular gains of the right seemed a little like cheering at a sick-bed.

The answer is not—as the Communists would have it—that Americans have joined a sinister "reactionary" conspiracy. Many of our officials and junketeers honestly do not know that a large number of so-called German "conservatives" are not the democratic defenders of anything except the free exercise of their own autocratic power—a fact which was dramatically illustrated last year. In one of its final reform actions, Military Government removed the traditional German business restrictions which required the licensing—with all the attending chicanery of official autocracy—of anyone who wanted to open a shop or factory. Immediately the most respectable "conservatives," spearheaded by right-wing professors at the universities, raised their voices in protest against this introduction of free trade.

It was even more revealing that Frankfurt's leading candidate for the Free Democratic Party, whose "conservative" victory American officials applauded, told a campaign audience that the Marshall Plan was "economic colonization," and called for the breaking of the chains "imposed" by the Allied Joint Export Import Agency (although it is difficult to see how long German economy could survive without the dollar subsidy by that organization and by the ERP). In passing he also claimed Austria as "German." This "con-

servative" is still several steps removed from the extreme right of the Bonn government, whose election was advertised as a democratic victory.

Military Government apparently fell for a subtle propaganda line which was thrown out to me last fall by one of the leading "new" Ruhr industrialists. Since the Nazis had, in fact, been an extreme left-wing movement, he told me, there is no reason to be afraid of the rightists. He must have been used to seeing this political hook swallowed; when I protested and gave examples exposing the fallacy, he hastily asked not to be quoted on his political opinions. (I am honoring that request by withholding his name.)

The line, of course, is not a new one. The same right-wing "conservatives" wore the mantle of democracy just as gracefully within the Weimar Republic, while they contributed the money and power that made possible the defeat of democracy and the victory of Nazism. The fact that they can use the line again today goes back once more to our inability to recognize Nazism as the climax of a totalitarian revolution which had been simmering in Germany for generations.

As a result of this dangerous blind spot, Military Government mistook its real job. It regarded the difficult and essential tasks of winning the war, removing the swastika, and rebuilding German economy, as final ends in themselves. Actually all of these things are only the necessary preparations for the real task of reconstructing the German mind.

THE core of our failure in Germany was Military Government's attitude toward education in its most sweeping sense. Denazification was little more than a preliminary, negative, and largely hopeless function. Yet in the crucial first years of the occupation, the constructive and positive task of re-education appeared so secondary to the policy-makers that they relegated it to a subordinate "branch" while finance and economics were handled by a top-level "division."

In October 1948, at a conference of all United States education personnel, General Lucius D. Clay spoke of the first phase of the occupation as ended and promised that top priority would henceforth be given to education. In this announcement there was the tacit admission that we had separated physical

and mental reconstruction, and placed the physical first. By so doing, we made it impossible to accomplish mental reconstruction later.

The return to economic "normalcy" and strength brought with it an uncompromising resistance to any educational reforms which threatened to upset the status quo of the traditional ruling caste. By 1948, a vicious circle had been set in motion: the technicians—regardless of their politics—had to be used to rebuild industry; the technicians and their political allies of the nationalistic camp thus automatically became a new economic and political force; and when the "education phase" was finally opened, it was faced by an opposition against which it could not fight successfully. The social order had hardened in the old mold. As a German educational leader had warned in 1947, the occupation successfully prevented a revolution of freedom instead of supporting it.

But even if the odds had been less heavily weighted against re-education at so late a date, the time allotted to the "second phase" was ironically short. Within a few months of General Clay's October speech, the Occupation Statutes became the new governing law, and even the mention of educational powers or functions were omitted from that document.

Last year, a German elementary school instructor, proud of the newly introduced course in "citizenship," began his lesson: "The father is the central authority of the family." Had he extolled Hitler's "leadership" principle, he would have been held guilty of Nazi teachings. As it was, he simply buttressed the concept of paternalistic autocracy which has always led to dictatorship in the past and which can lead nowhere else in the future. As long as this concept survives in family, school, and university, all democratic procedures, including elections, are little more than window-dressing. Out of the concept of the family and school grows the pattern of government, industry, and all society. It is merely an inevitable footnote that any German citizen today can be sent to jail for "insulting a public official"—even if the official is in the wrong. Whether or not that official has been made to remove the swastika from his lapel must seem of little importance to the citizen.

The victims of our re-educational fiasco are

the German youngsters who would have benefited from a resolute policy of liberation through educational revolution. Such a policy could have made all the difference between over-all success and failure, for the few attempts that have been made to rebel against the oppressive old system have almost invariably started in the ranks of teen-agers. In Munich, a high-school class confounded its teacher this year by turning in compositions condemning the chauvinism he had extolled. The pupils were down-graded and scolded for believing foreign propaganda.

That teacher's power to "down-grade" is the beginning of a long process. Other pressures will follow: the universities with their strait jacket of tradition and nationalism; the political restrictions guarded by the clique of unbending officialdom; the economic sanctions of those who control jobs and careers. Blocked by this solid wall, the revolt of the young against the old has little chance for success in Germany.

DESPITE these facts, the majority of Military Government officials argued from the outset that democracy must grow by itself without "imposition." Only a small minority held that basic reforms would have to be enforced, the caste-ordered nationalistic society dissolved, and conditions created in which German democrats could start their battle on a more equal basis. This minority opinion went unheard. As late as the fall of 1948, I listened to Military Government conferences which debated in fruitless, academic argument whether it would be democratically justifiable to "impose reforms." While they talked, the anti-democratic enemy rallied his forces.

The enemy followed an efficient timetable. About two years ago, an anti-Nazi German educator warned me of the danger of resurgent nationalism in the universities. "The horror and misery of war," he said, "will soon be forgotten, and only the romance, the glory, and the comradeship of battle will live on in these misguided minds. Then the small nucleus of politically conscious ex-officers . . . supported by the non-Nazi, but ardently nationalistic, 'old gentlemen' of the faculty will rally the shapeless mass . . . in two years from now." Last summer—less than two years later—I had to report the rebirth and dominant

activity of the "secret" student organizations and their faculty allies from the University of Marburg. Students even addressed each other by military rank.

In 1947 General Clay told me in Frankfurt with all sincerity that Nazis would not be tolerated in school and press. By 1948 growing numbers of teachers originally expelled for Nazism had drifted back: in one university twenty-eight out of thirty-three dismissed Nazi faculty members had returned to positions which had been barred to politically clean, qualified applicants; and as this is written the American-licensed, carefully screened editors of the postwar anti-Nazi press are fighting an unequal battle against the returning flood of former Nazi publishers. Military Government failed to follow through to the end, because it respected the property rights of the old Nazi and nationalistic owners. The political power of material wealth was overlooked.

IN THE end, the problem of industry is not very different from the problem of education. De-cartelization—even if it had been carried out according to the letter of the law—could not have been made successful as long as the autocratic order of society was permitted to continue. After a long private talk with one of the emerging industrial leaders of the postwar Ruhr, late last year, I was convinced that he—and men of his type—would retain final and supreme power regardless of whether the industries were run under a system of free enterprise, state control, socialization, or international supervision. In a society run and ordered by the strong centralism of the father-image, these men—like Krupp, Thyssen, and Stinnes before them—will be the unquestioned rulers of their sphere, and with the economic power at their disposal, that sphere is unlimited.

The industrialists' line of defense, which we failed to pierce, is again the status quo. At a Frankfurt stockholders' meeting of I. G. Farben, protesting a last-hour attempt at de-cartelization by Military Government, the chairman offered to help the Allies effect a return to the organization of 1925. This would mean the re-creation of the original five or six industrial blocks which could, of course, be re-cartelized by a new stroke of a few directors' pens. After he had made his "offer,"

the speaker added that should Military Government fail to co-operate, he would know how to hold up progress by keeping the matter in court. He had handled similar matters after World War I, he said, and he knew how to deal with occupation authorities.

To many American observers, these efforts to preserve the status quo have no meaning except as very human and non-political attempts to hold on to one's possessions. They forget, or do not know, that the industrialists' frantic return to Weimar was not a return to democracy; for—as the Thyssen trial at Königsstein revealed—the magnates of the Weimar Republic deliberately helped to create the social disorder that pushed Hitler into the saddle. Without a re-educated society, freed of the rigidity of the old order, minor changes in the system can do little to promise lasting change. This the defenders of Weimar know, and they act accordingly.

SIDE by side with our ignorance about Germany has gone our indecision as to how Military Government and the Army should behave. In the confusion the myth arose that Military Government itself was a *democratic* organization which ought to act as though Germany had already become a democratic country with the occupation authorities as its democratic government. This disastrous fallacy was strengthened because the American Army and Military Government actually, and by virtue of American tradition, were more democratic than any German military or governmental organizations had ever been. That an agency charged with the undoing of a revolution—with denazification, de-militarization, and any number of unfamiliar, but for the moment urgently needed, police functions—could not and should not have been regarded as an illustration of democracy is obvious. The legend was nevertheless permitted to grow.

If we overlooked this fact, the Germans did not. Whenever Military Government stepped in to carry out its mandate of occupation, German officials complained that such action was “undemocratic.” In time Military Government became so confused by the clever abuse of the term “democracy” that it grew hesitant in the use of its veto power and, eventually, of its veto duty. When Charles M. LaFollette, as Military Governor of Württem-

berg-Baden, removed an out-and-out Nazi from high public office, there was an outcry against this “violation of democracy” because the Nazi had been duly elected. Whether or not Mr. LaFollette's resignation in the course of the same year was speeded by such pressure, the nationalists greeted it as a victory over Military Government. Their triumph increased when the succeeding Military Governor declared that the mythical “punitive phase” of the occupation was over, and strongly implied that he would be less discriminating than his predecessor in his acceptance of German friendship.

By 1948 the objective of the occupation had been so lost in the indiscriminate scramble for all-German friendship that Military Government quietly withdrew a documentary film called “Hunger,” expertly produced by its own film section. According to members of the section, it was considered tactless to tell the Germans that Hitler's war, along with other causes, had contributed to the world food shortage, and that other countries were hungry, too. As a logical consequence of this policy, my German driver last year complained violently when, on one occasion, he was asked to share the meager lunch of Polish displaced persons. He saw nothing wrong with that diet for Poles, but he indignantly asked permission to go to a German restaurant himself. I could hardly object to his attitude since, after all, the “punitive phase” had ended.

The myth of the “punitive phase” itself contributed to our failure in Germany. The “phase” is usually referred to as the Morgenthau Plan. Despite the fact that the Morgenthau Plan never got beyond the discussion stage and that no part of it was ever put into effect, “pro-German” Americans have continued to link it with seemingly “anti-German” control measures. The effect of this unfounded legend has been far-reaching. Today almost every right-wing speaker thunders against the repressive nature of the Morgenthau Plan, ignoring the fact that the American policy of industrial reconstruction, subsidized German exports, liberal aid through Army financing, and full German membership in the Marshall Plan make such charges absurd. It seems likely that the Morgenthau Plan, as the chief reason for Germany's post-war ills, will find a place in the German text-

book of the future, just as the "Dictate of Versailles" dominated the history lesson of the past.

III

THESE various blocks to a successful occupation were enlarged by frequent, open disagreement even among the three Western Allies. If such differences were inevitable, they should not have been fought out with the help of the Germans. It was to be expected that the Germans would capitalize on inter-Allied disunity; it was unpardonable for American Military Government to use official, German-language channels to air opinions unfavorable to the French and the British.

In 1948, editorials of the American-operated *Neue Zeitung*, then the largest selling newspaper in the American Zone, attacked the French for alleged exhibitions of nationalism. Again last year, when the British financial crisis broke into the headlines, the same paper presented an article from its German correspondent in London who not only equated Sir Stafford Cripps and Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Hitler's economic master mind, as two brilliant financiers, but also implied that British socialism was to blame for Britain's troubles. Whether or not these charges are true or represent American policy, they have their place almost anywhere but in a vehicle of official American information to the German people. It is unreasonable to expect the Germans to show signs of remorse and improvement when America tells them that Attlee rather than Hitler is the cause of Britain's exhaustion.

ANOTHER block to a successful occupation has been the lack of real individual contact between Military Government and the German people. Once after I had attended a German meeting at which American policy was strongly attacked, I called the officer concerned with the particular problem. He told me that a report had been made to him about the meeting, but that it contained nothing outside of routine procedure. The observer, a German employee, had conveniently overlooked the significant points and serious innuendoes, of great interest to the American authorities.

Unable to speak or understand German,

many otherwise capable officials have leaned heavily on German interpreters and secretaries. Nobody can gauge the mood of a German audience, capture the inflections of a German politician's motives, or contribute personally and positively to better understanding with the democratic elements of the population through the mouthpiece and earphone of a middleman. Although there may be mitigating circumstances in some special cases, I find it difficult to see how an official who has been in Germany and presumably in constant contact with the German people for more than a year can have failed to learn the language and yet claim to have carried out his job. The idea that an occupation can confine itself to office hours—from nine to five, Monday through Friday—is ridiculous. To be effective, the occupation official must live with the German people, get to know them well enough to distinguish good from bad, and come to be the friend and ally of every potentially democratic citizen.

From the outset, the primary barrier against this understanding has been the creation of tightly insulated American islands within German cities and towns. The security reasons for these islands long since ceased to exist, but the almost airtight communities within communities lived on. Their unreality demoralized both Germans and Americans. A few Americans became friendly with some members of the former German aristocracy, but this was largely done in the spirit of the souvenir hunter collecting a few stray countesses and barons. It was not neighborliness or constructive contact.

Even externally the American islands were clearly designated, and entry was barred to Germans without the visa of special permission. Signs outside almost every American home or billet said: "No Admission for Germans." In headquarters buildings toilets bore discriminating labels, "For Americans Only" or "For German Personnel." (In some places consolation may have come to the Germans in form of a third washroom category, set aside "For Officers Only.")

I was deeply ashamed to find a neatly engraved notice on the reception desk of an American hotel in Bavaria which collectively barred admission to Germans, displaced persons, and dogs. I wonder whether the clerk, the maids, and the waiters—even if they had

never been Nazis—could now or ever become friends of democracy. Or imagine the feelings of a German governess who is told by an eight-year-old American youngster: "You can't give me orders. You're only a *kraut*." Occupation, to be even moderately successful, is an around-the-clock job of education; the "superior" island mentality has tended to turn the tide in the wrong direction. Master-races are despicable, no matter who their members.

We have wavered between back-slapping acceptance of some of the worst German elements and blanket treatment of all Germans as an inferior people. A very pro-American German trade-union leader last year complained that American officers and civilians frequently fired German employees with a total disregard of labor standards, government rules, and union practices. Such high-handed tactics create an unhealthy and hostile relationship between colonial master and native subject; they also destroy the legal foundations of the non-authoritarian society which it was our mission to build.

The harm done is aggravated when other German employees, by contrast, are permitted liberties which no American in a similar position would dare to demand. I recently watched the German secretary of a fairly important American official suddenly stop taking dictation, without a word of apology, put down her pencil, fish about for a cigarette, and after lighting it permit the official to resume his dictation. When I remarked about this doubtful office procedure to another American correspondent, he smiled: "She probably sleeps with him."

IT is a truism that the problem politely known as "fraternization" has influenced the occupation. But how deeply these subconscious sexual considerations have colored attitudes and actions is rarely realized. A veteran American correspondent explained, somewhat facetiously, that the American male, in contrast to many Europeans, is too generous, grateful, and gallant to become obligated to a woman's physical charms without permitting her ideas and emotions to influence, if not to dominate, him. It is therefore not surprising that German secretaries are a policy factor and an instrument of propaganda. In an extreme, though happily exceptional, instance, German girls incited Amer-

ican soldiers into molesting Jewish displaced persons near Ansbach in 1947; in less violent ways pretty girls have done much to obscure the mission of the occupation to a great number of Americans of all ranks.

This is not a contradiction to my criticism of the American "island." On the contrary, the unnatural confines of the "island" have helped to reduce fraternization to the lowest level of bar and bed, and have opened the field for those German women who developed their personal and political values in Hitler's youth groups and among the SS girls.

One unforeseen result of the sexual influence on the occupation is the sharp contrast between the predominantly pro-German attitude of most American men and the indiscriminately anti-German feeling of most American women. Subconscious jealousy and an instinct of competition, fanned by wartime and postwar stories of obliging "enemy women," have thrown up a barrier of female prejudice. This is intensified by the fact that an American man can offer a German girl a great many material attractions, to which she responds with a degree of servility such as few American women would ever show. A German man, on the other hand, cannot promise an American girl anything like the luxurious attention offered by an American—particularly in the easy wealth of an American "island"—and he regards all women as his social and intellectual inferiors.

The effect of these complicated sex-reactions was dramatized when an American girl, who had worked for Military Government for about three years, said flatly over a cocktail that she would never consider a date with a German. I asked her whether she would feel differently if she found that an attractive young German, who had asked her for a date, had spent the Nazi years fighting against Hitler. She answered abruptly: "It would make no difference. He still remains a German." Although hers was an exaggerated reaction, it was a valid demonstration of the trend and its effects.

Like most irrational extremes, friendly-male and hostile-female prejudices have had their intangible, detrimental effect. They have solidified native antagonism to occupation personnel as a foreign element; they have made the rational selection of dependable Germans as our real friends and assistants

even more difficult; and they have created new hatreds and dislikes in addition to the many already existing ones.

WHEN we look at Germany today, we can find a certain cold comfort in the fact that what we have failed in was an almost impossible job from the start, given human frailty, the international situation, and our own ignorance of what it was that we were dealing with. On the positive side, too, there have been isolated but brilliant and promising individual achievements. Here and there a handful of teachers, a group of youngsters, a trade-union leader or two, perhaps even an occasional politician, have been given a glimpse of something beyond the confining horizon of the old Germany. If they, and their revolt against the threat of the autocratic status quo, can be strengthened in any way now, perhaps the failure of the occupation can still be modified and complete disaster averted.

The beginning of Mr. McCloy's regime

seems to give hope that this may happen. He has indicated that he is not willing to make friends indiscriminately with all who offer their services and that he wants to see a non-military Germany as a member but not the center of the Western European family. One of his first actions was an order to remove the "no trespassing" signs outside the American islands, and members of his staff have been instructed to learn German if they plan to remain in the country. His great initial success has been his ability to recognize past failures and his honesty in pointing them out.

But the danger remains. We have failed to make Germany a bulwark of democracy, or even a democracy at all. The elements that twice led the world to war are still at work in Germany and they are gathering strength. Nothing could be more fatal to future world peace than the assumption, which so many Americans apparently hold, that the German eagle has been transformed into a friendly and potentially helpful bird just because the swastika has been removed from its chest.

August Light

KATHARINE STRELSKY

THE transforming was, I know now, a matter of
 how a moment's sunlight fell on the ochre cliff
 and the angled sweep of the quarried highway
 where it soared to command the whole windswept horizon.
 It was the light only, the timeless light,
 that suddenly cancelled time and healed the wound.
 The August maples, the highway, had nothing to do with
 cypress and cobalt gulf, it was not Amalfi,
 nor anything like, save to me, who for a second
 scented the sunny laurel, the lemon orchards.

Thus a landscape can bring the needy heart a letter
 from a far country wrung in its own struggle,
 from a silenced friend, from the severed past, saying,
 Let all be comforted, nothing is ever wasted;
 the broken body, the unheard sob, all the unfulfilled,
 are wedded to joy, as in the infinite spectrum
 the whole is light. Nothing is lost to us, nothing.

The Man Who Makes Weather

C. Lester Walker

TO MANY Americans one of the most fascinating scientific developments of the postwar world has had to do with weather. Man has always been supinely and sublimely submissive to the weather, but now (he has read in his paper, heard on his radio) at long last he has learned how to *do something* about it. For instance, how to make it rain or snow. How to stop icing conditions, banish fogs over certain areas, prevent hailstorms. How to temper hurricanes, divert blizzards, and dump the raincloud's content in water-thirsty valleys. Most astonishing of all, even how to curb the lightning and bridle or banish the thunderstorm. And to many, undoubtedly, the most sparkling facet of the story has been the word that a self-made, self-educated, "home-study" scientist was the discoverer of it all.

The scientist was Vincent J. Schaefer, today a research chemist of General Electric in Schenectady. Schaefer's discovery that man can manipulate the weather, and just how he can do it, has been hailed as one of the major scientific accomplishments of the era. One leading scientist has even gone so far as to say that "it is possibly as important in terms of future benefits to mankind as atomic energy."

Schaefer and his General Electric boss, Irving Langmuir, the one-time Nobel Prize winner, and about a half dozen laboratory assistants, have evolved three separate methods

of rain- or snow-making and thereby, in the past three years, they have turned the meteorological world upside down. What was once an almost contemplative science has today become a dynamic uproar. Old-line meteorologists, unconverted to the Schaefer weather-tampering methods dispute Schaefer's claims. Others, the converted, proclaim that a new science has been born: "experimental meteorology" in which man will eventually be able to bend the weather to his will.

Meanwhile Schaefer's precipitation-inducing methods are being tried in other parts of the world (Hawaii, Australia, South Africa) by everyone from plantation owners to carnival operators, with reports running from flat failures to tremendous successes. For their potential uses in warfare—to snow down enemy offensives, produce mists which might be radioactivated, or showers contaminable with bacteria—Schaefer's discoveries have been investigated by all branches of America's armed forces, to the extent of about a million dollars' worth of experimental trials a year. According to some military authorities, the Battle of the Bulge, in which von Rundstedt prepared the German attack under cover of a cold fog lasting several days, could have been largely forestalled, had we been able to dissipate the fog with the weather-changing techniques designed by Schaefer.

Schaefer has been called the first authentic

C. Lester Walker, a specialist in subjects that usually provoke an unabashed "Gee Whiz!" tells the story of the man who can make it snow—and can sometimes prevent the lightning.

weather-maker in history, but actually he is not. A Hollander, August Veraart, produced rain from natural clouds in 1930 by methods not totally dissimilar to those Schaefer was to discover independently some years later. But Veraart's artificially induced rain was so minuscule in amount (scattered traces) that his success made hardly any lasting impression and was soon forgotten. Schaefer's techniques by contrast, are credited with inducing deluges.

"Hundreds of tons of snow and rain fell on the fields," is the way one witness described an occasion when a weather bureau chief tried Schaefer methods over Oregon.

SCHAEFER is forty-three, and his career illustrates a pet American idea: that college is not a *sine qua non* for success—even for a top-drawer scientist. His formal education ended with his second year in high school. He left in order to help support his father's seven-person household. Schaefer senior was an accountant for General Electric and advised his son, "Enroll in the company's apprentice training course." It was a course with pay, and young Vincent, then sixteen, covered the four years in three and a half and emerged as a laboratory machinist—that is, one who makes the tools and gadgets used by the researchers "upstairs." And he might have stayed in this line permanently (he was extremely skillful at it, all reports agree) but for a certain outside interest which has always played a major role in Schaefer's life.

Schaefer is at heart a "natural scientist" first, and a just plain "scientist" afterward. He has an almost fanatical love of nature and the out-of-doors, as his numerous hobby activities attest—founder of the Mohawk Valley Hikers Association—head of the local "Grotto" of the National Spelaeological Society (caves)—amateur archaeologist (he has mapped practically every former Indian campsite in upstate New York)—amateur geologist (flying over the Schenectady area he spots the fault lines)—bird lover (he religiously gives an entire day to making a Christmas census of the birds within a week of the holiday every year). As a young man tied down to the GE laboratory machine shop drill presses, he began to sigh for the out-of-doors. After a year he quit and hired out to the Davey Tree Surgery Company to work in Michigan.

But Schaefer was back at GE within a year, for a curious if plausible reason. He had found that all-day outdoor work made him disinclined to take his recreation outdoors—like a busman's holiday. "I found myself going to the movies instead," he has said, "and I didn't like the discovery." He returned to his GE job of turning out the widgets and whatsises that the researchers needed for their experiments. "But wanting and hoping," he has said, "someday to get upstairs."

The way he got there was the result both of his luck and his own peculiar abilities. Dr. Langmuir, then associate director of the laboratory, one day wanted special apparatus for a new experiment in lubricants. The device would have parts which would slip and slide and roll one on the other to test the relationship of two metals when separated by lubricants of the thinness of one layer of molecules—and so would be a delicate and precise job. One of Langmuir's assistant researchers happened to have had Schaefer do some work only a few days earlier and, having been impressed, now suggested him for this job. Schaefer fashioned the machine, and so completely to the Nobel Prize scientist's satisfaction that he took Schaefer on as his personal assistant in the actual experiment.

To work under Langmuir was the opportunity of a lifetime, and no one realized it better or used it more fully than Schaefer. He bought and read every book on lubrication he could get, enrolled for night courses in the sciences at Union College, and daily absorbed Langmuir's every word with avidity. He had (and has today) an almost old-fashioned respect for the opinion of his elders, anyway. "A cardinal rule of my life," he observed in conversation recently, "has always been to follow the advice of older people if I can."

While he worked with the older man in the laboratory, Schaefer's outside interests in nature and all her wonders never abated. And it was one of these, fortuitously, which was to lead him to his subsequent weather-making discoveries.

UNLIKE some scientists, Schaefer has a poet-artist's appreciation of the beautiful. In 1940, he became intensely interested in snowflake photography—chiefly because some years earlier he had happened to see a number of snowflakes in an unusually

beautiful setting, and the sight had ever after lingered in his memory. In the Adirondacks, he had got up in the morning to find the fishing hole cut in the lake ice the night before frozen over, and spangling the new ice some few flakes of snow.

"I had never realized before," he says, "just how beautiful snow crystals were. Here they seemed like perfect stars resting on perfectly black velvet. Their remembered beauty was what interested me some years later in snowflake microphotography."

Schaefer found this a beautiful but an awkward art. The practitioner had to handle camera, slides, microscope, and other apparatus in freezing temperatures, while racing to slant a sunlamp, for illumination, at the snowflake, get a focus, and make his exposure before the snowflake melted (which it often did) from the lamp's heat. An idea of a better way struck him while he was walking home one night in the snow.

He got a blackboard and coated it with Formvar—a resinous film like Nu-Skin. He held the freshly coated surface out into the snowfall. The flakes struck and were embedded in the film. Putting the board in a cold, sheltered spot to dry, he looked at it a few minutes later. It held dozens of perfect replicas of snowflakes. They had evaporated through the resinous film, leaving behind their own shapes like a casting, or hollow shell.

Schaefer took the replicas indoors. He found them ideal for study under the microscope or the camera. Being of plastic, they never melted but were perfect and permanent.

This discovery revolutionized the art of snowflake photography and was hailed in scientific circles as well. It was found that replicas could be made similarly of the structure of metals for viewing in the electron microscope. A Formvar replica was made of the surface of the metal (*e.g.* of steel) and the electron beam then shot through the replica. And Schaefer had a premonition that the discovery might have scientific uses in the field of meteorology. For he wrote in a magazine article at about this time: "Since the method of making permanent replicas is so simple, it would seem that those interested in winter weather phenomena might secure specimens from various types of storms for detailed study of these fascinating frozen forms in their possible rela-

tion to later meteorological occurrences."

Schaefer himself was making detailed studies. In his home basement workshop on Schermerhorn Road, Schenectady, during the winters of 1941 and 1942—"till all hours of the night," his laboratory colleagues have said—he collected hundreds of specimens whenever it snowed. He photographed and classified them; speculated on the meteorological meaning of their various sizes and forms. Then came the war, and to Schaefer the chance to put his newest nature-study hobby to an actual meteorological application.

II

THE War Department asked Langmuir to work on a special research problem. Sometimes when its planes flew through a snowstorm a complete radio blackout occurred. What was the cause?

The blame was usually placed on precipitation static. This is the electrical effect produced when fine particles—sand, rain, and particularly snow—strike against an airplane in flight. It frequently shows up as the eerie St. Elmo's fire along the wings, and often it will render all radio communication to or from a plane impossible. Since the war with Japan required much flying in Alaska, precipitation static, especially that produced by snow, was going to be a particular hazard. What made snow cause precipitation static, and why? Langmuir recalled his assistant Schaefer's dabbling with snowflake studies and set Schaefer to work with him on the static job.

Schaefer then spent the better part of two winters on the summit of Mount Washington, New Hampshire, with Langmuir, studying snow, cloud physics, ice crystallography, and the size and behavior of airborne water droplets. The two men discovered that what built up precipitation static's extremely high electrical charge was not the mere striking of snowflakes against the plane but the fragmentation of the flakes when they struck, and Schaefer devised an ingenious "snow-impact" instrument, using his plastic replica method, which demonstrated the type of fragmentation which occurred. A single snowflake was often broken into five hundred pieces, with a resultant increase of electrical charge on the plane's propeller or wing sometimes as much

as 130-fold. (A single snow crystal might have as much as 17,500 electrons of electricity!) Here was the basic cause of the static and the radio blackout, and from this discovery ways were found to reduce it.

Another discovery Schaefer made on the mountain turned out to be more far-reaching. He met, for the first time, the supercooled cloud. This swept over the mountain as cold fog, depositing thick rime on everything it touched. "Sometimes an inch an hour, sometimes three feet overnight," Schaefer has said. And he was fascinated—for the cloud was sopping wet, although the temperature within it and around it might be ten below zero Fahrenheit.

Why didn't the fog-water droplets turn to snow? And why, suddenly, on occasion, would they shift into a blinding blizzard? What had happened within the cloud to bring the change? What started a flake to forming? Neither Schaefer nor Langmuir knew the answer. But when the precipitation static research was over, they returned to Schenectady resolved to find it.

Schaefer combed the scientific meteorological literature and found that a German worker, Walter Findeisen, had once postulated the theory that supercold water clouds were turned into ice clouds (snow) by a "trigger process" caused by the presence in the air of sublimation nuclei—that is, particles which would make the cloud change from a vapor (fog) into a solid (ice or snow). He therefore set up apparatus in the GE laboratory to make a supercooled cloud.

Like almost everything Schaefer devises, this was surprisingly simple: an ordinary deep-freeze box, lined with black velvet, lighted with a greenish spotlight, and (mounted atop the box) a microscope. He could create a supercooled cloud by blowing his breath into the freezobox, where the temperature was about 15 below, Fahrenheit. Then he would watch to see if ice crystals formed in the beam of light.

None ever formed. So over a period of months Schaefer tried hundreds of experiments, following Findeisen's theory that particles of *some* kind made the supercooled water vapor change to snow. Like Edison searching for the filament for his first incandescent light, Schaefer tried just about everything: powdered sulphur, graphite, quartz,

soap powder, talc, sand, sugar, carbon, volcano dust. But still no snow.

JULY 1946 rolled around. Langmuir was in California. The summer in Schenectady turned hot. One day the temperature inside the freeze box, which always stood uncovered, rose to the point where it wouldn't make an artificial supercooled cloud when one breathed into it. Schaefer got a large chunk of dry ice (CO_2 , temp.—109F.), always on hand in the laboratory, and put it in the box. Immediately something spectacular happened. The supercooled cloud of Schaefer's breath was lit with a trillion twinkling diamonds in the spotlight's beam. Ice crystals! Swirling about, they collected into flakes and drifted slowly down.

"The instant the dry ice went in and I saw that," he says, "I knew I had the answer."

To double-check on it he quickly caught a few of the flakes on one of his plastic-replica slides and put them under the microscope. There came into view the perfect hexagonal crystals of snow.

Ever a quiet and self-effacing person, Schaefer then sauntered over to the laboratory across the hall and, according to some of his colleagues there, announced as casually as though he were saying he was about to go to lunch: "Now I know how to make it snow."

What Schaefer sensed at once was that he had stumbled on a way to make snow form *without* sublimation nuclei. The dry ice had lowered the temperature of the supercooled cloud to the point where it turned into snow spontaneously. The temperature was -38°C ., or lower, he later determined; and if even one degree higher, no spontaneous snow formation occurred.

He found too that even without a chunk of dry ice cooling the whole chest he could make snow form. Breathe in. Then scratch a piece of dry ice, so that the granules fell into the vapor cloud. It worked every time in the box. "So I thought then: what would happen if dry ice were cast into a supercooled vapor cloud in the sky?"

Schaefer and Langmuir began to look for a supercooled natural cloud in August but didn't find any of satisfactory type at an altitude they could fly over until November. Then, on Wednesday the thirteenth, conditions looked propitious. Schaefer learned that

the freezing level was at 6,000 feet and that there were clouds riding at twice that height. They must be supercooled.

He therefore took off with a GE pilot in a small plane and headed east over the Hudson toward the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts. Langmuir and a small group at the Schenectady airport kept their field-glasses on the plane and then on the clouds toward which it was moving. Over Mt. Greylock the pilot flew into a cloud which immediately began to ice up the plane, a sure sign that the cloud was supercooled. Schaefer stretched his arm out the window and scattered dry ice from a cardboard container. "The effect," Schaefer recorded in his work journal afterward, "was so widespread and rapid that it seemed as though the cloud almost exploded." And back at the airport the watchers clearly saw long dark streamers fall from the four-mile-long cloud. They swirled downward about 2,000 feet and then disappeared in the drier, warmer air below. Langmuir, peering through his binoculars, pronounced them unmistakably streamers of snow: and when the plane landed he advanced to Schaefer and declared:

"This is history."

III

IT WAS not only history. It was also news. Schaefer's exploit received such newspaper coverage as nothing out of General Electric had ever achieved before (the company's News Bureau, incidentally, had at one time ten thousand unfiled clippings on Schaefer on hand), and telegrams and letters of inquiry began to pour in from everywhere. For some weeks the Schenectady weather-maker was undoubtedly the best known scientist in the United States.

Schaefer, however, went calmly ahead with the routine of more dry ice trials. Nine days after the first he flew again and produced heavy snow. Seven days later he turned the cloud's water droplets to ice crystals, which, however, remained floating in the air. Three weeks afterward he seeded clouds with dry ice again on a day for which the weather bureau had predicted "fair and warmer." There then fell over the region more than half a foot of snow.

Schaefer, with Langmuir, denied that the dry ice had brought this down. He did be-

lieve, however, he said in a joint statement, "that we could have started a general snow storm two to four hours before it actually occurred, if we had been able to seed above the clouds during the early morning."

The refusal of credit was sincere, but the press, far and wide, by indirection, juxtaposition, or mere "interesting speculation," inevitably linked Schaefer's snow-making with the storm. He became in heaven knows how many editorials "the first man to negate Mark Twain's famous remark that 'Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it.'" Only, as Schaefer is fond of remarking, with the concern for absolute accuracy which is constant with him: "Yes—but not Mark Twain. It was Charles Dudley Warner—a friend of Mark's."

WITHIN a few months after these reported experiments, Schaefer found himself being imitated as a weather maker just about everywhere. It seemed that everyone who wanted precipitation, for whatever purpose, and could command an airplane and dry ice, took a crack at seeding a cloud. One rainmaker reported he had tried to seed with soap powder! Two others claimed they set off a cloud by squirting it from a plane with a carbon dioxide fire extinguisher.

Schaefer was to learn of more successful, if less exuberant, experiments, however. In Oregon a weather bureau plane seeded clouds with thirty-four pounds of dry ice and brought down heavy rain and snow over sixty square miles. From New South Wales came news that two scientists treated eight clouds and got rain from six, in some places a fall of an inch, and the only rain within a hundred miles. In Arizona a plane sent aloft by a Phoenix newspaper set off a two-hour local rain, and creeks silent for months gurgled again.

But as the months passed, adverse reports also filtered in. Would-be meteorologists reported seeding clouds from which not a drop of precipitation came. Schaefer, a lifelong lover of natural science, said that for success Mother Nature must be taken into consideration. "If Mother Nature does not supply certain given weather conditions," he declared, "at the time and place of the experiment, there is no point in attempting to produce snow or rain. This lack, and neglecting

to use the proper technics required, are the cause of the failures."

He pronounced that the conditions and the technics required were (1) a supercooled cloud; (2) a cloud at least five hundred feet thick; (3) *small* dry ice pellets (pea size); (4) meager scattering of them (1½ pounds per mile); (5) enough dampness in the lower air so that any precipitation from above would not evaporate before reaching the ground. "Producing snow or rain artificially consists of something more than merely dropping dry ice out of an airplane," said he.

But by the end of the year (1947) it was evident that a full-size controversy was building up even among the professionals. This was further evident when the U. S. Weather Bureau began in 1948 to experiment with dry ice on its own. Its planes conducted seedings for several months over Ohio, and the Bureau reported they had been unable to produce any heavy rains. "Of doubtful economic importance," their meteorologists summarized the Schaefer techniques—which, of course, stirred up the controversy even further.

Today the argument still goes on, with the entire meteorological world in a fine ferment. But with one thing sure: Schaefer's discovery, whatever its limitations may or may not eventually turn out to be, has shaken the whole science of weather out of its traditional conservatism. As one Navy meteorologist has observed, in what amounts to an indirect compliment to Schaefer: "No one forecasts weather any more simply by looking at a barometer. We are going to have a real science one of these days. We are going to predict weather right and enough ahead of time to make it mean something."

IV

SCHAEFER suspected rather early that his dry-icing discovery might have practical uses other than that of merely wringing rain or snow out of a cloud. It might also, he thought, be a cloud dissipater—that is, a way to sweep away fog, or to cut a hole in a cloud deck blanketing an airport. He demonstrated this possibility to his own satisfaction in his own backyard. On a day when a cold winter fog enveloped the place he strolled about, circling a small wire basket of dry ice

around his head. As positively as the Red Sea parted for the Israelites, the fog parted for Schaefer. As he walked, a clear-cut, mistless path appeared.

Some months later, when the armed services entered into a contract with General Electric for weather modification experiments, using Air Force planes, Schaefer was able to test out the idea on a large scale. East of the Sacandaga Reservoir into a cold, heavy April overcast an Air Force B-25 one day dropped dry ice from 6,700 feet in a gigantic L. As in Schaefer's backyard, the clouds parted. In thirty minutes there was a clear path fifteen miles long and three miles wide. Seen from the ground the L appeared as a track of clear blue sky. Above, the pilot told Schaefer, "The hole looked as if a giant shovel had scooped out a section of the cloud."

Using this technique, Schaefer believes, planes can cut landing holes for themselves through supercooled clouds in a matter of minutes. And if they wish to ascend, the cloud will be seeded at its base instead of on top. Schaefer cautions, however, that all this applies to *cold* fogs, with supercooled clouds above. For warm fogs the British oil-burning, heat-producing FIDO is still necessary. Or the sun.

ANOTHER possible application of Schaefer's cloud seeding is hail prevention. Since in the West crop damage in the millions occurs from these frozen pellets every year, this idea greatly interests the agriculturalists. The source of hail is high cumulus cloud. The hail would be unable to grow much larger than sleet, Schaefer maintains, if large quantities of precipitation nuclei were introduced at above the freezing level of the cloud. Granulated dry ice can be used, but Schaefer thinks that in the future a different material might be preferable. This is something discovered by his GE colleague, Dr. Bernard Vonnegut.

While Schaefer was first practicing his outdoor snow-making, Vonnegut, one day in the laboratory, started pondering the mystery of the missing sublimation nuclei. Of all the materials Schaefer had introduced into the cold chest, why had none turned out nuclei which produced snow? Could it be—Vonnegut had a sudden hunch—that, possibly, the sublimation nuclei should be things whose crys-

talline dimensions were the same as or nearly that of water crystals?

Vonnegut picked the crystal of silver iodide. It had a unit cell dimension which was the closest. He filled the cold box with iodine vapor, rigged two silver electrodes, and made a spark jump. The resulting silver iodide particles turned a breath-cloud to snow, although the temperature was only -4°C . rather than the -39°C . needed for Schaefer's spontaneous snowfall!

Experimenting further, Vonnegut found that a dozen materials of nearly similar crystalline dimensions (iodoform, lead oxide, cerium oxide, *et al.*) would also work. Here, of course, were Schaefer's missing nuclei. However Schaefer is not satisfied that they are the ones which in nature trigger off a storm. Rather it may be, he suspects, volcanic dust, or some finely divided soils.

But the silver iodide was taken outdoors. During the winter a ground fog was successfully transformed to ice crystals in a test. For 150 feet around the fog was dissipated—by “smoke” of silver iodide.

And although it may not be nature's precipitant, silver iodide will do for the purpose of hail prevention, Schaefer contends. It should have a certain superiority over dry ice: it can be distributed faster, will hang in the atmosphere longer. His belief is that silver iodide ground smoke generators, through upward air currents, can impregnate the atmosphere over wide areas and that the tiny particles can be counted upon to float for days. In the upper air strata when hail-producing cumulus clouds begin to form, they would increase the number of nuclei there; and this would make more numerous but smaller, sleet-like, particles of hail.

“It is conceivable,” Schaefer says, “that thus, someday, large amounts of the new spring wheat on the Western plains may be saved from hailstone damage.”

AFTER the silver iodide discovery, Schaefer probably little expected any other weather-making technics. But in November 1947, something suspiciously like still another method appeared in the offing.

Schaefer and Langmuir received reports of some work in Hawaii. A U. S. Weather Bureau man and a Pineapple Research Institute meteorologist had conducted fifty-four seed-

ings. Twenty had produced rain or virga (mere wisps). One, over Molokai, had produced 1.25 inches, in a temperature situation which broke Schaefer's previously specified rules. The cloud (like many of the others too) was definitely warmer than freezing—that is, *not* supercooled! “Was this possible?” the experimenters wanted to know; and what was the cause of it.

Because of Schaefer's work, Langmuir had been applying his mathematics to precipitation theory for some months back, and now he told Schaefer he believed he could produce the explanation of what had happened. It was a totally new concept of what can initiate a rainfall. “Rain produced by chain reaction,” Langmuir styled it.

The precipitation from the Hawaiian non-supercooled clouds, the explanation ran, had been brought on by *water drops*, forming from *ordinary* ice which was on the outside of the dry ice pellets, and dropping through the cloud. The water drops grew in size as they struck other drops. Soon they became too big to hold their size—because of the limitations of their surface tension. Smaller drops then broke off from them. Since these were tiny, they were carried upward in the rising air currents characteristic of many cumulus clouds, until, growing by accretion with other droplets, they again began to descend. Repeat and repeat—until all water in the cloud became drops too big to rise again. From the cloud heavy rain would then fall.

Since the theory has been propounded, cumulus clouds have been seeded from planes with water droplets only, and rain has indeed descended. And this third item in Schaefer's kit of weather-making tools may turn out to be of greater importance than the other two. For non-supercooled clouds occur far more frequently than the supercooled in most regions of the earth inhabited by man.

V

BUT perhaps the most spectacular possibilities with cumulus cloud formations are presented by the ones which interested Schaefer this past summer. These have to do with lightning and thunderstorm prevention.

Schaefer was first directly interested in this phase of weather control when he was visited

in the laboratory one day by a chief of the U. S. Forest Service, one H. T. Gisborne of the Northern Rocky Mountain Experiment Station, who wanted to learn whether cloud-seeding might check thunderstorms, which in his part of the Northwest were the prime cause of forest fires.

Lightning, Schaefer learned, set 75 per cent of the outdoor fires in that region—one year over 3,000, with 1,500 in ten days. Hundreds of the fires were set by lightning from single-cloud storms. These clouds, called *orographic cumuli*, built up on individual mountains and then moved across country, often with next to no rain, striking a string of fires behind them. The forester said that the average forest fire set by lightning cost about \$1,000 to control, with those from dry lightning (no rain) even higher. So the possibility that cloud-seeding might dissipate even a few thunderstorms would be an extremely welcome one.

For some time Schaefer had had good reason other than his own theory to believe in the possibility. Half a year previously a case had been reported to him from Louisiana of dry ice preventing the growth of a lightning cloud. And the U. S. Weather Bureau, in its Ohio experiments, had reported that it stunted and dissipated high cumulus clouds, some of which were potential thunderstorms. Schaefer agreed to look over the situation in the Northwest, and in the summer he visited the Priest River section of northern Idaho, near the Forest Service experiment station.

What he found here was practically a topographical and meteorological "set-up" for thunderstorm dissipation tests. There were specific points where single-cloud thunderstorms regularly developed, and two eminences, Baldy Ridge and Hoodoo Mountain, where they often built up simultaneously, a few miles apart, as twin storms.

For the tests Schaefer recommended procedures which were to use a "control" cloud—that is, the tests were to be made on twin storms. The first pair would be photographed as it developed into lightning makers in time-lapse movies—with no cloud-seeding. This would record their "normal" development and behavior. Subsequently, when simultaneous storms formed over the same mountains, the pictures would be taken again. But on these occasions a plane would fly over the Baldy Ridge cloud and dry-ice it. The cloud

over Hoodoo, however, would be left severely alone—as a "control," to show the amount of lightning which would have built up in both had seeding been done on neither.

Planes for these tests have been equipped and standing by for the twin storms for some weeks, as I write this, with Schaefer predicting that the clouds would rapidly be turned into snow crystals by dry-icing, and thus either dissipated completely or stunted from further upward growth into a thunderstorm. But while he has awaited news, confirmation of the theory has come from another quarter.

SOME months ago the United Fruit Company approached Schaefer about one of its particular headaches: tropical blow-downs. In Honduras, the company said, storms from over the mountains often rose up and in ten minutes—to the accompaniment of lightning, thunder, and torrential down-pours—flattened thousands of banana trees. The storms usually came from towering cumulus clouds. Would Schaefer's dry-ice seeding prevent them or soften them up?

Both Schaefer and Langmuir believed it would. Langmuir visited Honduras, and United Fruit put its own pilot and plane to work over the mountains and over the Sula Valley, where a third of the land is given over to United Fruit banana trees. Close to a hundred flights were run (they are still continuing) with some notable results. After one run, a long drought was broken by a down-pour estimated as 1½ inches. And wind-and-lightning clouds have had their fiercest furies seeded out of them. "We dissipated the thunderheads," says a fruit company official. "Why, even plain water used on them worked!"

Schaefer, however, as becomes a cautious scientist, will not appraise the success of this particular storm-taming project until all the plus and minus results are totaled up over a long period of time.

"If over several years," he says, "the loss of fruit due to blowdown damage becomes quite different from that experienced in the past, the operation may be considered successful."

The newspapers of Honduras are not such reluctant dragons, however. They have been hailing the success of the Schaefer technics by running cartoons of the airplane pilot nonchalantly lassoing the thunderstorm clouds.



Breath of Air

A Story By Michael Jaffé

Drawings by Joan Schaffer

WITH each minute of the sun's rise the bar of shadow crept back along the green bank at right angles to the river. As the shadow retreated, members of the mallard colony in its path woke by ones and twos to the warmth of the day; duck after duck slipped her sleepy head from under her wing, quacked without any outrageous enthusiasm, and slipped into the decorously flowing river. The splash, as each plump body became waterborne, and the greedy smacking of bills, as minute and delicious things were sucked from the slimy green weeds, were noises which drew attention to, but did not break the calm of the morning.

Miranda watched this ritual of early summer with the unruffled eye of some princess who on the balcony of her apartments takes the customary salute of her household troops to the new day and to her person. Seven months of lying in bed, a long winter's illness, had given her the mixture of languor and alertness that distinguishes the practiced invalid. For three May days now, her bed had been drawn close to the window; this morning was the fourth that she, immobile and propped with pillows, had lain and watched these tame wild ducks at their rising, watched them take to the water and disappear downstream toward the colleges. Miranda was twenty-nine, the wife of Charles Ranken, a classical don at his old College; though ten years her senior, he was by academic standards still a young man. The slimy green weed was

one of the famous features of the University river which ran beneath the bow of her bedroom window; and the ducks, by habit and adoption, were University ducks. Nothing of Ibsen here, she thought, as the duck squadron in echelon, without a gap in the line, passed from her view; and her eye followed her mind, which had already strayed to her bookshelves. Nothing distracted her in her meditation, unless it was occasionally to strain after some human sound in this house where there was a conspiracy to walk on tiptoe, so that she should not be disturbed.

Among the titles on her books there was none whose author was C. Ranken, not even a school-edition of Cicero. Charles's college was not one which elected its fellows by competitive dissertation; a small college, with a dozen members of the High Table, can ill afford to prospect for brilliant men, who might over a period of fifty years prove themselves to be disturbing or disagreeable dining neighbors. Charles had come up to the University twenty years before as a scholar; he had got a First in Classics and Half Blues for Lawn Tennis and Squash; his own was the fifth generation of his family at the College; such a man was not to be overlooked as an addition to an overworked teaching staff.

Among the titles on her books, none for the moment took her fancy. When the paralyzing illness first took hold of her, she had had all the books moved to her bedroom. They overflowed her shelves; they were stacked any-

where and everywhere, more books even than Charles had in his rooms in College. They had been carried up from the library and down from the nursery; out of trunks in the attic they had been brought to her, and set where she could survey her hoard from her bed. To her old home in Northumberland she had sent for all the books she had left behind when she had said good-bye as a young bride ten years ago. The collection was motley: there were Ibsen and Cicero, and *Hints to a Young Rider* and *The Boston Cooking School Cook Book*; there were *Dusty Answers* and *Black Beauty* and *Tess of the d'Ubervilles*; *Swallows and Amazons* was imprisoned between the *Poems of Rilke* and the *Centuries of Meditation*; and *The Apples of England* and *The Little Flowers of St. Francis* stood propped on either side of her looking-glass where David, her eight-year-old son, had put them.

AT LAST her eye lighted on what she wanted, a book on winter sports given her by her father on her thirteenth birthday, after she had announced that she would spend her honeymoon skiing. The real honeymoon had been two months of the Long Vac spent not in Austria or Norway or Switzerland, but in the South of France. They had lain in the sun, gamed in the Rooms, and played tennis. She had finished in the last sixteen in Junior Wimbledon two summers before their marriage, so she could give Charles a good fast game. Yet she had joined wholeheartedly in his pleasure when the von Ecksteins arrived from Bavaria, and they could vary their singles or watch tennis better than their own. She stretched out a hand to ring the bell, and saw with distaste how wasted and unfeminine her arm had become.

The expected knock came in answer to her ringing.

"Come in, Nurse . . . Oh, it's you, Nanny. Sorry to have brought you down. Is Nurse out?"

"She's washing her hair, madam. What can I get you?"

"I just wanted a book . . . that fat green one lying on the chimney-piece."

"This one underneath the photograph of Mr. Ranken?"

"That's the one, thanks, Nan. How is David this morning? Has he been out yet?"

"Not yet, madam. We're going out after lunch."

"Don't forget to bring him in after his walk, will you?"

"Master David wouldn't let me forget. I really think he'd like to spend his day here, talking away on the end of your bed."

"He's my best doctor, Nanny."

When Nanny had gone back to the nursery, Miranda turned the pages of her book with a mounting excitement until she came to the photograph of a young woman poised at the top of the ski slope, about to take off for the run. There she stood, with her knees flexed and her arms thrust forward and out; the youth and fullness of her figure were revealed in outline by the cut of her ski-suit; the cut of her jaw showed her confident to deal with powdery snow, over-eager ski-instructors, and the mild boredoms of home life in, perhaps, Northumberland. She was labelled simply, "Advanced Student at Arosa, ready for the Take-off." For months now Miranda had lost all feeling in her legs; she could as easily imagine herself wearing skis, alone on a Swiss mountain, as imagine herself walking downstairs, with the help of Charles and Nanny, and out into her own garden to sit on the lawn; that she had been able to do seven months ago, and again, to her joyous surprise, for three days in March.

Because of the ski-cap, Miranda could not tell whether this lady of the snows had hair of a finer gold than her own. But having considered all other points, she let the heavy book slip a little from her grasp. The two-dimensional appeal of the Advanced Student at Arosa faded; she was an unworthy rival. Miranda's mood slid over the snows of yesterday into a heavy drowsy disgust. The book dropped to the floor as she fell asleep to the hum of the lawnmower.

She awoke to the crackling of a starched bosom, and to the smell of newly-washed hair.

"I've brought you your lunch, Mrs. Ranken, some fish. I looked in an hour ago, but you were fast asleep. How do you feel for the rest?"

It would really take too long to tell Nurse Timson how she felt after her rest.

"Much better, Nurse, thank you," was what Miranda said.

"You haven't forgotten that Dr. Wright is coming to see you at half-past two. We must

just see that everything is ready for him." So Nurse Timson busied herself with her paraphernalia of needles and syringes in front of the dressing table. Miranda revoked her decision not to comment on the aggressive cleanliness of the woman's appearance. Seven years out of hospital, Nurse Timson still remembered what Matrons demanded and G.P.'s hardly noticed.

"How smart you look, Nurse. Your hair does look nice."

"Thank you, Mrs. Ranken, but I wish I had beautiful hair like yours. If mine were so golden and fine, I'd for everlasting be looking at myself in the mirror."

Miranda smiled. As she allowed the friendly warmth to be bashed out of her pillows into new cold shapes, she smiled at the success of her compliment. She must brush her bright hair again after her luncheon. She must never let that get ill or dead like the rest of her. She began to eat her fish and fruit contentedly.

When she had finished eating, she rang for Nurse Timson to clear away the tray and to bring her the hairbrush. But when she was handed it, she took hold of it as if it were too heavy for her. Nurse Timson was all attention.

"Shall I brush your hair for you, Mrs. Ranken?"

"Do please, Nurse. That would be kind."

She surprised herself by her complaisance. Brushing her hair she had always been able to do for herself. However, Nurse Timson had unexpectedly good hands; and the two women, who had found the months of this creeping, paralyzing illness mutually jarring, found the brushing soothing to them both.

"Someone will do it for me like this when I'm dead."

"Really, Mrs. Ranken, you must not talk like that. Dr. Wright says . . ."

There was a gentle knock on the bedroom door, which startled Nurse Timson from the rhythm of her brush strokes.

"My goodness me, he's here. Look at the time now. I really didn't expect . . ."

Nurse Timson panicked as she tore the brush from Miranda's hair and put it back on the dressing-table.

Then, as the door opened:

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Ranken. We were just expecting . . ."

"Have you finished with Mrs. Ranken here, Nurse?"

"Nurse has just been brushing my hair, Charles. We had just finished, hadn't we, Nurse?"

NURSE Timson pouted her way out past Charles as he stood in the doorway, he was tall and absurdly young looking and handsome.

"Charles, come on in and shut the door."

He moved splendidly. So, she remembered, had von Eckstein.

"Miranda, darling, how are you feeling? Nurse looked a bit worried. You've not been bad again, have you, darling?"

"No, I'm fine. I've been asleep half the morning. We were waiting for Dr. Wright to call with the final results of last week's test. But I didn't know that you were free after luncheon today."

"Redfern . . . you know Redfern, Miranda, he telephoned to say that he couldn't play tennis this afternoon."

"What a shame," she said; and the mountain air of Switzerland was in her voice.

"I wanted to come and see you. So I was glad."

"Who is Redfern?"

"Tom Redfern at Jesus. You must know him. He came up here from London about six months ago."

"I don't think you can have brought him up to see me then."

"I'm sorry, Miranda."

"Why didn't you telephone to Cook when you heard from him. You could have come home and had your luncheon here with me."

"I didn't want to make a bother. I had my luncheon waiting for me in College, and I thought you would be resting."

He looked so unhappy that she had to give his hand a loyal squeeze.

"Hello, you've dropped your book. What are you reading?"

She felt like one of his bashful undergraduates as she answered:

"Oh, nothing special. Something Daddy gave me years ago."

He laughed comfortably as he picked it up. In clearing a space for it among the sick room litter on the bed-table, he let it fall open at her place. The Advanced Student at Arosa made him blush, first with shame, then with

anger. Miranda lay there and watched him dully; she had no more strength to struggle with his tantrums. By changing the subject, he felt he might regain control.

"Miranda, I want to talk to you about David. I know that he is quite bright in the head. But why must he make himself so obnoxious to other little boys? He'll never join in anything properly."

"You mean that he is no good at cricket, and won't pretend that he's keen on it."

"It's not just games; though that is disappointing enough considering your father . . . not to speak of his own parents"—Charles attempted a smile—"but at parties he invariably gets himself into a corner and stays there. He doesn't seem to enjoy anything, except going for walks with Nanny."

"Nan just told me this morning how much he enjoys coming in here and talking to me about his day, and I look forward to his coming; it does me more good than anything. It can't be helped if he is brighter than other boys and they don't interest him."

"Well, I'm glad. I was afraid that you were letting him stay too long and bore you."

"Oh, no, he doesn't ever. Besides, Nan is in league with those splendid healers, Timson and Wright; she marches him off firmly before I have a chance to get tired."

"When Redfern telephoned about the tennis, he asked if David would come with them next week for a fortnight on the Broads. Their boy Julian has been ill at home this term; and they want to give him a proper holiday before he goes back to school. It does seem to be an incredibly kind offer. What do you think?"

For a moment she gave no answer. She seemed to Charles to be waiting to hear something more. Then she spoke.

"If David would like to go . . . I will talk to him about it this afternoon."

There was a knock on the door. Charles did not even turn toward it. He went on staring helplessly at Miranda, conscious not for the first time of failure to approach her in her irresponsibility.

"That must be Dr. Wright. Let him in, will you, Charles."

MIRANDA spoke with irritation. Even after ten years of being a don's wife, she could not reconcile herself to the

academic convention which disregarded the front-door because it was left unlocked.

"Ah, Ranken, I'm glad to find you here. I will come down to your study and have a word with you in about ten minutes. All right?"

"All right," said Charles, and went.

Miranda smiled a little ruefully as her husband left her to the mercilessly consolatory, but at the same time rather uppish manner of Dr. Wright.

"So sorry to be late, Mrs. Ranken. I know what hell unpunctuality can be when you have to lie in bed. I will ring for Nurse Timson, if I may, and we'll get on with the examination as quickly as possible."

"I'm afraid that she did not hear you come in."

Her remark was lost on Dr. Wright.

"What was the result of the tests you did with Kremsdorf last week?"

"We're not quite satisfied. We will have to try again next month, I am afraid. It is a very tricky business, as I warned you. Your results seem to compare favorably with cases Kremsdorf knew in Vienna."

"Were those before or after he had worked out his radio treatment?"

"Those actual ones were before; but that doesn't make as much difference to his view as you might suppose. Now, if you will just let me lie you right down flat for a moment . . . Quite still, while I do this."

Miranda was not disarmed; however, the door opened and they were no longer alone. In the presence of Nurse Timson, Miranda abandoned her attempt to discover whether the fat little refugee from Vienna thought she had a chance to live. If only she could last a few more years, she might see David really begin to . . . he was precocious enough . . .

To retain her nervous strength and will she had to pay the rapacious paralysis at compound interest. Her uncovenanted interview with Charles had exhausted her; and before the end of Dr. Wright's examination, she was fast asleep. Ten minutes had long gone past before he had finished. Nurse Timson looked professionally grave at his expression. The paralysis had crept further up since his visit of three days before. If it advanced at its present rate, within the week she would be unable to digest food. Or it might attack some fresh part of her body, her lungs or her

heart. She might suffer frightful pain, or it could all be over very quickly indeed. It was clear that her legs and those parts of her back which had been lost and won, and lost again, could not be helped back to movement and life. Nurse Timson had read what there was to be read about the disease long ago in her Medical Dictionary. And, although she could not make out the violet spider-writing of Dr. Kremsdorf's report, she was sure that it could bring no hope of long survival for Mrs. Ranken.

Downstairs in the study, Charles waited for the interview which he dreaded. At the end of half an hour, Dr. Wright came in. He handed Charles first of all the specialist's report. Then, without elaboration, he told him that his examination more than confirmed the result of the tests. There was nothing they could do now to control the disease. The last stages were sometimes rapid. Mrs. Ranken might live for weeks; she might be dead in a few days. It was possible that the disease would recede slightly before the end. But for someone like Mrs. Ranken death must be more merciful than years of lying upstairs crippled.

Charles let him say it all. For many weeks now he had suffered Miranda's growing remoteness from him. The idea of her death had become a lonely and detached property in the estate of his feeling. He thanked Wright, and would have let him go; but he found, quite suddenly, that Miranda's death was not truly domesticated in his being; his mind had built an intellectual card-house whose foundations were unsure.

"About David, Wright. Do you think that he should be out of the house? He is exactly the wrong age for all this, a very old eight-year-old. He and his mother, you know . . . if he saw her in pain . . . it would make it worse for her if she knew that he knew . . . he might break up completely."

"If you can arrange for him to go away for a few weeks, and to be with different people, that would be best for him."

DR. WRIGHT left the house at half-past three. Charles sat at his writing-table nearly an hour, staring out of his window across the river to the green bank and the green fields opposite. A noisy punt-load of people passed in pursuit of a duck

family. When they had gone, another party paddled past, drowning the small sounds of summer with a gramophone record of "The Skater's Waltz." Miranda upstairs woke to the tune of the dance; and, in waking, she was seized with the fear that she had no longer the power of sensation or control in any part of her body. She forced herself upright with such violence that she sank back an instant later overcome with nausea.

If the boating-party had been playing the "Dead March," Charles could not have moved. He sat at his writing-table and stared. He sat and stared while the solemn little boy and his Nanny walked across his view along the opposite bank of the river to the bridge. He made no move when they came into the house and walked upstairs. Miranda heard them, though they came up as quietly as funeral mice; and she worked herself into a more comfortable position to be ready for David's gentle tap on her door.

"Come in, darling!" she called, but her voice must have sounded faintly outside the room. He opened the door very softly; and his first words were hardly more than whispered, until he was sure that she was not only sitting up but wide awake.

"Can Nanny and I come in? We've been feeding the ducks. Like this . . ."

He crossed the room, giving his imitation of a duck feeding until his face was within an inch of hers. Then he kissed her.

"Have you, darling? What did you give them?"

"Prisoner's food, bread and water. I asked Cook to let me have some bacon-rind, but she said she hadn't got any. The only good duck for her is a dead duck. I asked her how she would like to live on bread and water like Sir Walter Raleigh had to, and the poor children. I don't believe she's heard of Raleigh, but I suppose she'd heard about the poor children in her nursery like the rest of us."

"What did she say to you then?"

"I'll give you bread sauce, Master David.' Any fool knows that you have apple-sauce with ducks. I told her Nanny knew about Raleigh and the Tower, because I told her about them last week, didn't I, Nan?"

Nanny was relieved of the need to say her lesson by Miranda. Miranda was her kind Providence; and, like Providence, could not wait.

"I wouldn't be surprised if you got sent up a horrid breakfast tomorrow."

"She won't dare send up bacon, else I'll know she told a fib about the rind for the ducks. You only have orange juice, don't you?"

"But you don't want to live like me, do you, David?"

"I do, Mummy. I'd like lots of lovely hair and not to have to get up in the mornings, and be able to read all day. I'll never finish *Gulliver's Travels* if I have to go on watching Daddy and Mr. Redfern play tennis."

"But what about feeding the ducks and going for walks with Nan?"

"Oh, I could watch them as well from the window. And Nan would much rather learn cricket scores and airplanes from Julian Redfern than about Raleigh and Lilliput from me."

"What about Julian Redfern? Do you like him?"

"He's a jolly sight older than me. Takes after his father. Clean as a whistle."

"Tell me what his father is like."

"He is always asking me if I plan to be a Double Blue like Daddy. I expect he wishes he had been one. So does Julian. He says it would be a help at his school."

Bit by bit Miranda pieced together her picture of Mr. Redfern, Mrs. Redfern, Master Redfern and Miss Redfern (safely at Westonbirt), until her Happy Family was complete. David's conversation continued like the stale concoction a pantry-boy makes from the fruit and lees left in the cocktail-glasses upstairs; stale, but strong, for the raw spirit of the alcohol has been sucked up by the fruit. Miranda did not mind the flavor of Nanny or Mr. Redfern or the cricket captain at Julian Redfern's private-school that had been absorbed into her son's speech. Stale and strong, that was her medicine; and she took it.

She learned that David quite liked Julian Redfern's company. Eighteen months' difference in age meant that Julian could tell David of the world of boarding-school and dormitories and mince on Tuesdays. It needed the experience of Julian to teach David the territories of conduct known as "slacking" and "cheek" to the private-schoolmasters who so conscientiously beat their bounds. It needed

the talent of David to retell to Julian the story of Julian's school life and school companions; so that these, which had been alarming and boring in their complications, were made heroic and amusing. David could make the older boy laugh, and was enchanted by his own success. Yet Charles was hardly to be blamed, as Miranda blamed him, for having missed this bond between the two boys, when he had complained of David's unsocialability. Julian was too mistrustful of David's tongue, and David too outwardly indifferent to Julian's allegiance for this bond between them to make a real friendship. In the presence of either's father, the boys kept their distance. However, when Miranda asked David what he felt about a fortnight's sailing on the Broads with the Redferns, he did not take long to make up his mind that he wanted to go. Miranda watched his little old man's face as he gave his old man's reasons; he would have all sorts of new things to talk to her about when he saw her again; he would be company for Julian; and it would be nice for Nanny to have a holiday while the weather was so fine.

So it was all arranged. Charles was delighted that David wished for a pocket-knife as a holiday present; and David went off armed to combat too inquisitive approaches by Lilliputians, or jolly reproaches by Mr. Redfern about landlubbery dreamers who never had a blade to cut a bit of string with. Nanny disappeared to her sister's at Bexhill; and the quiet house by the river, empty now of two pairs of tiptoeing feet, became quieter. Miranda had a friendly letter from Mrs. Redfern after two days: David was looking a lot less pecky; he had really a good color, and showed he had the look of his father; the weather kept gloriously sunny; and, when the wind had shifted from the initial "soldier's breeze," David and Julian had got very excited over tacking. The following day a picture post card of Wroxham arrived from David. There was, to Miranda's surprise, something in it about tacking. Julian had got caught up with the end of the boom as they had gone about, and had fallen in; Mr. Redfern, after rescuing him, had said nothing; but everyone had seen that Julian had been slacking at tacking. Love from David. Censorship by the elder Redferns must be virtually non-existent. Miranda felt more like

rousing herself than she had done for nearly three weeks. She rang her bell for Nurse Timson to open her window wider, and to let in the air which was making the grass bend and the water ripple.

"A nice warm breeze will do you good, I expect."

Nurse Timson was privy to the secret of adopting the patient's ideas. The window needed a jerk to open it beyond the point where it had rested by day for so many weeks. A puff of air lifted the fly of her starched veil, as she gave a downward tug on the sash; and she smacked at the back of her head. She could spill the breeze, but not kill it. It caught at a loose corner of Miranda's sheet, and shifted the weight of her hair on the pillow.

The pages of an open book, too tightly bound to lie flat, were whipped up and flicked one against another in a race to reach the last chapter. Curtains filled and, as their lower edges flew free, lost their wind. Then, with a second corrective jerk, Nurse Timson controlled the blow. Her patient sneezed as the dust of cotton-wool, blankets, and books resettled.

The disturbance was over. Miranda called for writing paper and wrote to her son.

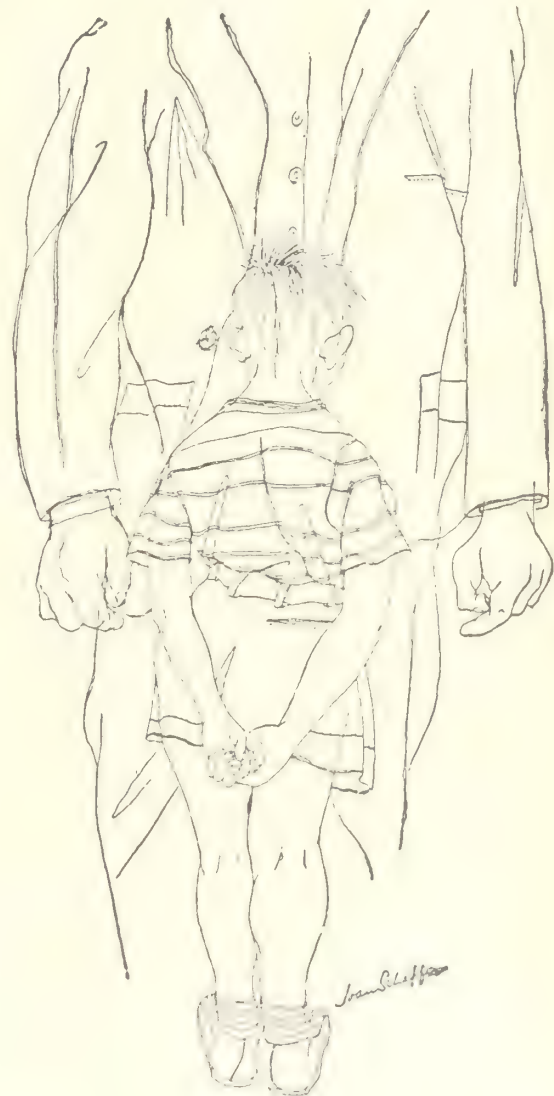
At the end of the week a second post card arrived. "Thank you for your letter. This is the Life, Love from David."

Dr. Wright called that afternoon, and asked after David. She showed him the post card; Charles and Nurse Timson had already seen it; but it was a poor hope that any of them could tell her in what tone of voice it had been written. She felt that she no longer the strength to sit up and write her reply. If she had to dictate her letter, she would wait a day or so. She lay quite still and looked at the sky.

There were no cumulus clouds to watch sailing by, only thin wisps of cirrus very high up and slow to dissolve. She made no protest when Nurse Timson pulled down her blind to protect her eyes from the glare. When Charles came in in the evening, she complained of difficulty in breathing; and he sent again for Dr. Wright who said correctly that the paralysis had not yet attacked her lungs; the pain in breathing was the work of her imagination. But Charles stayed and watched by her bedside all night.

SHE took no food for four days. Then, with a paralyzing cramp at her heart, she died. Nanny returned from her holiday in the heat of that July afternoon, to find, as she crossed the bridge, that the blinds were drawn on both sides of the house. She at once set to work to help her tired master get rid of the interloper, Nurse Timson, and her belongings. She, Timson, having been discharged of her professional duties by Dr. Wright, was packed off to London by the morning train. She was not sorry to get back to what she called base. Charles and Nanny kept on congratulating themselves that no alarming telegram had had to be sent to recall David; the Redfern party were due to return that afternoon.

Charles had had no proper sleep for five nights; and he agreed that he had better not drive the car to the station to meet David.



Nanny should go; and he would wait in his study.

"Bring him straight into the study to see me, Nanny, when you get back from the station."

"How will you tell him, sir? It will break his poor heart, when he hears. I am afraid to see him upset. He is such a quiet, gentle boy, Master David."

"I wish I knew, Nanny. A child's heart really does break."

But they both knew it was useless to discuss the fear that had grown in them for weeks. Like the fatal disease to which it was linked, their fear had crept on; the habit of paralysis had power to spread beyond its original victim. Only if they were fully alive could they bring David through the immediate crisis in his life.

On the way back to the House, David was sadly unforthcoming. Nanny tried to talk to him about his holiday; but her ignorance of the technical terms of sailing made him irritated. Before they had reached the bridge, they had fallen into their habitual silence of approach. They were outside the study door, when Nanny said:

"Your father wants to speak to you in there, Master David."

There was a chair just by the door, in the hall. After David had gone in to his father, Nanny sat down on it and waited; she had her feeling that she might be needed.

"Come in, David my boy. I am glad to have you back again and looking so well. I hope that you've had a good time."

Charles rose to greet him. The blinds were up again, and the room was full of sunshine.

"Yes, thank you, Daddy."

Father and son stood facing each other with expressionless faces.

"And I am glad you remembered to write to your mother."

David nodded.

"David, you didn't get an answer from Mummy to your last post card, did you?"

"No, Daddy, you wrote."

"Mummy couldn't write. Her illness is over, David. It is all over now."

David stood silent and still.

"The doctors couldn't make her get better. So she had to die. Two days ago, David."

David stood silent and still.

"That is why I stopped you from going upstairs to her."

"Yes, Daddy."

"You can go now, David. Up to the nursery, I should . . ."

David walked out into the hall, without noticing that Nanny was still there. She followed him up to the nursery. She had to be at hand when the storm broke inside him. He never turned round, but walked straight across the nursery floor to the window.

"Now," he said quietly, "I can make a noise."

Scientific Discussion—U.S.S.R. Style

MICHURIN's materialist direction in biology is the only acceptable form of science, because it is based on dialectical materialism and on the revolutionary principle of changing Nature for the benefit of the people. Weismannite-Morganist idealist teaching is pseudo-scientific, because it is founded on the notion of the divine origin of the world and assumes eternal and unalterable scientific laws. The struggle between the two ideas has taken the form of ideological class-struggle between socialism and capitalism on the international scale, and between the majority of Soviet scientists and a few remaining Russian scientists who have retained traces of bourgeois ideology, on a smaller scale. There is no place for compromise. Michurinism and Morganoweismannism cannot be reconciled.

—From a statement by the Praesidium of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences, the highest and most powerful scientific authority in Russia, August 26, 1948 (quoted by Julian Huxley in *Nature*, June 18, '49).

Senator Flanders: Intelligent Conservative

C. Hartley Grattan

FROM *Iolanthe* we learn that "Nature always does contrive/That every boy and every gal/That's born into the world alive/Is either a little Liberal/Or else a little Conservative." The anthropologists and psychologists cast doubt on this, the one pointing out that nobody is more conservative than a baby, and the other that man's record shows him far more devoted to routine than innovation over the greater part of his history on this planet. Men are born conservative; they achieve liberalism; and often they relapse into conservatism as they grow older.

But today one cannot be entirely at ease being either. By an odd twist of fate, both the conservatives and the liberals are equally suffering discomfort of spirit, for they feel on the spot. Who or what put them there we shall not pause to discuss. The liberals, being traditionally more articulate, have done a better job of establishing a sense of their crisis in the public mind—they have published more books and articles—but the conservatives are nevertheless enduring shocking difficulties. Count Sforza, who should know, was recently quoted in this magazine as asserting that "to be an intelligent conservative is indeed the most difficult job of all." Not too long ago the *Economist* suggested that only in Britain and America did conservatism retain even

nominal social respectability. If the conservatives roar less about their predicament, they can no longer take themselves for granted.

It has been said sarcastically that a conservative is a liberal with several children and a sound bank account, but there is much more to it than that. Although the writer on Conservatism in the *Encyclopædia of the Social Sciences* alleges that the conservative-as-politician who takes his stance on the status quo usually has an outlook "devoid of philosophical content," he nevertheless goes on to concede that the term "also has a philosophical use and meaning" which "implies a particular *weltanschauung*, such as love of authority and tradition [expressed in] wholly rational conceptual preferences." The two conservative politicians who were also political philosophers and have lately been offered as models for today are Edmund Burke and Prince Metternich, which may give you an idea of the possibilities. For work-a-day Americans they are not too helpful, yet with all the bulk and weight of political conservatism in our history, there is, with the possible exception of Alexander Hamilton, nobody to put beside them; and I am not overlooking the Henry Adams—Cabot Lodge—Theodore Roosevelt association which Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., with wonderful Harvard provincialism, sets

Senator Flanders of Vermont, as a conservative who somehow avoids the vices of the name, is an appropriate subject for Mr. Grattan, whose acute economic comment is rarely partisan.

up as a three-tier conservative straw man in his account of the liberal katzenjammer. Mostly our conservatives in politics have either been spokesmen for special interests of greater or lesser respectability or cool-headed men who have tried to reconcile the claims of tradition and progress on the basis of specific cases.

The best American conservatism is a pragmatic conservatism. Its flights into theory have not been especially memorable. Conservative pragmatism, in my opinion, accounts for much of our political health. Let us see where it brings us out today. I give you Senator Ralph E. Flanders of Vermont.

NO FORMULA quite covers the case of Ralph Flanders, not even the entirely true generalization that he is a business man in politics. Flanders didn't get into politics to put over the business point of view in the narrow sense; he seems to have got into politics because he found from experience that the business point of view wasn't sufficiently comprehensive to give completely satisfactory answers to basic national problems. He discovered some years ago the limitations on what the head of a business can do, even with the best intentions in the world, as long as his power to influence policies and events is confined to what he can do within his own company and local community. This lesson he first learned during the 1920-21 recession, and it was reinforced during the Great Depression. Then he found that he could not of his own efforts generate a demand for the machine tools his company was making, or solve the problems of his employees which were, in their turn, created by his inability to find a market for what they were trained to make. He needed a larger frame of reference. He sought it in two directions: in a study of economic problems and in public service. His interest in economics carried him into research; his interest in public service took him into local, state, regional, and national affairs.

The key to this evolution of a business into a political career is to be found in the kind of mind Flanders has, and back of that is the question of how he got that kind of mind. "My experience has taught me," he has written, "that the unsolved problems [of society] can be solved by those who are willing and able to bring theory and practice together. It

is perfectly clear to me that theory alone and the practical man alone will never get us out of our troubles." He therefore doesn't scorn the theoretician—a common business foible—nor does he vaunt the so-called practical man. Rather he wants them to work together as a team, addressing themselves to the same problem and, by reciprocal action, working out sound policies. Flanders, himself, by great good fortune, combines both the theoretical and the practical approaches in his own person.

II

RALPH FLANDERS was farm-born at Barnet, Vermont, in 1880. His father, also farm-born, was skilled in factory woodworking. When Flanders was a very small boy the family moved to Rhode Island, where the father combined seasonal employment at factory woodworking with subsistence farming. There were nine children in the family, money was always short, and young Flanders had to be satisfied with seven years at an ungraded country school which, however, gave him the equivalent of a high-school education. College was out of the question, for the family needed the boy's help to keep the household going. He was apprenticed to learn the trade of machinist and, completing that in three years, seized the opportunity for eighteen months' training as a draftsman. This he supplemented by a course with the International Correspondence School.

There you have the explanation of his care to balance theory and practice. To advance his career as a machine designer he avidly explored the resources of theory in mechanical engineering, while at the same time he cultivated, of necessity if you like, a practical outlet for it in machine designing. To him the one realm was incomplete without the other. What originated from his fierce desire to get ahead in the world became a settled habit of mind.

The same balance of theory and practice is to be observed throughout his career. After a variety of jobs in machine designing he spent the years 1905-10 on the editorial staff of *Machinery* in New York, using his leisure to improve his background in theory. Then he went with the Fellows Gear Shaper Company at Springfield, Vermont, as an engineer

committed, in his own words, to "solving serious practical problems by the application to them of theoretical knowledge." In 1912 he transferred to the Jones & Lamson Machine Company in the same town as director and manager, with the particular job of developing a promising but thus far unsuccessful automatic lathe. After five years of work he made it a principal product of his company. In 1939 he became president of Jones & Lamson, continuing in that office until 1944. It was while he was with Jones & Lamson that he began to make his public, as distinguished from his professional and business, career and reputation.

Now plenty of men have shown an outstanding capacity for mechanics without exhibiting a comparable talent for dealing with public affairs. In fact the "engineering approach" to public affairs has its distinct limitations and dangers, chief among them being a failure to observe the difference between men and things. Whether Flanders escaped this pitfall because of his experience in management, or because as a New Englander he "always knew" that the management of men is an art distinct from the manipulation of things, is not clear. But what Flanders could and did carry over successfully from one field to the other was a belief in the value of combining theory and practice to solve problems.

It first struck him around 1920 that "there was nothing" of the 'practical' sort that could be done [to relieve local unemployment]. Purely practical solutions were small-scale and hopeless. It was necessary to study underlying causes." So he turned to a study of those causes. He says: "I entered into correspondence with and cultivated the acquaintance of the leading theoretical economists of our country. From them I got a very great deal of insight into some aspects of our great problems, but I realized from the start the handicap these men suffered from their lack of practical experience. My acquaintance with them, however, led to invitations to prepare papers for such societies as the American Economic Association, the Academy of Political Science, and other organizations. Those papers resulted in two or three appointments which opened still further opportunities. . . . My whole endeavor during this time was to make the proper connection between the theoretical and the practical."

Paralleling these developments in his affairs, he moved through a series of offices, most of which gave him an outlet for his passion for the study of concrete difficulties of a social nature. The following will suggest his exceptional range:

Member of Vermont Special Milk Investigation Committee

Member for Vermont of the Interstate Flood Commission

Member of Vermont State Planning Board
Vice Chairman of the Business Advisory Council, Department of Commerce

Member of the Industrial Advisory Board, NRA

Member of the Economic Stabilization Board
Chairman, Research Committee, Committee for Economic Development

President, Federal Reserve Bank of Boston
United States Senator from Vermont.

III

IT is not Flanders' emphasis on the practical that distinguishes him from a dozen or fifteen other intelligent conservatives in the Senate; it is his passion for research and his unusual respect for theory. In many respects he is as keen about research as any academician, though he differs from many of them in his insistence that it issue in practical results. He says that researchers are a special breed of men, wonderfully diligent, incredibly ingenious; but he also says that if they are left to themselves they will research to a fare-thee-well and never come up with anything exactly useful. As a thorough-going pragmatist, Flanders doesn't like this. He wants conclusions that can be translated into policies that work, that make a difference. His attitude toward theory is all of a piece with his attitude toward research. He seems to look upon theory as a way of approach to problems that allows one to cut a clean swath through a buzzing confusion of particulars to what is presumably the heart of the matter in hand; but he also realizes that theory, if left to itself, can take one very far away from realities. So theorists must be brought into intimate contact with researchers who will confront them with the facts. And then both theorists and researchers must be brought to the real point of their operations by defending their results before pragmatic policy makers. Flanders says he always applies two tests to a proposed

policy or bill which embodies it: Is it honest? Will it work?

How he thinks collaboration between theorists, researchers, and policy makers should be carried on he once outlined in homely fashion to a Senate Committee in describing how he ran the CED research.

A committee of business men in conference with the staff and the advisory committee lays out a series of problems which seem to be of importance so far as concerns this central problem of expanding productive employment. Each one of these separate problems is assigned to a scholar or an expert picked by the staff, who writes a monograph on the subject. We assure him full academic freedom in the writing of the monograph, but there is a catch to it, because the poor devil has to report what he is doing from time to time to the business men and the advisory board and members of the staff; and I think most of the scholars who have worked on our monographs have come out of that ordeal in a heavy sweat. I am sure that the rest of us have, too. It is a sweating process.

It has been interesting that in that process of discussing the work of the specialist two or three times previous to getting it finally into documentary form, the specialist himself and the business men and I have sometimes thought, though I am not sure of this, that even some members of the staff come to change their opinions somewhat. It is a beautiful process of adult education, and it does not finally mean that either the committee of business men or the advisory board or the author or the staff have all come to full agreement, because we have not. But I am sure that the ultimate monograph is far better for that long-continued process which may extend over months; and certainly the committee of business men knows a whale of a lot more that it did when it started on the process.

The book is published, and it is published on the responsibility of the scholar himself. He is ultimately responsible for everything in it.

The research committee takes upon itself the responsibility, after this monograph has been written, and after going through this process of education, of preparing a policy report for which it alone is responsible. The committee of business men is wholly responsible for this policy report. That is the concrete and ultimate product

of the processes of this research committee. However, that policy report has to run the gantlet of the advisory board, the social scientists, and the staff in just the same way as the original fellow writing the monograph did. It has to run the gantlet and is changed in the process; but we finally come out with something, I think, that has been more toilsomely conceived than anything else that has ever come from a group of business men; and I am confident that those toilsome processes are of value in giving a fairly firm foundation for the conclusions we have come to.

FLANDERS' interest in theory and research does not make him a conservative, of course. We all know that theorists and researchers can on occasion be flaming liberals or frenetic radicals. Nor does Flanders' pragmatism make him conservative. His conservatism is rooted in his background—chiefly in his striking success in seizing the opportunities which life offered him after a relatively indifferent start. Flanders feels that there is every reason to cherish a social order that has produced good results in the past. The task today is to take such actions as will insure its future. And since opportunities offered and taken by Flanders account for his success, there is no mystery in the fact that his central doctrine is equality of opportunity, not equality of economic condition. This point of view influences his approach to all the great social issues of the day.

He is for full employment. He testified in favor of a bill to lay down a national employment policy before he became a Senator. Now he is a member of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report and takes a most sympathetic view of the Council of Economic Advisers and its staff of theoreticians and researchers. But he is completely hostile to the kind of full employment advocate who leans toward a closely controlled economy. Flanders does not want full employment by that method at all. He wants the job opportunities needed to be "productive and free." He is so concerned with freedom that he includes in it the right not to work—or not to work steadily—as well as the right to have a chance at productive work. "You would not want to make a man work who desires to go fishing," says Flanders. Nevertheless he feels strongly that there is a public obligation to

protect honest, hard-working men from victimization by economic forces quite outside the control of themselves, their employers, and their community leaders.

If the details were important it would be possible to set out a step by step record of Flanders' progress from that day in 1920-21 when he decided that the unemployment problem could not be solved by action in Springfield, Vermont, to the moment when he decided that it required national action, not through central planning, but by a recognition of common responsibility by business, farming, labor, and the other great interests, all assisted by appropriate policies and legislation of the federal government. Here is Flanders' summary of his position:

The man or woman out of work has the right to expect that all responsible elements of society, and particularly the government, will use all appropriate and effective means to assist his own best efforts in finding productive and profitable work.

The Flanders attitude might well be summed up as *welfare through opportunity*. This is the opposite of welfare through the redistribution of wealth. The thing to do, he argues, is to see to it that everybody has an equal chance to run a good race, not to tamper with the traditional rules of the race. A dozen years ago he wrote: "Demand the workers' real rights—not an equality of ownership or of income, but as near an equality of opportunity for skill and diligence as can be incorporated into our social organism. . . ." If this involves a federal employment policy, Flanders is quite willing to go along. If it also involves federal legislation to deal with housing, health, and education, Flanders is willing to go along too, but not with programs based on the idea of redistributing wealth. He wants the legislation to be aimed at increasing the citizens' ability to deal with these matters themselves—to open up new opportunities for self-help, as by releasing money from taxation if spent to support private efforts in these fields.

This position is rooted in the nineteenth-century American interpretation of the good old phrase, "All men are created equal." It is therefore strongly traditional, and his willingness to support it through modern innovations is profoundly conservative in the truest sense. That the liberals and radicals have

moved far beyond the nineteenth-century formulation is neither here nor there. We are not talking about their positions; we are trying to establish the position of an intelligent conservative.

FLANDERS is the kind of conservative who wants an open, progressive society. He is against all versions of restrictionism—the philosophy of a little less—whether of work or product, whether practiced by trade unionists or business men. He believes that the way to have more is to produce more. During the New Deal days he was strongly opposed to the idea of cutting down production to "improve conditions." When he says that he is convinced that the business men of Britain helped bring socialism on themselves, he means that the passion for restrictionist policies—cartels, price rings, and so on—that swept England between the wars led inexorably to socialism. He says to business:

Work toward an expanding standard of living and for an increasing opportunity therefrom

Accept business risk; live dangerously where danger has been carefully appraised. Accept and meet competition by business ability applied to survival on the basis of fitness to render service—in brief, compete by providing more and better goods at lower prices.

Seek no escape from competition by agreements and understandings that raise prices and diminish output.

Avoid all fraud and the exercise of the power of size or wealth as a competitive weapon. Welcome laws that punish such unjust and arbitrary acts.

Learn the salutary lesson that an industry which will not compete demands governmental supervision.

Seek business profit alone—beware of speculative profit derived from the attempt to discount the impossible earnings of an imaginary future.

Never forget for a moment that the real interests of the business group cannot be served without serving the interests of labor, agriculture, and all other self-respecting groups as well.

Essentially this is a demand that business live up to its well-advertised shibboleths. Its only novelty is that Flanders really believes it. It is intensely conservative doctrine.

IV

FLANDERS in action is not a theatrical spectacle. Not for him the sweeping gestures, the dramatic rhetorical questions, the carefully calculated purple passages, of the politician-as-actor. He is not a very fluent extemporaneous speaker and in his formal written work he is dry, showing greater interest in making points than in dressing them up. The only relief he employs is a puckish humor. His remarks (at least at hearings) are apt to be as ragged as those of the next fellow, as repetitive and marred by popular and technical jargon. But he gets to his point, for he always knows what it is.

His appearance is against any latent temptation he may suffer to *act* the statesman (as against his obvious wish to be one, if he can manage it). You might well pass him in a crowd and never remark him at all. His height must be around five foot seven, his figure is of a moderate plumpness, his face not at all arresting. He dresses to match his native inconspicuousness. To be sure he has a good brow, accentuated by his baldness (which also is not spectacular), but the lower part of his face lacks notable distinction. His short, gray mustache is like many another short, gray mustache. What finally arrests your attention is his eyes and, when he brings them into play, his hands.

His eyes, obscured behind glasses with old-fashioned gold rims and bows, are eyes that peer, whether from nearsightedness or from a habit established by looking closely into numberless machines, only rather personal questioning would reveal. Maybe it is a bit of both. The result, anyhow, is that he looks at men and things as do those who have spent endless days doing "fine work" until in the end they peer intently whether the occasion really requires it or not. In a way there is something symbolical about Flanders' peculiar way of looking out at you through his glasses; he wants, it implies, to know in detail—he wants to *see*—what it is all about. His hands—large, well-formed, with strong, blunt fingers—complement his eyes. They appear to be hands that have done things themselves, have manipulated things to practical ends times innumerable, but which have no native affinity for papers and pens, though these too

they can handle if useful to attain clearly perceived ends.

But the inescapable fact is that it is how Flanders goes at things that makes him an interesting conservative. I have quoted his account of how he worked as chairman of research for CED. This did not illustrate, however, his great care to get things straight and thoroughly understood as well as some passages from hearings in which he has participated.

As a member of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report he was chairman of a special inquiry into corporate profits held late in 1948. Here he is conscientiously getting a point straight:

MR. RUSS NIXON, United Electrical Radio and Machine Workers (CIO): Our standard of living has fallen 13 per cent since 1944

SENATOR FLANDERS: Can you make that comparison with 1944 while prices were held down artificially and yet you could not get the stuff? I raise the question as to whether the actual standard of living was the same as the statistical figure for it.

MR. NIXON: Well, of course, we only have prices for things that people were buying then.

SENATOR FLANDERS: But if you could get them, you could do more than I could.

MR. NIXON: The cost-of-living index doesn't have to do with automobiles.

SENATOR FLANDERS: Does it have to do with, ordinarily, white shirts? I could not get them.

MR. NIXON: Workers don't wear white shirts as much as you do, sir, but they bought shirts, and it has to do with shirts. It has to do with clothing and food.

SENATOR FLANDERS: Could they get as much meat as they want now and are getting now?

MR. NIXON: Well, of course, working people aren't buying as much meat.

SENATOR FLANDERS: I think that you are using an artificial reference point.

MR. NIXON: Well, it is a pretty valid statistical conception to say what is the real value of an income at a given price level, and it is about as standard a method of economic comparison as I know.

SENATOR FLANDERS: You see, what was happening in 1944 was that people could not spend their money for the standard of living statistically possible, and in consequence that money was going very fortun-

ately into savings bonds. We did not enjoy the statistical standard of living in 1944.

BUT if he can seek carefully to correct, or clarify, a point of view he believes to be mistaken, he can also agree wholeheartedly when a witness makes a point with which he is in accord:

MR. DONALD MONTGOMERY, Chief of Washington Office, CIO: We think the income tax is a good tax, and we are very much disturbed by the discussion of the need for excises, once these income taxes had been cut.

SENATOR FLANDERS: Do you mind my agreeing with you completely on that point of view?

MR. MONTGOMERY: Yes: I think that you and I agree on many things.

SENATOR FLANDERS: I think we made a mistake on the tax bill. I voted for it on one of the very rare occasions in which I voted for the sake of party regularity. I regretted it while I was doing it, and I have regretted it since. And I also agree with you that excise taxes—I suppose you take the position that I do—are grossly unfair in that they tend to fall heaviest on those least able to pay for them.

MR. MONTGOMERY: That is correct.

That he incidentally got a remarkable tribute from the CIO spokesman is worth noting—it fits in with the unsolicited endorsement of him by the Vermont CIO when he ran for the Senate in 1946—but it did not come because he plays labor's game. He plays his own game. It is a game that has the general welfare—labor's along with everybody else's—firmly planted at its center.

On the one hand it can lead him to ask Mr. M. E. Coyle, Executive Vice President of General Motors Corporation, this pointed question:

You represent, I suppose, the greatest economic empire in the world, and it has not grown, in my judgment, by unfair competition, it has not grown by the holding of limited natural resources, and it has grown, so far as my knowledge and judgment goes, simply by good business management and open competition.

If we add to the General Motors operations the Du Pont operations, with which they have some sort of tenuous financial connection, you have the biggest set of busi-

ness operations that the human race has ever seen. You are still working efficiently, and it looks as if you were still going to grow and grow and grow.

I cannot conceive, from what I look at, by and large—I do not mean the individual situations, the individual instances and individual mistakes—I do not see but what you have grown fairly and in the service of the public. Yet your history pre-eminently, and that of other large companies to a less degree, seems to be leading us into an economy of great economic empires, and that poses problems with which this Congress will ultimately have to deal in ways which I cannot foresee at the present moment. Does the responsibility of your company for this situation ever keep you awake nights? I think perhaps you can answer that one.

Mr. Coyle couldn't, or at least didn't although he talked at considerable length, coming up in the end with the observation that what would keep *him* awake nights would be signs of shrinkage in G.M.'s size!

ON THE other hand, Flanders' probing curiosity can lead him to peer into a mystery very near the other end of the economic scale:

When we were discussing the housing bill in the first session and the second session of the Eightieth Congress, as perhaps you know, I supported public housing; but all of the time the thing which fundamentally worried me was: Why are there so many people with such low incomes that they cannot afford to pay economic rent? It seemed to me that we ought to know more about who they are, and how many there are, and what kind of industries they are working in, and where they are, and what is the cause for these unsocially low incomes of people who cannot pay their way.

I have had no success in finding out very much about these people. The only figures which I have been able to get, aside from figures on taxable income—which is another thing and which is, of course, available in the records of the Department of Internal Revenue—are some recent studies of the Federal Reserve Board. I do not know the process by which they are assembled, but I assume that it is done with some statistical competence. They report that, using \$5,000 a year as the separation point, 60 per cent

of the income went to people below \$5,000 and 40 per cent went to those above.

I asked for the figures for \$10,000 income and was told that that was not available, but that they did have the \$7,500 income basis. Those above \$7,500, on the basis of that calculation, received 24 per cent of the income, and those below \$7,500 received 76 per cent.

I am sorry that we do not seem to have available more extensive or better figures, but those were the best that I was able to get

It is characteristic of him that he later decided to go into this matter as thoroughly as possible and at some length. Shortly he will take part in hearings on the question. No doubt he will find out all that can be found out about these people at the bottom of the income pyramid—the people once dramatically described by a man of quite different temperament as ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed. That Flanders should want to get into this vexed question is remarkable enough, but that he should as a conservative want to do so is what makes him a distinctive personality.

V

THE most puzzling problem confronting a true conservative is how to achieve a happy balance between his powerful impulse to conserve what he has inherited from the past and his far less active impulse to launch innovations which will help adapt what is admirable in the past to the necessities of the present. His danger is that as his arteries harden he will, even though he has once supported intelligent innovations, degenerate into stand-pattism, and from there relapse into reaction. Many conservatives lose all sense of the fact that truly to conserve one

must adapt institutions to the changing times. The company that conservatives ordinarily keep, especially in politics, makes it hard for them to keep track of what is really going on in the world. Conservatives often inspire heated opposition not because they have a low I.Q. but because their views are notable chiefly for their irrelevancy: they don't even understand what the problems are and hence they do not put up pertinent arguments against the policies which liberals and radicals have evolved to deal with them. They iterate, reiterate, and re-iterate their principles, but they never get to the nub of the question at issue: what honest policy will do the work that must be done? Principles that frustrate constructive action will inevitably be ignored. Antiquity is no argument against sound wisdom, but irrelevancy can make it hopelessly ineffective.

Flanders has fortified himself against many of the vices of conservatism by his keen interest in theory and research. His career has further fortified him against the specious appeal of stand-pattism and the escapist romance of reaction. He knows what the issues are and if his answers sometimes displease the impatient liberals and the intolerant radicals, they must nevertheless always command respect from people of independent mind, whatever their predilections. No more can be asked of, or by, a conservative in these incredibly disordered times. It is more than most of them get, or deserve.

"I told a fellow once," Flanders has remarked, "that I was willing to be called a Tory, but not a Bourbon." If in his seventieth year he shows no signs of Bourbonism and professes a profound distaste for it, the chances are pretty good that he will, to the bitter end, maintain his position as a conservative who is also, please God, intelligent.

How To Save Lives in Traffic

Bruce Bliven

THE whole nation mourned when Margaret Mitchell, author of *Gone with the Wind*, was struck down by a speeding taxi on Peachtree Street, Atlanta, receiving injuries from which she subsequently died. But it remained for Ned Dearborn, president of the National Safety Council, to make the most pertinent comment.

The driver who struck Miss Mitchell, Dr. Dearborn pointed out, had twenty-two previous traffic violations, several of them serious, on his record. If the state of Georgia had been properly alert, this man's driver's license would long ago have been permanently canceled, and Miss Mitchell would be alive today. The taxi-man did not intend to kill the famous author, and was driving no more recklessly than he had done on numerous previous occasions. It would seem, therefore, that the public officials should at least share the blame with the man behind the wheel.

In saying that Miss Mitchell's life could probably have been saved if Georgia had tried hard enough, I am talking by the book. Saving lives in traffic is already pretty much of an exact science, and is becoming more of one every day. Its principles are now so well known that traffic engineers can go into any city and tell you, with startling accuracy, just what percentage reduction can be made in

traffic fatalities if the engineers are given a free hand.

They made such a prediction about five years ago, when they went to work in Los Angeles, then one of the most dangerous cities in the country in which to use the streets, as it is now one of the safest. They said in advance that they would be able to cut the fatalities 40 or 45 per cent; the figure for the first year was 41.7. They made a similar prediction about a year ago, when they went to work in Chicago. They said traffic accidents would come down about 50 per cent, and a year later, almost exactly that figure had been achieved. They have done the same in Detroit, and many other places.

How are the engineers able to predict with such surprising accuracy when every accident would seem on its face to result from a group of unforeseeable circumstances arising almost instantaneously? The answer is, of course, the law of averages. Accident patterns tend to repeat themselves in an endless sequence; the experts know that, given a sufficient degree of provocation, the average driver will do something reckless. For a simple example: after following a slow-moving truck up a winding mountain road for a long enough period of time, most people reach the point at which they will try to pass under conditions they

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would have considered too dangerous only ten minutes earlier. An extra lane at that point, even a couple of hundred yards long, to let the accumulated passenger traffic get by the truck, may earn its cost, in lives and property damage, in a single year.

The experts also know that a large proportion of all accidents are the work of repeaters, like the man who was responsible for the death of Miss Mitchell. The accident rate of these people can in most cases be reduced somewhat by careful, intensive training; but it is doubtful whether they can ever be turned into really careful drivers. Psychiatrists now say that these repeaters are the victims of serious personality defects: something in their past lives, perhaps dating back to very early childhood, has made them reckless, impatient, overaggressive, prone to defy authority even in the form of a stop sign or a cautionary light.

II

WHAT are the specific principles which enable traffic engineers to predict with such astonishing accuracy what will result from an attack on the accident problem in any community? The first is, as suggested, that nearly all accidents are psychological in origin, and not mechanical. For example, 84 per cent of all the vehicles involved in fatal accidents are found to be in good condition. And even in the other 16 per cent, more than half the time the defects are in brakes, lights, or tires, most of which the driver probably knows about; the fact that he goes on driving anyhow, and kills or injures himself or someone else, makes even these accidents come under the heading of those in which there is a strong psychological factor. (We must not forget, of course, that in a large proportion of all accidents involving two drivers, one of them is innocent of any wrongdoing.)

Until very recently, the most common of all fatal accidents was one in which a car strikes a pedestrian, with collision of two or more vehicles coming second, and non-collision accidents third. In 1948, however, for which complete figures have just been made available, collisions among vehicles took first place, killing 10,100. Deaths among pedestrians numbered 9,850 and deaths from non-

collision accidents, 8,850. Among accidents which do not involve a collision, the most common is running off the road or turning over on it. (Contrary to what you may think, drivers run off a straight road at least as often as they run off a curve.) Motor vehicles struck by trains took 1,492 lives in 1948, collisions with fixed objects took 1,000, and collisions between motor vehicles and bicycles, 500.

The psychological factor is not confined to the driver of the car. Among pedestrians killed, 64 per cent, according to official records, were where they had no business to be (compiling these records, of course, begins in most cases after the pedestrian is dead, and unable to tell his side of the story). The death rate in automobile accidents goes up markedly at night, or when vision is obscured for any other reason; in one-fifth of such cases, the driver's vision was reduced by darkness, dazzle, rain, snow, sleet, or fog. One pedestrian in four, among those killed, has been drinking, and of the drivers involved in such accidents, one in five. ("Drinking" usually means that enough alcohol has been imbibed in the previous few hours to impair the faculties; in most parts of the country, if you were to stop any hundred cars on the highway in the late afternoon or early evening of any given day, you would find that about 50 of the drivers had had at least one drink.)

Physical defects of drivers are not an important factor in fatal accidents; only about 2 per cent of those involved in such accidents have serious limitations of eyesight or hearing. Of pedestrians killed, on the other hand, 11 per cent had had some serious physical defect.

Speeding is of course the number-one cause of fatal accidents, being a factor in 25 per cent of the total. Twelve per cent involve cars on the wrong side of the road (passing on a curve, or attempting to pass in too limited space). If you add in the drivers who for any other reason did not have the right of way, the percentage goes up to 18. Three, four, or five per cent of the drivers are known or believed to have been asleep at the wheel. (Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was involved in a minor collision not long ago because of nodding off, and her driver's license was temporarily suspended.) The facts revealed in regard to fatal accidents are matched in about the same proportions in non-fatal ones.

NOWHERE does the psychological factor in automobile accidents reveal itself more clearly than in relation to accidents by teen-age drivers, which are so numerous that someone has coined the word "teenicide." Nearly one in every three fatal accidents involves a driver under twenty-five years of age. Sixteen-year-olds (according to a careful survey in several cities) have *nine times as many* accidents as do people of forty-five to fifty, in proportion to their numbers.

The most serious single cause is deeply embedded in the social mores; the teen-age driver thinks it is smart to be reckless, and so do his companions, male or female.

By now you have probably heard of the game sometimes called "Chicken," which is being played in many parts of the Southwest. There are several variations, but perhaps the commonest is that in which an old jalopy is loaded with youngsters of high-school age, and starts down the road at fair speed with no one touching the wheel. Gradually, of course, it moves toward one side of the road or the other and toward trouble of some sort—a collision or going into the ditch. The passenger who can't stand it any longer, and seizes the wheel is called "chicken," and laughed at for his timidity. Speeding, reckless passing, refusal to give the right of way, all take a heavy toll of the teen-agers, many of whose cars are of course in the worst possible condition.

The remarkable and encouraging fact is that it is not at all difficult to change the attitude of these youngsters when any community takes the trouble to do so. In city after city, accidents among teen-age drivers *have been reduced 50 to 85 per cent* as the result of such training. Their safety record is then substantially higher than that of grown-ups who have not had this training. This is also true of children as pedestrians, after they have been indoctrinated for caution, even though they may answer a question as did a six-year-old in Washington, D. C. who reported that "a pedestrian crossing is a place where you can cross and get killed with safety."

While the movement to teach safe driving to the young people is making rapid headway, it still has a long way to go. Two million boys and girls every year become old enough to drive, and a majority of them get behind the wheel. Of the country's 25,000 secondary

schools, 4,346 in 1949 offered courses in the safe and skillful operation of an automobile. Our comparative indifference to this matter does not make very good sense. Traffic accidents cost the United States \$2,800,000,000 a year, or about \$75 per family. Proper training in how to drive costs on the average \$30 per pupil. In other words, we could train every high-school boy and girl, with an ultimate saving of 50 per cent or more of all accidents, for one-fiftieth of what accidents are now costing.

III

WHAT happens when the traffic experts move in on any community, with a pledge that if they are given a free hand, traffic fatalities will be reduced about 50 per cent? There is a standard set of about five routine operations, as follows:

(1) They study the police records of past accidents to learn what points in the city are most dangerous, and at what times of day.

(2) They then begin studies in the effort to solve each of these situations separately. Sometimes this means installing traffic lights or stop signs or, in the case of very heavy traffic, an over- or under-pass. It may involve substituting buses or trackless trolleys for streetcars which can only be boarded by cutting across a stream of motor traffic. It may mean things as simple as painting more white lines on the pavement, or clearing away shrubbery or trees on a vacant lot which obstruct visibility at an intersection.

(3) The traffic experts will find out whether automobile driving is taught in the high schools. If not, they will do their utmost to see that such courses are introduced as widely as possible.

(4) They will also see to it that all school children, down to the very youngest, are given instructions in safe pedestrianism. We often forget that even a six-year-old, if he is allowed to go out into the streets unaccompanied, must exercise the full responsibility of an adult in finding his way safely across the street.

(5) Next, the experts will co-operate in a city-wide safety campaign, to reach every individual, of whatever age, and to be conducted with all the verve of a bond drive in wartime. These campaigns are put over with charac-

teristic American bounce and vigor. For instance:

There is now an annual national Traffic Safety Contest, in which scores of cities compete; last year, Wilmington, Delaware, and Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, were tied for first place.

The automobile dealers have loaned the schools 3,000 cars for training purposes.

The Inter-Industry Safety Committee (representing automobile and tire manufacturers) has distributed a million copies of a "man-to-man" and "dad-to-daughter" good-driver agreement, under which the teen-age member of the family promises in writing to obey a specified list of eight safe driving measures. Since this list, compiled by experts with care and thought, is about as good a charter for the open road as you are likely to see, it is worth quoting. It says:

I, ———, being a licensed driver, do hereby agree with my father, ———, man-to-man, as follows:

That if he will from time to time permit me to drive the automobile that is registered in his name, as in his judgment and discretion he may deem proper, I do promise:

(1) That knowing insofar as the law is concerned, my acts in using the car are the acts of my father, I will try to drive it as carefully and cautiously as he does; and

(2) That because I am fully aware of the risks involved in driving after drinking, I will not allow the car to be driven by anyone who has been drinking any form of intoxicating liquor while the car is in my charge; and

(3) That I fully realize the car is not a plaything but a machine which has power to kill and to injure, and I will not try to show off with it;

(4) That I will not drive it at any time in excess of the agreed speed limits specified on any city street or over fifty miles per hour on open highways;

(5) That I will slow down and look both ways at all intersections even though I may have the right of way;

(6) That I will not race with other cars regardless of how much of a temptation it might be to do so;

(7) That I will not attempt to drive if I feel sleepy;

(8) That I will obey all signs, street and highway markings, signal lights, and other traffic regulations.

Some of the local campaigns to reduce the accident toll have shown a picturesque imagination. In Fort Worth, Texas, a group of blind men with seeing-eye dogs walked through the downtown streets; each carried a sign: "We watch where we are going—why don't you?" Indianapolis sent a prowler-car cruising the streets, equipped with microphone and loud speaker. Any driver doing something wrong was startled by a huge booming voice, seeming to come from nowhere in particular, telling him: "Hey, you in the blue sedan! Don't you know you can't make a U turn on this street?" Several cities have put up "tombstones" at the side of the road wherever fatal accidents have taken place. Judges in traffic courts sometimes sentence reckless drivers to visit the morgue and see the end result of carelessness on the road. A number of towns have forced dilapidated old cars off the streets and have burned them in a mammoth municipal bonfire, with appropriate speeches by city officials.

Training people in safe driving is of course only half the battle. Road conditions which encourage accidents must also be ameliorated. There is a stretch of thirteen miles on U.S. Route 66 in Kansas on which eighteen fatal accidents occurred in only four years. It would probably have been cheaper, even in terms of property damage for that length of time, to eliminate the conditions causing the accidents—to say nothing of the cost in human lives.

TRAFFIC experts have a list of the reforms needed to make their efforts effective. Here are some of its main points:

Better training for law enforcement officials. To handle traffic successfully is a complicated matter. It is not a job for an untrained person, who can make things worse by his well-meant but mistaken efforts. (As everyone ought to know by now, the unfixable traffic ticket is a *sine qua non* for any successful safety campaign.)

Better licensing of drivers. There is still one state where no license is needed to operate a car. In many others, the routine is perfunctory. Only a few states require a report on such things as epilepsy or drug addiction, which may affect the ability to drive safely. No state, as yet, requires frequent renewed examinations of the elderly, although after

sixty the accident rate turns sharply upward.

Better licensing of vehicles. Thirty-three states still fail to require periodic inspection of cars.

Better analysis and use of accident records. The records gathered, in a routine way, by the police department of every community are a gold mine of information which only too often remains untapped. From such records city officials can learn, as already suggested, what places, and what types of places, in the city are most frequently the scene of an accident, and the respective importance of time of day, weather conditions, and condition of the vehicles. Sometimes the chief usefulness of the expert called in from the outside is that he has, and is willing to be guided by, experience in many other places.

Reasonable restrictions on motorists. Speed limits and other restrictions should be such as will seem fair and reasonable to the majority of motorists. Nebraska, for example, had a speed limit in certain areas of 25 miles an hour which was universally ignored, with a resulting high accident rate. When the speed limit was increased to 40, the slow drivers—who cause many accidents—speeded up. At the same time, the fast drivers, who had been ignoring the speed limit, slowed down.

The same principle holds good in regard to traffic lights or boulevard stop signs which drivers consider unnecessary. In St. Joseph, Missouri, there was a boulevard stop sign which was frequently disregarded—so much so that when the head of the local traffic patrol saw a driver stop at the sign, he pulled up beside him and expressed his appreciation.

"Mister," said the exemplary driver, "I better be honest. I just ran out of gas."

Uniform control of traffic. It goes without saying—or should—that traffic controls of every kind should be uniform in all parts of the country. There are no problems that are peculiar to any one area—which is why the experts can predict with accuracy the results of safety measures. Yet at present we are as far as possible from this situation. Some areas use green and red traffic lights only; others use an amber cautionary light, or a bell, or a lighted transparency, or a painted wooden signal which drops into sight, or any combination of these things. Even hand signals for stoppings or turning left or right vary according to local custom. It is clearly ridiculous

that a solid white line down the middle of the road should mean "do not pass" in one state and "safe to pass" in its neighbor.

Overlapping authority is also a source of confusion and inefficiency. Norman Damon of the Automotive Safety Foundation once remarked that a driver whose car had a broken headlight, traveling 115 miles from Appleton, Wisconsin, to Madison, would be subject to arrest by forty-one separate enforcement agencies in thirty-seven separate jurisdictions.

Better highways. Improvement of highways is an important part of the safety campaign. Blind intersections, too sharp curves, too steep hills, unseparated railroad crossings, produce a staggering annual toll. It will of course take many years and many billions of dollars to fit our antiquated highway system to the needs of the motor car. Modern expressways have three to six times fewer fatalities than do ordinary two-lane roads. The minimum requirements for such expressways are divided traffic, with not fewer than two lanes or more than three in each direction, deceleration lanes, separated intersections, and planting of shrubs, or the use of some other device, to cut down on the dazzle from oncoming headlights.

Better car design. The relationship between car design and frequency of accident is the subject of sharp controversy. Some experts say that modern cars have poor visibility and are difficult to control. Certainly many hundreds of lives could be saved every year if all cars were equipped with polaroid headlights and windshields, safety belts like those in airplanes, and soft rubber dashboards to cut down the damage done to the occupant of "the suicide seat"—on the driver's right. Car manufacturers reply that the design of present-day vehicles is in response to public taste. Some new cars do have rubber sheathing for the dashboard, and the window area has been increased in recent years, which should give better driver vision.

THERE is no need to wring our hands about the traffic toll in this country. Serious as is the situation, the death and injury rate per car mile are going down, and have decreased 50 per cent in the past twenty years. While 32,000 people lose their lives each year, another 32,000 are saved who would

have been killed if the rate of 1930 had not been cut, partly because of the unflagging efforts of a few hundred men and women who work unceasingly to drive home the necessity of safety measures. Congestion will continue to grow; the number of car miles will con-

tinue to climb; but there is every reason to think that the number of fatalities will keep on going down, relatively and absolutely, as more of us learn how to apply what is definitely known about the saving of lives in traffic.

A Portrait of the Artist

For Katherine Anne Porter

WILLIAM ABRAHAMS

REMEMBER her as an artist, also; not merely as you see her now: blue-silver hair, the delicate fine-boned face, the enormous eyes, and the voice like a bird's, darting from branch to branch of memory.

She says, "In the South, when I was a girl, to be a Beauty you had to be tall and slender, with glossy black hair, black as a raven's wing. You had to have a 'good seat' on a horse, and you must not be clever, not too clever or too interesting. To be a Beauty was a vocation. Otherwise you studied Latin and taught it later at a seminary, or became a campaigner for women's rights, or ran away, as far as New York, hoping to God you were an artist."

And it occurs to you, but you keep silent, that even now she is not aware of her great beauty, but is haunted still—

by a tall slender girl with hair as black and glossy as a raven's wing, who danced all night, surrounded by beaux demanding waltzes, and at dawn, alone, mounted a horse and rode lickety-split under crape-myrtle and bearded oak, as if she could thus escape her strange vocation—

as if it mattered.

Why Communists Are Valuable

Gerald W. Johnson

DAVID HARUM enunciated the striking theory that perhaps a reasonable number of fleas are good for a dog, in that they may keep him from thinking about being a dog.

If David is too abrupt for your taste, consider that he was only restating the medical theory of the employment of vesicants as anti-phlogistics, the principle of the counter-irritant, which undoubtedly has some validity. Mr. Harum's theory is cited here to sustain the thesis that the American Communist party has had a very definite educational and moral value to the ordinary American since the year 1917.

This thesis will be challenged instantly, earnestly, and widely. To millions of Americans who can understand how Russian communism came to be, although they have no sympathy with it, the very existence of an American Communist party is without explanation or excuse. Daily observation has convinced them that the consistent effort of the American Communist party has been to disseminate anything but truth, so they perceive no educational value in it. They have observed that the customary method of the party is that of the double-cross, so they can see no moral value in it. They argue, very plausibly, that an organization which is, as far as they can see, reasonless, truthless, and faithless is bound to be valueless.

But in so arguing they miss the point. The beneficial effect is not necessarily a property

of the article itself, but lies in the reaction that its stimulus produces. Cantharides is a deadly poison, but a plaster made of that poison has been used to good effect against conditions that would yield to nothing less violent. If the American public were to swallow communism, its goose would be cooked, as certainly as that of a man who would swallow cyanide; but hitherto it has been applied externally, and there is much reason to believe that its application has helped. At least it has reduced certain swollen and congested complacencies, and in so doing it may have eliminated some dangerous foci of infection.

Two instances come to mind at once. The communist attack on race prejudice may be utterly insincere, but it has been utterly violent, and its violence has focused attention on that carbuncle of the body politic. The communist infiltration into labor unions has been the sharpest of spurs to labor leaders who might otherwise incline to be at ease in Zion with their twenty-five-thousand-dollar salaries. We think more about oppressed minorities than we would without the communists. Labor leaders work harder and think faster than they would without the communists. These are benefits that the existence of this party has conferred upon us.

There are corresponding disadvantages, to be sure. One of the most conspicuous is the fact that the existence of this small group has

Gerald W. Johnson, who argued in our September issue that "democracy" is not responsible for all human good, here holds that the effects of "communism" are not always evil.

made the United States a very heaven for a regiment of parasites. Hordes of shrewd fellows constitutionally averse to labor have been and are now living in Byzantine luxury on the millions poured out by terrified rich men for protection against the communists. These range from plug-uglies hired as bodyguards all the way to Doctors of Philosophy hired to edit handsome and expensive periodicals aimed against communism. The number of ex-advertising men, ex-newspaper men, ex-schoolteachers, and even ex-parsons in this country who toil not, neither do they spin, because shivering millionaires support them handsomely as guardians against communism, is probably much larger than the membership of the American Communist party.

These parasites are, of course, natural and relentless enemies of honest men everywhere and at all times. In the United States their most insidious attack upon the people who do the work of the country has been by using the terror of communism to undermine both civil liberty and economic justice. Almost every scheme whose real aim is to handcuff labor and gag effective criticism now wears the mask of anti-communism. All too frequently the deception has been complete, and the schemes have been enacted into law. But enough of them have been exposed to give the average man some suspicion of what is going on. The deception has to be constantly more elaborate, which is evidence that the ordinary man's perceptions are becoming sharper.

But this is education. The howling and counter-howling may be a vexation of the spirit and a grief to the judicious, but it keeps the average man awake. It is deplorable that it flames into open rioting now and then, and it is terrifying to think that it may flower hideously in judicial lynchings comparable to the Salem witchcraft trials and the Sacco-Vanzetti case; but against these perils should be entered the advantage that it is an antidote to apathy. It is a small advantage, perhaps, far too small to balance the account, yet an advantage it is; and we owe it to the existence of the communists.

PERHAPS a much greater advantage is the fact that it becomes clearer every day that ideas cannot be put down by law, and that the only real defense against communism is not blackjacks and bayonets, but good

sense in the average man. If that is lost, then either communism or fascism must inevitably triumph; and if either took over, the country would no longer be fit to live in. The responsibility slides off the apex of the pyramid and comes to rest at the bottom. The President, the Cabinet, Congress, the governors, the mayors and chiefs of police—none of them, nor all of them combined, can stop communism, or fascism either. The only man who can stop it is the plain citizen. He can kill it as dead as King Tut, but no one else can, and this he realizes more clearly every day.

Yet this is the meaning of democracy. A man who is to govern himself must be prepared to take care of himself. Mr. Truman is no feudal baron whose castle walls are our refuge in times of stress. Mr. Truman is merely our agent, charged with the duty of making our will effective. When it comes to fighting off raiders, especially raiders who come armed with ideas instead of swords, every man must stand up and do his own fighting, or it will not be done. It is a hateful necessity, but learning that it is a necessity is the beginning of political wisdom. Within the past five years the communists have probably taught us more of this wisdom than any other group of comparable size.

Indeed, the raucous challenge of the communists has driven the average American to do more hard, steady thinking about first principles than he had done in a generation. This is due to something beyond the fact that they are no mean dialecticians; they also have a moral earnestness that puts into their argument weight that it could acquire from no other source. Few of the rank and file share the cynicism that seems to be the basis of Stalin's philosophy; most of them believe their own bunk with a single-minded intensity that carries them to martyrdom for an idea.

This is a quality that cannot be dismissed with a shrug, because it gives the communists a strong appeal to idealistic youth. The young American knows by observation that it is a rare Democrat or Republican who is inclined to risk wounds, imprisonment, and even death for the party's sake, while it is a rare communist who will not do so. This makes it clear that the sincerity of the communists reaches a pitch not approached by that of members of the conservative parties; and young people inevitably respect a man who believes in some-

thing. Many an American father who has found a son or a daughter flirting with communist ideas has had to scratch his head and go back to notions to which he had given no serious attention since he was a schoolboy, to explain his own stand. In many cases he finds it difficult to collect his ideas and is sorely embarrassed, which is good for him. It contributes to his adult education.

Incidentally, it tends to make him angry with his teachers in grade and high school who, he now perceives, stuffed him with a highly adulterated brand of history. The unfortunate pedagogues have come in for much denunciation since the close of the second world war, largely because we find ourselves ill-equipped to argue with the communists, and feel that the teachers should have prepared us better.

Up to a point this denunciation is no doubt just, for there is plenty of bad teaching in American history classes; but, after all, the best teacher in the world cannot make immature minds capable of grasping subtle ideas. The difference between faith and superstition is subtle in the extreme, so much so that many powerful minds have been unable to distinguish between them in all cases. Sincerity emphatically is not the test. Moloch had martyrs in greater numbers than Jehovah, and Mencken points out that no more than five centuries ago Huitzilopochtli, nearly forgotten now, was so great a god that in one year fifty thousand youths and maidens were slain in sacrifice to him. Thus the fact that American communists are willing to go to the stake for Stalin is no proof that Stalin is a greater god than Baal—no proof, indeed, that he is greater than a bundle of sticks and feathers tied with a red string, the fetish for which members of the obeah cult in the West Indies have willingly suffered the rigors of the law.

For all that, faith is powerful, and faith based on reason backed by observation and experience is the most powerful force in the world. If the ordinary American has been forced by the communists to review and reconsider his faith in democracy, they have done him a good turn. Hardly any man who has lived through this turbulent century will deny that the communists have compelled him to do some vigorous thinking; and to that extent their influence has been beneficial.

Thirty-five years ago Brooks and Henry

Adams despaired of democracy and, in the existing circumstances, not without reason. Thirty-five years ago American democracy was close to meeting Milton's description of what he could not praise—"a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but slinks out of the race." Thirty-five years ago nobody had seriously challenged democracy within living memory, and if it had grown somewhat fat and lazy, what wonder? The Adams brothers' error was in mistaking the evidences of lack of exercise for an irreversible fatty degeneration.

TODAY the danger lies in the other direction. This hard and lean democracy that has emerged, scarred, but laureled and powerful, from two world wars is in no danger whatever of stifling in its own grease. Its peril is rather that it may loose the ferocity it summoned up to meet and destroy its enemies upon people who might be converted into friends. The danger is not apathy, but too much action, too little considered.

For what we are confronting in communism is an idea, against which the sword is useless. An idea is more dangerous than any dictator, and must be opposed more resolutely; but not with force. The average American has understood this, at least in part, at least far enough to refrain from trying to shoot down a philosophy with artillery; and since that is true, even Brooks and Henry Adams would have to admit that some progress in political education has been made. While any progress at all is being made, great progress is not impossible.

Finally, the communist philosophy has had something, probably much, to do with one negative aspect of the postwar period through which we are now struggling. This is the firm refusal of the plain man to tolerate a repetition of the "back to normalcy" degradation. An emotional reaction after a great war is as natural as post-operative shock after major surgery, and as much to be dreaded. We have had some evidences of that sort of reaction since 1945, but the worst was the wave of hysteria which has made government service a distasteful profession for an intelligent man, and even that was hardly as bad as A. Mitchell Palmer's witch-hunt after the first world war. As for the financial scandals, they

have been, as compared to those following earlier wars, much as an office-boy's pilfering of stamps and petty cash is to embezzlement by the treasurer of the company. We have had nothing approaching Teapot Dome, or the Credit Mobilier after the Civil War, or the speculation in government scrip after the Revolution. Even George Washington is supposed to have made half a million by buying up veterans' claims at a few cents on the dollar; it was regarded as quite legitimate then, but George himself couldn't do it today without raising a stench, which is a clear indication that the level of public morals has risen somewhat in a century and three-quarters.

If it seems to you that the communists had nothing to do with our refusal this time to rush from the crusade to the hog-trough, consider what was the final argument that assured adoption of the Marshall Plan; what was the final argument against reduction of taxes before we had discharged our obligations to the rest of the world; what is the argument

against demolition of countless government services to save money. The answer in every case is the existence of the communist power.

EVERY form of error battens on human misery; so if we let Europe drift too far into misery, communism must triumph there. We are the sole remaining nation with military strength enough to cope with Russia, so we could not disarm to pocket the cash. Communism's claim to consideration is its service to its people; therefore we could not turn our own people over to the exploiters. With that threat hanging over us, such indecency as that in which we wallowed after the first world war would have been suicidal; so we remained quite remarkably decent.

David Harum's dictum can easily be adapted to fit the political education of the American citizen. A reasonable number of communists may be good for a democracy; for, irritating as they are, they do prevent its thoughts from drifting to the canine level.

Charlottesville: The Age of Reason

SYLVIA STALLINGS

BY JUNE, visitors go through the town wearily
 On streets that bubble with heat, and the
 Waitresses in the Cavalier Bar and Grill
 Stay well inside, away from the doorway
 That spills in white sun like a furnace.
 In every drugstore, the dragging fans
 Wheel endlessly through oceans of stale air
 And men in shirt-sleeves lean on the stained tables,
 Listlessly.

Up at the University
There is silence; the students have gone home
And an old Negro mows the grass
Already yellowing. Only the sea-blue Rotunda
Deceives the eye for an instant, but the body
Is not cooled: past archways of pink brick
And shuttered windows it drags back
To the ice-cream parlors and
The warm Coca-Cola.
A south-bound train
Hoots once beyond the river; a mule and wagon
Go slowly down to meet it through alleys
Where the asphalt melts on the wheelrims.
A mocking-bird
Sings somewhere above the campus, briefly,
His voice questioning in the thick air,
But he is unanswered. The white columns
Beneath him shimmer out into the long summer ahead.

Across the valley Jefferson's house
Bides on its broad mountain, looking down
Upon the river and the railroad yards.
Visitors come
Solemnly, honoring the man
Grown legend, touching the door
He entered through and the thin plates
He brought from Paris.
Here are the linden-trees and the patterned brick,
The damson-colored hills sloping westward,
Even the wine-cooler and the weighted clock,
Indifferent to time;
Only the mind has gone, to wake no longer
In the first light of Virginia summer
And kindle its own beacons across the land,
Nor do those careful
Hands draw pediment and dome for the great portico
Rising on the opposite hill.
Here at Monticello the bees throb
Angrily in the syringa, the clock tells
Hours and days without a variation;
The tourists come and go,
Buying post-cards, peering at the University,
And passing quickly on. What does Jefferson's ghost
Think now of Jefferson's country?

After Hours

PORTRAIT photography is unquestionably one of the arts of our time and one of the few in which the relationship between the artist and the patron, or subject, remains pretty much what it has been since the time when Nefretete and Ikhnaton sat for the sculptors of ancient Egypt. It involves a certain degree of compromise on the part of both subject and artist. The subject doesn't want the whole truth to be told, and the artist wants to tell the truth only insofar as it is consistent with his style, his aesthetic ideals, and the conventions of his time. Different kinds of idealization take place at different periods. The curly lips on both men and women in eighteenth-century paintings and engravings, the enamel skin of Renaissance women, the enormous eyes of Fayum portraits, were conventions of fashion that became in their time the accepted attributes of faces. In its short history the camera, which is mechanically incapable of telling the exact truth, has evolved conventions of its own which are as distant from fact as any the painters invented.

Portrait photographs, like paintings, can be had for almost any price from three for a quarter to a thousand dollars a dozen. The passport picture, commonly considered the lowest form of portrait photography, is not really taken seriously as a defamer of character and an invader of privacy, because of the comic overtones to its tragic revelations. No one but an impersonal government accepts it as truth.

The next cut above the passport picture is the common garden variety of studio portrait, which varies from the product of the local photographer whose windows are filled with examples of his work in all sizes (some tinted with water color) to that of the Fifth

Avenue photographer who displays a single portrait in a bronze showcase. The problem here is how to get an idealized likeness which betrays no feature or trait of personality to which the subject or his friends can take exception. The eyes become dark smudges, the outline of the nose is eliminated, and the edges of the lips are blurred. Wrinkles, of course, vanish either under pancake make-up or the retoucher's pencil. Teeth, if they show, are straightened; hair, if it is unruly, is tidied. At the hands of the most expert, men are all made to look intelligent, friendly, full of latent power; and women are dreamy, passionate but reserved, feminine but not forward, as though they saw the world through a veil of gauze and only the scent of lavender assailed their barely suggested nostrils.

The antithesis of this convention started, I believe, in Germany in the twenties, and persists (look at the new *U. S. Camera Annual*) to this day. It is the enlarged-pore school of portraiture. In these pictures, taken at very short range, the texture of the skin so preoccupies the photographer that the characteristics of the face are nearly forgotten. The slightest vestige of stubble shows on cheeks and chin; lips look like corduroy, nostrils like woodchuck holes; eyelashes have the texture and strength of marsh grass, and eyes glisten like vaseline. Over the whole there appears to be a thin coating of grease or sweat, as though the subject had just dug a ditch in the July sun. Character is supposed to emerge from texture and from a kind of intimacy with the human skin that only a dermatologist could enjoy.

Between these extremes of vapidty and vandalism are the portrait photographers who have developed styles of their own that

are not beholden either to the clinical or the conventional. Their work is most likely to appear in such magazines as *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* (and I don't mean fashion pictures). It is characterized by a kind of dramatization without melodrama, and style which is not based on styles of painting. It is expensive, but most of those who can afford it prefer the conventionalism of the Bachrachs and the Karshes, who can be counted on to turn out something that looks like a photograph of a painting. Realism, even stylish realism, does not entice many sitters unless it is protected by a thick layer of convention.

Recently my nine-year-old daughter was looking through some family photographs with her mother, and she came on one of me. "You know," she said, "I don't like this picture of daddy. It looks so exactly like him."

That's it. Nobody wants photographs of themselves or the people of whom they are fond to look exactly like them. We don't even want pictures that look like us at our best, because our best is not the same for any two members of our families or friends. We want just what Nefretete wanted, a somewhat godlike idealization of ourselves. If we are homely, let our homeliness be converted into a symbol of exceptional character or intelligence. If we are beautiful, let our beauty be made into something both timeless and in the mode.

But let us not have the truth, not because we are afraid of the truth, but because we just don't know what it is, so used are we to the conventions which style, the tricks of the lens, and the demands of custom impose on portraiture. It means of course that only those who have been photographed hundreds of times, as public figures are by newsmen, will give posterity any plausible record of what they looked like. The rest of us will go down in the family album merely as a portrait, not as a person—and that is probably just as well.

Falling Idol

RECENTLY in Madison Square Garden I attended a tribal rite, junior grade, which produced a full pantheon of minor gods, nymphs, and satyrs, and one

member of the big Olympian brass. I went with a young worshipper, my son, to the autumn festival known as the Rodeo, and we sat or stood in proper attitudes of ecstasy for about three hours. The first thirty-five or forty minutes of parades and bronco riding were merely a warm-up for the appearance of the Big Man. Finally he emerged: Gene Autry, in person, with horse.

He stood in a lavender spotlight in the middle of the darkened ring, his tight white pants turned pink by the light and his pink shirt turned dark purple. As he pressed his face to the microphone to sing "Riders in the Sky," accompanied by a six-piece cowboy band (standing in the dark), a dozen steers with their hooves and horns painted with luminous paint were herded around the ring followed by six or eight riders on white horses also touched up like the dials of wrist watches. To his baritone chant, "Yippee-i-ay," the voices of thousands of children gave back a squeaky echo. Next to me a tousled six-year-old let go with a blasphemy. "Hey, Gene Autry," he squealed. "You're not so hot."

Mr. Autry up to that afternoon at the Rodeo had been only a name on a rumpled comic-book to me. When my son, who by now is an old hand at these rites, saw that Mr. Autry was on the program again, he gritted his teeth, much as he would if he knew he were going to have to listen to a long sermon. Autry was a small price to pay for watching cowboys rope calves, ride Brahma bulls and broncos, and bulldog steers, but it was a price none the less. He sat in stony silence while the middle-aged cowboy crooned love-stuff, though he was enraptured by Mr. Autry's horses, Champion and Little Champion, which did a variety of tricks that were remarkable only because horses are remarkably not given to doing tricks. Mr. Autry's horses waltzed, did the rhumba, and performed other unequine contortions such as kneeling as though in prayer, walking planks, and jumping through hoops.

My son's attitude toward Mr. Autry is, he hastened to assure me, not orthodox among his contemporaries. Any slight to Autry is a slight to millions of children—some of whom, he says, admire Autry even more than they do Roy Rogers. Most children take him seriously. Mr. Autry seemed to take himself

very seriously; even his horses appeared to take themselves seriously. The spurious as well as the authentic mythology of cowboys and Indians is a very serious business, and it appears that the further a cowboy gets from the authentic the higher up the side of childhood's Olympus he climbs. Only the cowboys who were there for the business of competing for prize money by risking their necks were earth-bound, casually dressed in work clothes. But the attitude of the children was plain enough and it was clear who their hero was. There was hardly one in the audience who didn't pack a pistol or a bullwhip or whose head was not resplendent in a cowboy hat, mostly red with white stitching around a wide rolled brim.

But my son, posing as a skeptical fellow, looked over the professionals in the ring and remarked, "I'll bet ninety per cent of the people in this rodeo walk bowlegged on purpose." This and the way he gritted his teeth at the thought of Autry were, I suspect, rather more a concession to my attitude than a reflection of his own. He made much of the pretend bowlegs and the drugstore-cowboy aspects of Mr. Autry, but when it came time to leave, having successfully rejected every temptation in the way of souvenir pistols, hats, models of Champion, and even spurs, he said, "Daddy, would you lend me a quarter until allowance?" He wanted to buy a bullwhip.

He got a bullwhip on the way out, three feet of braided leather which cracked satisfactorily and with which he would subsequently go through the motions of training his sister (with cries of delight on both sides) to waltz and do the rhumba and kneel and walk a plank, just as Champion did. He can reject Autry as a singer, all right, but as a man with a horse and a ten-gallon hat he takes his place with the others who ride the Elysian ranges.

"Did you like it?" I asked pointlessly as we stepped out of the West onto Eighth Avenue.

"Yippee!" he replied.

American Landscape I

As U. S. Route 20 cuts across western New York toward Buffalo it touches the tip of each of the Finger Lakes—Skaneateles, Owasco, Cayuga, Seneca, and Canan-

daigua. The lakes run north and south, and they are much like each other: long and narrow, ridged with low hills, a town at the northern end of each where the highway hits it. At Seneca Falls, Geneva, and Canandaigua (the three largest towns) the view down the lake is much the same—except for one thing. Each of the three, faced with an identical opportunity to capitalize on the scenery, has reacted to it in a different way. Along the shore by the road at one of the lakes is a city park. At another is the town dump.

Driving west along Route 20 this fall, I put this down as a conspicuous instance of how the tourist, anaesthetized to most of the sights that rush past his windshield, judges what he does see by a false set of standards. Faced with a choice between a park and a dump for the lake-front, I would unhesitatingly have chosen the park. Such is the craving of the vacationist, whose annual break from city confinement is limited to the highway leading to the lakes or mountains of his choice. He is likely to complain that the inhabitants of the roadside have done everything possible to obscure the view and call themselves vulgarly to his attention. He doesn't want Barbara Fritchie candy; he wants scenery, and thus—here and there, where the local or federal resources can afford it—scenery has been provided. So far it does not seem to have occurred to the forces of organized tourism that scenery can be anything but an unmixed good, or that they are perhaps being tossed a lollipop.

Bowing to a universal sense of the proprieties, the tourist's preserves—the great super-parkways—are forbidden to billboards, lurid gas stations, drive-in theaters, and other institutions that thrive wherever they are permitted. The more of the *Autobahnen* we lay out, the more we use the word "scenic," in a limited sense that would have delighted Louis XIV, to describe a sweep of countryside in which the contemporary works of man have either been camouflaged or damped down. The natural state of the roadside is clutter, but the eloquent testimony of the parkways is that the customers don't like it. Wherever their comfort has been planned for, clutter disappears. Those who cater to tourists, like motel and garage attendants, adapt their language to the patrons', and characterize a

route as lusciously "scenic" if it is untouched by neon-trimmed architecture and commercial signs.

Louis XIV had at least two advisers who told him that parts of the kingdom were not as well kept up as the gardens of Versailles. But he didn't pay any attention, and the motorist can achieve the same state of happy ignorance by closing his eyes. Or if that's too much trouble, let the parkways blindfold him. The sky-line drive above the Shenandoah, for instance, is accounted to be high in "scenic" value, though it could just as fairly be called a national blind alley. In the first place, anyone who can go on saying, "It sure is lovely," after the first ten miles possesses an appetite for manicured nature that should have gone out of style with topiary gardening. If this tame and empty post-card panorama is as good as we have, then no honor would be lost in opening it up immediately to a few enterprising merchants of pottery, salt-water taffy, and hooked rugs.

And they'd better hurry if they want to clear expenses, for—tidy and tasteful as the present effect may be—it is not going to last. Already more and more emancipated motorists can be found who will admit that the Merritt Parkway or the Pennsylvania Turnpike are deadly dull to drive on, and there are a few constant commuters who will confess to going out of their way to find a long-cut—ill-paved, ill-banked, and full of surprises to keep them awake. So befuddled have we been by the love of "scenery" that the tensed nervous systems of drivers struggling against sleep have been our first indications that the parkways are not as reasonable as we thought. There is no explanation but the sentimental for their lines of rustic fence and equidistant trees. They are being artificially protected from commercial taint, out of deference to the unspeakable thought that, actually, the rest of the country looks like hell.

If it does, why not admit it? At least, why not look at it and see? In making the choice between the park and the dump, we have succeeded in producing a few parks at the price of allowing everything else to become a dump. Every dollar that goes into a rock garden for a four-lane speedway is a dollar that won't be spent to do anything about it.

The effort has always been piecemeal. The roads came with the automobile, and where the roads have gone there went Burma Shave, Doctor Pepper, and Chicken-in-the-Rough. During the twenties and thirties, there were sporadic attempts to save the scenery by banning at least the sign-boards, but now that campaign has been side-tracked. Except on the parkways, roadside building goes on apace. There was a time when Route 1 between New York and Philadelphia had a clear title to the prize for uninterrupted architectural garbage, but today there are competitors, rising with the curves of regional prosperity, to challenge and eventually surpass it. Route 24 between Toledo and Detroit has only begun to build, but unless they make it a parkway there will soon be twice the number of cabins without plumbing and cafés with bad coffee that are there now.

The highway landscape, debunked at one end and glamorized out of existence at the other, is badly in need of calm appraisal for what it really is—a commercial, exuberant, and unpredictable burst of construction along the roadside. The delight of getting off the parkway on a long trip is one of discovering that the character of the country actually changes from one region to another. You can never tell what will appear around the next curve in an unfamiliar route. This is another way of saying that the roadside is still under the firm control of the thousands of individualists who live along it. The effect of the tourist has been to restrict the possible choices these people might make to the equivalents of parks or dumps.

Returning after a vacation drive from the East to Wisconsin and back, I am inclined to be hopeful about the prospects for a gradual rise in the standards by which Americans alter their environment with buildings, billboards, and other excrescences not found in nature. Roadside advertising seems to me to be facing economic extinction, and the same forces that are destroying it point to a high degree of sophistication in the Motel and Cinder Block Culture we are moving into, which I want to describe at greater length next month. It has just started, and anyone with a useful idea can probably change it before it settles down into a pattern of beauty spot or blight.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Late Thoughts and Early Novels

Richard H. Rovere

A MAN tempts every lurking fate when he contracts to write a column under a heading as bland and sweeping as the one at the top of this page. No matter how extensive his interests may be, no matter how diligently he has spent his life in pursuit of knowledge, he is bound to function as a dilettante in a good many of the areas of life about which New Books are written. In my own unhappy case, the fields in which I must substitute audacity for authority are so numerous that I hesitate to list them publicly for fear of attracting the interest of the Mail Frauds investigators in the Postmaster-General's office.

I am afraid, however, that I must tip my hand ever so slightly. Two months ago in this space, I reviewed Margaret Mead's *Male and Female* and reported my amateur's finding that the famous anthropologist didn't seem to have very many ideas. With what has struck some people as headlong journalistic impudence, I went on to suggest that the cause of this deficiency might be found in Miss Mead's reliance on anthropology as a means of acquiring wisdom. At the time of writing, I felt fairly certain that my judgment of Miss Mead's book, if not my views on her profession, would be confirmed by other readers. It then seemed quite clear to me that *Male and Female* was merely a mass of tangled rhetoric in which here and there a sound common-sense observation was wrapped up and almost suffocated in the gobbledygook of the new science. Far from seeing my view confirmed, though, I have seen no views expressed except ones exactly contrary to my

own. Indeed, the book is enjoying a remarkable critical success and has in many quarters been hailed as a modern classic. With one or two comforting exceptions, the reactions to my own review that have so far reached me have been uniformly disapproving. The fact that I greatly respect the intelligence of many of the critics who regard the book so highly—among them Rebecca West and Professor David Reisman of the University of Chicago—and that I know their competence in the field to be far in excess of my own has led me to have my eyes examined for beams and to go back over *Male and Female* to see if I could find in my copy what they found in theirs.

Now in double jeopardy, I must report that this "modern classic" still seems to me as unenlightening as it is pretentious. I am still unable to see how an American "prophet," as Miss West calls Miss Mead, can keep a straight face while she explains that America is a country "where all status is relative, where all jobs can be lost." Is there a place on earth where status isn't relative? I have never visited with Mountain Arapesh, but if there is status among them it must be relative, since relativity is implicit in the word itself, and whatever isn't relative isn't status. Similarly, the possibility of losing a job is implicit in the concept of *getting* and *having* a job—except, perhaps, where the job is that of being a hereditary king or tribal chief. I am stuck with the feeling that if an anthropologist can't come any closer than this to discovering what is unique in a society, something is wrong with either the anthropologist or anthropol-

ogy. Miss Mead's book is full of outrageous card-stacking. In explaining the importance of sibling relationships, she writes: "It was notable how juvenile delinquency increased during the last war when the older boys were withdrawn from the family." Was it? I am aware that the increase in delinquency was notable, but has it been established that the increase was primarily or preponderantly due to the absence of older boys? I had thought that the point was that entire families were disorganized by the war, fathers and mothers being withdrawn along with older brothers. Another: "The rather widespread [American] preference that the first-born be a male is heavily offset by the frequent picture in advertisements of the American family with two children, the girl older than the boy." Frequent picture? Possibly, but it certainly hasn't lodged itself in this American's consciousness, and if this is because I haven't been doing my homework in the advertising pages, I certainly can't believe that these big-sister ads "heavily offset" any "widespread preference," any more than I can believe that—

Middle-class virtues learned out of reciprocal relationships between mother and child are patterned originally in the gastrointestinal tract, taking in, keeping, ordered giving out, in which the male child has all the complication of sorting out the control imposed on elimination from the need to keep somewhat available his impulsive masculinity. The female, although her special feminine characteristics are not evoked, has a lesser problem as she learns to keep the rules of time and place.

Having given us one of the great liberating ideas of our century, the idea of culture, the anthropologists, perhaps realizing that the usefulness of the idea is not greatly augmented by continued demonstrations of it, have recently turned their energies to the ancient provinces of history, philosophy, art, and education. In our dilettantism, we general book reviewers are no longer alone. For my own part, I'll be glad to slide down the sinners' bench and make room for such distinguished company.

LESS profligate in most things than Americans, the British keep a closer eye on their literary stores and let little go to

waste through disuse or forgetfulness. By means of imported sheets, we now get the best work of two writers who have recently been brought back into circulation and high esteem in England. One is the London aesthete, Ronald Firbank, five of whose satires are now reissued in one volume as *Five Novels* (New Directions, \$5), introduced by Sir Osbert Sitwell, and the other is the Scottish poet James Hogg, the author of one extraordinary work of fiction, *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner* (The Chanticleer Press, \$2.75), with an introduction by André Gide. Firbank died in 1926, at forty; Hogg died in 1835, at sixty-five. Although Firbank, who published mostly in the seven or eight years before his death, has close affinities with Thomas Love Peacock, Aldous Huxley, Evelyn & Waugh, he was by temperament a kind of delayed *fin de siècle* character, sharing the religious, sexual, and aesthetic predilections of the *Yellow Book* exquisites. In Cyril Connolly's essay on the "Anatomy of Dandyism," Firbank is the dandy at whose delicately molded but resilient frame the lecturing professor directs his pointer. Expensively schooled and widely traveled, Firbank had enormous erudition, and his literary sophistication was deep enough to be almost forbidding. James Hogg was a self-educated shepherd who composed rude dialect verse, was taken up by Sir Walter Scott, and became, under Scott's tutelage, a well-known chore-boy of letters. He edited anthologies, collected folk songs and ballads, wrote extensively for *Blackwood's*, and prepared a treatise on the care and feeding of sheep. After Scott's death, he published an excellent memoir of his patron. He is so little known as a novelist that most accounts of his life, among them the one in the *Britannica*, do not even list the *Justified Sinner* among his works. Yet Gide speaks of it as a world masterpiece.

If the modern literary mind has two main preoccupations, one with sensibility and the other with the nature of evil, then Firbank nourishes the first of these, Hogg the second. There is, broadly speaking, more art than matter in Firbank, more matter than art in Hogg. Firbank's sensibility is manifest in a style that is delicate and pastel-tinted but, surprisingly, hardly ever precious; in a pirouetting wit; and in a luxuriantly surrealistic imagination. Each of these five novels

is a comedy of manners set in some impossible kingdom or diocese, in Ruritania more wildly speculative than any Gothic novelist or romantic librettist could conceive in six months on a steady diet of opium. Here are glimpses of a "shrimp tea" given in the court of Pisuerga during the visit of Queen Thleeanouee of Dateland; here are plans being made for a party to go out and "excavate (for objects of art) among the ruins of Chedorlahomor, a *faubourg* of Sodom"; here are snatches of gossip and schemings of hundred-and-twenty-year-old noblewomen; and here, in "'Clemenza,' in white Andalusia," is a Cardinal, a most profound and original theologian, christening a Duquesa's police puppy in white menthe: "And thus being cleansed and purified, I do call thee 'Crack!'" Later, worrying about the consequences of this and other profitable but theologically questionable ministrations, he reasons with himself that "deception is a humiliation, but humiliation is a Virtue."

Caricature is the word that comes closest to suggesting the nature of Firbank's comic gifts. His imagination is anchored in reality, and while in his case the anchor lines are terribly long, there is never any doubt that he is writing about men and women, even though he may have them "swathed in the skin of a blue panther" and moving about under such names as Miami Mouth, Lady Lukin de Lukin, General George Obliveon, Lieutenant Dick Thoroughfare, Gilda Vintage, and Lady Parvoula de Pan-Zoust. If the unlikely words of *opera bouffe* are gross, farcical caricatures, Firbank's hallucinatory empires are, though further removed from life, both more credible and more enchanting than those designed merely for purposes of farce. Firbank is a very funny writer and, in spite of all his efforts not to be tedious, not to weary us by talking about the world we can observe for ourselves without any assistance from him, a writer with more than a little to say about existence. *The Flower Beneath the Foot*, the longest novel in this collection and the work of Firbank's which is, I take it, most widely enjoyed by his British admirers, is rich with insight into protocol. The one I enjoyed most, however, is the last one he

wrote, *Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli*, in which, by the inspired device of combining, with his account of some preposterous cathedral intrigues, descriptions of the religious art in the midst of which the intrigues are nurtured, he turns a piece of pure whimsy into an ironic parable. It is a deftly counterpointed little novel, rich in paradox, and the others in this collection are hardly less amusing or thoughtful. Firbank's knowledge of life is the kind that springs less from self-knowledge and involvement than from acute and rather misanthropic observation. It is knowledge just the same.

FIRBANK, with his recondite wit and his fanciful royalties, may seem offhand a less specifically English writer than Hogg, whose *Justified Sinner* is redolent of parsonages, taverns, rain-drenched hills, and the family conflicts over religion that have been the meat of such great books as *The Way of All Flesh* and Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son*. But if André Gide's feeling that Hogg is most notable for his representation of evil and for the light he turns on the dark, inaccessible chambers of the soul is sound, then it is Hogg who works in the alien tradition, a tradition more frequently patronized by the Russians, the Germans, and the Americans than by the great British novelists. However that may be, this somber, echoing novel is an account of the possession by Satan of a young man who, having dedicated his life to the defense and extension of the most rigorous kind of Calvinism, regards himself as a swordsman of the Lord and as one of Satan's most unyielding adversaries. In the first part of the book, which is supposed to be the work of an editor who has discovered the memoirs of the bedeviled youth, we get a direct account of the known events of the young man's life and of his murder, under Satan's influence, of a wayward brother. In the second part, the *Confessions* proper, the young man himself explains how his predestinarian zeal, his total commitment to his peculiar faith, led him to misconstrue the advances of the devil, who appeared to him in the guise of a passionate co-religionist, for genuine offers of

sympathy and assistance and how he came to accept and act on the Satanic advice that godliness would prosper better on the earth if the ungodly brother, who was in fact a decent and moderately pious young man, were destroyed.

In Gide's view, it is the brilliance of Hogg's representation of the devil, the skill with which Lucifer's hideous countenance is revealed feature by malignant feature, the plausibility of the justified sinner's prolonged failure to guess the identity of his companion, that accounts for the book's strange force and immediacy. This is certainly one side of it. The *Justified Sinner* is a grinding, storm-ridden book that makes its author momentarily the peer of Dostoevski, Melville, and Hawthorne. But it also makes him something else. The evil to which Robert Wringhim, Satan's captive, delivers himself is not the generalized, universal evil symbolized by the white whale but a particular evil, or heresy, inherent in a particular doctrine at a particular time. Satan is able to conquer Robert Wringhim because Wringhim has already accepted the Manichean fallacy that took hold of large numbers of Protestants during the Reformation: he believed that his salvation assured not only by his own faith but by a decree of God fixed when eternity began—was morally unaccountable. By this theory, the New Testament, with its Pauline doctrine of justification by faith, repeals the Old Testament and voids, for the elect of God, all but the first of the Ten Commandments. To an antinomian, then, as believers in such doctrines are sometimes called, there is no possible way of identifying evil by its deeds, since the deeds of those who falsely profess faith may be quite indistinguishable from those who actually possess it. Thus, absolute evil may be cheek by jowl with absolute good and may even, with evil's worldly puissance, take command of good. This is what happens in Hogg's novel, and it is what makes the book so haunting for our century, in which so many totally dedicated spirits, so many determinists, so many ascetic practitioners of righteousness have turned up so often in the service of evil or have, indeed, been themselves translated into devils.

NEW BOOKS

HOGG, because the *justified Sinner* is his only memorable book and Firbank, because of the *outré* nature of all his work, must be put down as minor novelists. The term is a slippery, unsatisfactory one, but it does have certain uses. It is a curious fact that while English literature would be a great deal the poorer without its minor novelists and poets, American literature would lose very little by such a subtraction. The British produce both major and minor writers; we, it seems, produce major writers and second-rate ones. In our literature, and perhaps in other phases of our national life, very little is ever salvaged from the work of those who fall short of greatness. W. R. Burnett, the author of *Little Caesar* and *Dark Hazard*, has sometimes been spoken of as a minor American novelist, but, as one can gather from reading *The Asphalt Jungle* (Knopf, \$2.75), a story of politics and underworld life in a large Midwestern city, his is not a case of falling short of greatness but of exceeding mediocrity. He writes a little better and a little more thoughtfully than most of the people in the thriller game. He strains for significance but never reaches it. Another man who might fit into the category is Erskine Caldwell, who once looked as if he might become one of our major novelists. In fact, he was often called one, and although it has seemed for some time that this was the verdict of an impulsive rather than a judicious criticism, there were, in his talent and in his forthright view of life, elements that might, if properly developed, have made him a sort of lesser Balzac. But something happened to Caldwell, something that keeps happening to American writers and is always as mysterious in its origins as it is tragic in its consequences, and now even his least considerable virtues seem to have disappeared. His latest novel, *Place Called Estherville* (Duell, Sloan, & Pearce, \$2.75), is a wretched, slapdash offering to the prurient that is all the harder to take because the offering is, apparently, an unconscious one. Caldwell is still affecting the Balzac manner and, worse yet, seems convinced that this censor bait is really deep thinking on the race question. I suppose it is an ab-

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NEW BOOKS

surdity to mention the gifts of Robert Graves, the austere poet and scholar, in connection with those of Burnett and Caldwell, but as novelists they all have in common the fact that they turn out a lot of potboilers. Graves has a new one, *The Islands of Unwisdom* (Doubleday, \$3.50), which is perhaps the least interesting book he has ever written. It is about Spanish mariners in the Age of Exploration and involves a lady admiral whom Graves ran across in his reading. It is clearly aimed at Hollywood. But while in *Place Called Estherville* there is no sign that a talented writer had any part in its fabrication, and while *The Asphalt Jungle* is the work of a commercial writer trying nobly to exceed his own limitations, *The Islands of Unwisdom* is a piece of frank, unpretentious hack work that no ordinary hack could possibly have produced. It has Graves' crackling prose, his immense knowledge of history, his tough-mindedness, and his magic touch with a plot. If Graves goes down as one of the minor novelists of his time, as he should, *The Islands of Unwisdom* will be remembered as a poor but by no means discreditable specimen of his work. *The Asphalt Jungle* and *Place Called Estherville* simply won't be remembered.

REFLECTION on the fate of Caldwell and so many like him who have gone before induces a circum-spect approach to the future of our younger novelists. I have just read four novels by new or young and highly praised novelists, and if it were not for the known perils of Caldwellism, I would have no qualms in forecasting fine careers for three of them. As it is, I have qualms but forecast anyway. The only really unrewarding book in the lot is *The Big Cage* (Doubleday, \$3.) by Robert Lowry, who, on the basis of three earlier books, has been described by several critics as writer of, as the phrase has it, stature. This is called his "most important novel." It is everybody's most important novel, a book you have read at least thirty-seven times before—the story of a young man bursting with the juices of life who struggles for self-expression, in art and love and living, against the hostile forces

of family, town, church, state, school, and every other human institution: "He breathed the future, ate the future, slept the future. He panted and stomped and bayed and clawed the air to get at it." This is Lowry on the subject of Lowry, and it is about as embarrassing an autobiographical novel as I have ever read. "You are the most unusual man I have ever met," a young lady writes the hero. "I was a mad, electrically charged bundle of possibilities, ideas, and desires," the hero writes of himself. The power companies ought to nail a sign on the book.

But Lowry's bombastic way is not the way of Leon Wilson, whose *Sinners, Come Away* (Little, Brown, \$3.) is a story of life in a Southern jail that is not only rousing comic in parts but is an effective, Kafkaesque study of entrapment; or of Frederick Buechner, whose *A Long Day's Dying* (Knopf, \$3.) displays a style of impressive elegance and sympathies of impressive depth and scope; or, finally, of Paul Bowles, whose *The Sheltering Sky* (New Directions, \$2.75), seems to me perhaps the most mature first novel I have read in the half year I have been reviewing for *Harper's*. Because I think that *The Sheltering Sky* is, as it stands, an almost perfectly conceived and perfectly realized novel, I must pass over Wilson's and Buechner's books more rapidly than I should like to, hoping perhaps to come back to them another time. *A Long Day's Dying* is an involuted, Proustian study of the taut and troubled relationships that exist among the half-dozen or so worldly, articulate, and, by and large, admirable people whose lives are largely a matter of having troubled relationships. It is Buechner's style, polished and delicately balanced, that impresses me most and at the same time strikes me as being a rather too fine and useful an instrument for the purposes to which he puts it in this book. But the book, while it tends too much to resolve its own difficulties in a kind of genteel, muted melodrama, is nevertheless exciting in a calm, unexcited way. The atmosphere is misty, but the characters are not, and the texture of the prose is continuously delightful. If Buechner is a Proustian, Wilson is, as it happens, remi-

NEW BOOKS

niscent of the early, promising Caldwell. What he has that Caldwell never had is a rich appreciation of the universal human desire to read a meaning into life and into each of life's events. In *Sinners, Come Away*, he populates a cell block in a federal penitentiary somewhere in Tennessee and has his convicts build inside it their isolated, microcosmic society. The book is, I think, a little too long for its weight, just as Buechner's is a little too finely wrought for the specific gravity of its material, but the writing has the brisk flavor of the sound colloquial style, and its walled-up, penned-in people are more human and more dignified than the cattle one generally finds wandering around in books of this genre.

In *The Sheltering Sky*, a young American sets out, in the company of his wife and a friend, to see if he can find himself and his common humanity in the burning, undistracting wastes of North Africa and the Sahara and in the paradoxically tumid forms of human existence that flourish there. It is only in unguarded moments that he ascribes so serious a purpose to the journey, but, although this is an open-ended novel, in which the author picks up his characters only for the brief moments of their lives that concern him here, we are more or less given to understand that the young man, whose name is Porter Moresby and who is known as Port, has been deeply affected and unsettled by the war. He has probably also been affected by the intellectual currents of postwar Paris. At any rate, he is a wounded young man, one who wears his spiritual wounds as decorations, and things have gone badly with him and with his marriage. When we meet him, he and his wife, who has stigmata of her own, are poised on the rim of the continent, ready for their plunge into its compelling interior.

The view of life with which Moresby started the journey is that "the difference between something and nothing is nothing." Bowles tests the view against the great nothingness of the Sahara. The nature of the quest is brilliantly stated and studied by Bowles, but the quest ends in the final mystery and nothingness of death. It is a hideous

death by typhoid in a remote, unbelievably squalid and verminous city far East of the starting point in Algiers, and it is made agonizingly vivid by Bowles. Whether Moresby, in the course of the journey, uncovered any principle that lies between existence and non-existence is never stated explicitly. We feel, in his last rational moments, that he is on the verge of a great revitalization, that he is about to wrest meanings from the desert, but his final few days are spent in wild, hot fantasies which are themselves whole continents for the reader to explore. In the end, his wife, who had accompanied him only with some reluctance, takes up his quest and yields herself more completely to the Sahara than he was ever able to do. But life conquers her as death conquered him; she goes insane, and the desert has finally cleared itself of all seekers.

The Sheltering Sky is a deeply cerebral, deeply philosophical novel, but it has a bursting strength and passion which very few novels of its sort have. Bowles can move swiftly from contemplation to violent action. He can pursue at length the meaning of the moment, circling around it to capture the whole of it, and he can also catch the sweep of time. I think he has caught, in this single, too-short novel, a great deal of life and a great deal of Africa. The publishers compare his feeling for Africa with E. M. Forster's feeling for India in Forster's greatest work, and I do not think the publishers, in this one instance, are carrying things very much too far. *The Sheltering Sky* is a thoroughly adult work of the imagination.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Call It Treason, by George Howe. In her book, *The Meaning of Treason*, Rebecca West wrote of those two traitors, William Joyce (Lord Haw-Haw) and Allan Nunn May, who were convinced Nazis:

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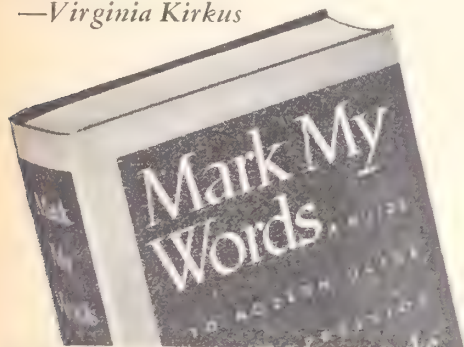
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

"These men both were fortunate in their misfortune, for they were given by their destinies the chance to wrestle with reality, to argue with the universe, to defend the revelations which they believed had been made to their spirits; and that is man's glory. But treason also takes to itself the madmen and the children, and for them there is no glory." In this book, winner of the \$15,000 Christopher Award, the best book submitted, "in accord with Christian principles and not against them," Mr. Howe is writing of another traitor who was, in the end, fortunate in his misfortune, for he had faith which transcended fear and shame, the sort of faith which is man's glory indeed; and this in a sense takes him out of the class that Miss West defines. I would some day like to hear her discuss the subject of treason with Mr. Howe. For he was with the OSS detachment of Seventh Army and must have seen a good deal of those Germans who were willing to be parachuted as spies into their own country. He categorizes them somewhat differently from Miss West. He believes they did it for one of three reasons—for riches, risk, or faith. And he means a simple faith, where I understand Miss West's "belief" to have something of fanaticism in it. And in his book even the fellow who did it all for risk (a category Miss West hardly notes) partakes a little of the "glory" of spirit. . . . Happy is the working name of the hero of this story, which is built around an actual incident of the war. He was a young German medical aide in the Luftwaffe whose father was a doctor and against Hitler's regime from the beginning. He believed very simply in the brotherhood of man and was willing to betray his own nation because he saw no possible hope for it while Hitler was in power. But, paradoxically, what gives this most exciting and unpretentious story its grandeur is that Happy acts not with the magnificent assurance of the fanatic gods, but with the faltering and heart-broken desperation of a human being. . . . But don't think this is a lugubrious book, or a saintly one. It has the thrill of the chase in it from start to finish, and gaiety, as well as terror, compassion, and hope.

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The Man With the Golden Arm, by Nelson Algren. Those who read "The Captain is Impaled" in *Harper's* for August will already be familiar with some of the characters and a great deal of the atmosphere in this novel about Chicago's underworld. The toughness, the pungent dialogue, the humor, the cosmic pity that runs through that story (a section of the book) are here magnified and intensified, and the beauty of Mr. Algren's language lends a pathos close to dignity to the lives of drug addicts, prostitutes, and murderers. Doubleday, \$3

Non-fiction

Killers of the Dream, by Lillian Smith. Perhaps it is inevitable that when novelists address themselves to what others call the great sociological, economic, or historic problems they should approach them first of all as problems in human psychology. It is probably especially inevitable in our post-Freudian world. In any case it is a fortunate thing for those whose understanding of such problems comes more easily when they are presented in this fashion that Arthur Koestler has just written *Promise and Fulfilment: Palestine 1917-1949*, and Lillian Smith, author of *Strange Fruit*, has examined the problems of her own South in *Killers of the Dream*. The question she wants to answer she asks in her foreword: "Why has the white man dreamed so fabulous a dream of freedom and human dignity and again and again tried to kill his own dream?" In the book she explains this schizophrenia and makes it all the more credible by showing herself a true daughter of the schizophrenic trauma she decries. For with equal eloquence she lays bare her passionate understanding of the South's moral dichotomy and her unfaltering condemnation of it. . . . She starts by listing very simple ways in which the Southern child is led into a dual pattern of thinking and feeling—resulting in disastrous confusion—about "religion, sex, money, avoidance rites, malnutrition, dreams. . . . The mother," she says, "who taught me what I know of tenderness and love and compassion taught me also the bleak rituals of keeping Negroes

in their place. . . . The father who rebuked me for an air of superiority toward schoolmates from the mill and rounded out his rebuke by reminding me that 'all men are brothers,' trained me in the steel-rigid decorums I must demand of every colored male. They who so gravely taught me to split my body from my feelings and both from my 'soul,' taught me also to split my conscience from my acts and Christianity from Southern tradition. . . ." This theme—reiterated so often that the book perhaps sacrifices balance to journalistic effect—involves the necessity for each of us to examine the closed doors in our minds. Lillian Smith explains very clearly that the guilt is also a national one. She believes we can and must agree on three things: "our wants, our survival needs, our belief as to what is right. As for timing, there is no choice. It has to be now." . . . Like all who care about justice, she knows the pain of such honest examination of old prejudices and self-deceptions, and she doesn't try to make it easy. She states it movingly in the novelist's terms: "The human heart dares not stay away too long from that which hurt it most. There is a return journey to anguish that few of us are released from making."

Norton, \$3

Promise and Fulfilment: Palestine 1917-1949, by Arthur Koestler.

Mr. Koestler has spent a good part of his life fighting for the Zionist cause. But in the midst of activity he has never stopped viewing the struggle as a novelist. He has seen it in the large meaning of tragedy, tragic not because any side was wrong, but because all sides were right in their own terms. "The term 'historic justice' is vague and undefined," he says. "Unlike the criminal code, it has no solid frame of reference; its axioms and criteria depend entirely on what philosophy one adopts." He then tells what Israel means from the Darwinistic point of view, from the point of view of Jewish religion, from the legalistic, the Marxist, the philanthropic points of view, and from that of national sovereignty and self-determination. "Each of these views is based on a different system of reference and is surrounded by its own

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

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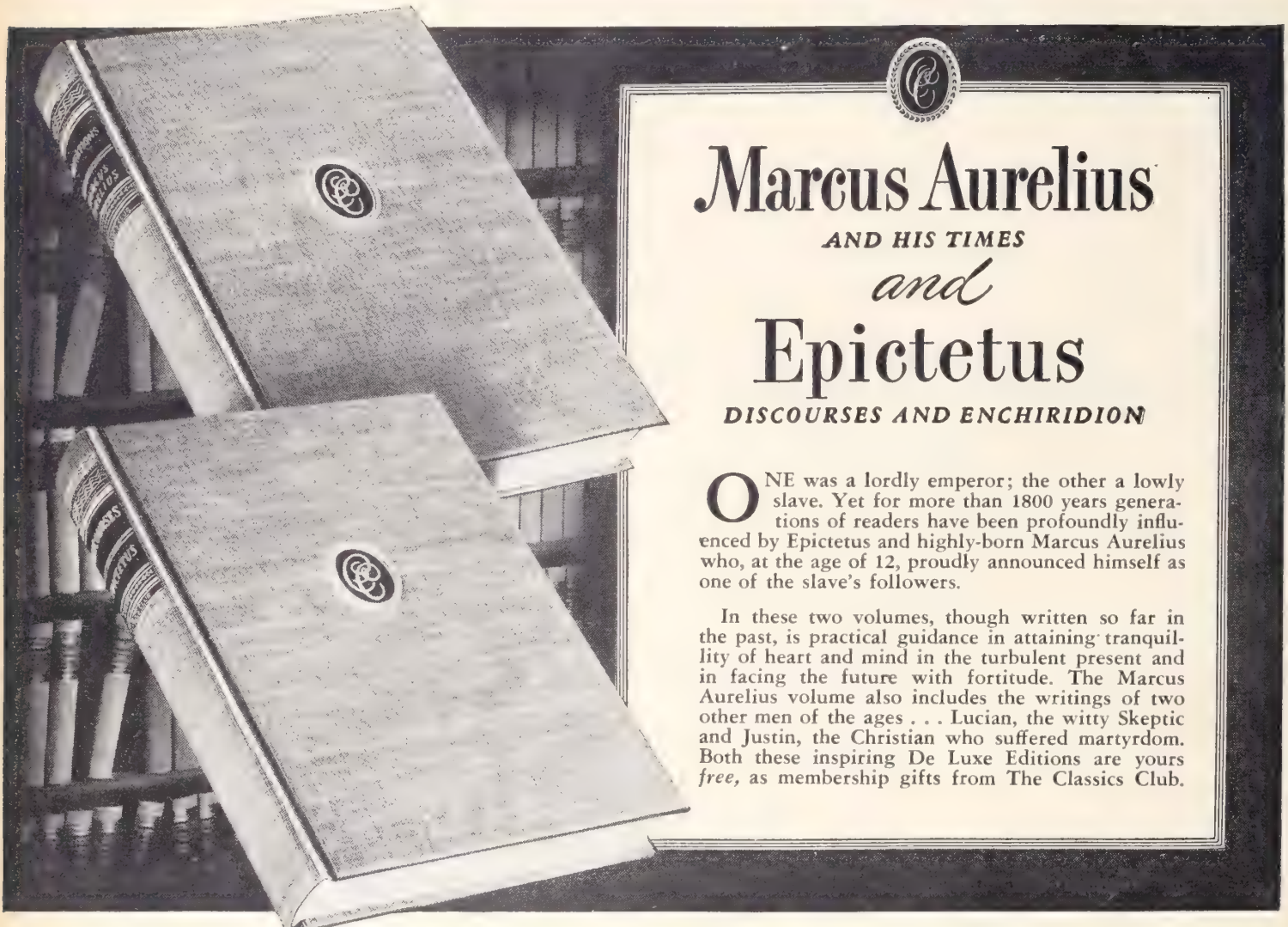
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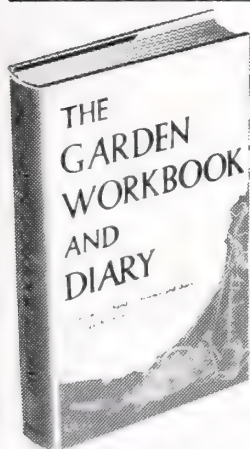
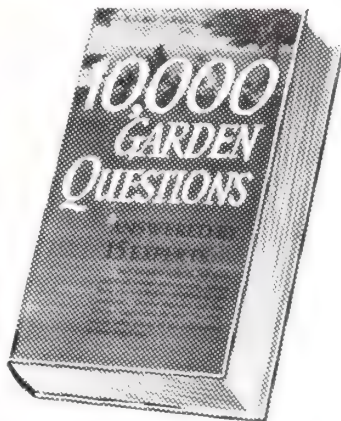
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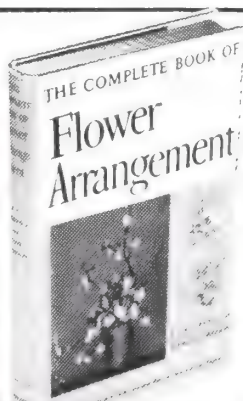


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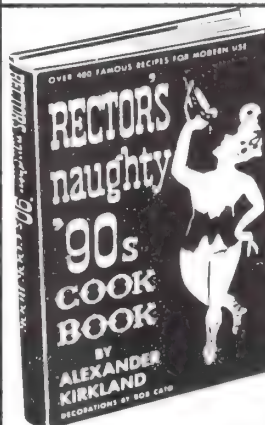
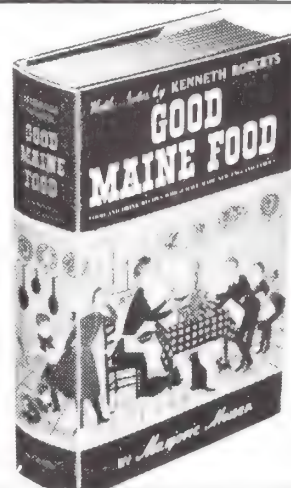
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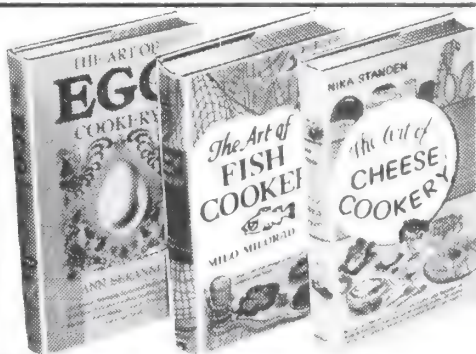
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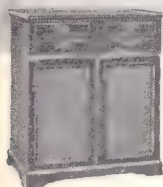


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Harper's

MAGAZINE

Vol. 200

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in next month's

Harper's

MAGAZINE

PROPOSALS that we allow the West German government to rearm are coming with increasing frequency these days, and from all directions. In March, *Telford Taylor*, who held the wartime rank of brigadier-general in the Army of the United States and who was one of the chief prosecutors at the Nuremberg trials, examines the case for German rearmament in a powerful and hard-hitting article.

IT's always open season for sniping at Congress, but few writers have gone after their quarry with as well-trained a gun as *Albert L. Warner*, who lays low the organizational "Chaos in Congress" in a spirited article in next month's issue. What we have, he demonstrates, is an essentially Model-T organization with a few modern trimmings superimposed; and he makes a powerful case for his complaints before he goes on to offer some highly practical recommendations for basic changes.

IN AN equally iconoclastic mood, *Joseph Wood Krutch* attacks the contemporary concept of citizenship as a full-time job in a lively, pointed, and definitely controversial piece entitled "Whom Do We Picket Tonight?" You'll also learn, in a report from *Stanley Walker*, that the gaudy Texas of current legend is a superficial phenomenon and the real Texas which underlies it is something else again.

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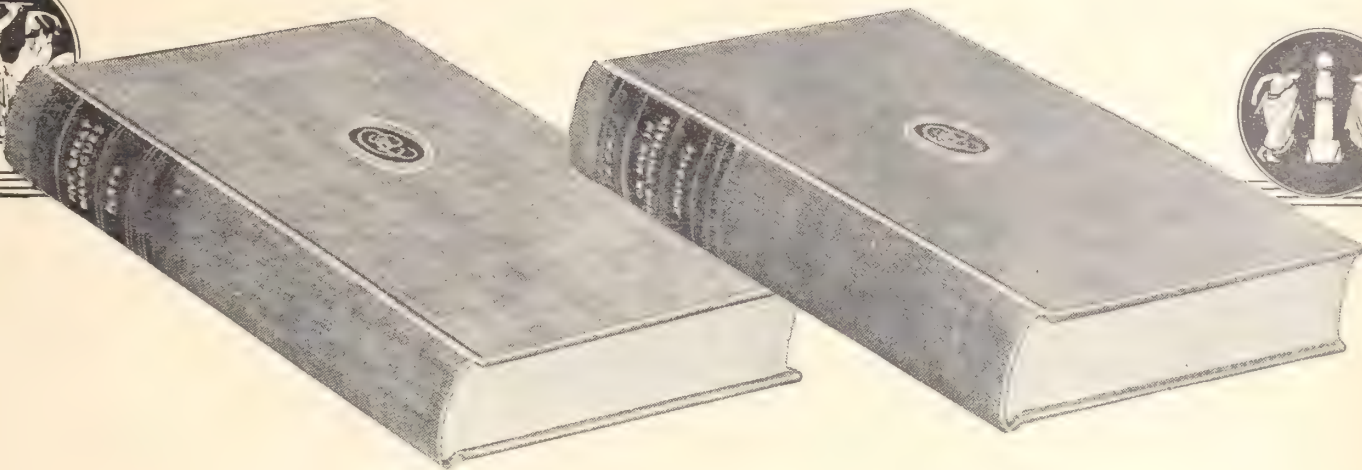
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Personal & Otherwise

WHO READS HARPER'S? What kind of people are they? What do they do, and what is their "specific gravity," socially and intellectually—or their specific humor?

Such questions are important to the editors, and it is touching, really, to see how they snatch at every available hint or piece of evidence which helps to convert that amorphous statistical monster known as "total circulation" into human beings.

One source of such evidence is, of course, the letters from readers (a sampling of which we print every month in the "Letters" column which follows P & O). But, welcome as these letters are (the hostile ones as well as the amiable ones), there is no way of knowing how representative of "total circulation" their writers are. In fact, the assumption is that they *aren't* representative, since most of our readers don't write to us at all.

Fortunately for the editors, however, the business staff of the magazine is also interested in its readers. Like other magazines, we need advertisements; since our circulation is less than 200,000, we have to sell space on the basis of the quality of our readership rather than its quantity; and furthermore, we feel that our advertisers have a right to know to what sort of people they are appealing. That being the case, the business staff is as interested in who reads the magazine as the editors are, though for somewhat different reasons.

As we said, this is fortunate for the editors; because a really useful survey of *Harper's* readers is an expensive undertaking—so

expensive and so complicated that the magazine couldn't afford to undertake it unless it were useful to the business staff as well as to the editors.

THIS MUCH is by way of introduction to a report on a new kind of readership survey which *Harper's* undertook last fall, called "The *Harper's* Leadership Panel." The study, conducted by International Public Opinion Research, Inc., an affiliate of Elmo Roper's outfit, is a continuing research project designed to collect data on the opinions, habits, ideas, and interests of *Harper's* readers. The first questionnaire—a four-page leaflet—was sent to 12,000 subscribers, selected by what the experts call "randomization," and 3,010 were filled out and returned to us. When the answers were tabulated (a much bigger job than anyone had anticipated) the findings were validated by personal interviews with a number of people who had received the questionnaire but had *not* returned it, in order to discover if the non-panel members differed in essential respects from those who had been willing to join the panel. They didn't.

The response was, from the editors' point of view, extremely interesting. People took a lot of time to answer the questions, and their comments about the questionnaire and the "panel" idea were most helpful. As the chief engineer of an Illinois building-materials company wrote: "I'd only answer it for *Harper's!*" And most of the panel members seem to have agreed with the secretary in Washington, D. C., who said she liked the



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chance to speak her mind and thought the panel would stimulate independent thinking.

There isn't room here to analyze the panel findings in detail, but you who read the magazine may be interested in some of the statistical data. The most interesting single fact, so far as P & O is concerned, was that more than 30 per cent of the readers of this oldest of all American general monthly magazines (we're beginning our Centennial year next June, by the way) are between 25 and 34 years old! The next largest age-group, 22 per cent, are between 35 and 44.

As for economic status (and this, of course, is good news to the business staff), the majority of *Harper's* readers are pretty well fixed. Sixty-five per cent have family incomes over \$5,000 a year, and 24 per cent over \$10,000. If you set up categories from \$2,000 to \$3,499, from \$3,500 to \$4,999, and so on, the largest group (27.4 per cent) falls in the \$5,000 to \$7,499 bracket. But from the editors' point of view it is better still to know that 3.4 per cent of our subscribers (more than 5,200 people) have incomes of *less than* \$2,000 a year. That strikes us as convincing proof that *Harper's* brand of independent thinking is not a luxury, but a necessity.

As you would probably guess, the largest single group of *Harper's* readers are those engaged in the professions (engineers, journalists, lawyers, teachers, and so on). Next in order come the following occupations: manufacturing (19.3 per cent), wholesale and retail trade (11.0), government and armed forces (9.7), and finance, insurance, and real estate (5.4). No other classification accounts for as many as 5 per cent. The smallest group of all (.3 per cent) is employed in the field of amusement and recreation.

In these various categories, 37 per cent of our readers are employed professionals or semi-professionals; 18.7 per cent have managerial or executive positions; 11.1 per cent are self-employed; 9.6 per cent are white collar workers (clerks and salespeople); 8.4 per cent are proprietors (owners or partners); and 5.1 per cent are retired. No other group has as many as 5 per cent, but P & O was interested to note that 3.5 per cent are either skilled or unskilled laborers. It is encouraging to know that more than five thousand workers as well as more than twenty-eight thousand managers and executives will read

such articles as Peter Drucker's piece on "The Mirage of Pensions" and Mary Heaton Vorse's story of the steel strike in this issue.

IT is clear from the responses to the first Leadership Panel questionnaire that *Harper's* subscribers (90.5 per cent of whom are college graduates) are certainly aware of the basic social and economic problems of the time. The replies to the questions on business conditions (as they looked last September when there was a good deal of uncertainty) were almost always thoughtfully worked out, though opinions varied widely according to the point of view from which they were seen. The largest group (38.1 per cent) thought we were in a period of *healthy* "leveling off," and another 18 per cent thought the recession was only a mild, short-lived one. The second largest group (23.4 per cent) thought things would get worse.

As for the cure, 55 per cent thought that the government should cut taxes, practice economy, and "hold new regulatory legislation to a minimum." At the two extremes, only 11 per cent thought business and industry should be given a free hand to solve their own problems, and only 13.8 per cent thought government should take a more active role in regulating business. Those who were for expanded social security and higher wages (20.5 per cent) were almost exactly balanced by those who thought government should "stop coddling labor" and postpone any extension of social security (19 per cent).

Similarly, in response to the questions on local school problems, 87 per cent of the panel members indicated that they were actively interested in such specific problems as inadequate school facilities, the need for increased teacher salaries, the relation between the school and the community, and the more effective organization of school boards. More than 65 per cent of our subscribers are members of organizations concerned with school problems, and almost 30 per cent are active leaders in such organizations.

All this is pretty bare and statistical. It omits the individuality and color that emerge from the replies themselves. There is the accountant who insisted that we destroy his questionnaire after collating it because some day "a government hostile to *Harper's Magazine* . . . or people who don't



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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

think management is composed exclusively of virtuous people, may come into power and use this questionnaire as evidence of one's subversiveness." And the Cleveland lawyer and his wife who, when they read the letter inviting them to join the panel as "literate, thoughtful, and influential people" almost threw it all in the wastebasket. And the Texas publisher who promised to bring flowers to our funeral if we couldn't remain solvent by maintaining our magazine as "the clear voice of unterrified and sagacious decency."

It was a pleasure to meet them all, and the magazine is grateful to all the panel members for their interest in the project. When future questionnaires are sent out, seeking more data, we will know better how to set them up and how to record and arrange the replies so that we can report more promptly and more completely on the findings. Meanwhile, our thanks to all.

From the Horse's Mouth

Up at Barnard College the other day Mark Van Doren was talking to the English majors about the problems which arise in the course of writing a critical biography such as his recent book about Hawthorne for the American Men of Letters series. One of the points he made in passing was that criticism these days is much more interested in books which are failures than in books which succeed.

Leaving aside, for the moment, the question of whether or not our times are psychopathically preoccupied with failure, maybe it is true that an age like ours which exalts criticism almost—if not quite—at the expense of the creative processes (and it is extraordinary how many contemporary writers who started out as poets or novelists have turned critics)—maybe such an age will inevitably concern itself with bad (unsuccessful) books rather than with good ones. For, as Mr. Van Doren observed, there is really nothing to say about a book which succeeds. The critic would have no more interest in a perfect work of art than a doctor has in a perfect human body; he can exercise his talents only when there is a cancer-

ous growth, or when fragments of the skeleton obtrude like the splintered ends of bone in a fracture.

P & O was reminded of Mr. Van Doren's observation by the passage in *Joyce Cary's* "The Way a Novel Gets Written" (p. 78) in which he tells about "the prettiest compliment" he ever had: namely, a critic's assertion that his novel, *The Horse's Mouth*, was "improvised." The novel, Mr. Cary says, had been in gestation for five or six years and had been rewritten several times over, "but much of that rewriting was intended to hide the construction." In other words, the rewriting was intended to heal the book's wounds and restore it to health—a condition which naturally bored the clinical specialist.

If there is a note of complaint against the critics in what we have said, blame it on P & O rather than on Mr. Cary. For, as we meant to say when we began these remarks, one of the most notable things about Mr. Cary's article is that he talks about writing novels without complaining about anything whatever. This is a phenomenon more amazing than a dog walking on its hind legs or a woman preaching.

Generally speaking, novelists who write about writing novels are full of complaints. Their words have a mournful undertow which forever sucks them back to problems of technique, to the devising of splints and poultices. As one of them recently wrote in the *Virginia Quarterly*, "Life today is too much for the novelist. . . ." So, when Mr. Cary writes about his job without revealing any but a lover's quarrels with the world, one is impressed. One wonders, in fact, if this may not tell us something important about his books. One remembers Hawthorne again, and suddenly realizes that in his prefaces to all his novels *except one* he complained (in that gentle, half-humorous way of his) about the difficulty of writing such novels in his time and place. The one exception was the preface to the only book he wrote that completely succeeded. *That* preface tells how impossible it would have been to write any other kind of book than the one he wrote. But there is not a word about the difficulties of writing *The Scarlet Letter*.

P & O

Anyway, plenty of people will have a chance to discover for themselves whether *The Horse's Mouth* is successful, in the sense we have been discussing. Several weeks after Mr. Cary wrote "The Way a Novel Gets Written" (in response to some questions from the book's editor at Harper & Brothers), the Book-of-the-Month Club chose the novel as its selection for February. Readers of the magazine have already seen a part of the book, which we published as "Dinner at the Beeders'" last September.

Traffics and Discoveries

...Since the war Americans interested in the drift of modern science have become increasingly aware of the work of **Lancelot Law Whyte**, British physicist whose books on the unification of science have appealed to a very widespread demand for enlightenment. At the time when we published a brief article by him, "Scientific Thought in the Coming Decades" (November 1948), he was known mainly for American editions of *The Next Development in Man* and *Everyman Looks Forward*. His most recent book in this country is *The Unitary Principle in Physics and Biology*, brought out by Holt last fall.

During the last three months of 1949, Mr. Whyte was in the United States, traveling and lecturing—and, as he reports, "performing a minor liaison function which is one of the great privileges of a visitor." He spoke at Columbia and Cooper Union in New York, at Harvard, in Cincinnati, and at the University of Chicago. He also made a flying trip to Mexico and in New York concluded arrangements for a Mentor edition of *The Next Development of Man*.

"Simultaneous Discovery" (p. 23), Mr. Whyte's retrospective essay in this issue, rests, like all of his work, on his practical as well as theoretical acquaintance with contemporary science in very broad perspective. After service in the first world war, he took a Double First in mathematics and physics at Cambridge University and became a research fellow. Between wars he traveled a great deal (came to the United States and Mexico then too), worked



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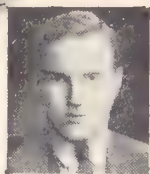


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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

in industry, and went to Berlin in 1929 as a Rockefeller fellow in theoretical physics. Later in London, one of his ventures in raising money for and developing new investments, was his backing of the inventor of jet propulsion, Frank Whittle; he created and directed the firm of Power Jets Limited. During the past war, he was Director of Statistical Inquiries in the Ministry of Supply.

●●●In an article in our December issue, C. Hartley Grattan examined "union label" social security schemes in their relation to government welfare plans and called for more study on the general problem, which he summed up in this question: "How big a social security bill can the nation safely carry and still have ample flexibility left to maintain, and increase, its total volume of production—or national income?" This month in "The Mirage of Pensions," (p. 31), **Peter F. Drucker** narrows the problem to that of how we shall pay for old-age or retirement pensions. Since most of us have these days a lease on life far longer than any our ancestors dreamed of—not counting the days of Methuselah—there is in this problem something too close to home for comfort.

Mr. Drucker's last major contribution to *Harper's* was a series of three articles in our fall issues: "Revolution by Mass Production," "Is Management Legitimate," and "The Insecurity of Labor Unions." These are now part of a book to be published by Harpers & Brothers in April, *The New Society: The Anatomy of the Industrial Order*.

Illustrations for "The Mirage of Pensions" were made by **Tom Funk**, New York artist who does work for the *New Yorker*, *Life*, and the Condé Nast publications.

●●●"Reputation by Sonnenberg" (p. 39) may be described as a polyp-tych by divers hands. One of the makers is **Croswell Bowen**, a reporter for the *New Yorker*, who has worked for various newspapers during the past twenty years, including five years doing features for "Picture News," the magazine section of the late New York newspaper, *PM*. He is author of *Great River of the Mountains: The Hudson* and of articles with photographs

on the war in the Middle East in *Look*, *Town and Country*, and *Harper's Bazaar*.

Born in Toledo, Ohio, he went to Yale and the Sorbonne, and served with the American Field Service during the war as a photographer. Shortly before the fall of Tobruk in 1942, his leg was paralyzed and he was taken to Cairo to convalesce. He says he has always been fascinated by the techniques used by press agents (or publicity men or information officers) to get their clients and their products into print; he has been watching the process for a long time.

George R. Clark is our anonymous staff writer who sometimes participates so energetically in the final version of an article that we think he deserves separate billing.

●●●"An Altogether Different Strike" (p. 50) is **Mary Heaton Vorse's** comparative account of the steel strike of last fall, with the special outlook of a reporter who covered the steel strike of 1919, wrote a book about it (*Men and Steel*, 1921), followed the activities of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee from the beginning and went through the little steel strike of 1937. During the recent strike, she spent nearly five weeks visiting every steel center from Bethlehem and Johnstown to the towns around Chicago. Mrs. Vorse tells us:

While I talked with steel executives and many friends I have who are inclined to be on management's side, I was most interested in the rank-and-file steel workers. I talked with them on picket lines and in their soup kitchens, went visiting in their homes, accompanied union wives galore on relief cases. . . . Almost everywhere I found old friends or people who knew my work. I attended strike meetings in many places. While I had spent nearly two years writing about problems of production in war industries [See "The Girls of Elkton," *Harper's*, March 1943], I had not been in the steel areas since the little steel strike and I have tried to give an account of the amazing changes in the moral climate in these few years.

Mrs. Vorse's first contribution to this magazine was a story, "The Awkward Question," published in June 1906—and that's not a misprint; her most recent, "The South



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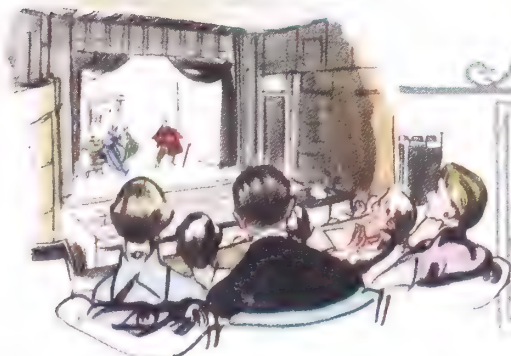


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Has Changed," in July 1949. She told us in December that she was going to settle down for the winter and write a novel.

Lou Block was the illustrator for Mrs. Vorse's article on the South and, at her request, he traveled out to the steel towns to make the pictures for "An Altogether Different Strike."

...In "Science, Secrecy, Security" (p. 58), **Dr. Edward Uhler Condon** penetrates to the heart of the question of national and individual security and makes the third impressive contribution to this discussion which *Harper's* has published this winter. Dr. J. A. Campbell split open the subject with his article in December, "How to Make an Atom Bomb," which was a demonstration that the most important ingredient in both atomic production and national security is the men who discover the secrets of nature. In January, Louis Welborn related, in "The Ordeal of Dr. Condon," the story of how the misguided zeal of politicians, in one signal example, may have done injury not only to the personal freedom of a distinguished American scientist but potentially to the strength of our atomic development program. This month we have the testimony of that scientist himself.

Dr. Condon is Director of the National Bureau of Standards, which is the principal agency of the United States government for basic research in physics, mathematics, chemistry, and engineering. Besides directing the work of close to 2,000 scientists and engineers engaged in research for the Bureau in a wide range of projects, he holds a number of other positions of an *ex officio* character, including chairmanship of the Federal Specifications Board; he is a member of the National Academy of Sciences and American Academy of Arts and Sciences, as well as numerous other organizations. He has written more than sixty research papers, many of which are required reading in nuclear physics, and is co-author of *Quantum Mechanics* and *The Theory of Atomic Spectrum*.

...In "The Villa" (p. 64), **Victor Wolfson** returns to some of the char-



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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

acters whom he described in "The Old Comrades" (*Harper's*, August 1949). Mr. Wolfson grew up in New York—as one may guess from these sketches—and attended the University of Wisconsin. He has written plays ("Excursion," "Pastoral," "Love in the City") and, more recently, novels (*The Lonely Steeple* and *The Eagle on the Plain*) and short stories. We have his word that he has just returned from a stay in Bou-Saada, a village in the Sahara Desert.

"The Old Comrades" related that the "mother" and "father" of "The Villa" had met as young revolutionists in the underground anti-Czarist movement in Russia, and were reunited, after coming to this country, on the lower East Side of New York. *Nicholas Mordvinoff*, who has done the drawings for both of Mr. Wolfson's stories, was also Russian-born, though of a younger generation. He was brought up in Paris and came here after eighteen years of painting and study in France and the islands of the South Pacific.

•••*Everett DeBaun* is an authority on the art of "The Heist" (p. 69), or the holdup, but is engaged now not in the practice thereof but in the study of its rich and amazing language. While serving sentence in a penitentiary he is collecting a dictionary of the argot, slang, and cant of the underworld. He remarked to us that the experience which he describes in the following paragraphs might be a lesson to people who believe in raising kids with a barrel stave. Here it is:

Forty-one years old. Come from Rockland County, N. Y., where my folks have lived since the 1690's. Raised on a diet of cat—a leather one, made to order by the harness-maker—washed down with four doses of church on Sunday. Had the hatchet out for authority in all its forms, and for everything else my family stood for, many fine things included, long before I took my tattered hide out of reach at fifteen or sixteen.

Spent three years in the Army, most of it in the guardhouse. Rooted around the country. Then landed here, in which community of rebels I soon managed to distinguish myself somewhat. Have eighteen years in here altogether; thirty-four or -five more to go. Crime: payroll robbery, complicated by general recalcitrance. Five

or six years ago, when about ready for nut-house, met a first-rate psychiatrist who undertook to explain to me the whys and wherefores—have no education and, like the rest of us, had no idea why I felt differently about things than other people.

After a while got more or less on an even keel emotionally for the first time, and egged on by H. L. Mencken, with whom I have corresponded for years, Kathleen Hoagland, and John Fischer, taught myself to write a readable sentence. Have in the works a dictionary of disreputable slang and a book on the so-called underworld—"The Heist" will be part of the latter—which Harper & Brothers will publish if we both survive the writing of them. The point is that my miserable and useless life need not have been that, and that the jails are full of guys like me and probably will be so long as people rely on prayer and arbitrary discipline rather than common sense—not only in the family but in society at large.

•••"Advice to a Traveler" (p. 77) is the first poem we have published by *Howard Moss*, author of *The Wound and the Weather*, and member of the staff of the *New Yorker*.

•••From the editor's point of view one important Far Eastern question concerns the name of Peiping. You see that *Jean Lyon's* article is titled "When the Communists Entered Peking" (p. 78). Why Peking? She calls it Peiping throughout the article, and Peiping has been the official name of recent years. We thought, and were advised by Miss Lyon, that Peking seems the more natural and familiar name to Americans. But, to be explicit about it, the city was Peiping once before—1368 to 1409. Then it was Peking for over five hundred years—1409 to 1928. The Japanese tried to call it Peking again in 1937, and now the Communists, in 1949, have re-named it Peking.

Jean Lyon has spent a good part of her life in China. Born there of missionary parents, she grew up in Shanghai and returned to teach English there for a year after her graduation from Wellesley College. Back in the United States, she worked for the New York *Sun* and from 1939 to 1945 for the New York office of the Chinese Government Ministry of Information. Under their auspices she was in China in

1944, and two years later she was stationed in Shanghai and Peiping, working for the U. S. National Committee of the Y.W.C.A. traveling to major cities in south and west China, writing for the North American Newspaper Alliance, the *Toronto Star Weekly*, and other publications. During the Communist take-over, she was *New York Times* representative in Peiping; she returned home last summer.

...“The Ruin of Soul” (p. 94) is the third story by **Leonard Wallace Robinson** to appear in *Harper's*. The author is a former journalist, now a short-story writer and a non-medical psychoanalyst in New York City. He has written for the *New Yorker*, *Time*, *Fortune*, and other magazines.

The drawings with Mr. Robinson's story are the work of **Irv S. Docktore**, who studied at the Philadelphia Museum School of Industrial Art and spent five years as an Army artist - photographer. He is now busy as an illustrator in New York.

“The British Rich Today”

The following exchange of letters, concerning an article by Virginia Cowles which we published last fall, ran beyond the limits of our Letters column, but it seemed too interesting to keep to ourselves.

To the Editors:

I would like, as an Englishwoman, to write in protest against the article written by Virginia Cowles describing conditions in my country, which was published in your issue of October 1949. It is difficult for anyone to understand a country other than his own, but I do not think that is an excuse for presenting so many erroneous statements as facts which need no substantiation.

May I, to prove my contention, quote a few of the inaccuracies:

(1) Miss Cowles says that the rich are allowed to kill two pigs a year, a calf every three months, and as many sheep as they can eat. The facts are that all farmers and small-holders in Britain are permitted, after obtaining licenses from the Food Ministry, to kill two pigs in a year and one other animal (calf or sheep) every three months. This permission would apply equally to Miss Cowles who, in addition to the house in Westminster mentioned at the beginning of her article, has with her husband a charming farm in the country with a herd of cows and a number of pigs.

(2) Miss Cowles makes the astonish-

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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

ing statement that many rich men are able to live in great luxury in England today without spending capital. She explains this by saying that firstly, they can make money from capital gains "which are not taxable, as in the U.S.A." It would have been fairer if she had seen fit to point out that while Stock Exchange profits are taxed in the U.S.A., losses can be set off against gains and other earnings. This is not allowed over here. The second method which Miss Cowles' British millionaires employ is to "make enough from buying and selling businesses to maintain them without drawing on their reserves." What businesses? What millionaires? This statement to anyone with any knowledge of business life in England today is quite ridiculous.

(3) Miss Cowles suggests that rich Englishmen who before the war spent most of their time in London, have now retired to country estates and apparently are taking an interest in them for the first time. "Today," she says, "many landlords are taking an active part in managing their own property." Miss Cowles seems unaware that there is a great tradition in England of landowners whose principal interest has been the cultivation of land and the improvement of agricultural methods. Perhaps she has not heard of Coke of Norfolk or "Turnip" Townsend, or of their modern counterparts such as Lord Bledisloe, known to the agricultural community as the "Grand Old Man of Farming," and Lord Portsmouth, who himself farms several thousand acres in Hampshire, and who before the war had already written two brilliant books on agriculture. Miss Cowles might refresh her memory by reading some English history. G. M. Trevelyan, for instance, in Chapter 12 of his *English Social History*, says "in the eighteenth century the landowners as a class were able and willing to devote their personal attention and their accumulated wealth to the improvement of the land and the methods of cultivation." It is no new thing in English country life for landlords to be "taking an active part in managing their own property."

(4) Miss Cowles has made the error, which no English person would have done, of confusing "millionaires" with the families who live in what she calls "the stately homes of England." Some of the most historic houses in England are lived in by families who are not at all rich, but who are willing to make all other sacrifices before they will sell the homes where their families have lived for generations. The idea given by Miss Cowles that life in the large country houses of England continues exactly as before the war is quite untrue. Very few of them are still lived in entirely. Of the list which she gives of people who still have the temerity to live in their own homes, to my personal knowledge four out of the nine families mentioned are inhabiting only a wing or a small part of the house.

(5) Miss Cowles says that if "the

millionaire" finds his house too large to maintain under present conditions he can give it to the nation. "This . . . enables him to continue living in it with the National Trust paying the upkeep." Miss Cowles evidently does not know that the National Trust will accept a house only if it is of outstanding architectural value and then *only if the donor will settle the money for its upkeep*. If he is unable to make the necessary endowment, the National Trust cannot accept the house. "It can only accept properties which are self-supporting or are accompanied by an endowment." (National Trust Report for September 1949).

(6) "What I, as an American, found most impressive when I first went to England," says Miss Cowles, "was the amount people ate." This I find hard to believe. My first impression of the U.S., when I went there before the war, was the enormous size of the steaks which seemed to be consumed without the slightest difficulty by the inhabitants. It is true that there were differences in the things that the two countries ate. In England it was customary to have more courses and to eat less of them. As for Miss Cowles' lyrical description of an English breakfast, I have yet to hear of anyone else in England who has seen roast beef set out on a sideboard for breakfast.

(7) Miss Cowles now turns to the life led at universities by rich undergraduates before the war, in order to prove that it was ridiculously luxurious. "In prewar days," she says, "it was not unusual for young men to take servants to Oxford with them." My husband was an undergraduate at Oxford some years before the war and I had three brothers there, covering the period 1930-1939. Not one of the four can remember ever having heard of a single English undergraduate who had brought a servant to Oxford with him. The only two undergraduates who were known to have done so were both Americans. Her final picture of these decadent rich young men, who incidentally were of the generation which went directly to the war in 1939 and many of whom were killed, is of "a valet cleaning his master's hunting breeches with the whites of two dozen eggs." No one has ever heard of such an extraordinary use for the whites of eggs, and I can only think that Miss Cowles' leg must have been pulled by her informant.

(8) "Today most rich men are isolated from the political life of the country," says Miss Cowles. "They seldom meet Cabinet Ministers and Socialist M.P.'s." The picture that Miss Cowles has drawn of immaculate Socialists holding icily aloof from those who have had the brains and industry to make more money than themselves, is hardly borne out by the evidence given a few months ago before the notorious Lynskey Tribunal. Several Socialist Ministers, who were completely innocent of any wrongdoing, had to admit that they had accepted the hospitality of Mr. Sidney

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Stanley, whom they scarcely knew by name. If a dubious character like Stanley can get Socialist Ministers to dine with him, their presence does not seem so impossible to achieve as Miss Cowles would appear to believe.

Miss Cowles has been living in this country now for some time, and has married a Socialist Member of Parliament who enjoyed the benefits of an education at Harrow and at Oxford. An article composed of so many obvious inaccuracies is not worthy of her fine reputation as a war correspondent; nor can it do anything but harm to the relationship of her own and her adopted country to write such an article about life in Britain today, for publication in the U.S., where many people may believe the misleading picture which she has drawn.

SHEILA BIRKENHEAD

To the Editors:

In reply to Lady Birkenhead's letter I stated in my article, "The British Rich Today," that English millionaires who find it impossible to keep up their large country estates under the present heavy burden of taxation have a possible alternative, *i.e.*, to present their houses to the National Trust, which allows them to remain living in them for their lifetime, and pays for the upkeep. Lady Birkenhead is right in pointing out that the National Trust does not pay for the upkeep, but that the owner must contribute a capital sum as an endowment fund. However, what she refrains from saying is that the income from the endowment fund is at once tax-free. Under present taxation an English millionaire who has £700,000 receives only £250 annual income from the last £200,000. By giving this £200,000 to the National Trust he receives an income of £8,000 a year to pay for the upkeep of his house, which enables him, as I said in my article, to maintain his estate.

I am afraid I cannot accept any other points that Lady Birkenhead makes. Some are quite contrary to fact. For instance, in paragraph two, although she admits there is no capital gains tax in Britain, she asks, with incredible naiveté, what millionaires have ever made a profit in this way. There is nothing illegal in such practice and I am astonished that she does not know that many business men have made thousands of pounds through capital gains in the past few years, owing largely to the inflationary period Britain has been passing through. Factories, restaurants, garages, shops, and all kinds of businesses have been bought and sold at a profit. Since Lady Birkenhead presses for an example I refer her to the London *Daily Express* of October 28, which reports that Mr. Charles Clore, who bought a defunct chain of dress shops in 1941, recently sold them for over a million pounds, which was described by one of his aides as "a nice profit on the deal."

In paragraph four, she asserts that "only an American" would make the

error of describing the families who live in "the stately homes of England" as millionaires. Lady Birkenhead's father, Lord Camrose, and her uncle, Lord Kemsley, are both millionaires and both live in "stately homes." But perhaps Lady Birkenhead is referring to the aristocracy as opposed to the self-made millionaire. Dozens of English aristocrats own very large houses and large properties which, if they cared to sell them, would enable them to put many hundreds of thousands of pounds in the bank. Among the richest men in England are the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Roxburgh, and the Marquis of Bute. And as for Lady Birkenhead's assertion that four out of the nine people I named in my article are only living in wings of their houses, since one of the people she is referring to is the Duke of Marlborough, may I point out that Blenheim Palace is on the same scale as Buckingham Palace; therefore living in a wing could hardly be described as living in cramped quarters.

Space will not permit me to deal with Lady Birkenhead's other points in any detail; but as for her charge in paragraph one that I deliberately refrained from mentioning that small landowners have the same legal rights as large landowners to kill pigs, etc., to eat, I took this for granted, never assuming that anyone would think that a government would deliberately legislate to the exclusive favor of those with £100,000 in the bank. I am not willing to enter an argument with Lady Birkenhead on whether before the war Americans or Englishmen ate the biggest steaks, but I must insist that white pigskin hunting breeches used to be cleaned with the whites of eggs. Her discourse on the merits of the English squirearchy in the eighteenth century in paragraph three is quite irrelevant to the point I was making.

My article was not intended as an attack on rich English people but as a factual account of how the rich are faring under a Labor Government. I am extremely sorry that Lady Birkenhead chose to interpret it in the light she did, and can only say that although she brands it as "misleading" she has not given any facts which refute my two main contentions: (a) that despite the austerity Britain is undergoing there is very little that money cannot buy and buy legally, and (b) that although the standard of the British millionaire has declined since prewar days it is still extremely high and in some instances higher than in the United States.

Although Lady Birkenhead seems to be alarmed that my article will strain relations between our two countries she does not hesitate to make a slurring reference to her own government, and subsequently to her own country, in paragraph eight. Personally I think this is the sort of remark that is likely to do much more harm.

VIRGINIA COWLES

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LETTERS

Dogged Counterattack—

To the Editors:

I wonder whether you have been overwhelmed with commentaries on Mr. Mayer's splendid articles on the A.M.A. ["The Rise and Fall of Dr. Fishbein," November 1949, and "The Dogged Retreat of the Doctors" December 1949] or whether doctors are too timid and laymen too bewildered. Let me raise one small voice to praise both him and you. . . . Incidentally, Mr. Mayer let the doctors off pretty easily. May I suggest that for his next article he tackle the subject of fee-splitting.

Please don't publish this letter, but if you want to refer to it in print, please, for obvious reasons omit my name.

----- M.D.
Chicago, Ill.

Since the writer of this letter cannot be identified, we feel no compunction about printing his letter. We do so because we have received a number of letters from doctors applauding Mr. Mayer's articles, and in several cases we have been asked that the doctor's name not be mentioned. This seems to us an odd situation. As Mr. Mayer pointed out in his articles, here is a professional association so powerful that it can, through its state organizations, exclude from the use of hospital facilities doctors who dissent from its political policies. We have also received letters attacking Mr. Mayer's articles from doctors who have no hesitation about using their names in the defense of the A.M.A.

To the Editors:

I salute Milton Mayer and *Harper's* for so forthrightly and so searchingly facing the A.M.A. propaganda campaign, and for showing what it has been and also still is.

I am only one un-average American father of four children whose budget could not stand up under catastrophic or chronic illness, but whose income even so is in the top 10 per cent of the country's.

My pleasure in Mayer's articles must remain anonymous, I suppose. My older daughter is an applicant to a medical school for 1950, and if her father's views were suspected by the admission officers I fear the daughter might be "convicted by association" of entertaining views inappropriate for a medical student.

...

Ann Arbor, Mich.

To the Editors:

For some years my niece has sent me your magazine as a Christmas present. I have just asked her not to continue the subscription.

I hold no brief for the A.M.A., but I like fairness and truth in any criticism. The articles about the A.M.A. recently appearing in your magazine are not only unfair but vindictive and scurrilous. . . .

EDWARD S. RIMER, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Milton Mayer's jerry-built structure in which he argues for socialized medicine ["The Dogged Retreat of the Doctors," *Harper's* December] has some rotten timbers. May I beg space to expose some of them?

In varying the theme that man belongs to the state, Mr. Mayer says that government has the right to take over medicine because "the doctor has always been 'clothed with a public interest'; he has been licensed for centuries. . . . He has never been allowed to refuse his services."

Untrue. Set 1896 as the average date for the establishment of medi-

cal licensure in these United States. It is not required in many countries today, including Great Britain. (In the latter instance an unlicensed physician is under handicaps, such as an inability to sue in courts for professional fees.)

In every jurisdiction in this country the physician can refuse his services. Every specialist chooses his patients by refusing those outside his field; the Southern physician turns away Negroes with impunity; every doctor knows this right and exerts it on occasion against the alcoholic, the obstreperous, or the non-cooperative patient.

The doctor, Mr. Mayer says, is too ignorant to be believed in social problems.

Untrue. The physician spends three years in a liberal arts college; at least one year's internship, almost inevitably in a metropolis. In his duties he communes with the poor; in his wealth he travels to Canada and Florida. Each year a great art exhibit is produced by physicians; they form their own symphony orchestras. A society of them is limited to M.D.'s who are also lawyers. What other class draws from such vivid cultural experiences?

Mr. Mayer does not like the too-slick spewings of our press agents.

True! and may God smite us!

Your author, of course, pooh-poohs the fear that government medicine ends the patient's free choice. What does he say to this excerpt from the Murray-Wagner-Dingell bill?

In any Health-Service area where agreements for the furnishing of general medical care provide for payment only on a per capita basis, those individuals residing in the area who have failed to select a practitioner—or been refused—shall be [assigned] on a pro-rata basis among the practitioners. (S-5, page 22, line 3)

Mr. Mayer of course smears sanc-

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public opinion. Given the
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The first turbine-electric drive for ships was proposed and designed by G-E engineers. Today four companies in this country build this type of ship-propulsion equipment.

After several years of laboratory development, General Electric began production and sale of the Disposall kitchen-waste unit in 1935. Today fourteen other companies are in this field.

The first practical x-ray tube, developed at General Electric years ago, is now a highly competitive business for seven manufacturers.

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* * *

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LETTERS

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The medical profession is working desperately to correct social inequalities. Here in Columbus, Ohio, a Metropolitan Health Council composed of physicians and social workers has established grand rapport. But whenever we arise against an unsound potpourri of governmental medicine we are called dogged, ignorant, and unco-operative.

It reminds me of the time Bill sidled up to his colleague and said, "Jim, you've got a grand wife. Would you mind if I took her to Chicago this weekend?" Jim exploded. "Of course I mind. Are you crazy, fellow?"

"There you are!" said Bill. "Now how are we going to get along when you are so unco-operative?"

Over some principles we cannot co-operate. We fight!

FRANK A. RIEBEL, M.D.
Columbus, Ohio

To the Editors:

Speaking as a layman who uses the medicine dispensed by the "socially circumscribed personalities," as he described the doctors, I want to say that the article by Milton Mayer is an outrageous piece of sneering sadistic nonsense and distortion. Who is Milton Mayer anyhow . . . ?

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Simultaneous Discovery

Lancelot Law Whyte

There is some truth in this, that many things have their epoch, when they are found at the same time in many places, just as the violets appear on every side in the spring.

Wolfgang Bolyai, 1823.

ONE of the most fascinating features in the history of science is the way in which new ideas often arise simultaneously in different minds. It is as though the discoverers or inventors were unconsciously co-operating in the development of human powers along a path as inevitable as the courses of the planets. Not merely technical advances, but even the creations of pure thought seem to be guided by an inherent necessity.

There is great emphasis today on the promotion of science by the co-ordination of different techniques in large research programs. It is less commonly realized that this conscious planning of co-operative discovery is being powerfully reinforced by an unconscious factor: a tendency toward overlapping

and convergence of the various departments of science, so that new general principles may emerge simultaneously in different fields of research and in the minds of many workers. But to understand this let us first examine two striking examples of simultaneous discovery in the past.

IN NOVEMBER 1823 a Hungarian mathematician, Wolfgang Bolyai, wrote the words quoted at the head of this article in a letter to his son Johann, then only twenty-one. Johann had written in great excitement telling his father that he had "made a new world out of nothing." He had conceived the idea of a geometry in which one of Euclid's postulates no longer holds true. Wolfgang saw the importance of his son's idea, but he knew

Lancelot Law Whyte, British physicist and philosopher of science, is the author of The Next Development in Man and The Unitary Principle in Physics and Biology.

that many other mathematicians had realized that there was a weakness in the Euclidean system. From about 1750, every decade had seen fresh papers on it. So Wolfgang pressed his son to develop his ideas and publish quickly. The problem was already in the air and someone might anticipate him.

He did not know how right he was. For at that very time, from 1823 to 1828, *four* other mathematicians—Gauss, Taurinus, and Schweikart in Germany and Lobachevsky in Russia—were actively exploring almost the same ideas, largely unknown to each other. Gauss had recognized the importance of the problem in 1789, at the age of twelve.

By 1831 the young Bolyai had completed his work, and his father sent it to Gauss, who was then the leading mathematician in Europe. Gauss replied in a famous letter accepting the validity of Johann's work, and adding rather casually that he was surprised by it, because he had himself been developing the same ideas for thirty years but had not intended to publish them because so few would be interested in them. This was too much for the young Bolyai, who could not believe that the great Gauss would withhold from mankind the fruits of his genius. So the suspicion grew in his mind that Gauss was not being honest and, when some years later Lobachevsky published the same system of non-Euclidean geometry, he was convinced that his ideas had been stolen.

Bolyai seemed to have adequate grounds for his suspicion. Was it likely that after two thousand years *three* thinkers would simultaneously and independently improve on Euclid? He was wrong. It *was* likely; indeed his father had foreseen it. The problem had become urgent, and the solution had been found independently by a German, a Hungarian, and a Russian. But Johann Bolyai never knew the truth, and he died in 1860 an embittered man. The true facts only came to light much later, when Gauss' private papers were made available.

OUR second example is equally dramatic. Again we start with a relatively young man, Alfred Russel Wallace. He is a biologist studying insect life on an island in the Malay Archipelago, and the date is February 1858. Three years before, he had written an essay on the development of new

organic species, but he had not yet conceived how such changes might come about. Suddenly he remembered reading Malthus' description, in his *Essay on Population*, of how war, disease, and famine act as checks on the increase of human populations. The thought flashed into his mind: "If any species should produce a variety with slightly increased powers of preserving its existence, that variety must in time acquire a superiority in numbers." In two days he had drafted his theory of the evolution of species by survival of the fittest and had posted it off to his friend, Charles Darwin.

As he himself said later, he was "a young man in a hurry." He had no idea that Darwin had been patiently developing the same theory for twenty years, keeping it almost to himself, and awaiting the time when he would regard *The Origin of Species* as ready for publication.

Darwin was startled and embarrassed by Wallace's essay. He thought of holding back his own work and of putting Wallace's forward for prior publication. The same evening he wrote to his friend Lyell: "Your words have come true with a vengeance, that I would be forestalled . . . I never saw a more striking coincidence; if Wallace had my manuscript sketch written out in 1842, he could not have made a better short abstract! Even his terms now stand as the heads of my chapters."

But at Lyell's suggestion Wallace's essay and a summary of Darwin's work were submitted together to the London Linnaean Society on July 1, 1858. During the subsequent years Wallace did everything to emphasize Darwin's greater achievement, even suggesting that their respective shares in the discovery might be regarded as proportional to the time each had spent on it—that is, as twenty years is to one week.

THE parallel between these two cases is astonishing, but the crucial feature in each is simply that the time was ripe. We have already seen this in the first example, and Darwin, in the introduction to his book, cites thirty-four authors who during the previous seventy years had expressed their disbelief in the separate creation of immutable species, though without suggesting how the changes in species might come about.

These examples of discovery in the realm of theory illustrate a general principle: the advance of thought proceeds in parallel in countless different minds in many countries. There are even moments when the pulse of humanity seems to beat in unison in different parts of the globe. The most remarkable example is the tremendous outburst of new ideas in many countries about 600 B.C., with Lao Tse and Confucius in China, the Buddha in India, the Hebrew prophets in Palestine, and the pre-Socratic philosophers in Ionia and Greece. Then there are many cases of the simultaneous appearance of new cultural methods, *e.g.*, in architecture, art, and literature, such as the sudden fashions in the publishing world when several houses simultaneously issue volumes on the same theme. But the best known examples of simultaneous discovery are in the world of technical invention. The telescope was claimed by nine inventors, the thermometer by five, and nearly every major electrical invention up to the present day has involved a race for priority. As Kroeber said, "An examination of the patent office records would reveal the inexorable order that prevails in the advance of civilization The whole history of invention is one endless chain of parallel instances." Goethe, as far back as 1793, said that "the most beautiful discoveries are made not so much by men, as by the period They mature in the course of time, just as fruits fall from the tree at the same time in different gardens." What has been prepared will be developed.

Simultaneous discovery tends to occur wherever there is an actively developing culture with a sufficient number of specialists capable of thinking in advance of their fellows. An advance which is in some sense inherent in the cultural situation, for example in a particular science, will then necessarily be made, often by more than one person. The essential factor is that the formative processes of thought proceed *in like manner* in different individuals. If creative thought or ideas for technical investigations merely expressed personal idiosyncracies, there would be no parallelism, no resonance with other minds, and no collective advance.

Whatever may be the deficiencies of Western civilization there is no doubt that it is one of the most actively developing cultures there

has ever been, and the degree of simultaneous discovery in the West is evidence of this. A recently published work cites over two hundred cases of nearly simultaneous discovery, and another gives two hundred examples in the realm of medicine alone! Moreover this trend continues. To mention only one recent invention of great importance: jet propulsion of airplanes was being developed secretly both in England and Germany during the years just prior to 1939, and parallel researches were also proceeding in Italy. After a broadcast on the theme of simultaneous discovery I received letters telling me of many striking cases from the personal experience of the writers.

Indeed simultaneous invention is so regular as to be almost commonplace. Perhaps more remarkable is the way in which similar ideas emerge in parallel in many different realms of thought. It seems that a major movement of this kind is now affecting many branches of science: the decline of what may be called *atomism*, or atomistic thought in general, and the emergence of theories based on the conception of *patterns*. This new emphasis is worth considering in some detail.

ATOMISTIC thought assumes that complex situations can be reduced to the random interplay of essentially separate units, such as atoms or individual organisms. The success of Darwinian theory seemed to justify this assumption in the biological realm, and the experimental discovery of the tracks of individual atoms and electrons confirmed the value of this method in relation to fundamental physical structure. Other methods were being used at the same time, but around 1910 it was thought by many that atomic ideas held the final clue to the structure of natural processes, at least in physics, and the prestige of the mechanical-atomistic world view was scarcely challenged.

But then, as so often happens, a compensating movement began. This is less easy to define because it has not yet achieved its appropriate expression, but it can be interpreted as a new emphasis on changing patterns. The properties of ordered arrangements or spatial patterns and their development and transformation, are now attracting increasing attention. It is being realized that the structure of natural (and human) processes may not be

reducible to the haphazard interactions of unchanging units, but may involve some law of developing pattern. This tendency is unmistakable in many fields, though we do not yet know exactly what is meant by a "pattern."

The first clear evidence of the movement was Bohr's early work in Quantum Theory leading to Schrödinger's wave-patterns of 1925, which indicated the existence of regular forms (rather like standing waves) even in the world of electrons. This fresh emphasis on spatial form in physics was paralleled in biology by the growing interest in morphogenesis, particularly in embryology. The supreme example of the development of organic form is provided by the human ovum during the first days of rapid growth after fertilization: as the tiny seed first acquires human shape, an intricate hierarchy of differentiated tissues is swiftly unfolded in a veritable explosion of morphogenesis. Here is developing pattern with a vengeance, a process happening everywhere around us but as yet retaining its secrets inviolate, perhaps because it is a phenomenon of developing form and so beyond the scope of any atomic theory of the classical type. And this new interest in developing biological pattern is in turn paralleled in the psychological and social realms: "brain patterns" and "cultural patterns" are now indispensable terms in physiology and sociology, in spite of the fact that the real nature of these human patterns and their relation to patterns of physics are still obscure.

When the intellectual history of this century comes to be written this simultaneous swing from atomism to pattern in several fields of science may be recognized as an event of great importance. For the conception of *spatial patterns in course of development and transformation*, when clarified and properly formulated, may hold the clue to a unification of the different sciences, so that

the whole of scientific knowledge can be seen in relation. "Pattern" is certainly in the air today, just as the idea of changes in organic species was during the decades just before the publication of *The Origin of Species*, or the possibility of an improvement on Euclid when Johann Bolyai wrote the letter to his father.

THE more consideration one gives to the present position of scientific thought, the more probable does it appear that the problem of the true scientific philosophy of pattern is now ripe for solution. It is not a question any longer of atomism *versus* pattern, but of a theory of the development and transformation of patterns which can also explain the great success of atomic ideas. Henri Poincaré defined mathematical elegance as the property of a system so arranged that the mind can take in the whole without neglecting the parts (as when one notices an elegantly dressed woman). Clearly what is needed is an elegant scientific theory in Poincaré's sense, a theory which reveals the whole as an ordered system of relationships between the parts.

The need for this is great, and is felt in several sciences, so the solution may appear soon in many places. Historical processes are slow in reaching maturity, but once a critical stage has been passed, their consequences can be swift. A re-ordering of knowledge, itself based on a conception of ordered patterns, would ultimately do something to assist the establishment of a more stable social order in the West, as a stage toward an order appropriate to the whole human family. It is certain that a *stable* world order can only be established if its essential characteristics are simultaneously discovered in many lands. If it lies within human power to prevent disastrous wars, the path toward this end must be found not by one nation, but simultaneously by many.

[A remarkable prognostication made by Mr. Whyte in 1943 will be found on page 93 of this issue.—The Editors]

The Easy Chair

Year-end Megrimms

Bernard DeVoto

BY THE time you read this, 1950 will have got off to some kind of start, unquestionably an ominous one, and some of my fellow-columnists will be discussing the first half of the Twentieth Century in the impression that we have completed it. We haven't, as a little reflection or a little mathematics would disclose. Mathematical competence is considered unethical in the trade I practice, however, and a by-law penalizes reflection. And you may discount that crack as vocational atony. For I am writing toward the end of December and any writer will tell you that at this season remorse overcomes him for having defied the providence which intended him for a truck farm or a bishopric. I don't know why December piles up the occupational irritations but it does. This is about some of them.

If there is such a thing as the power of the press, the Easy Chair is not in on it. My periodic proclamation to high-school, college, and graduate students that they'll have to work up their subjects without my help has no effect. Last week a co-ed would have been pleased to have my selection of the twelve best living writers, together with three hundred words about each summarizing their qualities. This is education's method of developing initiative, and fair enough as she saw it, for she pointed out that I have spent several generations studying literature whereas she is just beginning and I could certainly do the job with less waste of time and not improbably better. More winsome was the Yale boy who told me that he wanted to get started on his senior thesis, named the subject, and, going to the point with admirable directness, wrote, "Please send me some ideas."

You can't resent undergraduates, and be-

sides they just want to turn your work in for an honor grade, though they'll settle for a C. But sometimes just slightly older aspirants set up a strain—and has the decision of various publishers to abandon projects for new magazines reopened the field to fearless minds? Several prospectuses on heavy red deckle-edge paper have come in lately, all of excellent type-design, all conscientiously free of capital letters, and all announcing new magazines named, approximately, *blazon*. The accompanying letter from the lower-case managing editor always puzzles me. You know as well as I do, he says, how anemic, venal, and cowardly American magazines are. We agree that they are mere repositories for hacks who pander to the mob and corrupt it, that there is no place where literature may raise its eyes, criticism may be courageous, or opinion may challenge mass vulgarity and hysteria. He then goes on to summon me peremptorily to end philistinism and editorial cowardice by contributing a story or better still an article, ("for we are finding it gratifyingly easy to get excellent fiction") to the first issue of *blazon*. When he says "contribute" he means it, for *blazon* is not only going to set literature and opinion free, it is going to get them free. The editorial logic is obscure. This letter goes out to several hundred of us hacks and it asks us in the name of the freedom denied us by *Harper's*, say, to write ourselves out of a paying job. But the prospectus always says that *blazon* is going to cost a dollar-twenty-five a copy or four dollars a year.

Somebody should explore the sector of the editorial, and publishing, mind that asks writers to work free. All of us write for magazines that cannot pay and all of us write pamphlets

or otherwise practice our trade without fee in behalf of ideas or organizations we want to support. But these are not profit-making enterprises; they do not advertise our work to the paying customer. I cannot see that a magazine which is in business for profit and asks a writer to work for the love of letters is on any better basis than one which would consult its attorney about a libel suit and ask him to take his fee in love of the law. They sell their papers, don't they? Take the Christmas Book Number, when the business office sells from four to twenty-four times as much advertising as it does for any other issue. This year I was offered the privilege of contributing a 500-word piece to one metropolitan newspaper and a 1,500-word piece to another one—please notice that the deadline is only a week away. The boon must have been offered to at least a hundred other writers, for I imagine that the breakage is pretty high. Also a newspaper-feature syndicate suggested that I perform a public service by contributing to a series of pieces by various hands it was working up. The series would refine our national culture and the company I would find myself in would be distinguished, so there wouldn't be any pay and, again, remember the deadline is next week. The syndicate was offering the work of its distinguished company for sale and the Christmas Book Sections had advertising rates. Presumably the editors who tried to cadge salable work and the press crew who were to print it get paid.

SUCH tag-day journalism appears to have two rationalizations. One of them is the editor's promise that a writer will profit from the publicity of helping to break up the ads. But it looks to me like an effort to lower production costs by starving out the producer, and though I would be glad to give General Motors the publicity of driving anything from a Chevrolet to a Cadillac it might care to send me by prepaid freight, I think the company would prefer the list price. The other is what you used to hear from an editor who succeeded in keeping his magazine going on a very frugal budget, back in the long ago era we are beginning to get nostalgic about. Month by month he awarded prizes for the best story and the best article by an Unpublished Author. He was in a competitive business and, of course, could not accept anything

that was not up to the standard of his competitors. But he paid only half or a third of what they would have paid; the rest was the honor of winning his prize, which consisted of some enthusiastic words printed in bold-face. Thus he always got at least one story and one article at clearance-sale prices, and in tight months he awarded second and third prizes at still less.

Moreover one or more of these pieces would turn out to be "challenging" in the letter, accompanied by tear-sheets, that he sent out to fifty established writers. It was so challenging, he said, that your duty as a citizen and a man of thought was to let him know where you stood on the question, between a thousand and fifteen hundred words, please, by the fifteenth of this month. He made good too, for he managed to fill at least one signature every issue with his hoked-up clash of unpaid opinion. Your haughty silence did not prevent the tear-sheets and your obligation to comment on them from arriving every month as usual. If you wrote to him that you would be glad to contribute to his symposium at so much per word, you got a letter asking you what you meant by knifing American culture in the back. Did you not realize that a free and enlightened press was essential to our way of life and were you not willing to do your part?

His magazine went to glory long ago but his editorial thesis goes marching on, especially during the holidays. The thesis would appear to have some holes in it. The free circulation of ideas is indeed necessary but I am able to differentiate it from the net paid circulation we are thus called on to build up.

BUT do not suppose that all the seasonal irritations are from outside the guild. I belong to an organization so heavily staffed by writers that you might mistake it for a literary club. It isn't one; it is dedicated to the interests of the Indians. So far as I know, it has previously conducted itself in a sane and seemly manner. But now it has summoned me to help man as peculiar a barricade as has ever come my way. It has performed the ceremonial purifications, painted its face, danced to the medicine bundle, and sung the war chant. Blood and Hollywood are in its eye. It wants to raise the movies' "standards of interpretation of the

American Indian." These standards, it finds, have been pretty shocking. "Distortion of Indian life and character in films and other theatrical media has undoubtedly fed the barriers [this is not my metaphor] of misunderstanding and distrust" that have been erected in the Indian's way. It also feels that "the time is propitious for an assault on these distortions," that the movie industry, which is punch-drunk from the battering it has taken elsewhere, is softened up to the point where it will welcome our co-operation if we will establish a committee. This committee is "to formulate a flexible code of characterizations of American Indian history and personalities, past and present." It will also try "to check on completed films through review screenings," and eventually "lines of action will be developed on the basis of these initial steps." Even these steps, moreover, will have what it calls a "salutory [too much fervor for proofreading?] effect."

I think I'll cash my chips. What prevents the Indian from "normal participation . . . in the life of the nation" is not Hollywood's treatment of his character and history. It is, after four centuries of being defrauded, debauched, corrupted, and beaten down by the white brother, the estate of poverty, illiteracy, disease, malnutrition, economic exploitation, social and political discrimination, and legal inferiority in which we still force him, for the most part, to live. The way to raise his status as a citizen is to give him some effective chance to better his estate. Get the thieves and crooks off his land and out of his hair; provide more agricultural and technical education for him and help him finance its use; put at his disposal some of the decencies now denied him; break up the powerful interests that are lined up to steal his property and keep him in peonage; repeal some of the laws that discriminate against him and enforce some of those that were intended to assist him. Any effort in any of these directions makes sense but requiring Hollywood to meet a committee's ideas about him is nonsense. It is also bad stuff.

AS I SAY, a good many of this group are writers; some of them write about the Indian. If somebody tried to make them conform to a committee's flexible code when they wrote about anything whatever

they would be outraged. But Hollywood is both a venal and a sitting duck and the indignant mind is eager to tell it what it shall do. (That is my metaphor.) Moreover, these are liberal-minded people and, I have no doubt, are deeply disturbed by the mechanisms of censorship that the minority group called Catholics bring to bear on the movies. How many such censorships are we to have? How advisable is it to tell the stage and screen, in the name of better race and religious relations, that they can treat minority groups, or any groups, in only certain ways? Elmer Davis recently remarked that the only kind of person whom a writer is now permitted to depict as anything but admirable is the white American Protestant of native parentage. That is pretty close to being true, though as yet the Association for the Advancement of Atheism is not picketing theaters or boycotting publishers with a demand that all atheists be presented as one hundred per cent noble and pure. An anxiety of liberal minds is degenerating into fatuous prissiness. The kind of racial and religious equality we want to bring about was recently summed up by a man who has spent his life working for more justice to Negroes in this country. He said he would not be satisfied till it was possible to feel as natural if he spoke of a Negro as a son of a bitch as he would feel if he applied the epithet to a white man. It is statistically demonstrable that an occasional one can be so described.

The prissiness has some odd results. No more than a dozen books, no more than two or three works of imaginative literature, have directly affected American society, but *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did. It really helped to spread and intensify a moral horror of slavery; it had a small but important part in freeing the slaves and starting the Negro toward the still unattained goal of full citizenship. But today *Uncle Tom's Cabin* can be played in a theater only surreptitiously; in any sizable city the local Negroes will get it suppressed. They think it ridicules the Negro. It doesn't. It treats him sentimentally and pictures him as more noble than the statistical average but it reserves its ridicule and contempt for whites.

What is much worse, the one great play in all American literature cannot be revived for the same reason. Too many Negroes feel that

"The Green Pastures" somehow ridicules them and their history. Actually the play deals with the tragedy of human life and human faith and has nothing to do with color—but also no one ever saw it without feeling the nobility of Negro emotion and Negro religion, or without being agonized by the tragedy of Negro experience. It is the highest reach of American art in relation to the Negro and its score is composed of the greatest Negro art, the spirituals. It did more to advance colored Americans toward the equality that is their right than anything else in its generation—literary, political, or economic.

On that ground alone it is fearfully short-sighted of Negroes to impose such a censorship on stage and screen. But there is the much more important consideration that when they cut down any freedom for anyone they accept additional limitations on their own freedom. The same thing goes for Jews who picket or boycott presentations of "Oliver Twist" and "The Merchant of Venice." I cannot believe that either the novel or the play is anti-Semitic, but even if in its context either is, to suppress them is to violate the basic freedom of artistic expression—and are not minority groups vitally concerned with freedom? Furthermore, it raises what has always been one of the ugliest threats democracy has to deal with, minority dictation. If it is dangerous for Catholics to impose censorship, it is equally dangerous for Jews, Negroes, or friends of the Indian to do so. And if Shakespeare is to go free, I am afraid Hollywood must too.

HOLLYWOOD is sufficiently timid now and its films are sufficiently insipid. Our eagerness to pile committee on committee to make sure that nobody is misrepresented and nobody has his feelings hurt is worse than ominous, it is asinine. How much more aseptic than the movies now are do we want them to be? And I protest this new proposal as a lover of horse operas. The movies have no other aesthetic satisfaction for me one-tenth so great as that of watching Montgomery Clift drive a herd of purebred Hereford longhorns a thousand miles to Abilene, round the same two Mono County buttes with

the Sierra in the background. What I want to know is this: If the committee puts its code of sanitation over, who is going to wing the stagedriver with an arrow and who is going to burn the wagon train?

They have closed in on horse opera till a fine art is going pansy. The Chinese were the first to get protection; we could no longer have an identifiably oriental villain, Sessue Hawakawa could do no more cooking for the train robbers, and all Chinese had to be Charlie Chan. Then either the Pan American Union or the Good Neighbor Policy forbade us to loathe Wallace Beery when he was a Mexican. That wasn't enough, however, and presently in the interest of foreign relations anyone who said "Señor" or "Ees it not es-strange?" was tagged as the second lead if not the hero. Hollywood's own export agreements scoured the Oregon and Santa Fe trails clean of English villains, and in fact the English are not permitted to be even funny any more. There was a blessed interlude when it was all right for the sheriff to shoot anyone who spoke with a French accent, but I suppose the State Department ruled that out of bounds. Still, whoever thought that the cussed redskins would have to go?

Uncas as the Noble Savage is all right in his place, but that place is not horse opera, and I want that Apache in a Sioux warbonnet to be a hound from hell, not Wendell Phillips with a dark complexion. I want the cussed redskins to crawl toward the waterhole in their proper persons as we have come to love them, and I want them to grab the blonde with full intent to lift her hair until stopped by a well-placed .45 slug, preferably from a gun fanned at the gallop. No doubt we can think up some race with no distinguishing color or costume and no geographical identity to perpetrate the raid on the new gold diggings. Or maybe we can have the Chinese do it now, so long as we make clear that they are the Chinese Communists. But I warn you they are going to look queer in the sagebrush of Mono County. And, remembering the capacity of Indians to be ribald about the white brother's notions, I wonder what they are saying in the *kivas* about this proposal to defend their reputation against John Ford.



The Mirage of Pensions

Peter F. Drucker

Drawings by Tom Funk

"... the new pension contracts ... will prove to be mere 'pie in the sky' ..."

THE one thing that is absolutely certain about the pension contracts of the past few months is that they will not stay in force very long. The steel strike has indeed established the principle that industry is responsible for the support of the old worker. But the security which the new pension contracts promise the old and aging employee will prove to be mere "pie in the sky." In fact, the present pension contracts are bound greatly to increase the handicaps under which the older worker—the man over forty-five or fifty—already labors. At the same time these contracts impose a burden on the economy that will become increasingly hard to bear.

The contracts which settled the steel strike and which are clearly designed as the model for all major industries, provide, we have been told in the press releases, for pensions to all workers over sixty-five (or sixty-eight) years of age who have been with their present employer for a certain length of time. But the press releases forgot to add one little qualifying clause: retirement pensions under these plans will be paid only *as long as business remains excellent*. As soon as business slackens

the present pension plans will collapse—just as John L. Lewis' pension plan collapsed as soon as the coal mines switched from the full production of a five-day week to a three-day week.

With the possible exception of the Ford plan, all the new pension plans have apparently been set up on a "pay-as-you-go" basis. The ten or twelve cents per man hour which the employer pays into the pension fund is just about sufficient to pay out the promised pensions to the men now eligible. As soon as business goes down, the contribution of the employer will go down too, as it fluctuates directly with employment. But of course, the number of people eligible for a pension does not go down when orders and employment go down; on the contrary, it is bound to rise sharply in bad times as older people who are within a few years of the retirement age take a reduced pension rather than face unemployment and the possible total loss of their pension rights because of the break in the continuity of their employment. As a result, any pension plan set up on a pay-as-you-go basis is a "go-broke-as-you-go" plan.

Mr. Drucker's most recent contribution to Harper's, a series of articles called "The New Society," will form a part of a book bearing the same name, which will be published in April.

The unions know this, of course. The next union demand will therefore be for a contract under which the employer binds himself to maintain the pension plan regardless of business conditions. But any such promise would promptly have to be dishonored when a depression strikes. For as a company's income from sales dwindled, the relative cost to it of paying the pensions would rise to an insupportable figure. It would be equivalent to a sharp wage increase—at a time of sharp business contraction. There is nothing that is quite so certain to convert a "recession" into a deep and chronic depression as such an increase in labor costs at a time of falling business. And there are very few businesses that could stand the strain without going bankrupt. Even such financially impregnable companies as United States Steel, General Motors, and General Electric would have been in, or very near to, bankruptcy in 1932 had they had to carry such an additional burden. And a business in bankruptcy or receivership is certainly not going to pay any pensions.

Altogether, the threat of bankruptcy or liquidation of the business hangs over all company-pension plans that are established on a pay-as-you-go basis. For such a plan to give real security, the financial strength of the company and its economic success must be reasonably secure for the next forty years—the twenty-five years between the beginning of middle-age and retirement during which a man accumulates his pension rights, and the years of his old age during which he receives his pension. But is there any one company or any one industry whose future can be predicted with certainty for even ten years ahead? Yet bankruptcy, liquidation, or even a sharp economic decline would wipe out all pension hopes, those of the men already retired and those of the men who, while still working, have become too old to build up pension rights elsewhere if, indeed, they can find another job. The recent pension plans thus offer no more security against the big bad wolf of old age than the little piggy's house of straw.

BUT there is nothing uncertain or hypothetical about the tremendous additional handicap the plans impose on the older worker and on his chances of finding a job and remaining in a job. Obviously, the

fewer older workers there are in a plant, the more favorable the pension plan for both employer and workers. The employer carries a lower pension burden, the workers get higher individual pensions. Both will unite in shutting the gate to the older man who applies for work.

Indeed, under the present pension plans there is a very strong temptation to get rid of older employees before they reach the pension age. There are many simple ways to keep the older man out: strict insistence on union seniority rules so that new employees can be hired only as apprentices or helpers (a rule already in force on the railroads); a tightening of physical standards and of physical examinations; a revision of job descriptions that rules out older men without actually saying so, etc. Against such practices a law forbidding employment discrimination for reason of age, such as the Massachusetts AF of L has just demanded, would be utterly futile, especially as discrimination would have very substantial support within the younger union membership in the plant. But that the demand for such a law is being made—accompanied by the complaint that employers have already begun to "liquidate" older men wholesale—before any of the new pension plans have actually begun to operate, shows how seriously the older worker's employment opportunity is threatened by the very pension plan to which he looks for security.

II

WE SHALL undoubtedly see a good many attempts to get around the dangers and shortcomings of the pay-as-you-go pension plan. Some of these may look very plausible at first glance, as does, for instance, the plan of the United Automobile Workers Union to have one pension plan for all automobile plants in Toledo, or the—basically much sounder—industry-wide plan already in effect in the New York clothing industry. But there is only one *completely sound* basis for company pension plans, only one way to overcome the dangers to company, economy, and employee which are inevitably inherent in the pay-as-you-go plan: to "fund" pensions.

The moment a man takes out a life-insurance policy the insurance company begins to build up a reserve fund out of his

premium payments. This amount set aside must be large enough to cover the entire insurance payment by the time the policy is expected to fall due. The insurance company, in other words, "funds" its future liability to be able to meet it at all.

The older pension plans in force in American industry—that of the Bell Telephone System or of Eastman Kodak—are all funded plans; and of the new plans the Ford plan is reported to be set up as a funded plan. In a funded plan there is a reserve exactly corresponding to the claim any one worker has upon the company. Bad times do not affect the plan. Should the company go bankrupt the workers already on pension or those eligible for it will get every penny promised to them; the younger men will be able to get either reduced pensions according to their age, or a capital payment corresponding to the reserves set aside for them. Neither the company nor the workers are affected—once a plan has been funded—by the age distribution within the plant, so that there is no bar to the employment of older men. There is thus very good reason why all the pension experts insist that only a funded plan can be called a plan at all; an unfunded plan is no more than a declaration of good intentions and pious hopes.

VERY well, then: Why not fund these new industrial pension plans? Unhappily, this is both undesirable and, for industry as a whole, altogether impossible. For there is one basic difference between an insurance policy and an industrial pension plan. A man who wants to take out life insurance at the age of sixty-three will either be turned down by the insurance company, or he will be quoted so high a premium as to make the whole transaction absurd. But the worker at Bethlehem Steel who is sixty-three years of age *now* is entitled to retire in another two years with a full pension. Yet not a penny out of the payment made *now* by the company can be used to set up a reserve against this liability; the present payments are needed to pay pensions to the people already at or past retirement age.

To have available for the sixty-three-year-old worker a sum sufficient to meet his retirement pay requires, therefore, the setting up of a special fund in respect to his years of past

service—years during which nobody set aside anything for pensions.

How much it costs to provide for "past-service credit" depends of course on the age structure of a company's employees and on the amount of pension promised. In industries where the average age of the worker is very high, the proper funding—assuming a \$100-a-month pension for men with long years of service—might require as much as \$10,000 for each employed worker, including the young ones. In a company where the age structure of the employees is close to that of the American working population in general, the sum, as estimated by the actuarial experts of the large unions, would come to \$3,000 for each employee on the payroll. Ford, with seventy thousand workers, is reported to figure on a past-service reserve of \$200,000,000—a little under \$3,000 per employee. At Bethlehem Steel, with seventy-seven thousand workers, a similar reserve is said to require \$300,000,000, or almost \$4,000 per employee.



"Both will unite in shutting the gate to the older man who applies for work. . . ."

The Bell Telephone System has set aside over thirty-five years a billion dollars, or almost \$2,000 per worker, for an average pension of about \$68 a month; to bring this up to the \$100 mark of the new standard will apparently require another thousand dollars per employee—a total of five to six hundred millions. Whatever the exact sum, unless a company has no employees over forty-five or fifty years of age today—and there is practically no such company to be found anywhere—it will have

to make very large payments amounting to several thousand dollars per employee to take care of past-service credits, and to put its pension plan on a sound basis.

To state this proposition is, however, to show its absurdity. The money for these past-service funds can only come out of profit. Yet it is a very prosperous company—or one with an abnormally low labor force—that makes more than a few hundred dollars per worker per year, as against the thousands required to fund pensions. To provide pensions for one-third of the union membership—the reported goal of AF of L and CIO—would require a pension fund of fifteen billion dollars for past-service credit alone—that is, fifteen billion dollars over and above what industry would contribute currently. To provide \$100-a-month pensions for all employed Americans would require a fund of one hundred fifty to two hundred billions. And this fund would have to be set aside in a comparatively short time, with ten years perhaps the maximum. By contrast, the total reserves of all life insurance companies—set aside over a century or so—amount to only fifty-five billions. The economy could not provide the pension reserves out of current income, not even if we could expect ten years of boom. In many companies the past-service reserve would exceed the entire capital invested in plant and machinery!

MORE serious still is the problem of investing such enormous sums. We would have to put them either into government bonds, or into the securities of the very self-same companies whose pension liability the fund is supposed to guarantee.

Either way, the funding would be sheer self-deception. If the fund were invested in government bonds, the result would be a tremendous credit inflation, which in turn would deprive the fund of its purchasing power and make a mockery of the promise of an adequate retirement pay. If the fund were invested in the company's own securities it would not be a reserve at all. The company would simply give to itself its own IOU's—which would be worth no more than the company's ability to pay when the IOU fell due.

The fact of the matter is that the concept of "funding," though it is perfectly sound if applied to the individual insurance contract,

and is sound too for a few companies which are exceptionally rich or have been preparing for it over a long term of years, ceases to make any sense if applied to the total economy or even to a sizable part of it.

III

IF NEITHER "pay-as-you-go" pensions nor "funded" pensions are workable, what is workable? There is no completely satisfactory alternative. The nearest thing to an economically feasible and reasonably secure one would be a plan that is half pay-as-you-go and half funded: a pay-as-you-go plan with specific reserves against the three major risks: the risk of bad times, the risk of bankruptcy or liquidation, and the risk of employing older men. The pension plan of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in New York is a fairly good example of such a plan.

For the first risk, that of bad times, each plan would require a contingency reserve enabling it to carry on during a depression. The money needed for this reserve, while very much less than the cost of funding, would still be considerable. In one company where it would have cost about \$2,800 per employee to fund past-service credit altogether, it will cost about \$800 per employee to set up a reserve adequate to carry the plan through another depression comparable in severity and length to the depression of the thirties. But this is a company with a fairly stable business; even in 1932 it worked about two-thirds of the man hours it had worked at the peak of the 1929 boom. In the steel industry, a reserve against a depression would cost a good deal more, as its economic fluctuations are much more severe; but even there it would cost a good deal less than funding.

Such a contingency reserve would also be needed to give each worker who leaves the company's employ—no matter for what reason—a payment which would enable him to "buy in" to the pension plan of his new employer. Such a payment would be roughly equivalent to the "cash surrender value" of an insurance policy—that is, quite a bit lower than the full reserve which would have been set aside had the plan been funded.

The actual amount needed for such a "severance reserve" should be small. For the very existence of a pension plan encourages

older workers to stay on. But the compulsion to pay out a substantial sum to an older man when he leaves will effectually counteract any tendency toward discrimination on account of age. At the same time the older worker who is forced to look for a job will be welcome if he can offer a sizable cash contribution to the pension plan of his new employer. And with our working population steadily getting older, anything that bolsters the employment security and the employment opportunities of the older man is very definitely in the public interest.

So far as the ultimate risk of bankruptcy and liquidation is concerned, there is only one way to cover it: nation-wide insurance. The risk for any one company and any one worker is much too great to be covered at all. At the same time, it is quite small so far as the entire economy is concerned; in any one year only a fraction of the total number of businesses goes bankrupt or disappears. It is the typical insurance risk: a risk that, while totally unpredictable and uncontrollable in the particular, is manageable in the mass. We have a good model of such an insurance system in Federal Deposit Insurance, which guarantees small depositors against bank failures. Federal Pension Insurance would similarly require only a moderate annual premium—at the most 3 or 4 per cent of the annual pension load.

IV

SUPPOSE, then, we say that a pension plan which is part pay-as-you-go and part funded—and is insured against the specific risks of bankruptcy and liquidation—might avoid some of the grave dangers of a wholly pay-as-you-go or wholly funded plan. That is about the best that can be said for it. For it would still be a gamble against heavy odds. Well, then, you may ask, "Why bother with company insurance plans at all? Why not put all old-age insurance on a government basis?"

There is much to be said in favor of such a step. For federal old-age pensions overcome all the difficulties we have outlined here. They can be on a pay-as-you-go basis—as Social Security is today—and yet continue to function in depressions or when a business goes bankrupt. They do not make life more difficult for the older worker. In addition, they

are free from the one weakness that is congenitally inherent in any company or industry pension plan and cannot be cured whatever the system used: any private plan inevitably discriminates on the purely arbitrary and accidental basis of employment continuity.

Neither unions nor companies have stressed this point. But all present pension plans limit



" . . . retirement . . . is no solution at all to the problem of the healthy old man. . . ."

full pensions to those men who, at the age of sixty-five or sixty-eight will have had twenty-five years *uninterrupted* service with the *same* employer. How many workers are there today, after almost twenty years of very great employment instability, who have such a record, even if short lay-offs due to bad business are not counted interruptions of employment? Yet any private plan must be geared somehow to length of service in one particular company, one particular area, or one particular industry, whereas a government-run plan cares only whether payments have been made over a certain length of time, no matter where the man worked or for whom.

In a recent article in *Harper's* ("Social Security Poor," December 1949), C. Hartley Grattan—in agreement with a good many of the best authorities—favored a governmental plan as against private plans under which small groups of workers enjoy special benefits

at the expense of the majority. There are also strong arguments in favor of the company plan.

In the first place, a Social Security system with payments large enough to provide adequate pensions will give the government a complete monopoly over new investment. It will mean that an additional tenth of the national income goes to the government. To some extent this will be money that today goes into private life insurance. But by far the greater part will come out of the sum we put aside for capital investments in a prosperous year—a sum that never exceeded 8 or 10 per cent of the national income. Perhaps even greater than the danger that government will become the sole source of capital is the danger that the government will not use this income for capital investments but will use it for current expenditure, thus depriving the economy of the capital investments without which productivity, national income, and the standard of living would rapidly fall apart.

The private pension plan has, moreover, positive virtues. It is the best, if not the only way, in which the worker can be given a visible and effective stake in profits. The reserves of a private pension fund against the risks of bad years and for capital payments to workers leaving the company's employ can

be furnished only out of profits. They must be set up on a profit-sharing basis of some sort. And such a clear tie-up between the company's profits and the worker's security needs is likely to be infinitely more effective in giving the worker an interest in the job and in convincing him of the direct stake he has in the company's prosperity and success than the "profit-sharing plans" providing for direct annual payment to the individual worker which have become so fashionable of late. Certainly the "welfare state" is the road to ruin unless people realize that the benefits they want can only come out of their own production. Otherwise it will degenerate into the "hand-out state" in which ultimately nothing is shared but the common misery. Yet as long as the benefits come from government, the recipients are likely to remain convinced that they can be had for the asking.

On balance, therefore, I should say that the arguments favoring private plans outweigh those favoring an all-government plan. And there is still another argument on behalf of private plans, to which I am coming presently.

V

BY THIS time you, gentle reader, must be in a state of confusion. I have said that pay-as-you-go plans are impossible; fully funded plans are impossible; plans which are part-funded and part-pay-as-you-go might conceivably work; a government plan would have great advantages but even greater disadvantages—where, you may ask, is all this argument taking us?

It is taking us to the nub of the whole question—which is that the real problem is not that of *retiring* the old worker, but of keeping him *productively employed*. For we can say categorically that:

(1) *All pension plans, no matter how set up, no matter whether governmental or private, will fail to give adequate retirement pay to the men now in their forties if retirement at sixty-five or seventy should become the rule; and—*

(2) *Retirement at sixty-five or even at seventy years of age will be politically unacceptable and impossible to impose in another twenty to twenty-five years—no matter how liberal the retirement pay.*



"At the same time it does nobody any good if the former vice-president steps back into a book-keeper's job. . . ."

Today we have one man or woman over sixty-five for every seven or eight people of working age. In another twenty-five years we will probably have one old person for every four people of working age—and this may prove to be an over-conservative forecast. It is based on the present age structure of the population and on our *present* mortality rates. But the greatest advances in medicine during recent years have been in prolonging the life span of the older people; and if we add only one or two years to the life expectancy of the man or woman of sixty-five, we increase the number of old people alive by perhaps as much as one-fifth.

To provide a monthly pension of a hundred dollars today costs about a tenth of labor's total income. If we double the proportion of old people on pension the cost will rise to a full fifth of labor's total income.

Some of our economists are apt to argue that we can expand our national income fast enough to take care of such a terrific additional burden. To be sure, if we doubled our national income, the same proportion—10 per cent—of the total of goods and services would keep twice the number of old people on the standard of living we *now* consider adequate. But all experience has shown such standards to be relative. The standard that was considered adequate in the 1880's would hardly be considered bare subsistence today; and if our present total national income doubles—even if this is really an increase in goods and services available, and not merely an increase in money and prices—the demands of the pensioners will double too. In fact, the standard that was considered "adequate" when Social Security was started in the middle of the Depression is considered totally inadequate today—which is precisely what underlies the present pressure for pensions. Can we expect the working population to consent to carry such an overwhelming burden?

AT THE same time the older people will increasingly resist retirement. We face the demand for old-age security today because, for the first time in history, large numbers of people are *reaching* old age. In a society such as that of India, where the average life expectancy is not much more than thirty years, as it has been for most of humanity throughout the ages, there is no problem

of the old: there are no old. Even forty years ago in this country the number of people who reached their sixty-fifth birthday was very small. Now there are seven hundred of them every day—a quarter of a million a year. Twenty years hence there will probably be well over a half million a year. By the same token a great many of the men and women who reach the age of sixty-five in our society today are not "old" in the traditional sense of the word. They cannot work as much as they could in their prime, and certainly not as hard physically or such long hours. But they are simply not ready to retire—that is, to do nothing.

There is one industry where retirement pensions have been in existence for twenty years: the railroads. The Railroad Retirement Act provides for retirement at the age of sixty-five. Its retirement pension of \$1,728 a year for long-service employees is as high as the best pension in the recent plans. But even before the war, when the pension was larger in many cases than the wage income of the employee, the railroad unions forced the Railroad Adjustment Board—the government agency which handles labor grievances on the railroad—to declare that retirement for reasons of age alone is "dismissal without cause" and an "unfair labor practice." The actual age at which railroad men retire is closer to seventy than to the sixty-five of the Act; and it would be much higher but for the stiff physical standards and the rigorous medical examinations imposed by law on railroaders.

The problem we will have to solve is thus an entirely different one from that which the pension contracts attempt to solve. A generation hence we will be unable, economically and politically, to provide adequate retirement pensions for people over sixty-five. At the same time, retirement—however generous the pension—is no solution at all to the problem of the healthy old man. We will have to develop an entirely different approach to the problem of the old. We will have to make available to them an adequate retirement pension should they want to retire. We will certainly have to provide for retirement pensions to people who are no longer physically or mentally able to work. *But the main emphasis in our policy will have to be on finding work the older people can do—work in which they can be both productive and happy.*

We have some indications how to go about this job. At Frigidaire, for instance, all jobs are rated according to the degree of physical and mental strain they impose, and workers are placed according to their physical ability—so that older workers are put into jobs they are capable of performing. But this is only a beginning. And to develop such a policy generally would require very careful co-operation with the unions, as obviously the older employees who prefer work to retirement would have to give up their seniority and would, in many cases, have to accept a lower wage, though they could not be allowed to undercut the wage structure of the plant.

There is one group who will probably have to continue to retire upon reaching an age limit: executives. In many cases it is a shameful waste of talent to scrap an executive just because he has turned sixty-five. But we impose retirement on executives for the sake of the whole organization rather than for their own. The younger men must be given a chance, and new people with young ideas and young minds are needed at the top. At the same time it does nobody any good if the former vice-president steps back into a book-keeper's job when he reaches the age limit; neither he, nor his successor, nor the department will be satisfied or able to work. That the problem is not entirely hopeless is shown by the example of those California colleges—especially the California Institute of Technology—which have built up excellent faculties by hiring at very low cost distinguished elder scientists or law professors to teach a course or two. But, on the whole, the policy of designing work especially for older men will have to be confined to rank-and-file jobs. There, however, it will have to be the backbone of our policy for the aged—rather than pensions.

Such a policy of productive employment for the old will, of necessity, have to be worked out separately in every plant. It will succeed only if the management of an individual plant

has a genuine incentive to make it work. There is no reason why any management should go into it if old-age pensions are entirely in the hands of the government, but every reason to do so if the cost of pensions varies directly with the number of old people for whom management finds attractive and worthwhile things to do. (And that, needless to say, is an additional argument for private systems.) We certainly do need a federal pension system if only to take care of those not employed by big and strong corporations. But there are good reasons why federal pensions should be kept low—though certainly higher than they are today—with the main emphasis placed on private plans and on the direct encouragement they give to the productive employment of those people who, while beyond retirement age, are still physically able and willing to keep on working.

The Steel Industry Fact-Finding Board did indeed establish a basic principle when it said that "social insurance and pensions should be considered a part of *normal business costs* to take care of temporary and permanent depreciation in the 'human machine' in much the same way as provision is made for depreciation and insurance of plant and machines." To define the responsibility for the aged as a business liability is infinitely sounder than to define it in the humanitarian terms with which people have usually spoken of Social Security, as in England's Beveridge Plan.

But pensions by themselves will not do the job. They are the roof on the house of old age rather than the foundation. In a society which, like ours, will contain a high population of able-minded and able-bodied older people, the foundation must be an effective policy to make the older people productive and to keep them employed. Without the roof of pensions the building would be open to all the elements. Yet if we do not underpin the roof with a solid foundation, it will most certainly fall in.

Reputation by Sonnenberg

Croswell Bowen and George R. Clark

BENJAMIN SONNENBERG may not be the richest or the most powerful man in his trade, but he is certainly the most successful in giving that impression. Thus he is doubly fortunate in having set up in the business of public relations, where a silver-plated success can often be equated with the solid article—and in the city of New York, where the stage is set for the display of wealth and influence of any kind at all. Against the rich and somber background of big-business and big-city life, Sonnenberg's role is conceived to stand out in bright, theatrical lights. His clothes, his house, his mode of transportation, eating habits, and manner of doing business all bear the unmistakable imprint of a character equipped to function in a lively and competitive field—one in which a typical practitioner was said by Leonard Lyons to have boasted that for \$52,000 a year he would provide his clients with honorary degrees, the French Legion of Honor, and their pictures on the cover of *Time* magazine.

"When a man buys me," Sonnenberg once said to a writer for *Town and Country*, "he buys *cachet*. When the president of a company comes to me, the understanding is that he's had money for a long time. He can tell the difference between taffeta and voile. He's through with plain department stores and ready for Bergdorf Goodman."

It is worth noting that he did not say Jay

Thorpe. Sonnenberg has done publicity for Bergdorf.

ASSUME for the moment that you are the president of a prosperous corporation, eager to be graduated into the Bergdorf Goodman category. If you set out to secure the counsel of Benjamin Sonnenberg, you would first be impressed by his office at 247 Park Avenue, a Pentagon building of the advertising trades, which contains the headquarters of Foote, Cone, and Belding, one of the largest agencies, and of John Robert Powers, the entrepreneur of models whose magnetic effect on young women enlivens the first-floor lobby with the decorative and hopeful. Sonnenberg's "Publicity Consultants Incorporated" is on the nineteenth floor. If you were even to enter the "slave quarters" (his staff's name for its own end of the office) you would immediately realize that you were moving among the mighty. The walls of the reception room are lined with framed magazine stories and the signed photographs of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, Fiorello La Guardia, "Wild Bill" Donovan, Ely Culbertson, Prince Matchabelli, and Grand Duchess Marie of Russia.

Among the framed magazine covers and articles, there is a cover story from *Time* on Otway H. Chalkley, chairman of the board of Philip Morris & Company, Limited, and a

Croswell Bowen, a reporter who has worked for a variety of newspapers in the past twenty years, is now on the staff of the New Yorker. His co-author is pseudonymous.

spread from *Fortune* on Charles Luckman, president of Lever Brothers. There is a full-page picture from *Life* of Juan Terry Trippe, president of Pan American World Airways, and a lead article from the *Reader's Digest* (condensed from *Life*) called: "Juan Trippe, Modern Magellan of the Air." All three men have employed Sonnenberg, but all three are famous in their own right. As a potential Sonnenberg client, you are meant to understand that under his tutelage you, too, might become eligible for this degree of public attention and applause.

You would reach Sonnenberg's own office through a series of rooms, each more splendid than the one before. "As adviser to large corporations," wrote *House and Garden*, describing the suite, "Mr. Sonnenberg wanted his office to breathe an air of taste and stability, . . ." Mrs. Dorothy Draper, the interior decorator who put his wishes into effect, made open-handed use of mahogany break-fronts, photomurals enlarged from English engravings, and brass spittoons converted into ash trays.

"Mr. Sonnenberg," continued *House and Garden*, "is puzzled that many American business men furnish their houses with the best of everything, yet fail to surround their business lives with any comparable degree of elegance."

Everything shines in the sanctum of the Master. The walls are half-paneled in mahogany and glisten with the patina of many waxings. There is a patent-leather polish on the red and green chairs and on the ubiquitous brass ornaments. The desk, which seems to be large enough for a tennis court, is actually only eight feet long and was once the property, with the office itself, of the late Harry Payne Whitney. On it is a row of books, among which you might be impressed to see copies of *Who's Who in Labor* and *The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt*.

Behind the desk would be a pleasantly plump, slightly bald, round-faced man, with a straggly brown walrus mustache and small brown eyes that are brightened with a mixture of glee and cunning. He would be wearing an old-fashioned four-button suit, a colored bib-front shirt, a stiff white collar tied with a narrow four-in-hand tie, and cufflinks the size of fifty-cent pieces. The effect is one

of such genteel disregard for fashion in a man of forty-eight that if Benjamin Sonnenberg did not wear these clothes with assurance you would think he was dressed for a bit part in "Life with Father."

"I chose my suit and stiff collar and mustache," Sonnenberg explains, "because I knew that wherever I went people would say, 'Who in God's name is that?' It didn't matter what they said afterward. It was important only that they ask the question."

TALKING with Sonnenberg in his office can be difficult, for the buzzer of his two phones frequently interrupts. Often, with scarcely a break in the call on one phone, he will pick up the other and—more often than not—arrange for the favor that has been asked of him. Besides being a great doer of favors, he is a great giver of gifts. If, as a friend or a client—or someone Sonnenberg wishes to become his friend or client—you are interested in first editions, Sonnenberg sends you first editions. If your interest is in the company of the beautiful and famous, Sonnenberg would be delighted to introduce you into the many-faceted society in which he himself revolves. He gives the impression that at eight-fifteen on any evening he could secure center orchestra seats for any hit show running on Broadway.

Sonnenberg has been on a first-name basis with three cabinet members and with numerous heads of government departments. Though he does not call Harry Truman by his first name, you gather that he could. As a result, he is popularly assumed to wield a more devious and penetrating influence than he does in fact. An example of how easily this supposition can be made was provided last year in New York, when the financier Clendennin Ryan attempted to establish a connection between Mayor O'Dwyer of New York and the slot-machine magnate Frank Costello. Ryan said that Sonnenberg had offered him an ambassadorship if he would change his tune. Sonnenberg promptly issued a denial, but Ryan had clearly hoped that even so inherently fantastic a story would seem credible to reporters if it involved the legendary Sonnenberg.

The air of importance is by no means a deception. To substantiate it, Sonnenberg can show you a list of his clients, of whom he

is sufficiently proud to name them among his qualifications in *Who's Who*. At one time or another, they have included Pan American World Airways, the Texas Company, Lever Brothers, Philip Morris & Company, Limited, Beech-Nut Packing Company, E. R. Squibb and Sons, Remington-Rand, Inc., the Sperry Gyroscope Company, Bergdorf Goodman Company, McKeesport Tinplate, Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., Bache & Company, Federated Department Stores, Delman, Inc., Julius Wile Sons & Company, Inc., Alden Stores, Otis and Company, Gar Wood Industries, Inc., Pepperidge Farms, Inc., Samuel Goldwyn, J. David Stern, Henry Dreyfus, David O. Selznick, and Bob Hope. He can assure you that his standard fee is \$1,000 a week plus an equal amount for expenses. He can also tell you that in twenty years of business he has made several million dollars—hundreds of thousands of which he spent merely in redecorating the house at 19-20 Gramercy Park that once belonged to Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.

“AT AN early age,” Sonnenberg says, “I settled on the prototype of the man I wanted to be, and I became it. I’m even more convincing than the original.” He began to make over the original Gramercy Park building in the thirties, and (though the hand of Dorothy Draper was at work again) the keynote of Old New York was carefully retained. Through a great marble and paneled hall up a curving staircase to the dark drawing room, it is lit on social occasions entirely by candles, their light reflected from innumerable polished brass and silver candelabra, urns, tankards, bowls, and trays. That the primary purpose of the house is entertainment on a contemporary scale is suggested by one pronounced anachronism: on the top floor is a projection room with a seating capacity of fifty people.

A Sonnenberg *soirée*, which usually includes a preview of a film not yet available to the public, begins at ten o’clock. As the guests arrive, Sonnenberg receives them in the second-floor hall. The list is apt to read like a lion hunter’s idea of the Last Supper, for it may include such genuine lions as Quentin Reynolds, Cecil Beaton, Billy Rose, Thurman Arnold, Lucius Beebe, Dorothy Thompson, Basil Rathbone, Mrs. Harry Hopkins, or W. Somerset Maugham. At a Sonnenberg party

for Charles Luckman, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., could be seen conversing amiably with former Senator Burton K. Wheeler. In addition to Luckman and Maugham, Sonnenberg has given parties for Max Lerner, author and political commentator; Geoffrey Hellman, writer of *New Yorker* profiles; and Salvador Dali, surrealist. At the party for Dali, the artist wore a beet-red shirt, and his wife wore a green dress padded to represent the muscles and sinews of the human body.

This ability to move as freely in the café society of the arts as in the business world obviously delights Sonnenberg, and the guests who watch him preside over a group of cultural celebrities can be forgiven for taking him at face value when he says, “I am a cross between Condé Nast and Otto Kahn. I can safely say that when Kahn died his mantle fell on me, if not his fortune.” Sonnenberg possesses undeniably superlative abilities as a conversationalist and host, which by some process of osmosis infect those around him with his own sense of Continental charm. “He works at it,” says one acquaintance, “harder than anyone I know.”

“Listening to him for five minutes,” adds the wife of the financial editor of a New York paper, “makes you feel for the next five days that you’re the most beautiful woman in the world.”

Sonnenberg enjoys scattering his sense of well-being about him, for he is sure that those who are bespattered by it will subsequently prosper. “For the past twenty years,” he says, “everyone I’ve touched has become famous. What I do is an art. I operate entirely by feel, like Kreisler and Rachmaninoff, with a certain divine sense that comes from my peasant forebears. . . . I’m just a guy who knows how to play a trumpet, and a sweet trumpet it is.”

Sonnenberg claims that he chose his Gramercy Park home for its downtown location, where he could “commune with the spirit of Ida Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens, walk in the shadow of Edwin Booth, and whisper sweet nothings into the spiritual ear of O. Henry,” but it is also possible that he was attracted by the brand of wealth the section represents—old, solid, well-bred. A newer and more famous residential district may be good enough for a business address, but

socially Sonnenberg snubs it. "Park Avenue is *parvenu*," he says.

Since the supreme social occasion for many New York business men is lunch, the Sonnenberg way of life requires that he be seen daily at one of four restaurants of the highest rank—the Colony, Twenty-one, Voisin, or the Marguery. He has developed the technique of lunching to a high art, and some experts on Sonnenberg lore insist that these four establishments correspond to the four degrees of importance into which he divides his guests. Here, as elsewhere, he enjoys spending money visibly and carries wads of loose bills in his pockets in lieu of odd change. Whoever accepts his invitation to lunch will also be treated to a full barrage of Sonnenberg charm, since he claims that he needs "the sense of *in-time* that comes from talking across a table" to be at his best. "Propinquity," he says, "makes me voluble."

It also makes him frank and open, and even with a slight acquaintance he will sometimes gesture at the elaborate surroundings of a restaurant, or his home or office, and say "You see all this? It's merely background, a setting—all studied. Primarily I'm an actor." This candid self-appraisal is confirmed by a friend of many years' standing, who says that "Ben would have been one of the theater's great. He's been acting ever since I've known him. True, it's always the same part, but I must say he plays it damn well.

"Sometimes," he adds, "I wonder what he's really like."

The only answer, even though it is a cryptic one, has been offered by the lawyer Morris Ernst. "There are two things to understand about Ben," he says. "The first is that only the most improbable things about him are true; the second, that very early in life he discovered that candor is the greatest wile in the world." The Benjamin Sonnenberg of today is scarcely reticent about a number of roles Benjamin Sonnenberg has played in the past, but so thoroughly has he apprenticed himself to the Art of the Calculated Impression that you will find it difficult to disentangle the wile from the candor in the Sonnenberg who leans across the table, taps you on the arm, and asks in a voice half filled with amusement and half with conspiracy, "Not bad, it is? Not bad for a boy from Grand Street?"

II

THE second child of Ida and Harry Sonnenberg was born in Brest-Litovsk, then a part of Czarist Russia, on July 12, 1901. The father sold dry-goods. In 1905, at the time of the first Russian revolution, Harry Sonnenberg came to the United States and settled in the Lower East Side of New York. By 1910 he had done well enough to send for his family, and they lived on Grand Street in a crowded tenement. Harry Sonnenberg was a quiet, scholarly man who never made much money in his clothing and notions store on Grand Street. At least there was hot water in the family apartment, and the young Sonnenberg did not go hungry.

He attended Public School 62, whose alumni also include David Sarnoff, chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America. He was graduated from De Witt Clinton High School, where he finished a four-year course in three years and is remembered as a personable and only moderately studious boy who won the Douglas Fairbanks Debate Medal, defending the government's right to nationalize the railroads. Most of his spare time he spent at the Henry Street Settlement, then presided over by Lillian D. Wald. Sonnenberg, always polite and neatly dressed in a white shirt and dark blue knickers, was determined to make an impression on the highest authority he could reach. (He tells the story that in Russia, when his grandmother once punished him, he threatened to report her to the provincial governor of Brest-Litovsk.) Miss Wald was impressed, and she helped Sonnenberg get a scholarship to Columbia, where he spent a year majoring in journalism, following a semester at City College.

The need to make a living ended his formal education. He spent several months in the Midwest with a friend, selling woolen goods from door to door. In Saginaw, Michigan, the pair ran out of funds. When Sonnenberg heard of an opening for a reporter on a newspaper in Flint, he hurried to apply for it. He recalls that he was a good reporter, but after a few months he quit, deciding that though the newspaper business was fun it did not pay.

For a time after his return home, Sonnen-

berg wrote press releases for a private war relief organization. He had kept in touch with Miss Wald, and through her he met Lewis Strauss, a banker who is now a member of the AEC and who then got Sonnenberg a job (he spoke Russian) with the American Relief Administration distributing food in the Ukrainian famine of 1919. Sonnenberg spent most of his time abroad in Constantinople, and even today he keeps framed on his office wall a travel order signed by Herbert Hoover, directing him to proceed from Moscow to London via Riga. The job paid two hundred dollars a month and six dollars per diem, and after it ended he stayed on in Europe, where he says he wrote free-lance articles for the press associations and did editorial work for *Broom*. He made what he calls a "literary pilgrimage" to the moribund Anatole France and picked up nuggets of information that he thought might some day be useful—for example: "I made it my business to discover the origin of *pâté de foie gras*. I found out that for a good *pâté* the goose must have cirrhosis of the liver."

In the summer of 1923, Sonnenberg returned to New York and checked in at the Hotel Algonquin with several thousand dollars' accumulated pay, a London wardrobe, and a speaking acquaintance with the intellectual sets of Paris and Rome. As a boy he had loved the theater. Whenever he could, he had made the trip uptown to watch the Broadway shows, their resplendent patrons and perfumed ladies, from the height of a fifty-cent balcony seat. Now he went to work on Broadway as a press agent, a fitful and poorly paid job partly counterbalanced in Sonnenberg's mind by the fact that he could attend opening nights without charge. He worked once for producer Arthur Hopkins, and briefly for Daniel Frohman.

The going was rough. There were then, as there are today, many more experienced press agents than shows. Sonnenberg does not like to talk about his Broadway days and the years that closely followed. He says they are "rather vague in my mind, a kind of hiatus." Newspapermen who remember him say that Sonnenberg was more intensely purposeful than he is today, and there is an apocryphal story in the trade that to advertise one play he dyed his mustache blue. The copy editor of a New

York morning paper recalls: "Most of us felt a little sorry for him. Now he should please feel sorry for me."

IN MARCH 1924, shortly after his return from Europe, Sonnenberg married Hilda Caplan, his childhood sweetheart. They moved first to a tiny, walk-up apartment in Queens, and later to a one-room apartment in Greenwich Village, where Sonnenberg took his first real step on the upward path. Mrs. Sonnenberg had seen a sign announcing the opening of a new hotel nearby, the Fifth Avenue, and soon her husband had talked the manager into a fifty-dollar-a-week job as public-relations man. He had never handled a hotel account before, but his work consisted almost entirely in arranging for the name of the Fifth Avenue to be mentioned when its guests were interviewed—and, conversely, trying to see that the hotel was not mentioned in the event of suicide or scandal.

Among the early Sonnenberg publicity strokes, several are still disputed by others who claim a share of the credit. One of the Fifth Avenue Hotel's guests was a bearded South African named Alfred Aloysius Smith. Miss Ethesdra Lewis had written a book about him, called *Trader Horn*, which the Literary Guild had made one of its selections. The old Boer was presented to the press at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, enabling the book and the hotel to profit simultaneously, and Sonnenberg likes to remember the incident as one of his first successes in a semi-literary field (today he is one of the directors of Henry Holt and Company). Miss Selma Robinson, however, who was then doing publicity for the Guild, claims that the promotion of *Trader Horn* was her idea, that Sonnenberg only climbed on the bandwagon after it was under way, and that she thought she was doing *him* a favor in letting the Fifth Avenue Hotel be mentioned at all.

When the manager of the Fifth Avenue went uptown to the Chatham, Sonnenberg went along. Shortly he scored another hit. Again there is a difference of opinion as to who had the idea first, but Sonnenberg was asked by the Chatham to interview a lanky individual who had just moved into the hotel and was attracting attention by eating two-inch steaks nearly raw and mixing his own salads in the dining room. Sonnenberg intro-

duced himself, exchanged a few words, and reported to the manager that the new guest had an unusual system for playing contract bridge. From that moment on, Sonnenberg maintains, Ely Culbertson was on his way to fame and fortune.

So great was the public curiosity generated by the match Sonnenberg arranged between Culbertson and Sidney Lentz, the reigning bridge champion, that the wire services carried hand-by-hand accounts of the game. However, when *Time* magazine later reported the Culbertson campaign as a Sonnenberg coup, Albert Morehead, the editor of *Bridge World*, wrote *Time* that "Mr. Sonnenberg worked for Mr. Culbertson for one month." Culbertson, modestly speaking of himself in the third person, says that "Ely Culbertson is his own best press agent. He alone is responsible for making the name Culbertson a household word in America." Sonnenberg, when confronted with these statements, merely shrugs and points to the photograph of Culbertson in his staff office, which bears the inscription: "To a great strategist of mass movements."

After he was established at the Chatham, Sonnenberg began to investigate the office building at 247 Park Avenue, a few blocks away. When an attendant admitted that there was an empty office in the building, Sonnenberg rented a typewriter, borrowed a carpet, and moved in. Among the accounts which enabled him to become a tenant were Bergdorf Goodman, Delman shoes, and Bollinger champagne. Sonnenberg arranged a series of fashion shows, staged on the scale of Hollywood openings, at which fashion and home-making editors sipped Bollinger champagne with society women, watching models display Bergdorf dresses and Delman shoes—a nice blending of accounts. In addition, Sonnenberg helped a Bergdorf saleslady rise from behind the counter on the impetus of a best seller. She was the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, and her book was called *Education of a Princess*. Sonnenberg had her return to Europe and make a "triumphal entry" into the United States, where she had already been living for about ten years.

The fact that royalty was sure-fire copy also aided Sonnenberg in making a well-known name for another Bergdorf employee, Prince Matchabelli, who had a perfume counter in the store. He had come to Sonnenberg with

the idea of breaking into the mass market with his perfumes. "You can imagine the possibilities of having a prince to work with," Sonnenberg says. "The rest was easy: the striped trousers and morning coat, slightly threadbare, the faded decoration in the buttonhole, the bow, the courtly manner, the sigh for the grandeur of the old days—in short, all the pomp and glory of *all* the czars of *all* the Russias. You can imagine how that sort of thing went, out in . . . say . . . Peoria."

III

THE big fish soon began to nibble. How Sonnenberg attracted them is a mystery he is not eager to unravel. He likes to observe that his profession was a child of the Depression, and it is evident that the luxury products with which he opened shop were in particular need of publicity when business was so bad. At the same time, many large corporations were becoming—or thought they were becoming—distasteful to the general public. Not only were they under harsh government scrutiny, but they would often win a fight in the courts only to lose it in the newspapers or in renewed conflict with organized labor. Some business executives either ignored the challenge or expended their energies in growling at the government. Others hired public-relations counselors to give them, as one disabused newspaperman puts it, "the Listerine and Lifebuoy treatment."

Among the dozen or so leaders of his profession, Sonnenberg prides himself on being one of the few Roosevelt Democrats. One business man says that he hired Sonnenberg to get things done for his firm in Washington because Sonnenberg spoke the New Dealers' language. During the war years, Sonnenberg acquired a considerable reputation as a go-between for official Washington, big business, and the press. You would hear him glowingly described as a man who could do anything—get theater tickets, arrange plane reservations, find attractive companions to fill out a dinner party. "He's the only one," says one café-circuit reporter, "who actually knows how to do all the things public-relations men are *supposed* to know how to do." Sonnenberg says of his competitors, "Most of them advised their clients to fight the Administration—and

then tried to clean them up. I told them to co-operate with the Administration—and then showed them how.”

Sonnenberg has his own theory about the organization of society. He believes that power is by nature highly centralized, a handful of people at the core and concentric circles radiating outward as the numbers increase and the power lessens. He believes in operating as close to the center as he can get, which would account for his lack of affection for any part of the nation outside New York City. “Fifty-ninth Street,” he says, “is my Canadian border. When I’m in the country, I go around kicking trees.” Late in 1947, in one of the few speeches he has ever made, Sonnenberg told a group of students at the New School for Social Research that public-relations practitioners “ought to operate where possible in the highest level of their clients’ management structure. Preferably they should deal with the president of the company.” He is confident of his own ability to reach the high levels. “I just naturally gravitate to power,” he says.

As his reputation grew, Sonnenberg became better and better known as a man who could market quality, certified and straight across the board. His intuitive senses led him to open the Gramercy Park house and to summer at least as far out of the city as the fashionable sections of Connecticut and Long Island. He met Paul Mazur, a managing partner of the Lehman Brothers banking house, and soon he was handling the accounts of several firms having banking connections there—such as Alden Stores and Federated Department Stores. Then came the Wall Street house of J. S. Bache, Beech-Nut, McKeesport Tinsplate, and Remington-Rand.

What Sonnenberg had to offer a mighty, ponderously moving organization is well illustrated by his advice to the Texas Company. He suggested that it concentrate on the cleanliness of its service stations and “introduce opera to the American people over the radio.” Both of these ideas were unorthodox at the time Sonnenberg conceived them, and it was no mean accomplishment to have persuaded a corporation to embark on an uncharted course with only Sonnenberg for pilot. It was a similarly noble conception which enabled him to convert Samuel Goldwyn from the buffoon who had been manufactured by Gold-

wyn’s own press agents into an elder statesman of the film industry. During the first few months that Sonnenberg worked for Goldwyn, two articles appeared in the *New York Times* magazine section under Goldwyn’s by-line, *Life* ran a respectful “close-up” of him, and his generous and far-seeing remarks were quoted in hundreds of newspapers on his return from Europe.

Since movies are of such recent birth, Goldwyn was an unusual Sonnenberg client in one respect: he had participated in the growth of the great production vineyards in which he labored. Most often, Sonnenberg says, he does not deal “with the progenitors, only with those who come after.” What Sonnenberg does, that is, fills a need in the Age of Managers: of those who miss the boundless confidence which might have come from building their own fortunes, those who feel that it is good policy to sell their company and themselves to the stockholders and to the public.

Whenever he bothers to give anyone what he calls the “A” treatment, Sonnenberg begins with subtle (and not-so-subtle) compliments and then rips the polite fabric apart with a few acid and uncomplimentary sentences. Not so long ago, he launched a tirade at the president of one of the radio networks, reminding him that every radio executive held his job on public sufferance, that he did not own the airways—that, in fact, he owned nothing at all, and that his business could be taken away from him “like that” (Sonnenberg snapped his fingers) if he did not recognize his responsibilities. Two days later, Sonnenberg told a young publisher that he was too ambitious, had a reputation as an egomaniac, and should let a skilled public-relations counselor show him how to acquire a good name.

A REPRESENTATIVE Sonnenberg performance is his association with Lever Brothers and the swift ascent of Charles Luckman, its president, member of the President’s Committee on Civil Rights, onetime chairman of the Citizens’ Food Committee, and prominent member of the new generation of American business men. Luckman, a spectacular figure on his own achievement, has not only risen to the top of a hundred-million-dollar corporation in fifteen years but has set the style for the executive who would like to be described as “youthful, hatless, tweedy,

pipe-smoking, and kind of liberal." He is also a forthright exponent of the modern school of labor relations typified by the axiom, taken from one of his own speeches and often reproduced in Lever Brothers advertising, that "people do not live in order that business may exist. Business exists in order that people may live."

Sonnenberg met Luckman through Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Lasker. A number of charities in which Mrs. Lasker was interested had been handled by Sonnenberg, and in the process he had met her husband, the former head of the great, primordial advertising agency of Lord and Thomas. Mr. Lasker had helped Sonnenberg to get the account of Pepsodent, where Luckman, formerly sales manager of the Colgate Palmolive-Peet Company, had a job as vice president in charge of sales. Luckman, in turn, had the shrewd notion of hiring a comedian named Bob Hope. Pepsodent sales went up, and seven years later Luckman was president of Pepsodent. Luckman, Lasker, and Sonnenberg were a congenial trio. On May 28, 1942, Lasker wrote Sonnenberg: "I cannot sufficiently say thanks. I wish to add my admiration. . . ." In July 1944 Pepsodent was purchased by Lever Brothers, the Massachusetts concern owned by the British Unilever and itself the owner of Lux, Rinso, Lifebuoy, and Spry. Luckman was to go over to Lever Brothers as a vice president, and Sonnenberg chose to go along with him.

Luckman, Juan Trippe, and several other Sonnenberg clients are pipe-smokers. In the words of the cliché expert, they would be "inveterate pipe-smokers." The implication, of course, is that—even if he is young, brash, and hurrying to a rendezvous with destiny—a man who smokes a pipe can be trusted. Luckman ranks high on this scale even among Sonnenberg clients, for it is recorded of him that he has a collection of over two hundred pipes. This must have seemed at the time to be a distinction appropriate to the winner of the achievement award of the Junior Chamber of Commerce and to a man who had been called upon to deliver speeches with such resounding titles as "Let's Build for Tomorrow" and "Big Business Lacks Vision." It was just such a speech which later prompted the editors of *Harper's* to suggest that Luckman might concoct a magazine article in a similar vein—which he subsequently did.

Sonnenberg's greatest success in connection with Lever Brothers, however, had been achieved in June 1946, when Luckman appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine. Sonnenberg, of course, does not possess a hidden machinery for influencing the policies of national magazines. *Time's* cover stories are rotated among the various departments and decided upon well in advance at editorial conferences no more corruptible than the College of Cardinals. All Sonnenberg did, when a promotion for Luckman was confirmed in the spring of 1946, was to let the announcement be known to *Time* long enough before it was known to anyone else for *Time* to be able to prepare the story; for the appointment of a barefoot boy from Kansas City as president of Lever Brothers was sufficiently newsworthy of itself to command the magazine's attention.

The article on Luckman which appeared in *Fortune* the following month was less auspicious; but in the fall of 1946 a further story on Luckman appeared in *Business Week*, and in 1947 he was again thrown unavoidably into the limelight when Lever Brothers purchased Harriet Hubbard Ayer Cosmetics. Later President Truman appointed him to the Citizens' Food Committee and the Committee on Civil Rights. The first of these two jobs was nearly a disaster for Luckman, since legally enforced rationing had been so unpopular during the war that voluntary rationing in peacetime was politically poisonous. Luckman may have gilded the pill somewhat by asking for "economy in the use of certain foods through personal restraint," but later it was suggested that Senator Taft's blunt "eat less" amounted to the same thing.

Luckman does remain, however, a noteworthy spokesman for an enlightened business viewpoint. And if the degree to which he has been helped along by Sonnenberg in his extraordinary career is problematical, this only illustrates one of the basic principles of public relations: that if, on occasion, art can imitate nature, so also does nature imitate art.

IV

Sonnenberg does not like to talk specifically about the mechanics of his work—"the minutiae which I avoid," he calls them, preferring to speak of himself and his

craft in generalities. His infrequent attempts to explain the technique to members of his own staff have seldom been helpful, for he tends to make it appear that his success has depended on such simple precepts as: *never lunch alone*. "If you're not lunching with a client," Sonnenberg would say, "always try to lunch with a newspaper or magazine writer or editor, preferably an editor. Staff members should never lunch together. It is career suicide."

Though he claims that "at the moment I feel the same way a great number of women do, that my field is being overrun by amateurs," Sonnenberg's approach to writers differs in one marked respect from that of the non-professionals: he goes out of his way to be agreeable to the members of the working press. When he hires them for writing jobs, he pays them well. Two reporters who are now members of his staff make as high as \$15,000 and \$20,000 a year respectively (not including expenses), and one man who worked for him briefly says that Sonnenberg paid him "about three times what I was making as a by-line reporter on a metropolitan daily." Sonnenberg boasts that he knows "every worthwhile guy on every newspaper and magazine in the country, and I've never doublecrossed one of them." While this may be true, in all public-relations offices the turnover is rapid, and there are newspapermen who have worked for Sonnenberg, found themselves out of a job in six months, and have subsequently become his bitter critics.

A novelist, Rion Bercovici, thought his experiences in Sonnenberg's office so interesting that he wrote an entire book about them, called *For Immediate Release*. The central character was a publicity man who fell victim to his own publicity and hired another publicity man to publicize him as a publicity man. Today Sonnenberg laughs about the book whenever anyone mentions it (which, in his office, is seldom), but he was genuinely hurt when one of his close rivals gave a copy to the head of a company whose account both he and Sonnenberg were trying to secure. Sonnenberg says of the rival in question that, if he "would spend less time publicizing himself and more time on his clients, he might be able to get a few accounts."

Sonnenberg avoids publicity in the sense that he energetically resists writers who want

to write about him; or, if he cannot avoid them, woos them with extravagant presents. This mistrust of publicity may result from Sonnenberg's intimate knowledge of how the raw material can be transmuted in the process of manufacture or from the fact that on occasion he has suffered disconcerting experiences at the hands of writers. Shortly before Damon Runyon died, for example, he attended a party at the Sonnenbergs'. In his newspaper column for May 11, 1946, he spoke of his host as "a smart gee . . . hep, as we say in our set." Runyon described a tour of the Gramercy Park house and ended the piece as follows: ". . . as I descended the last stair after a tour of what I am sure is the most spectacular establishment in New York, I think I heard [a] whisper, 'The house that hot air built.'"

Two writers in particular have appeared as dark clouds in Sonnenberg's sky. They are Matthew Josephson, author of *The Robber Barons*, and James Rorty, author of *His Master's Voice*. Both are untrammelled students of contemporary economics and both became interested in Sonnenberg clients as a part of their own researches. Sonnenberg came into Josephson's orbit when the latter was working on a series of articles for the *Saturday Evening Post*. Josephson had spent almost a year digging out material about Pan American Airways, which was eventually to be expanded into a book called *Empire of the Air*. He received a phone call from Sonnenberg, who said that he had met Josephson years before and wondered if he might be of any assistance.

Josephson got the "A" treatment—dinner at Twenty-one, parties at Sonnenberg's house. Either Sonnenberg realized what he was up against or else Josephson's restrained, academic manner deceived him, for the subject of Pan American was scarcely mentioned. Sonnenberg recommended to its president, Juan Trippe, that he see Josephson freely and wherever possible allow him access to records; and Trippe followed just such a policy. In fact, Trippe appeared to be delighted with Josephson's "grasp and understanding" of the company and said that he hoped Josephson would go on, after the articles were finished, to tell Pan Am's story in full. But when the articles appeared, the atmosphere changed.

Josephson had more to write than he had intimated. "Trippe," he quoted a government official as saying, "wants all the advantages of government control but none of the disadvantages." He described a bitter fight waged by Pan American against the American Export Lines, and quoted the remark of Senator Carter Glass, introducing Trippe to the hearings of the Senate Appropriations Committee: "Mr. Trippe, we have under consideration the very simple question of whether your company is a monopolist, or whether the other company is a monopolist, and to which monopolist we must give the most money." Josephson concluded that "the so brief, yet tumultuous history of Pan American Airways . . . embodies many of the most evil symptoms of international and commercial rivalry. . . . The question of air policy is for our people and our Congress, rather than for a small group of men, to decide. We may evade it for a time. We shall come back to it."

Needless to say, Pan American did not view this summary of its problems with joy unbounded, and Sonnenberg was put in the uncomfortable position of having only Greek comfort to offer: "It will pass."

James Rorty provided him with a similar disappointment. Rorty had been referred to Sonnenberg by the Philip Morris Company when he began to work on the chapter in his book, *American Medicine Mobilizes*, dealing with the use of diethylene glycol as a hydroscopic agent in the manufacture of cigarettes. The medical evidence in the case presented a mass of conflicting claims. Rorty wanted to know whether Philip Morris, the only company then employing the chemical, planned to follow the example of Pall Mall and stop using it. Sonnenberg took Rorty to lunch to "talk things over." He told Rorty that he had been asked to point out that, if the stock of Philip Morris were to go down, many widows might suffer. "What do you want, really want?" Sonnenberg asked Rorty.

"To do what I'm doing," Rorty said, "write books. What's that got to do with this?"

Rorty was soon disturbed to discover that the chapter on diethylene glycol presented insurmountable obstacles to the magazines he had hoped might print sections of the book as he completed them. Then the publishers who had paid him in advance told him they must abandon the entire project. These were

perfectly reasonable decisions in view of the risk involved, but later Rorty's delicate antennae began to quiver when Sonnenberg took him to dinner at Twenty-one, and told him, in a bantering manner which he often employs, "Be careful crossing streets. You're very valuable to me. You're my Dionne quintuplets." Rorty took this to mean that he was a prize exhibit of what a public-relations counselor can do when he wants to. As a result, he was delighted when eventually the article was read as a paper to a learned society and printed in *Common Sense*. The book, *American Medicine Mobilizes*, was subsequently published by W. W. Norton and Company.

"Naturally," Sonnenberg says, "I can't tell an editor what to print or not to print," and the chances are that his inability to do so brings him more good than harm. He has said that run-of-the-mill, slick writers interest him less than those who try to ferret out controversial material about his clients.

"Besides," he says, "just ordinary writers bore me."

NO ONE knows better than Benjamin Sonnenberg that anyone who comes to a public-relations counselor is hoping, consciously or unconsciously, to buy fame for himself or his company. Where business has lost its glamor, where there are as yet no knighthoods or Academy Awards for industrial leaders, the merchant prince is delicately accessible through his human yearning for evidence of being powerful and well-known. Thus the major problem in public relations—more intractable than any posed by the sales resistance of writers and editors—is the client. How to reassure him without making him too independent, how to tell him the unpleasant truth without alienating him—between these murky alternatives, the members of Sonnenberg's profession must walk a narrow path.

There is far more to it, as Sonnenberg's career amply illustrates, than getting a man's picture in the paper. "That's easy," he says, warming to the subject, "but I put a halo around his head. While the others are in the Mazda bulb area, I work with neon lights. I know how to remove the crow's feet, the wrinkles in the forehead, the receding hairline. I prepare him for Valhalla." Not only

does the Sonnenberg Success School produce "before" and "after" portraits to validate this claim, but the very process of beautification is a tonic and delight. The refulgent aura of Sonnenberg's *boulevardier* pose has its precisely calculated uses. "I enjoy listening to him," says one of his clients, "and I like going to his house in the evening. Damn it all, he makes me feel good."

Sonnenberg feels good himself. "You are looking," he says, "at a Byzantine with Talmudic overtones, a man who might have been a seller of brass in the bazaars of Istanbul, a rug salesman in Rumania, a radium worker on the steppes of Russia. I am the kind who adapts himself to whatever civilization he finds himself in. There have always been two types of people in the world ever since Man figured out that he could do less work by fashioning a wheel: those who adapted themselves and survived, and those who didn't and perished. I always survive."

Whether Sonnenberg's profession should be

encouraged to survive in an age agonized by the need for unfettered reporting is another matter entirely. He neither originated the problem nor pretends to solve it. "Actually," he says, "I hate most kinds of publicity. Only when it gets somebody like Franklin Roosevelt elected for four terms do I really like it." He derives some satisfaction from the thought that his everyday work permits him to support such spotless causes as world government and to help his "artist and writer friends." There are those—and they include skeptical acquaintances who have watched his progress with startled misapprehension—who think he really means it.

"It's simply that I know how things are done," says Sonnenberg, "how the system operates. I know what to do to get a story across or build up a personality. I know how to keep somebody well known who has reached the top and wants to stay there. Yes, I know how it's done—but I didn't make it that way.

"I do what I do because it works."

The New York Drought

Don't Say We Didn't Warn You!

IT WAS with that prospect that the long drought confronted the city. To say that such a drought was not anticipated is foolish. Why was it not anticipated? Water supply is a matter of calculation. It was the business of the city, of a community of Americans, to know that the Croton and its affluents, with the arrangements made for its conveyance, would not properly supply the city in a drought like that of 1881. Not to know this was to want obviously necessary knowledge. New systems of supply have been arranged, and the Bronx is to re-enforce the Croton. But who now can be sure that the additional supply will be adequate to the growth of the city and the larger water demand?

—From the "Editor's Easy Chair," *Harper's Magazine*, January 1882.



An Altogether Different Strike

Mary Heaton Vorse

WHILE I sat in the headquarters of the United Steel Workers in Charleroi during the steel strike last fall, waiting for the district director, the men in the office talked about former strikes—the 1919 strike (in which the chief issue was the very right to organize) and the 1937 one (which chiefly concerned wages and working conditions).

"If Chuck hadn't come along I'd a been a goner," one man was saying. "Four scabs was holdin' me down, brought right in from skid row in Cleveland to break the strike."

"Wasn't that the day after dues inspection, when Gene got his finger most bit off? Remember how sick Gene was? Louis cried; he was sure we lost Gene when blood poisoning set in so bad."

"Not much like today," someone said.

"No, this is an altogether different strike."

Soon the director came in. He is a tall, fine-looking man, and a veteran in steel, experienced in negotiations and a student of labor and industry. As we went out of the building, he said, "Does anything look unusual to you in this town?"

"You mean the posters in the shop windows advertising Murray's meeting? That couldn't have happened a short time ago."

"That's right. The union has fine relations now with all the local people in these steel towns. They are all for us and they used to be all against us."

The strike meeting to which we went was held in a sturdy brick building in Monessen. "We own our building, burned the mortgage in '46," they told me with relish. These union-owned buildings throughout the steel towns marked the change in the status of the union.

And so did the nature of the meeting itself. For the agenda did not consist of strike strategy, movements of flying squadrons, reports of arrests, and rumors of mobs, as it would have in 1937; this strike meeting was about the preparations for a hundred-car motorcade to Philip Murray's meeting at Munhall Park, twenty-five miles down the Monongahela River.

"Who's going to do the lettering for the banner of the Mayor's car?" the chairman asked. The mayor's and city officials' cars were to have banners saying they supported the union's fight for pensions.

"Now, brothers," the chairman cautioned, "we're getting a hundred per cent co-operation from the police. We want to make things easier for them. Get early to your places and

Mary Heaton Vorse not only saw at first hand the steel strikes of 1919, 1937, and 1949, but has known the rank and file of workers as only a sympathizer could. The drawings are by Lou Block.

keep to your schedules, help the police—they're helping us!"

These statements made anyone who had known the city officials of 1937 and seen the police in action in the Little Steel Strike feel that he was having a happy though implausible dream.

LATER I drove to the picket lines with the international representative of the District 13, a robust old-timer with a chest like a sea captain. The day was beautiful. This country along the curving Monongahela River is one of the loveliest parts of Pennsylvania, and the little cities of Donora and Monessen sit picturesquely almost opposite each other climbing the steep river banks. (Donora is the town where a year ago nineteen people died of smog and 5,910 of the 13,899 inhabitants were sick from smog poisoning.)

We drove to a picket point opposite the zinc mills. Only four men were on guard there. "We've only token pickets around here; some gates are only controlled when the maintenance crew changes shift," my guide explained. Here as everywhere the talk turned to the old days.

"My old man was almost killed near this very place by the state troopers in 1919," one of the pickets said. "Had to have twenty-nine stitches in his scalp after a cossack hit him with his club. I was still in the Army."

"'Twas me carried him into a drug store and called an ambulance," said my guide. "Oh, he was an awful sight! There was some boys just back from the war wearing their uniforms on the picket line. 'Get out of those uniforms, you bastards!' the cossacks yelled. 'They got as much right to wear those uniforms as you have,' your father said. The trooper rode down your father and hit him a crack. Half his scalp flapped down on the side of his cheek. You couldn't see his face for blood; I thought he was a goner!"

"I used to see the troopers ride down people in Braddock in the 1919 strike," I said. "I used to watch them from the windows of the apartment of a county detective's wife."

"Braddock!" said another picket. "You remember the fellow they shot in the stomach in Braddock? He got sore at the cossacks riding down folks and he grabbed the horse's bridle. They shot him in the stomach. I carried him into a saloon."

"They broke up his funeral," I said, remembering that meetings had not been allowed in Braddock in 1919, but that workers could demonstrate by coming to a funeral in great numbers—with the result that the troopers broke up the funeral.

The young pickets listened open-mouthed to the violent stories of the old days. In their experience there had always been a union. They had never seen the coal and iron police which used to be at the disposal of the companies, or the mounted state police who were known as the cossacks.

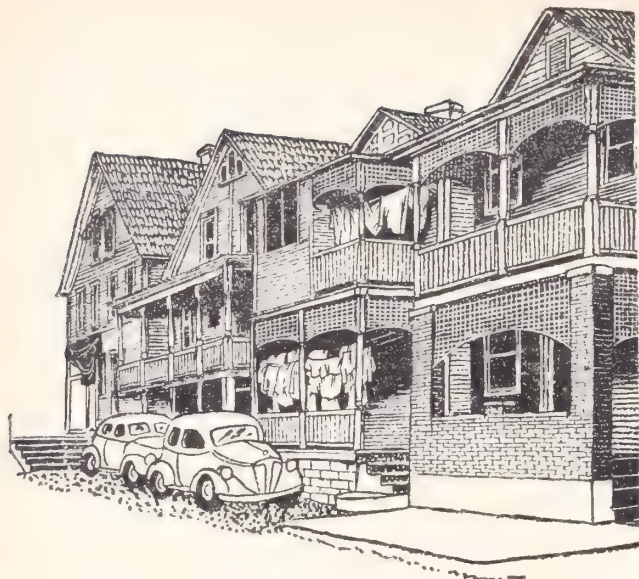
How much things had changed, what an altogether different strike this was, I realized even more in Youngstown, which had borne the brunt of the Little Steel Strike in 1937. (In this city together with Canton, Massillon, and Beaver Falls almost as many were killed as in South Chicago at the famous Memorial Day Massacre of 1937, when ten were killed and ninety wounded. There were photographers and newsreel men present in Chicago who recorded that almost unbelievable event, but the Youngstown killings went relatively unnoticed.) Last fall an old friend of mine and myself visited the Youngstown picket lines. He was an international representative of Sheet and Tube, which had 13,000 men on strike in the Youngstown area alone.

At the Briar Hill picket line I saw a large new army tent whose wooden floor had just been finished. "We're all snug now and ready for the snow to fly," the pickets' captain told us. "We're digging in." The tent had a good heater, chairs and table, a small stove for coffee, and a radio.

What made it unique were its outside decorations. Crushed rock had been formed into an ornamental oval outlined by white painted stones. Larger stones formed giant letters of CIO in the middle of the oval, and over all flew the American flag.

"All on company property, too," said my old friend. "Some change from the old days in 1937 when they gassed a woman and a baby for resting a minute on company property. You remember that's what started the riot in 1937, when you got hurt and Eperjesi was killed."

It all came back to me as we drove past Stop 5 near the Republic Steel gates.



"The old steel masters wrote their disregard of their workers in the mean streets . . ."

What had happened on the night of June 19, 1937, was unprecedented even in the bloody history of the Little Steel Strike. The strikers had naturally resented the gassing of the woman with her baby and there was a riot during which a striker was killed and many wounded. The evening after the riot I visited the scene of the trouble, together with one of the organizers. Here and there were pockets of tear gas left over from the afternoon. A few people were standing outside the fire house and isolated pedestrians came down the dim street.

Then just in front of us an armored truck drove up filled with uniformed deputies. With a feeling of complete surprise I saw them shoot. I saw the flash, I heard the shots. There was no reason for shooting; there was no crowd, just people going quietly about their business. I had seen the sheriff that afternoon and he was raving because one of his policemen had been shot through the wrist (incidentally, the only injury suffered by the law during the Little Steel Strike).

"I'll learn them bastards to shoot my men," he had cried. "I'll give them a lesson they won't forget." Apparently this shooting down of workers was the lesson.

I saw a man come zigzagging toward us and knew he was wounded. I was too amazed to be frightened. I thought, "I'm glad I'm behind the truck." Then I saw my escort duck. "I'd better duck too," I thought, but before

I could a ricocheted bullet hit the side of my head. The man who had been running lurched and fell and I fell near him. The man was James Eperjesi, who died later. The truck with its deputies proceeded on its way through Struthers and Campbell, shooting other workers; while I was having my wound sewed up at the hospital other people were brought in, a little boy hit in the leg, a woman shot in the arm. A woman lay unconscious on the couch. As we drove away more wounded were brought in.

That was in 1937. In 1949, in Canton and Aliquippa, management gave radios and heaters to the picket huts; in other places they donated lumber for the shelters and served the pickets with doughnuts and coffee.

II

MANY changes have taken place in the industry itself, both in its attitude toward its employees and in its responsibility toward the community.

Steel is a dangerous industry. It deals with creation. Its stupendous fiery operations endanger the safety and lives of men. Today in the steel mills safety has become almost an obsession on the part of management. So enthusiastic are the safety specialists that they will talk your ear off and deluge you with facts and figures, until you begin to think a blast furnace or rolling mill is the only place in the world where a man's life is really protected.

U. S. Steel, which has spent literally millions on safety devices, claims that today a steel mill is a safer place for a man than his own home and points out that there are fewer accidents per one hundred thousand hours spent in the mills, with their blazing furnaces, than in a man's home, notoriously full of booby traps which may break his neck.

The men attend safety classes. When they go on the job first they have a buddy assigned to them to go through the operation and explain whatever dangers there may be. To be sure, the union feels that a still further advance would be made if union members served on safety committees. ("You take a mask now, a young fellow is liable to stuff it in his pocket or put it on one side, but if a union brother helps train him to use it, it stands to reason he'll learn quicker," a union

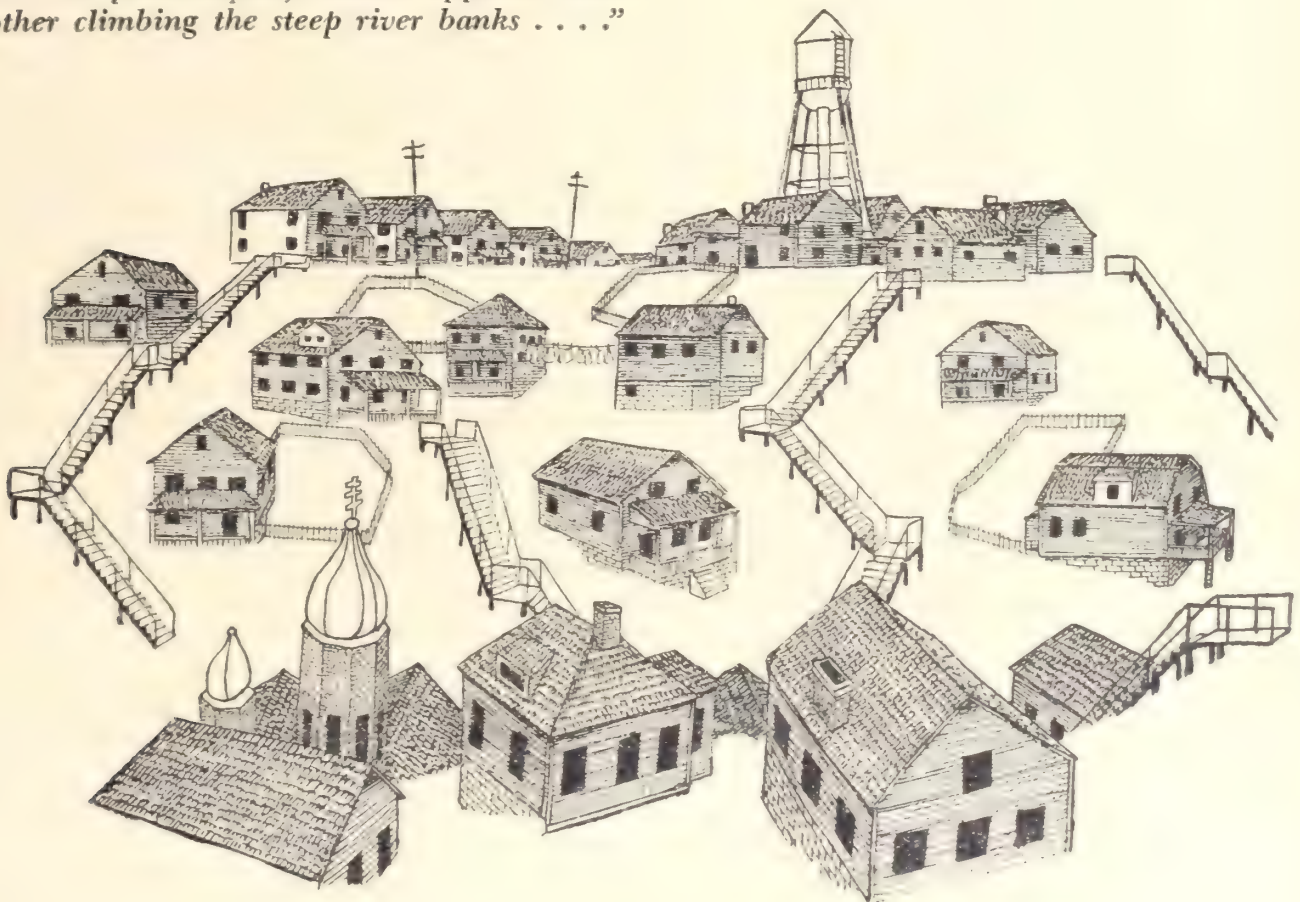
official said.) Even in safety matters the mutual suspicion between management and the union clearly has not vanished. Nevertheless the change is remarkable.

During the past few years there has also been a great change in the industry's responsibility toward the community in which it is located. The old steel masters wrote their disregard of their workers in brick and stone in the mean streets of the steel towns. No grimmer towns existed than Rankin or McKeesport or Homestead in the days when I first knew them. The workers' wives flew a flag of defiance, their clean white window curtains. In the courts where garbage rotted, long lace curtains were always drying on frames. I never see oleanders today without remembering one in a tub in the Willoway in Braddock; a woman from the old country was carefully washing the grime from its leaves. The dreadful housing of the steel workers was eloquently described by a government survey fifty years ago, and many years later the Interchurch investigation of steel found no improvement.

It has gradually become general to have the steel companies take a prominent part in civic affairs. Youngstown Sheet and Tube was founded by local men who have long been leaders in all that pertains to Youngstown welfare. More recent in this field is Jones & Laughlin. The industry gave a recreation park to the town of Aliquippa when a ball ground was taken over for housing; it encouraged a much-needed housing project now on the way, and has been active in other civic matters.

Even the look of the steel towns has changed for the better. When I first saw Campbell, part of Youngstown, thirty years ago, snow was melting in the yards and uncovering tin cans and rubbish; in those days people threw their rubbish out, and it lay where it fell. Last fall there were some fine neat lawns surrounded by clipped hedges and gardens ablaze with fall flowers. I drove hundreds of miles through the various steel towns and, from Bethlehem to Gary, everywhere the yards were raked, and flowers replaced the litter and garbage piles of the old days. The steel towns

"The day was beautiful . . . the little cities . . . sit picturesquely almost opposite each other climbing the steep river banks . . ."



are still far from beautiful, but comfort, decency, and self-respect are manifest in them—which shows that the steel workers as well as industry recognize that they have a stake in their communities.

Since the union has become an acknowledged part of the labor process, there has come about a different approach to the relations between employer and employee; a reasonable way of dealing with minor and major grievances has replaced the old undemocratic system. Paternalistic welfare and recreation schemes are no longer management's panacea; good labor relations are stressed instead. A large body of information has accumulated during the years as to what the conditions are under which workers produce best, and good labor relations have been accepted as a necessary factor.

This does not mean that the industry rejoices in the union. Industry is jealous of workers co-operating with management, and is suspicious of the union's growing power—though some steel officials will tell you, strictly off the record, that they would rather deal with the union as it exists today than with the company-dominated union of the Employees' Representation Plan. Nor does it mean that the workers are not still deeply suspicious of management. "The industry wanted this strike and we didn't," workers would tell you last fall, and they would point to the deep-freezers full of carloads of food which the industry put in the steel mills as early as last June, even before the union agreed to a seventy-seven-day "breather." They would tell you, too, that the strike was forced on them when Mr. Murray accepted the proposals of President Truman's Fact-Finding Committee, scaling down the union's demands to a ten-cents-an-hour "package," six cents for old-age pension and four cents for security, these pensions to be non-contributory, *i.e.*, charged entirely to the companies rather than partly taken out of workers' wages. And to the strikers, as well as to much of the public, the argument of the industry that if a man didn't pay for his pension as he went along he would lose his initiative, didn't sound convincing in the face of the fact that many of the higher executives of Big and Little Steel retire on non-contributory pensions of from \$25,000 to \$100,000 a year.

How different the same set of facts can ap-

pear to two different groups of people was shown by management's universal belief that the issue of pensions was so unpopular with the majority of strikers that if the mills opened they would stream back.

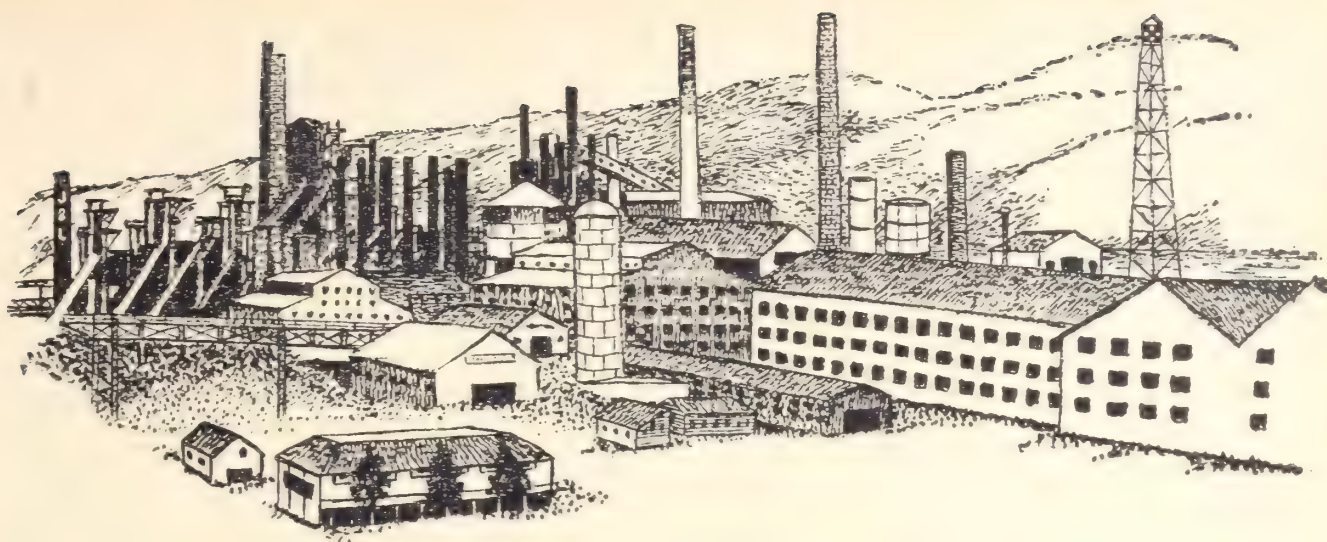
III

AN AFTERNOON at one of the great meetings at which Philip Murray spoke during the strike answered a great many questions for me about the steel workers' attitude toward the strike and toward their leader.

There was sheer power in the outpouring of the thousands of workers who attended these meetings, fifteen thousand in Youngstown, as many in Munhall Park near Homestead; eight thousand in the stadium in Bethlehem. This handsome, well-dressed crowd of men and women was full of sober enthusiasm. Steel workers are for the most part powerful men who have the confident ways of men who rule their world. They know what wages and life were like in the steel towns before the union, and they will face any hardship to defend it.

The fact that church dignitaries made the invocation in Munhall and that in Bethlehem the acting mayor welcomed Mr. Murray "on behalf of the people in Bethlehem" had a special meaning to the steel workers; for they remembered that only twelve years earlier Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor, wasn't allowed to speak in nearby Homestead and spoke from the steps of the Post Office, which was federal property. The governor's wife, Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, wasn't allowed to speak either. "But she spoke anyway," the steel workers will tell you with satisfaction, and because of this, her memory is green throughout the Pennsylvania valleys.

Today many mayors, chiefs of police, sheriffs, and other officials have been elected by the workers. In East Braddock, eight out of twelve of the city councilmen are union members. The present sheriff in Youngstown was once president of a local union. Twelve years ago, in many steel towns, when a worker applied for a job he had to go to the Republican headquarters and sign up before he could get into the employment office. Only a few years ago a Democratic headquarters would have been as impossible in most steel towns as a booth ornamented with hammers and sickles at a church fair.



"Steel is a dangerous industry. It deals with creation. Its stupendous fiery operations endanger the lives and safety of men. . . ."

The crowds which came from as far as fifty miles away to hear Mr. Murray were full of such memories, and their attitude made wishful thinking out of the idea that they were eager to go back to work before they had won the strike. Most of them had received their last pay check. They faced the future payless days gravely. But neither there nor on picket lines nor in union nor in private home nor in innumerable conversations did I find anything but a considered resolution to stay out "until Phil Murray gets what he has asked for." There were no brass bands, no mass picket lines, "We're so strong we don't need to throw our weight around," they said.

I can recall no other great labor leader who has been so close to his rank and file as Philip Murray. He commands a mixture of love, admiration, and respect hard to describe. He has their complete confidence. Everywhere when men learned I had recently been in the Pittsburgh office they would ask, "Did you get to see Phil? How does he look?" or, "Did you speak to Mr. Murray?" or they would say proudly, "I got close to him in Munhall," or "I spoke to him at our last convention," as if having seen or spoken to him conferred some virtue upon them. In my last visit to Homestead a group of men were gathered under the old print of the Homestead Battle of 1892 in which eleven strikers and seven Pinkertons were killed.

"How does Phil Murray do it?" said a union official lately back from the CIO Cleveland

convention. "He had seventeen meetings in two or three days. He shuttled to New York by plane, negotiated with Bethlehem, and ran his convention all at once!"

The purpose in which these men were so united was simply expressed by an official of the Aluminum Union in New Kensington, which joined the Steel Workers in 1944.

"As I see it," he said, "what the union is after is to get away from the everlasting insecurity the workers feel. Take me, for instance: I have a wife and seven children, school age and under. After twenty-two years of labor, if I was to be laid off, I'd be ready for relief in a month. You might say this is the third round. First we fought just for the right to exist and have a union; next for a decent wage and working conditions; and now we want a little security."

IV

LAST October as I watched a picket line in Homestead, composed of old men, I realized what a distance had been traveled by labor since the 1919 strike. They sat at ease in company property in front of the Amity Street gate of Carnegie Illinois Steel while they were photographed. They chatted amicably with the single company guard. Why not? Even the guards belong to the union now.

This was a different world from that of 1919 when I saw the bitter steel strike die

of a slow bleeding. Then I would hurry apprehensively past the state constabulary loling in the door of their office on the main street and arresting anyone whose looks they didn't like, as they had the women reporters from New York. I had often watched them chasing people into their yards, riding their horses into their very homes. In that strike fourteen people were killed in the first ten days. In Pennsylvania all meetings were forbidden and the coal and iron police and the constabulary saw to it there were none.

Two people defied this ukase. One was the brave priest of St. Michael's in Braddock, Father Kazinski, and the other the old labor leader, Mother Jones, who lived above me in the Monongahela House and whom I often accompanied as she roamed the steel towns. Wherever labor had trouble, there was Mother Jones. When she was arrested in Homestead, the workers streamed out in such angry protests that the jailers begged Mother to send the crowd home.

"If I send 'em home will ye agree to meetin's in your bloody town?" she asked. They said they would. "Bring me an American flag, then," she said, and standing there with the flag she sent the strikers home.

"But how did them robbers of human rights keep their promise?" she cried. "You been to what they call a meetin' in Homestead. A meetin'! Six armed cossacks on the platform! Spotters at the door taking down everyone's name for the black list. They trample our flag on the dust and spit on the Constitution!"

The strikers came from over twenty miles around to hear Father Kazinski preach about

the strike. He told them that they had nothing with which to fight steel except their endurance and faith. He also let the strikers have their relief store in the basement of the parochial school when they could rent no other place in Braddock. Because of this I saw the state troopers ride down and scatter the terrified children as they poured out of St. Michael's school.

I accompanied him on his parochial visits. We visited a woman one day whose swollen face still showed where a trooper had struck her, because she had screamed when they searched her house without a warrant. In those days steel towns were blanketed with fear. It was almost impossible for a stranger to visit a worker's home without bringing terror in his wake. And eighteen years later, in 1937, the tension was almost as great.

BY CONTRAST the strike of 1949 was calm. It was a vast and disciplined mass movement, a restrained, almost a puritanical strike. Drinking was sternly discouraged; anyone with liquor on his breath on a picket line was sent home by the picket captain. In Homestead in the pickets' soup-kitchen was a large sign in blue which read:

Please show appreciation of our factory store
Ladies by NO Profanity or Smart remarks.

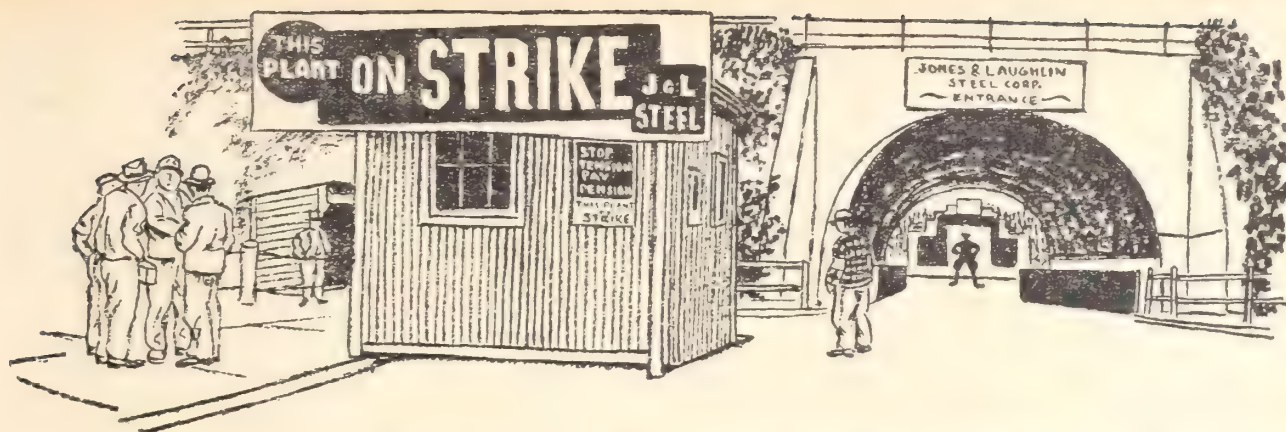
The factory stores are a comparatively new business, and a big business which supplies cafeterias in mills and factories. The "factory store ladies" are organized in USW, as are the white-collar workers.

There were only a few pickets at the various picket points, never any more than twenty; often the number was much less; some gates were not picketed at all. Everywhere the pickets were without tension. Often we would drive up to what seemed a deserted picket hut. I learned to say as the pickets filed out, "Sorry to disturb your game of gin rummy, boys." In Indiana, penny-ante or any gambling was forbidden for fear of quarreling. "We got a good record and aim to keep it good," I was told.

The streets of the steel towns were no fuller of loafing men than they might have been any Saturday. Loitering on the street was discouraged by the union. "You've got your union hall to loaf in," the strikers were told. In Gary, where there had been so much



*"... they would rather deal with
the union as it exists today"*



"In 1949, in Canton and Aliquippa, management gave radios and heaters to the picket huts; in other places they donated lumber for the shelters and served the pickets with doughnuts and coffee. . . ."

police violence in 1937, the police protected the pickets from some drunks. "What's the matter with you," they said. "Don't you know these men are on strike? Want we should run you in? On your way!"

Gary paint stores were getting low in paint. Here as elsewhere the strikers were using their free time to paint their houses. More and more steel workers own their own homes. I came across several strikers who were building their homes themselves.

When last I had seen the steel towns during the Little Steel Strike of 1937, the population was on the point of hysteria. The backfiring of a car brought apprehensive crowds out of ice-cream parlors and poolrooms thinking the workers had "attacked." During this altogether different strike there was no apprehension among the non-strikers. No one expected or feared violence. The union had become an accepted part of life.

THE growing little city of Warren, Ohio, where the union had been feared and hated in 1937, was typical of the change. I visited it just as Republic Steel had signed a contract with the union, and the picket huts were being joyfully demolished. The president of the local reported:

"We have had no trouble here at all. Everything's been quiet. Some contrast to 1937! The Y.W.C.A. offered its facilities to the strikers. We've had fine co-operation between the union and the social agencies, good co-operation from everyone, city officials and all. Quite a lot of merchants came to the headquarters to ask the list of strikers' names so

they wouldn't bill them during the strike. The finance companies and banks co-operated on deferring payments on houses, cars, and furniture."

During the Little Steel Strike everyone in the small towns identified his own prosperity with that of management. Now a complete revolution in public feeling had occurred; the merchants, the real-estate people, automobile dealers, all realized the link between their prosperity and a high payroll. They even translated old-age pensions into more buying power.

According to the financial page of the *New York Times*, the 1949 steel strike was the costliest strike this country has ever seen. The strikers are said to have lost 120 million dollars in wages. In terms of tonnage lost, wage loss, time lost in other industries, and loss to stockholders and the public it was "the worst ever."

The cost in dollars was great, but the jails remained empty. In sharp contrast with 1937, not a cent was spent on strike-breakers, tear gas, riot guns, or arms of any kind. And there was no loss of human life.

It is well to recognize that this change could not have come about had it not been for the Wagner Act, for the rise of a new kind of employer and a new labor leadership with vision, and for the resolution and endurance of the rank and file of steel workers. Governor Pinchot, Franklin Roosevelt, Senator Wagner, Myron Taylor of U. S. Steel, and John L. Lewis as well as Murray and the anonymous steel workers have transformed the face and temper of the steel towns.

Science, Secrecy, Security

Edward U. Condon

WORLD War II, with its atom bomb, radar, proximity fuse, guided missiles, rockets, jet engines, and many other devices, adequately demonstrated the ability of scientific research to contribute to military power. The atomic bomb in particular created a general awareness of this single aspect of science. What had long been a specialized field of interest for a few scientists suddenly became a popular topic of conversation. Scientists found themselves much in demand. Their opinion was asked on all sorts of matters having nothing to do with science. At the same time, many persons with little knowledge of science turned themselves overnight into experts on questions involving science.

Since the end of the war the climate has been far more favorable for the growth of mistaken notions about science than it has for considered, sober ones. Perhaps in a period of tensions it could hardly be otherwise. Tensions themselves are complex, many-sided states, and it is difficult to determine which components have a legitimate basis in fact and which are self-induced. The relationships between science and security have certainly been confused, while secrecy has become almost an obsession.

Everybody knows what science is. It is the systematic study of natural phenomena by rationally planned experimentation and ra-

tional analysis of the results of that experimentation. It is the most powerful method known to man for gaining knowledge about the world in which he lives. And everybody knows what secrecy is. It is the policy of restricting the dissemination of knowledge possessed only by certain groups of people.

What do we mean by security? A great deal of the confusion and difficulty with which the subject is surrounded arises from the fact that the word "security" has been burdened with three rather distinct meanings. Yet many people are not fully aware of this and lump all three ideas loosely into one. Security to most of us means what the dictionary says—namely, "freedom from fear, anxiety, or care; confidence of power or safety." But the word is also used in connection with the ability of a nation to defend itself against enemies, or to maintain its position in the world. Here it is commonly equated with military security—that is, with military strength in terms of weapons and manpower. The third meaning of the word is in connection with, or as a generic term for, policies and measures which are designed to keep secret certain information of supposed military value. These three separate and distinct meanings of "security" make it a rather overworked word and give rise to a great deal of confusion.

The three meanings, of course, are not unrelated. "Security" in keeping secret certain

Dr. Condon, director of the National Bureau of Standards, was the subject of the article in Harper's last month, by Louis Welborn, in which his recent "ordeal" was described.

types of information is supposed to contribute to our "security" by increasing our relative military strength, and it is commonly supposed that an increase in military strength gives rise to an increased feeling of "security" in the dictionary sense—freedom from fear, anxiety, or care; confidence of power or safety. I am going to use the word only in its third meaning—that is, in connection with policies designed to keep secret certain information, particularly scientific information, of supposed military value.

II

IN TRYING to assess the importance of security in secrecy policies for scientific information, it is important to realize that no scientific principle and no fundamental scientific knowledge can remain secret for very long. This is true not because of the effectiveness of the espionage of other peoples, but because those peoples have available to them the same means of discovering scientific principles which we have—namely, rationally planned experiments and rational analysis of the data obtained in them.

Other peoples do not need to learn the laws of nature by spying on our laboratory notebooks. They can learn them for themselves, and perhaps at times much better than we have, by work conducted in their own laboratories and calculations made in their own notebooks. In the field of science, therefore, there are no secrets of any permanent value. It is true that we may have a very temporary advantage in a particular line at a particular time by obtaining a particular result before others have, but we must not think that this is a situation which is likely to persist.

There are, however, vastly more important reasons than the military applications for our society to support an advancing program of research in fundamental science. The peacetime applications of science are far more important than the military ones. But even greater than these applications, whether peaceful or military, is the growth of the human spirit in the honest, unquenchable quest for truth which goes on in the laboratories of basic science. There is in scientific research a spiritual growth in man as great as any which can be derived from a formal act of worship carried on in the world's greatest

cathedrals. It is here that the greatest value for mankind lies, and it is here that science is today most poorly understood.

In the need for rapid and continuous progress we are confronted with a real dilemma. Progress in science is desired for many reasons. Secrecy in science is desired to conserve the temporary military advantage which particular results may give. Yet secrecy in science retards progress in science, for scientific advances cannot be made without a very considerable exchange of information among scientists. Progress in science is not only dependent upon the mutual stimulation that scientists give each other by information about each other's work; it also results from the mutual criticism of the work of one scientist by his colleagues.

Secrecy is the enemy of progress not only in science but elsewhere. For secrecy means that ideas and concepts and supposed facts will not be subjected to the criticism necessary to test their validity. Secrecy has often been used deliberately in the past to hide inadequate ideas and incompetence. But even where secrecy is not used in this way, it inevitably acts to protect outmoded ideas and to preserve them when their inadequacy might otherwise have been revealed by the criticism of others. The basic problem, therefore, calls for a delicate compromise. Failure to understand this can lead to unwise demands for extreme secrecy which will defeat the very aims of those who make such demands.

IN MILITARY parlance, information which is not allowed to be disseminated freely is called classified information. It is further classified in four categories of importance and hence of the extent to which its circulation is limited. These categories are restricted, confidential, secret, and top secret. Long established rules provide for increasing degrees of restraint and care in the handling of documents in the higher categories of classification. Obviously there are some matters of such vital importance that very few people should be allowed to know of them and "top secret" documents referring to them should be handled with the greatest rigor. But just as obviously it would be an unwarranted waste of time and money to handle every piece of "restricted" information with the same care.

Another important instrument of security is "compartmentalization," the process of dividing up the whole range of information of a complicated secret situation into smaller areas. If a man's work is confined to one area, obviously he does not need to have access to all of the information. For example, a company commander assigned a particular task for D-day on Omaha Beach did not need to have detailed information about the total plan in order to do his part in it. Not only is there an economy of effort in giving him no more than he needs to know; but, of course, if he should prove to be unreliable, the less he knows the less he can reveal.

However applicable to military situations this idea may be, it is nevertheless of very doubtful relevance to scientific research. It is possible to use compartmentalization in a rational way only where the whole situation is so well understood that the subject can be divided up in advance into areas that will not overlap each other. In scientific research, however, the field is in the very process of being explored and analyzed, for research is by nature an exploration of the unknown. This means that the field is not, as a rule, well enough charted to permit sensible subdivision in advance. Here, too, we are dealing in matters where good judgment leading to reasonable compromise is needed. In scientific research, some compartmentalization may be practical for the workers who are involved with small details in a large, complicated project. But unless the major scientists involved have free access to all phases of the work there is bound to be useless duplication or imperfect co-ordination between the separate parts.

That it is hard to know where the line should be drawn is evident from the fact that widely different policies have been followed in different projects. During the war there was practically no internal compartmentalization in the microwave radar program. All the scientists engaged on it, several thousand in number, were free to learn any part of the subject which in their own judgment they needed to know. On the other hand, in our atomic-bomb project, there was a great deal of compartmentalization, making it difficult for a scientist to learn things vitally important to his job or even to be aware of the fact that such knowledge had already been obtained.

In general, British policy required far less compartmentalization on scientific projects than ours, especially on the atomic-bomb project. This had some curious consequences which greatly helped the work during the latter part of the war, when large groups of first-rate British scientists were stationed at each of the major atomic-energy laboratories in this country. An American working at Chicago might have the greatest difficulty getting vitally important data from the Los Alamos laboratories as a result of the operation of our rules. But one of the British scientists at Chicago could get these same data with ease by asking a British scientist at Los Alamos. In this way our British associates rendered us a great service in keeping us from being hamstrung by our own regulations.

During the war, very sensible procedures were used in scientific security—that is, secrecy policies in scientific matters. Careful, sensible checks were made on the character of the personnel to be employed on such jobs. This was done in a way which did not subject the individual to public slanders or accusations, nor was judgment passed on men's character on the basis of undisclosed charges, or testimony that was not only unrevealed but unevaluated. It was not until after the war that these evils developed. Yet there is no evidence that there was any loss of secret information in the war period, so that it cannot be argued that the wartime policies were inadequate.

III

IS THERE any basis for the clamor that is being raised about loss of our scientific secrets? The history of the atomic-bomb project provides interesting light on this question.

Two points deserve far more attention than they have yet received. It was the scientists, not the government and not the military, who not only developed the atomic bomb, but who conceived the possibility of it in the first place. Yet, to judge by some of the statements they have made, one would think that it was the politicians who had reluctantly confided their secret to the scientists.

The truth is that the scientists had a difficult time getting the government to listen to their ideas. Many months passed in vain appeals. The scientists then thought that

the Germans might also have realized the possibility of a bomb based on uranium fission. So a direct appeal was finally made to President Roosevelt, and only then did the government show interest. President Roosevelt authorized the initiation of the program at the National Bureau of Standards, under the leadership of the former director, Dr. L. J. Briggs.

The second fact is this. During this whole period, when the politicians had not yet awakened to the significance of uranium fission, the scientists themselves *voluntarily* adopted policies of secrecy in the relevant work being conducted in nuclear physics. So successful were these measures that no word of the project leaked out. Even after the project was begun under federal sponsorship, the secret was so well maintained that members of the staff of the National Bureau of Standards who were not actively engaged in it were unaware of its existence until the bomb was dropped and the official announcement was made. There is no example anywhere of more loyal and discreet behavior than that of these American physicists who, without clearance or loyalty probes, kept secret this important information and fought their way to the President to get action.

Later, of course, they were all fingerprinted and checked and rechecked before they were allowed to "know" those things which they had known so long, struggled for, and kept secret. Still later, having achieved the goal, many of them were subjected to vilification and were regarded with suspicion by the politicians who still do not know what happened during those years. In the words of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the scientists were exposed more than any other group in the nation "to sustained and stringent limitations upon their professional freedom."

The scientists have not now, nor have they ever, advocated laxity in security measures—that is, in secrecy policies. Their own self-made and self-imposed disciplines indicate clearly their caution in this respect. They do not expect, or feel that they deserve, better treatment than any other citizens under investigatory procedures, but they are convinced that extreme, unrealistic policies of secrecy can cripple the further advances which are expected of them.

IV

ONE of the myths of these times is that there are secrets of science; nothing could be more erroneous or dangerous. One nation may be ahead of another in a particular development at a particular time, but this only happens if one nation has devoted more effort than any other to work on a particular problem. Although we were the initial developers of the atomic bomb (with a very great deal of help from refugee scientists from Germany and Italy and from brilliant collaborators from England and Canada), we were far behind the Germans in rockets. We lagged behind the British in jet propulsion. We were dependent upon the German developments in synthetic rubber. During the first half of the war, we were dependent upon British research and development in microwave radar. It was not until the latter half of the war that we made significant contributions in this field.

Nature indulges in no preferential treatment to nations or individuals. The scientific secrets that we hear so much about are secrets of nature. They are there for anyone with enough intelligence and patience and perseverance to ferret out and use.

Another myth is that scientific secrets can be given away. Fed on a diet of spy rings in which the microfilm has romantically supplanted the blueprint in popular imagination, the public might get the impression that scientific developments can be packaged conveniently in the form of a little formula, perhaps written in secret ink on a postage stamp, or of a few drawings which can be surreptitiously microfilmed. With rare exceptions, this is pure nonsense. State secrets—perhaps the policy of the United States toward another nation, or a strategic military decision—may thus be conveniently packaged, but not the weapons developments of modern science. The amount of detail in any modern weapon—even as to principles, and especially as to specific designs, models, methods of manufacture, and so on—is fantastically great. Even if masses of data were transferred, it would require extensive training and instruction in order to make them useful, and the recipient would have to be highly competent technically in order to profit from such training.

Thus to talk about spy rings, microfilms, and invisible inks is to indulge in sheer melodrama where scientific matters are concerned.

There has also been much romantic talk about intelligence countermeasures against scientific espionage. But in the Canadian spy case, for example, the intelligence services were completely unaware of what was going on. The case developed as a result of the confession of a Russian clerk, and he had difficulty in getting anyone to listen seriously to his confession. The fact that some misconduct on the part of individuals with access to official secrets had occurred, as established after a fair trial in accordance with Anglo-Saxon judicial principles, is shocking and emphasizes the need for adequate security measures. But the difference between adequate security measures coupled with a reasonable public attitude, and measures that hinder progress coupled with a public attitude of hysteria, is the difference between a sane and intelligent person's approach to his problems and that of a paranoid.

By way of comparison between the way we have been dealing with this matter and the procedures in Canada, the following case may be illuminating. An American government scientist was suspended from his job as "disloyal" and only reinstated after a long hearing which cost him heavily in nervous strain and attorney's fees. The sole charge against him was that he had contributed to the defense fund for one of the Canadian spy defendants who had been a friend of his during their early student days at Princeton University. And all this occurred long *after* the Canadian friend had been given a fair trial, found not guilty, and restored to his university position in Canada!

THE full story of the efficacy of counter-intelligence cannot be obtained, but there is some information which is extremely suggestive. During the war our laboratory physicists believed that the Germans too were making an all-out effort to produce an atomic bomb. Knowing that the Germans started with the same information, we expected that they would proceed vigorously and effectively. Their propaganda statements about marvelous new weapons further suggested this possibility, and we thought that we were in a close race. The scientists sup-

posed that top officials of our government had information of this kind from intelligence reports.

The facts were quite otherwise. Dr. Samuel Goudsmit, who led the American intelligence mission which went into Germany with our Army to see what the Germans were doing, tells the story in his book *Alsos*. The Nazis, by concentrating on political terrorism, had completely neutralized their best scientists. They had put the management of important projects completely in the hands of incompetent, second-rate scientists and technicians, men who had attained their positions by embracing Nazism, men who had contributed to the ousting of first-rate scientists by slandering them. The actual progress of the Germans was negligible. It was so trivial that some of the Germans have since tried to hide their inefficiency behind the claim that they were not trying to make an atomic bomb at all.

We know now that our own intelligence services lacked factual information about the German effort and that the German intelligence lacked knowledge of our effort. Does this mean that intelligence and espionage neglected this topic, or does it mean that getting information about scientific matters by espionage methods is too difficult to be useful? Both of these factors may be involved, but the latter is probably the more important.

So far we have been fortunate in this country. There is no evidence that any classified scientific information has been disclosed. This is, of course, no reason for assuming that security measures are unnecessary. Rather it is evidence of the adequacy of the measures which have been used. At one extreme there are those who call for complete regulation. Every scientific development would be held secret and every scientist, in effect, maintained in stagnant isolation: this would mean nothing less than disaster. At the other extreme, there is the position of complete absence of regulation: this would be most beneficial to scientific progress, but not compatible with military necessity. The sane position clearly lies between the two. To establish such a sensible position, the following factors must be taken into account:

First, the public must be fully aware that *there are no secrets in science*. There may be temporary time-advantages, but ultimately any nation can attain or duplicate what we

have done in any scientific field by supporting its scientists and devoting adequate funds to their work. Alarmed and hysterical public opinion about secrecy, exploited as it has been during the past four years, hinders the formation of a sensible policy. When this happens, the very military strength in whose name secrecy is invoked is itself jeopardized.

These facts were clearly recognized by the President's Scientific Research Board. In its report, "Science and Public Policy," this board said in 1947:

Strict military security in the narrow sense is not entirely consistent with the broader requirements of national security. To be secure as a nation we must maintain a climate conducive to the full flowering of free inquiry. However important secrecy about military matters may be, the fundamental discoveries of researchers must circulate freely to have full beneficial effect. . . . Security regulations, therefore, should be applied only when strictly necessary and then limited to specific instruments, machines, or processes. They should not attempt to cover basic principles or fundamental knowledge.

Second, scientists must be accorded the treatment which is the right of all citizens. Since they have betrayed no "secrets," since they have clearly demonstrated their own capacity to take security measures voluntarily, and since they have contributed much, even in the face of official discouragement, to the security of the nation, they certainly deserve better treatment than that which they have lately been receiving. In investigations and charges, facts and not rumor should be the basis of action. Scientists should not be expected to undergo public calumny and defamation merely because incompetent investigators have been at work, or because unscrupulous individuals have built up public fears in order to exploit them.

V

ONE of the tragedies of today is the tendency to assume negative positions—a significant clue to the path we have taken as a nation. We are the victors in a war of tremendous proportions. We are the wealthiest nation in the world. But none-

theless we show signs of abandoning a dynamic position, based on our own principles and heritage, for a position based on mere reactions to the principles of others. Our policies are far too often justified on the basis of being anti-communist or anti-fascist. Not often enough are they vigorously and forcefully presented as based on democratic principles of our own.

Science has much greater values than those which are related to military affairs. Whole fields of science have little or nothing to do with war. Medical research, clearly, is one of these. To be sure, its practical application relieves human suffering in war, but so does religion comfort and lift up men's spirits. Yet religion is not principally supported as an aid to our military strength. Nor has it yet been advocated that we should try to keep secret our understanding of the great truths of religion for fear that they might support the spirit of an enemy.

Similarly, the biological and psychological sciences, as well as astronomy and mathematics, and—strange though it may seem—most of physics, chemistry, and engineering are not directly related to war. The latter three are somewhat related to military development, but in large measure their practical application is more positively concerned with man's welfare. In their research aspects, the physical sciences, whether theoretical or experimental, are concerned with understanding the nature of the universe. Their study is undertaken because they represent intellectual challenges, because they permit creative activity akin to that of philosophy and the arts.

Any curbing of freedom, no matter where it occurs, leads to further assault. In this sense any curbing of freedom is a danger sign. Whether the attack is launched against ideas or beliefs, or racial groups, or fields of knowledge is beside the point. In science it is now all too easy to yield to unbalanced pressures for extreme and self-defeating secrecy policies, when poorly-informed persons are clamoring for them. This is just one more pressure which responsible scientists and administrators of research must brace themselves to resist. Not to resist can lead only to sterility in science, to say nothing of sterility elsewhere in our national life.

The Villa

A Story by Victor Wolfson

Drawings by Nicholas Mordvinoff

WHEN my mother was a young girl eight years old, she was put out to work in a tobacco factory in Minsk, rolling cigarettes. It was the beginning of a lifetime of hard labor. Fifty years later she was a shrunken old woman, her back was hunched, her hands rough and calloused, and she was still working hard. She was a cook in a Catskill Mountains boarding house.

The boarding house belonged to her husband. And to her, he always insisted, but she refused to accept ownership in it.

"The boarding house, my husband, was your idea. I had nothing to do with it. I end up my life the way I began it—exploited."

"Who's exploiting you, Mama? Me?"

"You, my husband, you. From six in the morning until ten at night I slave in this hot kitchen. I tell you it was better for me in Minsk."

"Listen, darling, don't be foolish. Don't I work too?"

"You don't cook."

"But I do other things!"

"Like what?"

"I talk to the guests. I try to make them happy. Do you have an idea what a work *that* is?"

"He talks to the guests. How do you like it? He talks to the guests."

My mother would turn away wiping the sweat out of her eyes with a corner of her apron. "Please go away from me, Papa. Do me a favor." My father would look at the bent figure of his wife for a moment and say gently, "Mama, listen. Soon the children will

be out of college. They'll be able to give us a help. We'll give up this business. Have a little patience——"

"A little patience. For forty years he tells me have a little——"

My father would throw up his hands at this point and run out of the house.

THE name my father had chosen for their boarding house was "Hillside Villa." My mother called it "a regular little hot-box." The rocky hill which rose directly behind it shut out any breeze that might have wandered down from the distant mountains. The house overlooked a dismal, swampy field, which in summer gave off the strong foul smell of decaying matter.

Throughout July and August my mother went about muttering: "A *ver-shtunkener* boarding house. A fine way to end up my life—in a *ver-shtunkener* boarding house." This of course infuriated my father.

"Why do you say that, Mama! For the first time in our life we have a place in the country—just like rich people."

"A place in the country," my mother would murmur woefully, "you should live so long."

Hillside Villa had no shutters at the windows, no planting at the foundation. It stood, unpainted for years, at the side of a dirt road, graceless and barren.

In midsummer when a car sped past, the Villa disappeared behind a veil of dust. The guests on the hot, narrow porch coughed and cursed. Those who had chosen to relax on the lumpy plot of grass at the side of the house

known as "the lawn," would spit and cry out: "Ptui! Such a dust!"

At night the heat in the bedrooms directly under the tar-papered roof was insufferable. The rooms were on an airless corridor so narrow that it was almost impossible for two people to pass one another in it.

There was one bathroom. The toilet was forever breaking down or the well would go dry. The miracle is that for six years guests flocked to Hillside Villa. Its five small bedrooms, the sitting room and sometimes the barn, slept as many as twenty-seven worn-out workers from the city on vacation. And they came back year after year. It was my mother's cooking and my father's charm which drew them. The combination was irresistible.

HE SHOULD have been an actor, the guests said of my father. He was tall, handsome, and romantic-looking, with silken white hair and imperial mustaches. He had the grand manner, even elegance. At Hillside Villa he reigned like some benevolent prince. A thing like money was rarely mentioned, and in spite of the number of boarders who came every summer, very little of the crass stuff was made. My father was always in debt.

He made the boarders believe that they were truly his guests. He enjoyed carrying pitchers of cold milk to the lawn for the children. Some afternoons he sat behind a table under an apple tree dispensing glasses of hot tea to the Russian intellectuals who made up the bulk of his clientele. His manner was that of a dowager pouring at a charity bazaar. He wore a Russian blouse made of blue silk on these occasions. In the evening, at bed time, he urged upon his retiring guests just a little glass of schnapps to make them sleep well. These free extras all added up, of course, and ate deeply into the profits.

When it came time for a guest to depart my father was miserable. They came into the little front room to settle up and found him apologetic and over-friendly.

"Is seventeen dollars for the week too much, Mrs. Mayer? Make it fifteen. No, I won't hear of it. Fifteen is plenty. Please, it's not necessary to pay now. Some other time when you've got it handy."

When a guest insisted on paying he ran into the kitchen waving the bills in his hand.

"Look, Mama—fifteen dollars!" he would exclaim, "and Mrs. Mayer didn't even complain!"

"Maybe we should charge more."

"For what! Just for a little eating and sleeping?"



"A little eating! Fool! Mountains they eat!"

"Mama, how can you talk like that?"

He would turn his back on her and march out of the kitchen.

"There's no use talking to that peasant in the kitchen," he once said angrily. "She understands nothing about friendship."

My father thought of his boarders as comrades; my mother considered them rude and swinish intruders who had lowered her status in her own home; and, she was afraid, in the eyes of her husband.

THE single girls—the old maids who came to the Villa every summer—received my father's special attention. They often declared he was not only a father to them but a mother. On rainy days when they moped in their rooms he would scold them.

"Come downstairs," he would call to them through their closed doors. "Circulate, circulate, it's the only way."

Since there were no activities at Hillside Villa, no sports or amusements, he took it

upon himself to enliven their stay by clowning, or by flirting with them, or he would criticize their clothes and their coiffures, and they loved it. In the evening he took them for walks down the dark road and engaged them in conversation about life. "Life is short, you must live while you may" was one of his favorite topics.

"Life, life," he would sigh philosophically, "we must all get through it—somehow." The talks seemed to cheer the maiden girls, to lessen their sense of unworthiness. He intimated that he too was in their boat, that he understood their loneliness better than they and that he was deeply concerned about it.



He was not completely fraudulent in this. He too was lonely even though married. His wife, though he loved her and she him, was always diminishing him, refusing to enter (and how could she when she was slaving away in the kitchen?) that generous, beneficent, gracious world which he tried to establish about him, and which reality was forever shattering.

My father had the knack of making himself first in the hearts of the lonely "girls" who came to Hillside Villa. For the length of their stay there they had *someone* in their hearts and this was satisfying and comforting to them, if not exactly thrilling.

In the case of the hopelessly unattractive "girl" in her middle forties who hadn't a chance in the world of landing a man, he adopted another tack. "What do you want a man for? Do you know what wretches they are? What unhappiness they can cause you? You're better off this way, my girl, believe me. You are a free agent. You have no responsibilities. Develop your mind. Have an interest. See the world. Come, we'll go for a walk." He was able to imply that his presence would make up to the unfortunate girl for her lack of a sweetheart, and while she remained at the Villa, it was almost true.

There was, however, the seemingly hopeless case of Gussie Lerner, aged forty-four, a nice girl, homely as sin, who sported a gleaming gold tooth and who giggled nervously for the entire two weeks of her stay at Hillside Villa. She was so good-natured, though, so pitifully appealing, that my father made a determined effort to help her find a husband.

"First, Gussie, you must learn to control yourself," he said. "You know a girl forty-four years old shouldn't laugh so much."

"But I think everything is so funny," Gussie replied.

"It's not so funny, believe me. Look in the mirror—practice in the mirror how to smile, just a little bit, like this." And he showed Gussie how to smile daintily.

By the end of her stay at the Villa, Gussie had stopped giggling. She smiled with mystery. The gold tooth was scarcely visible. She combed her hair differently too. And she was being courted by my father's insurance agent, a widower in Newburgh who was in desperate need of a housekeeper to take over his home and to manage his wild little daughter. Gussie stayed on long after her originally planned two weeks, and toward the end of the summer my father had lost a guest. Gussie had married the widower, but she sent all her old-maid friends and relatives to the Villa to see if that old wizard, my father, might not be able to help them too.

WHILE my father went about attentive as a lover to his guests, my mother labored in the kitchen preparing food for their stomachs.

Her long day began at six in the morning. There were dozens upon dozens of oranges to be squeezed for breakfast, or the repulsive-

looking prunes to be ladled out. There was the mess of cereal to be cooked; there were innumerable eggs to be boiled, scrambled, poached, or fried. There were pancakes to be made and on Sundays my father insisted that French toast be served.

After the guests had finished eating their breakfast and had moved out to the porch and the lawn purring with satisfaction, there were the tables to be cleared away and the stacks of dishes to be washed. (Sometimes my father did help with this chore.)

Then came my mother's long morning. It was devoted to the peeling of potatoes and onions, the scraping of carrots, the cutting of string beans. The huge pot of soup had to be set upon the stove, the roasts had to be prepared and put into the oven. The cakes, the pastries and the compotes of fruit had to be made. The midday meal was the central event of the day.

At noon the tables had to be set again. The soup had to be poured, the meats carved, the vegetables loaded upon the platters, the hot breads served. My mother would ring a cowbell at twelve-fifteen and the boarders would file in from the lawn and the porch, seat themselves at the tables, stuff themselves, drink their tea noisily, push their chairs back from the tables, and grunting with pleasure they would waddle out to the porch and the lawn.

Again my mother cleared away the table and washed the dishes. At midday in July and August the kitchen was steaming, sweat dripped from my mother's forehead, her eyes were red-rimmed with the heat of the oven and she often grew dizzy and faint.

The afternoon was less strenuous for her. Supper was a simple meal of tomato juice, pot cheese and sour cream, cutlets or pancakes or blintzes, salads and cold meats, desserts, milk, tea, or coffee with cookies and cake. But three times a week the quiet of her afternoon was broken. She had to travel by bus into Kingston, eight miles away, to do the shopping. Hillside Villa owned no automobile. Occasionally a wealthier guest might arrive driving a car and sometimes this guest would take my mother shopping in the automobile, but this was rare.

To get to Kingston she had to walk down the long, rutted hill, cross the tracks of the West Shore railroad, continue along the town

road until she came to the great wide highway called 9W. The creaking local bus to Kingston arrived on the other side of 9W and my mother had to cross the highway in order to board it. She was a tiny woman and could not run fast. 9W terrified her. Buses, trucks, private cars roared up and down the highway. My mother would look both ways, make several false starts across the concrete, rush back to the point from which she had started, wait again until there was a lull in the speeding traffic and then, when she saw the local bus coming down the highway, she threw herself in desperation into the stream of traffic. Trucks swerved out of her way, sometimes cars screeched to a halt, curses filled the Catskill air. From the safety of the waiting local bus, my mother would curse back at the drivers in Russian. Sometimes the driver of the Kingston bus would leave his vehicle and come across the highway and lead the frightened little foreigner to his bus.

"Oh, thank, thank you," she would say to him, "all my years in America—and these trucks I can't get used to. Where are they going so fast?"

She always carried two large slack shopping bags made of oilcloth to Kingston. On the return trip they would be bulging with provisions. She shopped carefully. She wanted



the best quality of food, not because she loved her boarders, but because to get the best for her money was a point of honor with her, and it increased her self-esteem. She argued with the butcher for an hour, rejecting the various cuts of meat he offered her. Finally, in exasperation, he would disappear into his large ice-box and emerge with his prize stock.

"Ha-ha," my mother would cry triumphantly, "you can't fool me, Mr. Berger. You were saving it for the big hotels, no? This I like, this is a fine cut of meat—silk."

WHEN she completed her shopping my mother would return to the Villa and then perhaps for half an hour, before preparing supper, she sat on the lawn with the guests. It was odd to see her sitting uncomfortably on the edge of a chair, her worn hands folded in her lap. She was uneasy with the guests. She was like a servant sitting with her employers. She would look about at the boarders reclining in the faded canvas beach chairs and I could never tell whether she regarded them with envy or scorn.

When she appeared out on the lawn my father became even more charming to the guests as though to counteract the gloominess of his wife's presence. He was afraid—as well he might be—that she would revolt suddenly, make a scene before them, utter one of her blunt, unflattering remarks. His increased gaiety and graciousness simply covered his uneasiness.

"Well, I've got to go in and get the supper," my mother would say finally.

"Should I help you, Mama?" My father would ask.

"Stay here. Entertain your guests."

She glanced at him, smiling with contempt, as though he were a foolish clown, an exploiter, a good-for-nothing loafer, and it was hard to believe that she loved him as passionately as she did and that she would do anything in the world for him. I think now that my mother was simply jealous. The guests got so much of her beloved mate's affection which she herself needed desperately in order to overcome the humiliation she felt at having been reduced to kitchen slave.

ONE afternoon in August my mother had to go into Kingston to buy provisions. She went down the long hill carrying

her two oilcloth shopping bags. She crossed the railroad tracks and came finally to the wide four-laned highway. She stood watching for a space to appear between the speeding trucks and autos. The local bus for Kingston suddenly arrived at the other side of the road and my mother dashed across the concrete towards it. A mammoth truck bore down upon her. The driver slammed on his brakes, swerved, and barely missed my mother. She was caught in the back-wash of air which the truck caused as it tried to stop. She stumbled and was pulled down to the concrete. As she struggled to her feet, a smaller truck coming in the opposite direction hit her. She lay bleeding on route 9W, clutching the oilcloth shopping bags. She was rushed to the Kingston Hospital, where the doctors said it was a miracle that she was not dead.

When my father appeared at her bedside later that afternoon—she was bruised and bandaged—she looked up at him and murmured, "Nu, my husband, it pays to have a boarding house and to lose your comrade of forty years?"

"No, no, darling," he said with tears in his eyes, "only get well, please. That's all I ask. The children will send us to Florida when you get well."

"Florida——" my mother sighed.

"It'll be a second honeymoon, Mama, believe me."

MY MOTHER did get well and the children sent them to Florida. After a single season of little luxuries, of sunshine and rest, they returned to Hillside Villa in the Catskills where, suddenly, my father died.

"Foolish children!" my mother cried. "Idiots! It was your idea to give us a rest! Rest—!" she scoffed. "His system couldn't stand rest! Only I can stand it. Only the peasant, she can stand anything—Hillside Villas, Floridas, rests—but not that prince, not him." She beat her breasts and thighs in self-loathing and she wept.

After the funeral she left the Catskills and never returned. Later, when she was living alone in her one-room apartment in New York City, she often talked of those wonderful days when her husband was alive and she was happily cooking for his guests at lovely Hillside Villa.

The Heist

The Theory and Practice of Armed Robbery

Everett DeBaun

THE holdup was a relatively rare form of crime forty or fifty years ago, though well publicized even then. Nowadays it is the most common form of serious crime. It would be interesting to know the reasons for this sudden rise in popularity. No doubt the ever-increasing complexity of our way of life has had something to do with it. Psychologists declare that excessive discipline is likely to result in impulses of cruelty and destruction, and it seems probable that the innumerable social pressures to which the individual is subjected in our society give rise to aggressive feelings ultimately requiring outlets—certainly our preoccupation with bloodthirsty comics, movies, radio programs, and mystery and detective fiction is not accidental. And certainly the stickup is an aggressive action of classic directness and simplicity.

Such an explanation may account in part for the innumerable holdups of drug stores and filling stations, the frequent heists pulled with glass pistols, cap pistols, water pistols, air guns; the haberdasheries and cigar stores stuck up as Jesse James might have stuck up banks; the sadistic little jobs whose main purpose seems to be maltreatment of the victims: the Lovers Lane holdups, the cab-drivers robbed of fares and tips. Such holdups undoubtedly have a large emotional, or neurotic,

component. Obviously, the motivation is not a rational weighing of risks against possible gain, for banks might be robbed almost as cheaply—not that bank robbery is lightly punished, but that we punish robbery of any type more severely than several varieties of murder (in some states by death), a lesson in applied Christianity as pointed, in its way, as our custom of requisitioning lives though not money in time of war, or the size of the vote polled by Norman Thomas.

There are more tangible reasons for the emergence of the holdup as a *professional* technique, though here too emotional and social factors of course are present. Technological change occurs in the underworld, as elsewhere. During the past few generations several ancient and dishonorable professions have given way to others better suited to the times. In comparison with the burgeoning of the holdup, the decline of the box-busting racket is a case in point. Forty or fifty years ago, the safe-cracker was considered the prince of thieves. Though the best of the modern boxmen can open modern safes as efficiently as the petermen of half a century ago could open those of that day, the profession is fast on the down-grade. Cash simply is not kept in safes as it was. For the most part, business is carried on by check, and checks are worth-

Mr. DeBaun, who is now serving a sentence for robbery in a state penitentiary in the East, was himself a heavy criminal, specializing in the heist, before his arrest.

less as loot. Similarly, securities are now seldom readily negotiable, stamps are giving way to postage meters, jewelry is a drug on the market—"slum," as it is familiarly called, brings but from 15 to 20 per cent of the replacement value at fence, while silver is hardly worth carrying off, and watches can be disposed of for no more than a portion of the value of the metal in the cases. Furthermore, that infallible source of cash in large amounts, the bank, is no longer vulnerable to the safe-cracker, thanks chiefly to the time lock, a device which may be set to jam the bolt mechanism for a period during which a vault may not be opened even by some one possessing the combination. Consequently, the Max Shinburnes, Leonidas Leslies, Chauncy Johnsons, Adam Worths, Bob Scotts, and Jimmy Hopes who during the last quarter of the past century burglarized banks of sums said to total close to a hundred million dollars—a number of the individual "scores" were for more than a million—have gone the way of the horse and buggy. Their present-day counterparts are top-grade holdup-men—"heist-men" in the underworld argot.

For technical reasons, chief among them the relative scarcity of readily convertible securities, holdups the size of the old-time bank burglaries are few and far between. Scores running into the hundreds of thousands are no rarity, but so far as I know there has been only one million-dollar holdup—that of a bank in Lincoln, Nebraska, in the early thirties. These big jobs are the work of what are probably the most highly skilled professional thieves in the world, but even on its lower levels the holdup in the hands of the professional has little but the name in common with the amateur, or neurotic, article. The almost invariable mark of the latter—called "cowboy-job" by the professional in derisive reference to the stagecoach holdups in Western movies—is recklessness. Planning is often nonexistent; the simplest precautions may be ignored; victims may be unnecessarily maltreated; the robber is not infrequently caught in the act. A psychiatrist once said to me that the frequency with which holdup-men of this stamp manage to be caught on the job indicated to him a desire to *be* caught and punished—the social conscience at work. The idea is not as wild as it may sound. However, under our system punishments are so ferocious

that the guilt-ridden culprit speedily becomes the aggrieved, free to work off his cholers without troublesome pangs of conscience. This state of mind, which may of course arise more often from causes other than imprisonment, is characteristic of the professional thief. Not very surprisingly, the earmarks of the professional holdup are careful planning and efficient execution.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY cookbook advises those who would prepare jugged hare first to catch their hare. To pull a heist, first find your "mark." A mark may be any considerable sum of money or the equivalent in readily convertible swag. Professional heist-men judge marks in terms of the probable cash return relative to the risks involved.

Marks are either dug up or tipped off. When a heist-man says that he has dug one up, he means that he has found it himself. He may have sought it out, tailing ladies who appear in public festooned like Christmas trees with jewels, or armored cars making deliveries of payrolls, for instance. Or he may just have stumbled upon it, like one who was introduced by a casual resort acquaintance into a private poker game in which some \$12,000 was in play, or another who noticed that the proprietor of a saloon where he occasionally stopped for a beer made a practice of cashing pay-checks for employees of a nearby refinery. Marks that have been tipped off are those that have been pointed out by others. One who tips off marks is called a finger-man or tipster; he may or may not be of the underworld. Sometimes pickpockets, gamblers, and other footloose grifters tip marks off to heist-men as a side-line. The standard remuneration for this service is 10 per cent of the gross score. A surprisingly large number of marks are tipped off by legit, or ostensibly honest, people, and no few are put up (whence, incidentally, the colloquial expression "put-up job") or prearranged: a truck driver would like a share of the value of the load of cigarettes or whiskey he will be carrying; a jeweler wants to beat his insurance company; a bank manager wishes to cover his embezzlements. As the police are well aware of this, many heist-men fight shy of such tips, for the legit citizen, having odd notions of honor by the thief's standards, is likely to break down under close questioning, and promises of immunity

for himself, and finger his partners as thoroughly as he formerly fingered the mark.

Other things being equal, the cash mark is always preferable. There is nothing like a bank for cold cash in large amounts, and until recently the "jug" was beyond argument the best type of mark by professional criteria. It is true that for many years banks of any size have had what looks to be formidable protection, but in robbery as in warfare of other types the aggressor has a heavy advantage. Armed guards, vaults with walls of steel and concrete several feet in thickness, and elaborate alarm systems did not prevent heist-mobs from knocking over an average of about two banks a day during the early thirties. In 1934, however, Congress passed an act making bank robbery a federal offense and bringing it under the jurisdiction of the FBI, a police organization having almost unlimited funds and unique facilities, the most important of these being a corps of stool-pigeons probably as extensive as any outside Russia. Simultaneously, the flat twenty-five-year sentence for bank robbery became mandatory, and the government established a special prison for "jug-heists" (the species populates Alcatraz almost 100 per cent), operated on principles that would turn the stomach of a Turk. These additional risks require that others be at a minimum if a bank is to be marked nowadays, and the same is true of the mails.

There are numerous types of cash mark which do not involve federal heat, however. Of these, the payroll is probably the most popular. Although payrolls do not compare in size with banks as marks, they are far more numerous and, since their physical protection is usually comparatively light, are vulnerable to smaller mobs. Anyone working as a member of a three-handed mob scoring three \$10,000 payrolls fares as well financially as if he had taken part in a five-handed bank robbery worth \$50,000, at about one-tenth the risk.

Marks for swag, or loot readily convertible into cash, are still more numerous and usually even less well protected, but they have the considerable disadvantage that the take must be fenced, or sold. Since this involves a suicidal risk if undertaken through legitimate channels, swag is usually sold to a professional buyer of stolen goods. The fence not only helps himself to a whopping profit—he seldom

pays more than 20 per cent even for gilt-edge swag—but often he is not reliable in the face of police pressure, and not uncommonly does business with police and politicians, or pays in money and information for tacit permission to operate. Sometimes, particularly when jewelry or securities are involved, it is possible to bypass the fence in favor of the company which has insured the loss. Settlement in such cases runs about 20 per cent of the insured amount, no questions asked. Several private detective agencies are widely known as specialists in negotiating such transactions, which also are often handled through attorneys. If the robbery was the doing of Americans, it is a safe bet that the \$785,000 in jewelry heisted from the Aga Khan last fall will be recovered on this basis.

GIVEN a mark, the next step is mobbing up, or getting together the men who will work the job. A working unit of underworld professionals of any type is called a mob. There are "single-o" heist-men, such as the one known in the papers as Slick Willie, who has robbed large and well-protected banks single-handed, but the vast majority of the brotherhood work in mobs. A heist-mob may comprise from two to six or eight members—the type of mark is usually the determining factor. Thus, the "same" mob—i.e., several of a group of stickup-men who sometimes work together—may be five-handed for a jug-heist and three-handed for a payroll job. There are excellent reasons why the mob is generally of the minimum size compatible with efficient operation. One is selfish: "The smaller the mob, the bigger the cut." The other is protective: each additional member adds to the risk of a fall, paradoxical as this may seem. The answer is that the professional runs little danger of falling either *en flagrante* or, despite the highly imaginative information ladled out for popular consumption along this line, as a result of acute detective work. Almost always he is caught because of information given to police.

Eddie suddenly squares his debts and springs with a new car, for instance, or begins shooting high craps and buying drinks for the house, or buys a fur coat for Marge, who cannot resist throwing the needles to that catty Doris, who puts two and two together and confides the result to Nettie, whose husband

Louie peddles dope or does a bit of pimping or wants to get City Hall's okay to book numbers or horses in his cigar store. In every city, police permit numerous Louies to operate in consideration for periodical cash donations, plus just such favors as the one Louie is now in a position to confer. If Eddie cannot stand up under the beatings he will now undergo as a matter of police routine, or if Marge knows who his partners are and can be talked or frightened into trading the information for a lighter sentence for him, the whole mob may fall.

Popular notions notwithstanding, the basic units of a heist-mob are not a "mastermind" and some servile morons who carry out his orders. As a matter of fact, among "heavy"* thieves no one gives orders for the good reason that no one takes them—the heavy is as independent a character as walks the earth. Within the mob, equality reigns. All share equally in risk and gain. All have equal authority. This is not to imply that the members of a mob simply behave as they please on the job. There a rather rigid discipline prevails, but all have had a voice in the plan being carried out and authority has been delegated willingly.

THE true essentials of a heist-mob are a wheel-man and a rod-man. The former is a skilled driver, often a specialist who takes no other part (this is preferred practice). Yet if the mob is short-handed or somewhat slipshod in operation he may work the inside with the others. The rod-man's title is self-explanatory. A rod is a gun. Since most holdups involve the close control of a number of people during the course of the actual robbery, most mobs have two or more gun-wielding members. In special cases, a mob may use a man on the outside in addition to the man on the wheel. For example, the getaway route for a job located in the business section of a city may begin with a run down a narrow alley or a one-way street, in which case a tail, a car or truck which cuts in behind

the getaway car and blocks the way long enough for the former to get a sufficient jump, may be used. But the great majority of heist-mobs work with a single man on the wheel and either two or three on the inside.

A mob forms rather casually. Eddie, let us say, has a promising mark. He decides that it can "go" three-handed. Thinking over the experienced men of his acquaintance who are out for action he fixes on Big Pete. His choice is based upon several considerations. Pete has a rep as a good man, which means that he is known to be trustworthy, dependable, and resourceful. When he makes a meet, or engagement, he keeps it. He has plenty of belly, or courage. He has shown that he is a stickler who will not panic and leave the others to shift for themselves in the event of trouble, and he has repeatedly stood up, or kept his mouth shut, under police questioning—American police question prisoners; only foreigners torture them. Furthermore, he will not burn, or cheat, his partners; he does not flash, or make a show of his money; and he has an air of calm authority which is valuable on the job: he can control a whole roomful of people without frightening them so that someone may do something foolish.

Eddie and Pete talk the job over—"cut it up," they say. If a tip is involved, Eddie lets Pete know that there will be a tipster's end (10 per cent) to come off the top, or before any deductions have been made, but without telling him who the tipster is, just as he will not tell the latter who will work the job, for by his code anyone who deals with him is entitled to full protection, and he considers them bound by the same standard. Other details are discussed. Yes, between them, the two can handle the inside without trouble. Probably they could handle the whole thing, but to be on the safe side they had better have a man on the wheel.

Since the mark is Eddie's, he is boss in this respect. He "owns" the job; it is therefore his right to select those who are to participate. Anyone who does not wish to work with any of the others may pull out, or withdraw. If one who pulls out should thereupon get his own mob together and take the job, Eddie would feel morally justified in shooting him, though if another mob working independently happened to beat Eddie to the job he would not consider himself wronged. If

* Professional thieves fall into two categories. The "heavy" is primarily the rebel-without-a-cause; his attitudes are inflexibly anti-authoritarian; his techniques are based upon the use or threat of force. The "grifter" is essentially the business man whose line happens to be illegal; his attitudes are closer to the conventional; his techniques feature superior dexterity or chicane.

something happened to prevent him from taking part in the touch and Pete filled in another man and took it, Eddie would be entitled to half an end, or share, even though he was in prison when the job came off.

In this case, there is no trouble in filling the mob. Both Eddie and Pete are friendly with Bangs, so called from his habit of causing his car to backfire during chases to the end of instilling a proper caution in amateur pursuers, who seldom require much encouragement to imagine they are being shot at. One of them looks him up and inquires casually if he wants "a little action on the wheel." Bangs asks questions: what kind of action? what's in it? who is working? If the answers, which are given in general terms, are to his liking, he says, "Okay, I'm in," and the mob is complete. Only then is he given specific details.

THE detailed planning and preparation which constitutes the next stage is the most important part of the heist. If this layout is done well, the mark is in the bag. The robbery itself becomes a simple transaction lasting but a few moments—sometimes less than thirty seconds.

Professionals agree that casing is far and away the most important part of laying out a heist. This word, which like many others of underworld origin is coming into popular use, is from the argot of faro, once as popular a betting game as craps is today. It originally referred to a record of the cards played as kept on an abacus-like contraption called a "case." As used in the underworld, the word means gathering information from observation.

Even when the tip includes detailed information, a good mob cases its marks with care. Tipsters often err. One mob, whose tipster worked in the place to be taken, was furnished with a layout-chart so complete that they did not bother casing the inside, to their subsequent sorrow, for the tipster had neglected to indicate that the partitions setting off the office they were to rob did not extend to the ceiling, and police were waiting for them when they came out.

Several matters are cased with particular care. The size of the score is checked in advance whenever possible—tipsters are likely to be very optimistic about the size of a pro-

spective touch. If the mark is a bank, checking may involve little more than a glance at the quarterly statement, available at the local library or Chamber of Commerce, and the size of payrolls may be estimated satisfactorily from the number of employees, but most other kinds of mark are difficult to case accurately for size. A knowledge of the floor plan, arrangement of furniture, placement of doors and windows, and so forth, is essential to a fast, smooth piece of work.

On the theory that it helps to know where trouble is likely to come from, some heist-men like to get an advance look at the people on the inside as well. Impressionable young squirts who attend the movies too often and an occasional old towser who has had his job for thirty years—"heroes," the heist-man calls them sardonically—may, if not closely watched, rise in defense of the insurance company's stockholders, especially if women or big bosses are present. It is always well to know how many women must be dealt with, since they are an occupational hazard of the first order which I will describe later on. Armed guards are of course cased with care, though unless ensconced in a protective cage or turret they represent a threat more apparent than real, since they cannot go about with cocked pistols. A well-executed job takes so little time that alarm systems call for little or no attention, unless the mark is a bank. Bank heists usually take several minutes.

Sometimes ingenuity is required to case a job without attracting attention. Unless there is heavy pedestrian traffic, outside casing is usually done from a car or the window of a nearby building. Various ruses are resorted to in casing the inside, the commonest being the pose of having business to transact. This can be excellent vocational training—at least, it proved to be in the case of Keister (Suitcase) John, an old-timer who came by his moniker in honor of a battered salesman's case full of janitor supplies which he used as a prop, religiously charging off the full original cost of the outfit, some forty dollars, against the nut, or expense, of every job he worked. A time came when jokes about his "ten grand" suitcase circulating in the hangouts came to the ears of police, and John went to stir. There he came to the conclusion that he was becoming too old and too well-known to continue in his wicked ways, so upon release he

set up in the building maintenance business, in which he prospered.

Generally speaking, casing is the job of the inside-men. The wheel-man has work of his own. The procurement of the getaway car is one of his responsibilities. There are many car-thieves who will deliver to specifications of year and make for a moderate fee, but heist-men seldom patronize them for reasons of security. The simple job of stealing a car may be considerably complicated by the wheel-man's personal predilections. Most of them have strong convictions concerning various makes of car for this particular kind of service. Certain makes, widely known as "dogs on the get-out," which is to say that they accelerate slowly from a standing start, automatically are ruled out. In general, a small, fast car of common make is preferred for work in city traffic, but a heavy one where the getaway entails a long run over country roads. Having procured a suitable car, the wheel-man provides it with license plates which are not hot and plants it, or places it somewhere out of harm's way, until it is needed.

The wheel-man's other major responsibility is the layout of the get, or getaway route, a simple matter if the job is in a city and the mob intends to piece up there, but complicated if a run to another locality is in prospect, as is usually the case if the mark is located in a small community. In the latter event, he must cruise back roads and country lanes until he has pieced together a route which bypasses towns, main highways, and, so far as is possible, roads followed by telephone lines. He runs this route until thoroughly familiar with it, and may even chart it in detail:

L over bridge
40 for S-bend mi. 4
R fork Bull sign mi. 6½
weaves over 55 gravel. . . .

Such a chart is called a "running get." The back-country getaway—the idea of a specific route, which was once a close professional secret—is said to have been tipped off to the FBI by Brown Derby Bentz, a bank robber until recently in Alcatraz, and there for this reason shunned by many of his professional brethren. Whether or not the rap is a right one for Bentz, the principle of the get is now so well known that a movie glorifying the G-men has been based upon it.

There will be other details requiring attention. Perhaps the job is located in a town whose approaches may quickly be blocked off. If so, the mob may want to hide out in town until the heat has somewhat subsided, in which case a suitable plant, or hideout, will be required. There will have to be bags for the money—the paper shopping bags used by housewives are as good as any. And there is the matter of guns.

Mobs composed of men who often work together may have a small armory of weapons belonging to the mob as a whole, but as a general thing each man furnishes his own weapon, usually a pistol. Revolvers are preferred to automatics, for many of the Colt .45's circulating in the underworld came originally from army or other federal sources, and if one is used on a job the G-heat may assume it has been stolen and enter the case on that basis. Moreover, if the magazine clip of an automatic is kept loaded for a protracted time its spring may become "tired" and the gun may jam when used. The sub-machine guns so common in the movies are rarely used in real-life holdups. They are cumbersome, difficult to acquire, and at once bring the crime under federal jurisdiction. Sprayers, which are automatic pistols of a foreign make provided with a detachable stock and custom-made magazines holding fifty or more bullets, are sometimes used on jobs where there are a large number of people to be controlled, but sawed-off shotguns are cheaper, far easier to obtain, less lethal (except at pointblank range), and more effective in terms of shock effect upon the victims.

The job is ready to go when it has been cased and the other details have been attended to. The mob will have met several times to cut up, or talk things over, and to lay the job out, or make a detailed plan of action. The preparations in their entirety will have taken anywhere from a few hours to several weeks, depending upon the mark and the class, or quality, of the mob—the better the mob, the more thorough the layout.

AS HAS been intimated, there is not much to the holdup itself if the layout has been well done. Each man knows just what to do on the job, when to do it, and what to expect of the others. Unforeseeable complications aside, the actual robbery is

largely a matter of going through the motions on schedule. The term "schedule" is used advisedly, for the time element is important—so important that the time taken to "get in, get it, and get out" is a good measure of professional competence. It is not unusual for a class mob to carry out a run-of-the-mill holdup in half a minute.

The emphasis placed upon speed on the job probably owes less to fear of interference than to the hard-earned knowledge that surprise renders the average person incapable of comprehending what goes on about him with any accuracy, so that he is likely unconsciously to fill in from his imagination. This phenomenon has been verified by psychologists by means of experiments in which several people suddenly burst in upon a group engaged in some routine activity and act out a scene which those present are asked to describe. Witnesses are found prone to take urgent cries of "Onions!" or some other incongruous word, for "Help!" to take bananas for revolvers and the explosion of blown-up paper bags for shots, and to fail to recognize participants known to them from everyday association. Holdups executed without waste of time or motion have a similar effect upon witnesses. Thus, one man who is six feet three, skinny, and more or less blond, has been declared to be a red-head weighing over two hundred, a double for George Raft, and, following an occasion when he was masked and worked with a man who spoke with a Southern accent, a Negro.

This tendency to fill in from imagination gaps in perception occurring under sudden stress also has its bad side from the viewpoint of the heist-man. While it is by no means the rule, it is not a rarity for these gentry to be convicted for robberies committed by others, for it is police practice to give witnesses information ranging from hints to detailed descriptions of suspects as an aid to identification, and witnesses often convince themselves that the pictures thus built up are in fact retained from their own experience.

IN WORKING a heist, the mob usually goes out from a meet, or appointment held a short time before the job is to go. Here the layout is gone over again, clothes are changed—if the mark is in a factory district the mob may work in coveralls, if in a business

district in business suits; the idea is to remain as inconspicuous as possible—and other last-minute details are attended to. The members of the mob leave singly and go to the mark by separate routes in order to avoid the possibility of being seen together by coppers to whom they may be known. Possibly they do not rod up, or arm themselves, until they reach the job, just in case one of them might be stopped and searched. The wheel-man brings the guns in the car.

The mob meet the car a block or so from the mark and rod themselves up. They walk to the job; the wheel-man pulls ahead and parks near the entrance in such a way that he can swing out from the curb in a hurry. If possible, the inside-men work covered, or masked. This usually can be managed without difficulty unless the place must be entered directly from the street, and even then if scarves fastened with pins so that they may quickly be twitched up over the mouth and chin are used—the lower part of the face is the most easily identifiable.

Covered or bald, the mob enters as casually as any other visitors. Melodramatics are for the movies. One man does the talking: "All right, folks, stay where you're at! Keep quiet! Keep your hands where I can see them! Nobody but the insurance company is gonna get hurt, so take it easy." Generally this fellow stands near the door where he can keep the whole room under observation as well as intercept anyone who may come in while the robbery is in progress. He is an authoritative figure, the center of attention. Most witnesses hardly notice the other inside-men, who go about their job of collecting the score as quickly and with as little fuss as possible.

So far as may be, the mob are calm and polite on the job. "Cowboying," or the wild brandishing of pistols and shouting of orders in all directions is frowned upon—fear has made more heroes than courage ever has. People will not be gratuitously abused. The professional does not become so tensed up by fear and excitement that he strikes out blindly upon insignificant provocation. As one puts it: "When you're out on a heist you're out to get the dough and keep out of trouble. Halloween's the night for scaring people." However, courtesy on the job does not include softness or indecision. A holdup may easily become a shambles if the people under the

gun think they detect nervousness or hesitation on the part of the man behind it.

THE boys are particularly careful if women are present. Nobody can tell how women will react—at least, such is the considered opinion of the heist-men with whom I have cut up this situation. Looks tell nothing. One who has all the earmarks of a lady pipefitter may just roll up her eyes and swoon, while the little mouse who looks so scared a man itches to pat her on the head and say something soothing is really coolly examining the mob for warts or moles or counting the hairs on their knuckles as a means of future identification. Guns or no guns, some women will give out large pieces of their minds, and the less of this commodity they have to spare the more generous they appear to be with it. There are old ladies—one heist mob had a harrowing experience at the hands of a motherly soul who got into the middle of a loan-office heist before she realized what was going on. Then she was horrified and spoke severely to the mob. They should be ashamed, for she could tell that they were good boys at heart who had got off on the wrong foot. Since this was precisely what the boys secretly thought of themselves, they were moved; they ordered one of the clerks to destroy the record of the old lady's loan at once. This intended kindness only shocked her more, and she began to pray for them. The boys sweated copiously and might even have left if the manager, who had the combination to the safe, had not been due at that moment.

Let us not overlook the screamers, who are legion. The automatic yelper, who lets go involuntarily, from surprise, is not much of a problem. Her scream is little more than a species of exclamation. The aboriginal, or ritual, screamer is a little more troublesome. Her scream is a notice to all males that a poor defenseless female is in distress, and what are they going to do about it? Still, heist-men find that this one need only be ordered sharply to shut up and she will subside. Then there is the smartyp who puts the primitive, or come-and-get-poor-little-me, scream to more sophisticated uses. She lets out a shriek that can be heard over traffic for two blocks and then claps hand to mouth and gives with the big eyes as if to say: "Her didn't mean to,

but her couldn't help it; gweat big you *fwightened* her so!" Actually a brontosaurus wouldn't scare her. She has been feeding that great-big-you line to voracious males so long and so successfully that she would spring it with confidence on the first lion she met walking down the street. What is on her mind at the moment are newspaper headlines: HEROINE OUTWITS DESPERATE BANDITS; PRETENDS HYSTERICS AND SUMMONS HELP, and she is just the cookie who will identify great big you with such dramatics that every man on the jury will yearn to see you hung and quartered, whether or not you happen to have been on that particular job. The consensus is that a good kick in the pants is what this number is asking for.

Worst of all screamers is the hysterical screamer. This one takes a kind of fit—clenches her eyes shut and lets loose at the top of her voice, and anything done to calm her is only likely to make her worse, if possible. Heist-men know of no formula for dealing with this kind of screamer, though isolated successes are spoken of. One says he stopped her cold by asking in the ordinary disgusted tone one might use to a bothersome child why she didn't quit that damn howling. Another claims to have done it with paper clips. He had to pass the woman's desk on the way to the score; she apparently had the idea that he was coming to cut her throat, rose screaming, to retreat, stumbled over her chair, and hit the floor in a sitting position. There she sat, eyes tight shut and mouth wide open, screeching like a calliope gone wild. In passing, he picked up some paper-clips from a desk and tossed a couple into her mouth. Presto!

Sometimes screamers can be a real hazard on the job, as when the mob must be inside for several minutes, but on the ordinary job they are more bothersome than dangerous and the mob ignores them. In some circumstances, as when there is a safe which must be opened, it may take the mob several minutes to get the score, but usually it is merely a matter of picking it up and carrying it out. The man on the door remains a few seconds to give the others time to get to the car, for despite his warning someone will probably throw up a window and begin yelling as soon as he leaves. As he comes out, the car already is inching ahead.

It is off the instant his foot touches the run-

ning board. Unless a policeman is where he cannot avoid responding to the cries coming from the window—policemen on a beat are seldom eager to careen along in chase of someone who may shoot back; they are not paid or very well trained for that kind of work and are likely to shoot their revolvers on double action, to the peril of spectators in upstairs windows—or unless some civilian in search of excitement gives chase, reckless driving is not indulged in. The car whisks around the first corner, takes several others in quick succession, then straightens out for a run of two or three blocks down a street having little traffic.

If no chase car shows up behind, the getaway car heads for wherever the front car—one legitimately owned by one of the mob—is parked. Meanwhile, the inside-men may have

gotten into or out of coveralls and transferred the money into the receptacle provided: where there is no pedestrian traffic outside, the mob may not take time on the job to put the loot into bags but carry it out in a wastepaper basket or any other handy container. One of the mob takes the score and pistols in the front car to the place prearranged for the meet. The other inside-men may accompany him, or, if they want to play it safe all the way, go separately. The wheel-man continues in the getaway car to another part of the city, where, having wiped down the interior to remove fingerprints, he ditches it.

By the time he arrives at the meet, the money probably already has been pieced up into as many piles as there are members of the mob. "There she is," one of the others says. "Latch onto one."

Advice to a Traveler

HOWARD MOSS

DO NOT start in a hurricane;
But go on a summer morning's calm
To an anchored boat at the water's rim.
Once in the boat, do not think of *where*;
Dangers enough will beset you there.

Mornings of music that shook you awake
To snow, or a tree like a drawn girl,
You must forget. Do not try to slake
Your thirst too early in the still lake;
Or ask: how shall the heart be whole?

At twilight, when the surface mirrors you,
Its color delicate, its view untrue,
Think: will it last as long as rock,
Long after eyes no sighs renew,
Or pass, indifferently, into dark?

Look up or down in the illusive air:
The lake is shallow at your feet, its glass
Cannot harm you now; nevertheless,
In the sky above you, birds draw
Circles of enormous loneliness.

When the Communists Entered Peking

Jean Lyon

SUSIE was the first Chinese communist with whom I really talked, if you could call Susie a communist. She was a four-month convert, and she wore the uniform. The first thing she said after she stepped into my courtyard where I was working at my outdoor table was, "Don't you think I've gotten thin?"

The second thing she said was, "Can I have a bath?"

She was the kind of girl who used to eat not only three full meals a day, but who consumed in between anything that was offered to her, whether it was an extra meal or one cookie. She was definitely thinner, though her padded blue cotton uniform kept her from looking really thin.

"Only two meals a day since I went over," she said. The Chinese phrase expressing the idea of going over to the communist side, literally translated, means "to turn to righteousness."

"Honestly," Susie said feelingly, "I was hungry all the time at first. Now I'm used to it."

I told her to go on in the house and take a bath. Even though I lived in a Chinese house—which was really a walled domain consisting of three small one-story houses each facing a

courtyard of its own—I had a white porcelain bathtub and hot running water piped across two courtyards from the kitchen. The kitchen was in the house which quartered Old Nyi, my cook, and the fluctuating flock of relatives he chose to harbor.

Susie had to buy her baths in a bathhouse, she explained, since the present dormitory she was in had no bathing facilities. That cost money, and on her present salary she couldn't afford many baths. Her salary, she said, was the equivalent of six catties of millet a month. A catty is a little over a pound, and millet is the poor man's staple food in north China. It was about enough, I figured, to buy a plateful of shelled peanuts. On this she was supposed to pay for toothpaste, toothbrushes, towels, soap, and cigarettes. Uniforms, room and board were provided. "I don't need ricksha fare," she added. "I walk everywhere. I'm pretty good at walking now."

While she took her bath, I thought about Susie's past. The last time I had seen her was the night after Thanksgiving. She had dropped in, all dressed up in a silk brocaded gown and obviously wanting some gaiety. She was a Shanghai girl who had learned Western ways when she was a secretary in an American organization. Several other friends

Born in China of missionary parents, Jean Lyon has spent many years in that country as a foreign correspondent. During the Communist take-over, she was the New York Times' representative in Peking.

were there that night, and we had eaten the remains of our Thanksgiving turkey—a creature which I am sure Old Nyi filched from the local zoo. There hadn't been a turkey in the market in weeks during that period when the battle was closing in on our city, and turkeys are at best rare birds in China. Susie, I remember, picked the bones dry, and ate enough rice to send a company into battle. She was alternately gay and weepy all evening. She didn't tell us what she was about to do, but we sensed it.

I learned later that when she left my house she changed into a peasant woman's cotton dress, tied her toilet articles up in a cotton kerchief, and walked out into the night to become a communist.

SHE had been in touch with what was then the communist underground and later became a part of the take-over organization. They had asked her why she wanted to join the communist movement. Honest Susie had told the truth. "Because I'm in love with a man who has run off with another woman," she explained. "I want to get away from here." Why the communists took that as a valid motive for embracing Marxism, I'll never know. But they did, and sent Susie by their underground route over the lines.

Now she was back, after four months of political training. Peiping had already been under the communists for two months and was their most important political center. (The words *pei ping*, literally translated, mean "northern peace." When the communists later changed the city's name back to Peking, it became "northern capital.") Susie was working as a secretary in the new People's Government.

When I asked her how she could buy a towel on that invisible salary of hers, she laughed. "I can't afford a whole towel," she said. "Yesterday one of my roommates and I bought one together. We just cut it in half. It's fine."

Susie talked a lot about what the communists were doing for the people in the country district where she had been these past four months. "They really are working for the people," she kept saying. "I know I'll never have the kind of life I used to have, but if this is going to help the people of China, what do I care about myself?"

I had seen Susie when she was discouraged about her love affair, her future, or China. I had seen her when she was gay and abandoned, trying to forget it all. But I had never seen her like this. Susie, in a sense, had religion.

II

THE entire process of Peiping's surrender and take-over was probably as polite a segment of revolution as will ever go down in history. It became known as the "Peiping way," and the communists later tried to give other cities a choice of being liberated the "Peiping way" or the "Tientsin way," the latter being the less polite and more destructive method.

North China's commanding nationalist general, once listed in American journals as "the strong man of the north," General Fu Tso-yi, signed surrender terms after a forty-day siege. But neither to him, nor to his army, nor to the populace was it "surrender." It was "peace." The common desire for an end to the fighting was overpowering. The people were tired of war to the point of apathy and there was no fight left in them for the decaying old regime of the National Government.

Before he surrendered, General Fu was said to be spending his time at his whistle-clean desk, singing songs of his native village in a high falsetto, beating out the rhythm on the edge of the desk with a pair of sturdy chopsticks. His Confucian virtues were in conflict. He couldn't decide whether to surrender, which would have been a betrayal of his leader, Chiang Kai-shek, or to be defeated in a last-ditch battle inside the city walls, which would have meant the destruction of China's queen of cities and a betrayal of the people. For days petitions had been pouring into his headquarters from people's groups begging him to carry the battle to the outskirts and leave the walled city with its ancient palaces and temples unharmed.

Fu, in Chinese fashion, did neither. Although he was militarily trapped, he made it look as though he were preparing for a fight by ostentatiously shuttling his troops back and forth across the map, and by building elaborate city defense works and airfields inside the massive medieval city walls. He also made it look as though he were preparing for peace

by sending secret emissaries to the communists to find out what their terms were, rumors of which opportunely leaked out. It was Chiang Kai-shek himself who finally resolved the conflict for Fu by going into temporary retirement from the presidency. The next day Fu signed his terms with the communists.

Fu's own official spokesman announced the "peace" terms at a time when not a single member of the opposing army was within miles, and then Peiping waited for ten days in a strange vacuum for the communists to march in and take over. Fu's soldiers continued to roam aimlessly about the city, shooting off guns one night in a pique because they hadn't received a bonus with which to buy firecrackers for the Chinese New Year, and Fu's press censors performed a neat and gradual fade-out simply by staying away from their desks for longer and longer lunch hours, until one day they were not there any more.

Due respect was accorded by both armies to the moon-calendar Chinese New Year, when tradition demands that everyone pay his debts, sit up all night at a New Year's Eve party, and spend the next three days calling on elders and contemporaries. The nationalists thoughtfully signed their "peace" terms before the New Year, which meant that the city gates were opened to the farmers with their supplies of pork and cabbage, and the communists thoughtfully waited until the city had had its fill of New Year steamed dumplings before they marched their army in.

It was all horoscopically correct, too. The old year had been the "year of the rat" by the Chinese calendar, and the new one was the "year of the cow." When the tail of the rat meets the horns of the cow good luck inevitably follows. So Fu's men went out on the tail of the rat, and the communists came in on the horns of the cow, and they passed—quietly—at the city gates.

Although there were battles in some of China's cities, some of the turn-overs were almost as bloodless as the one in Peiping. In Shanghai the communist soldiers reportedly did little direct shooting at the nests of nationalists barricaded in strategic buildings. They shot, instead, into the air. They called to the defending troops not to surrender, but to join them. "We are all brothers," they would shout. Usually the nationalists came out quickly enough. It seemed a properly cour-

teous way to respond to a properly courteous shooting.

In one case the communists captured a high-ranking and notoriously corrupt nationalist general who had not surrendered peaceably. They took him prisoner, and then generously allowed him a couple of his ill-gotten gold bars with which to buy himself cigarettes and other luxuries. Meanwhile they "re-educated" him.

As for Fu Tso-yi, he re-educated himself. He retired to his home in Peiping to read the works of Mao Tse-tung, Chinese communist leader. "Fu will be loyal to the communists now," a fellow provincial of his told me. "He has been convinced that they are working for China. Fu is not a turncoat. The switch was hard for him to make. And he will not change again."

III

IT WAS curious how, for those of us who were the foreign observers in this revolution, the personal hardships we had expected never came, but the curtain which isolated us from everything that was going on dropped much sooner than some of us had expected.

When the Americans who evacuated early came to our homes to leave us the remains of their coffee or supply of nylon stockings they usually said, "It's going to be tough." We would say we knew it. We were thinking of things like sleeping on hard board beds, having no fires, sharing our houses with swarms of people, eating little else but millet, and perhaps experiencing some looting.

We had stayed behind because we hoped to watch first-hand this historic upheaval in China. Some of us talked of going to a communist village to study its economy. Some talked of visiting Manchuria, or of a Trans-Siberian trip to Russia. We pictured the opening up of communications with areas which had long been inaccessible. Those of us who were newspaper correspondents looked forward to interviews with communist leaders who had been friendly during the war and the period of the Marshall mission to China.

What happened to us was by direct opposites. I continued for months after the communists came to eat beefsteak and fresh tomatoes, and Old Nyi continued resource-

fully to scrounge such rarities as frogs' legs and pigeon for me. Our homes were never looted. In our particular alley, there were eight foreign homes belonging to a Swiss, an Australian, a Frenchman, a stateless German, and several Americans, all of which had connecting courtyard walls. We had set up an elaborate bell and ladder system by which we could rush to each other's rescue without ever going out into the alley itself. My two-hundred-pound Swiss neighbor swore my ladder wouldn't hold him, and had warned me that he would probably allow me to be looted without his help. But I never needed it. The bells never sounded and the ladders weathered into a streaky gray before we took them down.

I lived on in my houses and courtyards and no one ever suggested that I had more space than one person deserved. The first official communist who ever entered my gate was not a man wanting to billet soldiers with me. He was, instead, a military officer who delivered a military order to me stating that I would no longer be permitted to send or gather news. That was one month after the take-over.

Very early we realized that the curtain had been drawn between the foreigners and the Chinese communists. The movements of foreigners had been limited to within the city walls, and since Westerners are easily distinguishable in a Chinese crowd, the rulings concerning us were fairly consistently enforced. After the first day or two it was impossible for a foreigner to get within a block of any outdoor mass meeting.

My new position in the new society forming about me was forcibly brought home to me during the first week after the communist take-over. A Chinese friend of mine had taken me to call on a communist official she had known for years. I had been trying all week to reach some top communist for an interview and had not yet succeeded. My friend was sure her man could advise me how to proceed and volunteered to take me to call on him. We had walked together to the office, talking English as was our custom. When we sent in our cards she was admitted and I was not. I told her I would wait for her outside.

I waited a long time, and when she came out she looked surprised, as though she had forgotten all about me. Immediately she began talking to me in a rapid Chinese, so rapid that she must have known I could only be

getting about one-tenth of it. Again it was as though she had completely forgotten my limitations in her language. I lapsed into silence and left her at the next corner.

This experience shook me. We had been good friends for three years. Slowly it dawned on me that she had just had her first lesson in anti-Americanism, and there was nothing either she or I as individuals could do about it.

It was not the end of our friendship. I was always welcome after that in her home, but she never again came to mine. She never told me exactly what had happened that day, but she said this: "How would you feel if you had been fighting on their side against the rottenness in your own country and you had come up against soldiers equipped with American trucks and American guns? America said she was helping China. Remember, the communists are Chinese too."

LONG after I had grown used to the idea that it was wiser for me not to call on my Chinese friends without a specific invitation, I received a letter in the local mail. It was from a woman I had known twenty years before, when she was a student in a mission school. She was now the mother of eight children. Her husband was an underpaid science teacher. "Why haven't you been to see us?" Mrs. Lu wrote. "The children keep asking about you."

It was a home I had visited often—a home materially threadbare, but somehow pleasant to visit. The children always seemed to be enjoying life. Only once or twice did Mrs. Lu or her husband ever talk anything akin to politics with me, and then it was to express disgust at the behavior of certain nationalist government officials. Both their pride in China and their Christian ethics were deeply offended. After I received Mrs. Lu's letter, I went to call. Everyone was there except Mei-yi, the oldest daughter, aged fifteen. Mrs. Lu simply remarked that she was away.

On my previous visits the children had usually performed what they liked to call "a play." In two years I had seen this family troupe act out Hans Christian Andersen fairy tales, a couple of rather sophisticated take-offs on the corruption of nationalist army officers, and episodes from the adventures of a super-human monkey who is famous in Chinese

legend and literature. Mei-yi, who was both bright and pretty, was the author, director, and leading actress, although she always drew in her sisters and brothers. She drew her plots from what she read and what she heard discussed at the family table. With one frazzled lipstick and some crayons she somehow managed to convey the idea of the parts each child was playing. Once, I remember, Little Four and Little Five (only the three oldest were ever known by their given names around the home) hopped awkwardly into the room wearing paper crowns colored with green crayon. They were definitely frogs from the moment they appeared in the doorway.

Since Mei-yi was not there this time, I expected no performance. But the children kept whispering to their mother, who finally said, "They want to perform. You don't mind, do you?" They went into a series of lively peasant dances, something new for the Lu brood. One of the dances I recognized as the popular "yang ko," or Spring Planting Dance, which the communists had brought into the city with them, and which had become an inevitable part of every parade. Where the children had picked up their repertoire, which was far more elaborate than any I had seen in the recent parades, the parents were not even sure. "Children have a way of reflecting the times," their father remarked.

I asked again about Mei-yi. She had always been the one who fetched the hot water for our tea, and the one who herded the younger children into the courtyard when her parents and I wanted to talk. I missed her. Mrs. Lu finally said, "She has gone south."

The south at that time was a battle zone. The communist armies were closing in on the Yangtze valley cities. Hankow had just been taken by them, and it looked as though Nanking and Shanghai would go soon. I knew that the only young people going south just then were students who had volunteered to follow the army as propaganda workers. During the communists' first week in Peiping they had called for ten thousand students to train for the "liberation" of south China, and many had answered the call.

Mei-yi, Mrs. Lu explained, was in a children's dramatic group, traveling with the Liberation Army. It was strange to think of the child I had known performing on street corners in China's major cities in the midst of

a revolution. It was stranger yet to listen to her mother, who only a year before had worried about letting her go across the city to attend school, talk about it unperturbedly and even proudly. Mei-yi, Mrs. Lu said, was the leading lady in her troupe.

Mei-yi's decision was her own and was the result of a passing parade. She had followed a group of dancing children in order to learn the songs and the dance steps. She had asked them who they were, and they had said that they were a dramatic group in the students' "south-going work movement." Mei-yi came home excited and determined to join. Although it meant leaving school in her second year of high school, she insisted to her parents that it was more important now for her to help her country than to finish school. Her parents, adherents of the old Chinese devotion to scholarship, listened. Perhaps, they said to each other, Mei-yi was right. Who could say she wasn't?

They asked only one thing. Would someone see that she got enough sleep and healthy food? After several visits to the office which handled these student volunteers, the Lu parents were satisfied that the communists had responsible people in charge of the children's dramatic groups. They gave Mei-yi their blessing, and off she went to join the revolution.

Mrs. Lu brought out her last letter from Mei-yi and translated parts of it for me. It was written from Kaifeng, capital of the province to the southwest of us. "We are leaving here tomorrow," Mrs. Lu read. "We will then go to Hankow, which has just been liberated. Everywhere the people are glad to see us and crowd around to watch our plays. Our group is like one big family. It is wonderful, Mama."

THE old-fashioned Chinese was popularly known as an "old head." One of my pet "old heads" was Mr. Wang, who made a living by private tutoring. Mr. Wang called himself an "old head" with considerable pride. What he meant by it was a person who respected tradition and old age, scholarship, and the ancient virtues. He also usually meant a man who, like himself, still wore the long silk robe of the scholar, rather than a Western suit or a government uniform, and one who had enough leisure to take his birds out walking or to write an occasional poem about the snow and the pine trees. "The com-

munists may try to change everyone else, but they won't be able to change the 'old heads,'" Mr. Wang told me. "I don't think they will even try."

Certainly Mr. Wang was very slightly affected by the new regime—except that he wondered sometimes how long people would be able to afford private tutoring. He went right on taking his birds for early morning walks tied by one leg to a small stick he held in front of him. On sunny days, between his lessons, he would sit on a park bench polishing two old walnuts by rubbing them against each other in the palm of one hand. These were two ancient pastimes for old men, and Mr. Wang took pride in behaving like a very old man, even though he was only slightly over fifty.

Mr. Wang never read the communist newspapers until someone told him that there was a new regulation about changing silver dollars or American greenbacks (both of which he had saved during the inflation), or an announcement concerning house rents. He was not interested in production figures. The papers were full of propaganda, he declared. He preferred to re-read his classics.

But one day Mr. Wang's equanimity seemed ruffled. He finally said he had heard a very disturbing thing. His youngest son, he reminded me, was a student in an engineering college. From a friend of his—another "old head"—whose son was a classmate of young Wang's, Mr. Wang had discovered that his own son had joined the Communist party.

"I am quite sure it is true," Mr. Wang said. "My son would not tell me himself. But the other 'old head' tells me both our sons have joined, and I think he knows." So far, he said, his family life had continued as usual. When the son came home from school he was always hungry, which was as usual. When the family gathered around the table, there was never any political discussion, and the younger generation only spoke when spoken to, which was also as usual.

Mr. Wang sat for a long time contemplating the polished walnuts in his right palm. "The communists will never be able to change the 'old heads,'" he said vehemently. And with his walnuts in one hand and his books under his arm, he bowed his way out of the room.

I knew a college senior, within four months of his B. A. degree, who joined the student

movement to go south with the communist army. His father was a nationalist officer—a sort of military "old head." I had known the boy during the student troubles with the national government the year before, and knew that he had been gradually turning bitter against the government to which his father was loyal. The day he told me he was going south with the communist army he was very solemn. "I know," he said, "that it will be a hard life for me, which I am not used to. But I have decided to change my life. This is a new China, and I must be a part of it."

I asked him about his father's reaction. "My father has been persuaded that I should do this," he said.

"You mean he is really convinced that it is right for you?" I asked. His father, he had told me, was responsible for carrying out certain of the nationalist promises in the military agreement which had been signed, including the moving of nationalist armies to communist re-education centers.

A suggestion of a smile appeared at the corners of the boy's generous mouth. His English was always precise. "Perhaps I should say instead," he amended, "that my father has been forced to be persuaded."

III

THE communists soon began having their troubles. They had made an excellent first impression. The good behavior and discipline of the army had been almost too great a contrast with the outgoing armies to be believed. The People's Liberation Army, which was what the communist army was called, paid in advance at the going rate for two floors in the best hotel in the city, the Swiss-owned Wagons-Lits. In Shanghai, we heard later, the authorities in a mission school there were astonished when the communists who had occupied one of their buildings asked for a bill and paid it.

Communist troops billeted in private homes lived up to their rule that they should not take "as much as a needle or a thread from the people." They said "thank you" and "please," took no food from their hosts' kitchens, and what equipment they borrowed they returned clean.

In civil administration their initial steps were efficient and tangible. Well organized

supply trains loaded with millet came in from the northwest and northeast almost on the heels of the communist troops, relieving the food shortages in the city which had been caused by the siege. Garbage which had been piled in the alleys for months was cleaned out. The power plant seemed suddenly to gain energy, and electric lights were on more steadily than they had been since the end of the war with Japan.

The new communist-controlled newspapers discussed landlordism and the much rumored "struggle meetings" which had been held in the communist-controlled rural areas. These meetings, the papers admitted, had sometimes resulted in cruelties and even death to landlords. This, said the new communist mouthpieces, was a misinterpretation of policy and was wrong. These cruelties were not to be repeated. Landlords were not to be personally harmed. Leniency toward the "middle" rich, both in the country and in the city, was stressed over and over again in the new press. All of this had its beneficent psychological effect upon the people. It was well timed, and seemed to answer the major questions in the peoples' minds. But still the communists began having their troubles.

MY FAVORITE button and earring shop closed its doors, and to get in I had to go to the family entrance. The last time I went I found the proprietor's sons all in the courtyard behind the shop busily making soap. The shiny, fat Buddha-like little proprietor had to push aside bars of soap to open the button counter for me, and he couldn't remember the price of the buttons I wanted. "My head is really getting out of order," he said, tapping his temple with his forefinger. "They tell us to produce something useful. So we produce. We make soap. But I don't know anything about selling soap. What am I supposed to do?"

Head trouble was a favorite disease among the small shopkeepers. A curio dealer, who sold fine jades and Han dynasty sculptured horses, had it too. He claimed that he had been to two meetings in one week called by the new authorities. One was for handicraft workers (Peiping is largely a handicraft, rather than an industrial, city) and the other for curio dealers. "They told the handicraft workers to stop producing luxury goods and

to make practical things," he said. "Then they told the curio dealers to gather up their curios and ship them to America because they wanted foreign exchange. Now I ask you," he said clapping both hands to his head, "how can we get more jade to sell to America if all the jade carvers are making soap? And how can we ship to America unless we have a buyer? These liberators—they should try to sell a Han horse in Chicago."

When it came to export-import regulations the communist officials seemed almost as confused as the exporters and importers. At one point, because they had very little foreign exchange, they ruled that exporting and importing must be done by barter. A rug merchant I knew went to work and arranged with an organized group of Tientsin dentists to ship rugs to the United States in exchange for false teeth which were to be shipped back to Tientsin. Since the rug merchant was no expert in the selection of false teeth, and his connections with false-teeth manufacturers in America were tenuous, he was somewhat dubious about what his final profit would be. He was interested, however, to find out. My last report was that he had not yet found out. The nationalists stepped in with their blockade of communist ports, leaving Tientsin's populace without false teeth and the rug merchant without profit.

Top communists were aware that they had many things to learn. They knew that they were understaffed, their experienced administrators and technicians few, and their problems enormous. The new mayor of Peiping told the former municipal government staff, all of whom were at first retained, "We have been living in the hills . . . We know less about municipal government than you gentlemen. Henceforth we must learn from you." Mao Tse-tung, number one communist leader, said, "The task of reconstruction is apt to be far more difficult than the achievement of power."

A professor in one of the Peiping universities who had been working on some committees with the communists said to me, "Don't ever forget that the communists are pragmatists. And they will make constant changes in their policies until they do work."

A business man with a fairly substantial coal business told me he had finally figured out for himself where he stood, by assiduous

reading of the newspapers, which were full of labor-management policies and the statements of communist leaders. "I have learned," he said, "that profit for myself and my family will no longer be a legitimate motive for running a business. I will have to run it as a service to the people. This means that I will have to lower my own standard of living, and I don't look forward to that. But if that is the way it's to be, I will do what I have to do. This is China, and I am Chinese."

FROM the very first day of the communist take-over in Peiping the Chinese communists' spiritual tie to the U.S.S.R. was evident. There was no attempt to hide it. There was, in fact, an effort to give the people reasons for it.

One day in the "People's Information Office" I stood behind a group of twelve or fifteen persons crowded around the counter-like desk. One man who looked like a workman had apparently asked a question about Russia. I heard the young information clerk, whose voice and manners stamped him as a college student, say, "China is friendly with Russia because she is a socialist country. We must look at other countries, see what they are, and if they have a social structure similar to ours, we must co-operate with them."

On May Day, which was celebrated as Labor Day, giant-sized pictures of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin—together with those of the two top Chinese communists, Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh—were hung on the fronts of at least two of the government buildings.

If, however, Chinese communist day-to-day policies were dictated from Moscow, the fact was so well disguised that the Chinese themselves were fooled. "Their reactions, and their methods of dealing with people and with policies, are entirely Chinese," one professor at National Peking University told me. "That is one thing that makes many of us feel that we can work with this new government."

The questions which are so uppermost in American minds seemed hardly to be questions at all to the Chinese I knew. To most of them it seemed entirely unimportant what their new government's alignment was in foreign affairs. In their minds the new government was certainly no puppet government run by a foreign country. The communist take-over—and every Chinese with whom I

talked was emphatic on this point—was in no way similar to the Japanese invasion or the Japanese puppet rule.

Neither did the individual freedoms seem to be a problem to most of the Chinese I knew. Although the press became a party-controlled press, that was evidently no stumbling block to any except the few fairly Westernized Chinese. After the first few months even the liberal intellectual who had previously been a strong advocate of the free press did not seem to find the communist-controlled newspapers irksome. "For whom is the free press free?" one of them asked me. "In China," he said, answering himself, "it was only free for the intellectuals who wrote for it and for the literate upper classes who read it. They are a small minority of our people. No worker or farmer ever found his own name in the paper unless he was in a scandal or a murder."

Freedom of speech, which is practiced constantly in China even when it is dangerous, has at times in the memory of every living Chinese carried with it a threat of the execution block. That threat seemed less ominous under the first few months of communist control than it had only the year before under an increasingly desperate nationalist government.

In his lifetime the present-day Chinese has known nothing but the rule of an emperor, or of a single party, or of a warlord. Two-party systems, or three- or four- or ten-party systems, have no meaning to him. The real concern of most Chinese, insofar as anyone can judge "most" Chinese, seemed to me to be with none of these abstract problems. It was rather with their rice bowls.

A theater mechanic with whom I talked was interested chiefly in his salary, which had gone up. After the communist take-over the workers had chosen a system of sharing in the box-office receipts rather than being paid daily wages by the management. As a result his pay had averaged ten catties of millet a day in contrast to his pre-communist four-catty-a-day wage. He was no communist. But for the present he was content with the new regime.

An egg dealer who sold eggs to a Chinese housewife told her he had a small farm just outside the city walls where he raised his chickens. The land there, he said, had been redistributed and he had been given a *mao*

(one-sixth of an acre) more than he had before. He too was well content for the time being.

Many of the small merchants were not profiting, however, and they were not so well content. The number of unemployed was growing in the cities, and farmers were complaining of their tax burden. These grumbled, and their grumble, according to latest reports, is swelling. But it is still not a grumble against a communist theory of government. It is a grumble as natural to an individualistic people as tirades against their food are to the American GI's. A bean-curd dealer down the street from my house was a fairly typical grumbler. From the beginning he had been predicting, Jonah-like, that prices would go up. The drop in food prices which the communists had brought with them was nothing to trust, he said. One never should trust a new ruler. When the prices did go up rapidly at one point the bean-curd dealer had his moment of gloomy victory. "See?" he said. "No government is ever any good."

IT WOULD be easy to boil it all down to the state of the Chinese individual's rice bowl, and to say that if he finds his rice bowl empty less often than it has been in the past twelve years of war and economic chaos he will become pro-communist, and if he finds it empty more often he will become anti-communist. But that is too easy. It will undoubtedly in the long run prove true. But long runs in China are reckoned in generations, not in years. And it is not likely that the

majority of Chinese will become strongly pro- or belligerently anti-communist for a fairly longish Chinese run.

It is far too early for the Chinese, and certainly for the foreigner, to tell which way the communist economic program will affect the average man's standard of living. Acts of God and of war and the legacy of a rotted economy have helped to blur the outlines of the communist plans. A drought and a flood have caused abnormal food shortages. Chiang Kai-shek's last-ditch blockade of communist sea-ports snipped the first thin lines of trade with the West which the communists had tried fumblingly to lay. Fuller rice bowls are a long way off.

Yet that does not mean that the Chinese will rise up against communism tomorrow, or even day after tomorrow. There is an intangible which has crept in during the turnover of government. That intangible is the hope which comes with change.

Change was desperately needed. Little by little, at different times, various segments of the Chinese populace had lost all hope that the nationalists under the Kuomintang would ever bring it. By the end of 1948 these segments had grown to include almost everyone who was conscious of government at all except the very few die-hards. That was why the people let the communists come like a great flood and did nothing to stop them.

The communists brought change, and with change hope was revived. And that is why the people will give the communists time—perhaps even several generations of time.

Notice to Our Readers

FOR those who missed "The Day the Sun Stood Still," Eric Larrabee's outline of the Velikovsky theory in our January issue, or who wish to distribute copies, we are having a limited number of reprints made. They may be obtained from Department G, Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, New York, at a cost of ten cents each. Orders should be accompanied by coin or stamps.

The Way a Novel Gets Written

Joyce Cary

YOU ask me how I write a novel. But I do not in fact write one novel at a time. The process is more like collecting. I begin, that is, not with an idea for a book, but with a character in a situation. Then, if both seem to me useful and significant, I write a few pages to show that character in that situation.

Of course, every character in every situation is significant to some degree, because all of them are part of the one real world in action; but there isn't time to deal with all of them. To take an example, every family shows the everlasting situation of authority and freedom; or, as I see it, of older people who have grown attached to a certain kind of existence because they have made it, and younger people who, in their turn, are anxious to make a new existence for themselves. This situation produces a great variety of tension, comic or tragic, but it is usually confused, muddled, and therefore insignificant. Or, if you like, it signifies only muddle. A writer for whom muddle is the chief characteristic of life would no doubt be interested therefore in a man or woman for whom the muddle of his family relations was incurable, who was defeated by it, or grew resigned to it, or escaped from it into some bolt hole of juju.

But muddle doesn't interest me except as a necessary accident of life, like the weather. It is part of a background, and so I should not

be concerned with a situation of muddle, or a character who illustrated it.

But a character like Rose in my novel *The Moonlight* fascinated me, because she tried with all her soul to make order in the world, to make her sisters live what seemed to her good, dignified, worthy, and happy lives. With one sister she succeeded; with the other she failed. And her success and failure were due to the nature of the world, of a reality shot through and through with creative freedom and imagination.

Therefore I had Rose in my mind and in various notebooks for years before the book was written, or rather I had about six different Roses. Because every woman, more or less, is tackling Rose's problem, and it takes thousands of different forms. I had notes, years old, not only of Rose's character, that of the responsible parent, teacher, ruler; but of the younger sisters, the taught, the governed, struggling not so much for liberty as for freedom to make their own lives, for power of every kind, knowledge, jobs, money, a place in the world.

Sometimes this description of a character and a situation grows into a book. It gathers to itself other characters and incidents, until one day I realize that it is at least the matter of a book.

But *The Moonlight* did not arise in that manner. It started in a violent reaction

Joyce Cary, whose novel The Horse's Mouth is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for February, wrote this account of his methods as a letter to his publishers—a letter which grew into an extended inquiry into the art of the novelist.

against Tolstoy's *Kreutzer Sonata*. I thought that great novel not merely unfair to women, but stupid about them, and stupid about the world in which they had to create their lives. I made notes then for a parallel book in which a woman just out of jail tells the story of a murder, exactly as Tolstoy's hero in *The Kreutzer Sonata* tells how he has murdered his wife from sexual jealousy. I wrote a good deal of this story, perhaps fifty thousand words, and then for some reason abandoned it. Three years later, I came across the other notes on Rose and her sisters, and the two separate conceptions ran together and interested me so much that I set about to write *The Moonlight*.

But this new book was quite different from the old. In the old, the narrator was the equivalent of Ella, one of Rose's sisters. I did not dare even to read the old manuscript, which is still in the attic, in case it should overwhelm the new scheme. I knew that it had a power which might well draw me back to it and away from my new conception—so that neither would be achieved.

The advantage of the new plan, as I knew, was to give a larger background, to show the woman's special dilemma in different generations, the means by which, in different social periods, it might be solved. And I wanted also to show the relation between these devised expedients, or moralities—what is often called the convention of a time—and the fundamental quality of a woman's life, imposed upon her by her sex, her natural powers, and her natural place in a society which contains, like herself, both primary elements from nature and a secondary social and political form.

Thus *The Moonlight* exists in two different states, with different characters and, as far as I can remember, different incidents. And whether the one that was published is the better, I cannot tell.

I HAVE a great number of similar manuscripts in every stage of development. Some of them are almost complete books, abandoned because I was dissatisfied with them. Two or three are complete, but I don't publish them because I don't care about them any more. Others consist of only a few pages, often cut out of a finished book. I cut the best chapter out of *The Horse's Mouth*, and some

day I shall enlarge it and finish it. I cut fifty thousand words out of *A Fearful Joy*, a novel I have just completed, because, though they belonged to the theme, they developed it at an angle from the main line, and brought in new characters when I had already as many as I could deal with.

Thus a finished book of mine starts usually perhaps ten years before as a character sketch and a bit of description; it goes on to an incident or so, it gathers subsidiary characters, and then perhaps I grow interested in it, and set out to give it form as a book. I sketch a plan; I may write the end, the middle, and the beginning, and very often in this order. That is, I decide how and where the book shall end, which is just as important to a book as a play; and then I ask myself where are the most difficult turns in the book. Then I may write one of these difficult passages to see if it is viable. And if, as often happens, it does not work, I may stop there. But if it does work, then I may devise a beginning and finish the book.

But the chief problem still remains, which is to decide what I shall express in the book. All my books suffer large cuts, even in the last draft. This is largely because they are all statements about a single reality, in which every part is related to every other part.

II

IT is impossible to show this whole in one book. James Joyce has tried in *Finnegans Wake* to give his notion of reality in depth; for that purpose, he devised a special language, and still he had to leave out nine-tenths of what is significant even by his own scheme. The very fact that it takes time to read limits the field of a novelist. Feelings that should be simultaneous in a reader have to be invoked in succession, and therefore become ineffective or false. Joyce's attempt to pack the effect of three or four different symbols into one word often has a brilliant success but, if it should fail, fails disastrously; I mean, it breaks the spell for the reader and jolts him out of pure experience into bewilderment or anxious inquiry.

And it is my first rule that the reader must not be confused, must not be jolted. I'm told that I have a style, but I am not aware of it. I try only to be clear, to avoid, especially, pro-

voking in the reader ideas which have nothing to do with the theme; above all, to keep out of sight. An author has no more business in a book than the microphone on the screen. It is hard enough for him to give a clear coherent impression without unnecessary distractions.

There are two versions of *The Moonlight*, because I wanted to give a larger picture, but I suspect that I did so at the cost of definition and power. My gains were paid for.

To Be A Pilgrim, for instance, deals with a man of strong religious and affectionate character, suffering the moral changes of seventy years, the inevitable and continuous revolution which goes on all the time, everywhere. I had to show, therefore—I had to make the reader *feel*—the fundamental power and drive of the Protestant tradition which is the soul of British and American democracy; to get, if possible, at the roots of that religious intuition.

That involved also the political aspects of the Protestant tradition. It could involve and, in actual life, would involve the aesthetic ideas evolving in the same period. But it was impossible to deal with them because they would have made the book not only too long, but too complex. For a book, like every other form of art, is the communication of an experience. That experience must have form in order to be coherent, in order to be an experience, and not merely a confused succession of feelings. It must, like a symphony, have a certain definite consequence, a meaning.

The great problem before a writer is to convey, in one work of art, one formal conception, a significance which is simple enough for immediate apprehension by the feelings of a reader, and yet not false to the immense complication of actual life. Reality is one whole. Religion is full of aesthetic feeling and political action; politics uses aesthetic and religious appeal; every man is born into a society which is at once constant in its primitive natural elements, the natural family relationships, the needs, passions, and ambitions of all human nature; and highly flexible in its larger groupings of tribal, national, and moral organization. The relations of the simplest character, the implications of the most elementary story, are as wide as you like to make them, and the difficulty is to know where to place your limits.

THE second great problem of form is in the construction. When you have cut out your subject and decided its limitations, how are you to give it expression?

Each art has its different sphere and its own limitations. Music has a far more powerful and immediate effect on the feelings, but not so precise a one as the poem or the novel. For the poem or novel has significance not only for the feelings, but for the judgment.

I write judgment because, of course, all arts appeal to the mind as well as the feelings. You cannot separate mind from feeling. All thoughts have value; all feelings move the mind. The form of a symphony provokes delight in the mind as well as the feelings; it is not merely a collection of noises hitting directly upon the sense; it is an intellectual structure exciting to the mind. It is a complex of sensuous and mental feeling which is called beauty when excited by a symphony, a picture, a piece of sculpture; and in a novel, sometimes significance, sometimes unity, sometimes greatness.

These different adjectives probably express a different mental attitude. The mind delights in the structure, the form of the symphony or the cathedral, but without judgment or reason. It does not say, "This is true," but, "That is right, that is well done." The reader of a book therefore is continually using his judgment; and novels appeal to what might be called conceptual feeling. To do this they create what is called an illusion of life itself; characters, who, it is said, seem to live in a real world.

This is not strictly true. Hans Andersen and Walt Disney do not trouble to give an illusion of life, but they are highly effective artists. They convey both feeling and meaning with great force. And all great literary art partakes of the fable. But it is true to say that in the pure fable, like "Jack and the Beanstalk" or "Puss in Boots," the appeal is to the simplest, most rudimentary judgments of feeling. And that in such a book as Tolstoy's *Resurrection*, which is a religious fable in the sense that the characters have been chosen and the incidents arranged to point a moral, the fabulous element is skilfully dissembled. Tolstoy uses every device to make us feel that the characters are real people in a true story. And we do so; we are moved as by the adventures and sufferings of real people we meet

every day. Tolstoy, having to give a moral lesson, knows it is useless to say, "This or that is wicked"; he must make his readers feel the wickedness, and he does it by playing upon their natural human sympathies for others.

Many people do not like the *Resurrection* because its moral purpose is too obvious. It does not move them because they see Tolstoy at work trying to instruct them. And the result is not only resentment against the instruction, but a failure to be moved by the book. For it becomes a piece of propaganda, a marionette show. Such readers would prefer, very likely, the newspaper reports of some tragic affair to which they can provide their own judgments. And they draw the conclusion that an author should not have what they call a message; he should write yarns and leave instruction to the professors.

But the real situation, I think, is not so simple. Art can and must be used for any kind of communication, including instruction. Tolstoy's fable of the three old men who walked on the sea moves us powerfully even though we don't agree with its religious object. It is great art. It is a powerful and meaningful experience.

An experience which makes us realize for ourselves the religious climate of another soul, however different from ours, is one of the most valuable we have. Thus the failure of *Resurrection*, if it is a failure, is due not to its carrying a message, but to bad art. It fails to communicate an experience. To me, *Resurrection* is successful, but I agree that Tolstoy only just succeeds in saving his work. And few other writers could have succeeded in his place. For the moment a writer begins obviously to instruct, he ceases to move. His characters become not real people in a real world, but ventriloquists' dummies speaking with his voice from a stage.

Yet a book must have a meaning for the judgment; it must add up; it must have unity within itself.

THE problem of construction, then, is to design a book in which all the characters and incidents form parts of one coherent experience for the judgment, and at the same time to give it the vitality of a narrative from actual life—which in itself, of course, has no meaning, or such a confusion of meanings that it adds up to nonsense.

And this is really the most difficult and troublesome part of the work because there is no end to it. When a critic wrote lately that I had no form, but plenty of life, in a book which had been under construction for several years, I was highly complimented. I would much rather be accused of wanting form—that is, meaning—than life; I suppose because I am so strongly aware of my own meaning. In the same way, critics who, years ago, complained that I was too objective gave me pleasure. For I had tried to be objective; and this is not always very easy when one is entirely convinced that the world is such and such a kind of reality, and not at all what some character believes it to be. One is always in danger of thinking, "But if I allow such things to be said, and to happen, the reader will suppose that they are true, that they ought to happen, and so make nonsense of the book."

The unity of a book, so much talked about by the critics, is a unity of experience, of impression. And this, of course, is much easier to attain in a book which aims at one simple and limited impression.

Flaubert's *Simple Heart* has the most exact and powerful effect; it achieves precisely what it sets out to do. But it is very short, and its purpose was very simple and also easy. Sympathy for a peasant girl, a servant, in her devoted service, is universal.

Flaubert's *Buvar and Pecuchet* was such a failure that Flaubert himself could not finish it. It has form, or meaning, but not only is the meaning feeble, it is expressed in endless repetition. We see Flaubert manipulating his puppets throughout, and simply to express a contempt for the petty bourgeois, a contempt both ungenerous and ill-founded. Contempt for any class, race, people, as a whole, is stupid and the mark of a mind either stupid or rancorous. The smallest experience of life shows that individuals within any one class or race differ far more than classes or races as a whole. One duke may differ far more from another than from his butler. An Indian engineer has much more in common with an English engineer than with one of his own professors of archeology who would be happy all day with his opposite number from the U. S. A. *Buvar and Pecuchet* has a mass of good detail, but its unity is that of a rubbish chute.

But take a masterpiece of Flaubert's, *Madame Bovary*, a book held up for the admiration of all novelists. It is, however, a dangerous example, for it is very close to the edge of that same constructive error which ruined *Buvar and Pecuchet*. It is organized to the last degree; it is highly artificial, and the artifices are not concealed. Examine the chapter where Rudolphe makes love to Madame Bovary during the prize-giving at the agricultural show.

And many misguided writers have copied just this artificiality of form, this superficial pattern. Whereas, what saves *Madame Bovary* is not the artifice, but something that apparently Flaubert did not mean to put into the book at all, his romantic sympathy for the heroine. This colors and unifies the whole work; it justifies all the tricks because they are necessary to that unity of impression.

But they are not by any means the only way, or perhaps the best way, of giving that unity. Consider Dreiser's *American Tragedy*, also a great book, but one that avoids so carefully the least appearance of artifice that it seems to be thrown together by an earthquake. Dreiser is so anxious to make the reader receive the story as true that he pretends to have no art at all, not even grammar. And this itself is high art. It succeeds, it convinces. It gives the book something of the impressive dignity of nature. If *Madame Bovary* is like a monument, *An American Tragedy* is like a mountain.

I am not going to say that I prefer mountains to monuments; I need both, but, as a writer, I am much more afraid of producing the stony mass than the hilly wilderness. The prettiest compliment I have had was from a distinguished English critic who said I improvised. This was of *The Horse's Mouth*, which had been five or six years in gestation and rewritten several times over. But much of that rewriting was intended to hide the construction, to make each part seem to arise out of the narrative.

III

THE world loves its own creation, which is its life. Not merely the artist, but every man and woman, begins from childhood to create for himself a world to which, as creator, he is deeply attached. Each

of these worlds is highly complex and extensive. One man, for instance, does not create for himself only a home, a business, a family, but a religion, a political idea, a nation, a world idea. He creates them in his imagination, and lives in them. Deprived of them, or even of any large part of them, he would wither and die.

I don't know any misery like that of the artist whose work has gone out of fashion. I vividly remember such a man when I was young; his despair, his bewilderment. He had been praised by the critics, admired, he had sold his pictures and enjoyed distinction. Now in his sixties he was not only laughed at, he was despised. And his family was starving. That man suffered more than other old gentlemen whose ideas had become contemptible to a new generation, eager to create its own world, because his notion of the world was exceedingly naïve. He could not conceive of any "good" art except his own academic kind, he was like one of those moralists who nowadays are quite sure that the world is going to the devil on account of easier divorce, or artificial insemination, or women's votes, or drink, or the so-called immorality of the stage and the writers. He had read or at least assimilated no history, and his religion was a reach-me-down; his God was an old gentleman in a fuss.

But his tragedy was real; it was the tragedy also of Wilcher in *To Be A Pilgrim*, regarded from the different angles of family life and moral change. Wilcher is a different man; he has a different response, he did not suffer so hopelessly because he was wiser. As for Sara in *Herself Surprised*, she escaped, at least in the book, from any acute misery, simply by the power of her woman's imagination. Give her for material almost any man and any sort of domicile, and she set about building her nest.

Women are great adventurers in their own lives. A young woman, carefully brought up in some strict school and affectionate, guarded home, having got her man, will cheerfully set out to the other end of the world in order to do her job, which is not by any means in subordination. It is constructive, creative. She builds a society, a relationship, a spiritual world. And for that she must contrive some kind of working partnership with the man. He is at once her necessary partner and her

first problem. Her success, like all success, is forever balanced on the edge of disaster. Sara was infinitely cunning in the management of her men, and the only man she loved broke her nose and deserted her. He did not want to be looked after. Yet the everlasting enterprise which was her undoing was also her salvation. She was still making a world for herself, a home, a family, when she was cut off. As for the moral and aesthetic revolutions which had been tearing other people's worlds to pieces during her whole life, she was scarcely aware of them. Her morals were the elementary morals of a primitive woman, of nature herself, which do not change; and she was supremely indifferent to politics, religion, economics. She was a female artist who was always composing the same work in the same style, but it is a style which does not go out of fashion.

But all that had to be left out of the book when I chose to write it in the first person. In order to get the life of the character, Sara herself, I chose a means of presentation which, because that character was simple and had to be simple, active, unreflective, could not show the character in depth, as aware of itself, or its significance in the world.

To do that I should have had to write the book in the third person, with a complex plot; to do, in fact, what I did in the second and published version of *The Moonlight*. Whether I was right or wrong cannot be said as no other version of Sara was written, and it does not exist for comparison. That, in fact, is the kind of question which drives writers into an early grave—the technical problem. Every single method has its own advantages and its own limitations. The first person has great narrative force, but is exceedingly limited in scope and content. The third, in its classic form, is immensely flexible and revealing, but by the very fact that it allows a writer to be everywhere, to see everything, it loses conviction and force.

EACH technique has a further disadvantage, known only to professionals. The first person imposes not only limitations of character, place, and time, but of event. Everything that does not happen to the narrator must be related by him and is therefore further removed from actuality than a story told in the third person. For that story

is related by a real person, the author, and this one is told by a fictitious person, the character. Thus such a technique is suitable only for a narrative in which the hero's adventures make up the tale.

In the third person, on the other hand, since there are no limits of time, place, and character, it is so easy to invent incidents and people that the problem is one of selection. This is a real problem for any writer who aims at significance. It took Flaubert five years to write *Madame Bovary*, and it took James Joyce seven to write *Ulysses*.

A third method, of course, is to combine the two, like Conrad with his Marlowe, to have the story told in the first person by a fictitious character. This way seems to have all the faults and none of the merits of the other two techniques. It has only one advantage: it enables the writer to describe the narrator. I have never yet used this device, but I am not going to forswear it. I may some day pull one of my dossiers out of a drawer, some bundle of character, incident, and suggestion, which has been waiting for the technical method which will give it expression, and discover, to my surprise, that this one is the answer.

AS FOR what laymen call plots, they grow on trees. Anyone can write a plot; the oldest are probably the best. A plot is the last thing I think about, and it is never fixed until the story is finished. I may make fundamental changes of plot in my last draft. The right and significant form of any work of art is not in any plot, but in a final character of being. This is true of a building, a piece of sculpture, a picture, and a frock, as well as a book. Frocks lead us into aesthetic metaphysics; we have no time just now to ask why one frock is admired and another detested; why even in a sphere considered so irresponsible and fantastic as that of women's fashions, some are forever called beautiful, and others forever found ridiculous. But it can be seen that in the most beautiful forms of dress, however different—the Moorish, the Indian, the different peasant costumes of Europe, the eighteenth-century panniers, the Regency muslins, the crinolines, even the bustles—each has some relation to a woman's nature, not only her physical nature but, by implication, the whole range of her special

activity, her special powers as a woman. Thus the art of dress and its unities, its rules, arise from the nature of things. So, too, do those of sculpture, and, in still more complex relations, of architecture—a truth dimly apprehended and crudely expressed by the cant about machines for living.

The form of a book therefore is not in some artificial pattern, some formula, but in its relation to ultimate truth. I say this because so many people think they can buy the art of writing from some correspondence school. An artist does not start with literature, but life, and the deeper he can go into life, the better. He would also be well advised to suspect any ready-made answers, whether political, religious, or psychological. Where are the Freudians of yesteryear? Where are the Marxists, the behaviorists? All of them have a little bit of truth wrapped up in a mass of nonsense. What you want to do is to dig out the truth, or as much of it as you can pry loose. The fact is that the process of education after one leaves college is complex and obscure. You read, you talk, you meditate; and writing a book is always an exploration as well as a setting forth. It is an adventure in which you survey a new part of your world.

Above all, keep away from the easy analogy, from the kind of criticism which praises Ben-

jamin Constant's *Adolphe* as the most "perfect of novels because of its sculpturesque simplicity of form." This notion involves two profound fallacies. One is that sculpture has a special beauty because of its limitation and compactness; whereas its beauty, like the beauty of all art, is in the emotional response of those who apprehend it, and this may be very complex. The other is that *Adolphe* is a great novel because it is limited to the exploration of a simple situation; whereas its form is good not because it is limited, but because it is adequate. It is the right method for its author's purpose.

Tolstoy's *War and Peace* is far from simple. It is vast and complex, with scores of characters. It brings in every kind of discussion, every kind of problem, that can trouble humanity. Yet it is not a slice of life; it is not a mere yarn, a collection of events. It has the unity of a great work of art, presenting life not as a confusion of nonsensical accidents, but as a scene of moral struggle, moral achievement, in a world of evil and folly.

Thus the everlasting conflict between what is called the French school on the one hand, and the English and Russian schools on the other, is stupid. There is only one good school: that of writers who find the right form for their material, for their purpose as artists.

Marshall Plan, Point Four, and Beyond

THE U. S. A. can wield supreme power, or seem to do so, on the condition that she allow the world to teach her. . . . Two special problems which appear to confront the world are the political problem of the adjustment of national sovereignties within the unitary world system, and the economic problem of the compensation of the American export surplus which will be necessary to re-establish and develop Europe and Asia . . . history will appear to "solve" them by the unitary development of American power. In this process the U. S. A. will find itself compelled by circumstance to make free gifts and to accept new rights and responsibilities. . . . This process may be concealed within the operations of an international investment authority. But after a decade of military and economic assistance to Europe, Asia, and Africa the United States will by 1950 find itself—directly or indirectly—the legal tenant of military bases, ports, factories, and plantations in all continents. . . . The controlling principle . . . must therefore be one acceptable to all communities, and in a period of movement toward an ordered balance this principle must be the raising of all peoples toward a common standard of life. . . .

—*Lancelot Law Whyte, The Next Development in Man, written in 1943.*

The Ruin of Soul

A Story by Leonard Wallace Robinson

Drawings by Irv S. Doktore

FOR two months after his arrival at the parish of the Sacred Heart, Father James was totally engrossed and nearly always calm and happy. The strange and dark misery which had threatened again and again to overwhelm his spirit, since the death of his father two years before, had lifted. From the first day of residence the incomprehensible, the insistent and terrible thoughts which he had been prey to, which rose on dark wings from hidden parts of his mind, now seemed to have fled forever. The unbidden ideas had been manifold and diverse, but the most persistently frightening, when it had come, had been specific, revolving around dreadful fantasies in which great, sharp cutting edges of blades, profusions of them, flashing, blinding, haunted his appalled mind. At such moments he would start to shake with an inexplicable ague, causing him to call upon God in a storm of aspirations to free him from this unseemly weakness (the unimaginable thoughts being suggested, clearly enough, by the devil, that dreadful and ever-present scourge who haunted the mind of man). Then the young priest would call upon all the hosts of heaven with such imperative terror that his prayers themselves soon seemed to him objurgations, exclamations of angry pain, the wrong voice, surely, to lift to the all-merciful Father.

Such emotional outbursts within him had been invariably followed by a crippling migraine headache which lasted for two or three days.

The first sight, then, that Father James had of his pastor at the Sacred Heart, Father

Flynn, had filled him at once with a sense of peace and well-being which, in the seminary, had become almost unknown to him. On the day he took residence the young priest had come out from a retreat-house twenty miles away from Manton, traveling by bus and then walking from Manton square. He found the pale brick parish house next to the dark red-brick church. He was at once introduced to his new quarters by Mrs. Humphrey, the housekeeper. She was a small, old, and cold-faced woman with a mouth pulled downward, originally by her nature and latterly by poor dentures, into a thin crescent; the bristling militancy of her poorness of spirit showing perennial disapproval of those who did not share it.

At the front door she gave him a depressed smile in acknowledgment of his self-introduction and an impersonal "Come with me." After showing him his small top-floor cubicle, indicating wordlessly the facts that the bed was where it was and the washstand was where it was, she went to the window and pointed out. "Father's out there," she said, and then, without waiting for anything further, she left the room, closing the door silently behind her. The young priest put his black valise on the bed, pausing a moment uncertainly. Then he went to the window and looked out.

He saw below him a large backyard filled with boys playing football. At one end of the yard, watching a scrimmage, stood, he knew at once, his superior: a tall, thin, pale man of about sixty in a dark overcoat, black hat, and black wool gloves which he clapped together

occasionally to warm his hands. He was smiling so intently and so pleasantly at the group that Father James looked back to the boys. They had just finished a rush and were in a pile which was slowly disentangling itself. As the mass of arms and legs came apart, he saw at the bottom a form, smaller than the rest, clinging desperately to the ball. Then Father James looked back to Father Flynn, who, at this revelation, threw back his head and laughed. Then he blew a whistle and the boys came to where he was standing. Father James saw him pick up the little boy who had been on the bottom of the pile and laughingly lift him into the air by the elbows for a moment, and he followed this, before putting the child down, with a hearty hug. At this point he started to talk to the other boys. The young priest found himself, now, hardly able to wait to go down to meet his pastor.

AND nothing he had learned since had changed his mind; not for the first two months anyhow; not till Father Jonas arrived. Everything Father James did with and for the pastor partook of the charm and the pleasure and the tenderness of the first sight of him. The young priest had never believed that he could work so hard, or, after he had learned the facts, had he understood how Father Flynn had been able to do the entire work of the parish by himself during the six weeks he'd been alone; for Father Moriarty, his assistant, had been on loan that long to St. Mary's on the West Side. Father James was up at 4:00 A. M. for the 5:30 mass and he did not get to bed until after midnight seven days a week. Father Flynn tried to protest but the young priest, made bold by his chance to show his devotion, as well as by the logic of the situation, said, "Oh, no, Father, you must let me do it. You've been doing it for six weeks and I'm thirty years younger than you."

"I'm afraid you'll overdo yourself," the older priest protested, but he did not push the issue.

Even the things which, in the seminary, Father James felt he would never be able to do (chiefly the work with women), while often filled with aching embarrassment for him, were not so bad. Father Flynn had made him feel all right about his blushing after the first meeting of the women's sodalities.

"Look," he said, "Timothy. I know you're worried about that blushing. I was when I started. But don't let it worry you. If anybody should happen to notice it, which they won't, it would do nothing but make the sodalities a lot more popular than they are. What you don't know is that the women consider it only in the correct order of things. They're charmed by it."

His other worry had been about the handling of the boys between ten and sixteen. He never had been able to play any sport at all and he felt he would never be able to discover and learn the language of young boys. What he found out at once, however, was that the problem was imaginary; they were only interested in discovering and learning *his* language and getting *his* approval. And, in his relief, he could be lavish with approval. Their acceptance of him was so complete and so clear then that his popularity became a source spring of profound joy to him. And Father Flynn said the right thing here, too.

"Father James," he said, "I'm an old man and if you're to steal my boys from me like you're doing with the rest of my parishioners, then you should warn me of your intentions so I may prepare my spirit."

The young priest's face reddened and he laughed. "Oh, I don't think—"

"Ah," said Father Flynn. "Well, don't worry. I'll still have my books and Mrs. Humphrey. But I think you'd better let me handle that football team myself today. I couldn't stand losing it." But of course he didn't even come out to watch the practice. He left it all to Father James.

It was a complete surprise, then, to Father Flynn to get still another assistant. "The phone call came through from Monsignor yesterday. He's an old friend and he wanted me to know before I heard officially," he told Father James, the thin gray eyebrows lifted in surprise. "Of course I suspected that Father Moriarty wasn't coming back. And he isn't. He'll be at St. Mary's permanently now. It did no good for me to tell the Monsignor that we were doing fine. He told me that the Bishop insisted I have still another assistant." He paused for a moment and shook his head. "Ah, they move so quickly nowadays. Why, the lad'll be here Tuesday morning."

Father Jonas arrived as expected on Tuesday and Father James met him briefly at



lunch. The new assistant talked easily and most of the lunch was given over to a quizzing by the pastor on the doings of personalities connected with the life at the seminary he had left so recently. They laughed often but the feeling of slight illness which Father James had felt growing during the meal seemed to prevent him from breaking through his diffidence to join them. The slight illness grew rapidly and by four that afternoon he was compelled to leave the football field and go to his room. His temperature was as high as he suspected and when Mrs. Humphrey suggested Dr. O'Brien he complied at once for he could feel also the constriction of his neck muscles which, in the past, had often signalled the onset of one of his migraines. Dr. O'Brien whose face glowed redly against his pure white hair was friendly but noncommittal. He said that Father James must stay in bed. He might be able to get up in a week, two at most. He was sure of two being the outside limit. After the doctor left, Father Flynn came in with Father Jonas.

"Ah," he said, "Timothy." And he smiled down at the pale face of the priest on the narrow cot in the narrow room. "It's sure that God works in a mysterious way. Here are

you, down from overwork I have no doubt of it, and here is Father Jonas right on the spot to take up your burdens from the very day you fall sick and relieve you of worry."

Father James now really looked at the new priest for the first time. He was a short man, stout but compact, burly, with an energy which seemed almost unmanageable, showing now in the violent pleasantness of his smile: when he spoke it was as if he were exercising enormous restraint to keep the boom out of his voice, like, thought Father James, a quarterback constrained to call signals in a whisper. "Don't you worry, Father," said the stout priest, "just get well."

"Yes," said the pastor. "Father Jonas is carrying on fine. No worry, Timothy. That's an order. All you have to do is get well." He smiled again and Father James held down the small panic that wanted to rise in him by fixing on the kindness and the understanding in his pastor's smile.

He wanted to sound hearty in his reply. "I'll be better soon," he said, "don't you two worry," but his voice and its content sounded fragile and childlike to himself and from somewhere inside him came an impalpable flash of memory, his father and his older brother in all their self-sureness, their unequable maturity.

A bitterness, and a fear of it, moved inside him after their visit, but he held these feelings down with aspirations. It was not, then, till the late afternoon of the next day that he really faced the frightening time which lay ahead of him.

Overnight it had grown cold and Mrs. Humphrey, coming with his breakfast, told him that Father Flynn had had the backyard flooded so the boys could skate. At three-thirty in the afternoon he heard their voices. He had been told not to get up at all and for a while he fought his impulse to go to the window, but at length he could not resist it. His legs were so weak that his knees buckled as he moved and he had to hold onto the bed, then the table, then the window sill. Below flashed bright reds and greens: the boys were playing hockey. And, in their midst, on skates, violent in pursuit of the puck, the boys after him in wild but hopeless chase he was so much the best skater, was Father Jonas. The onset of Father James' migraine, a real one now and terrible, was immediate.

THE next seven days were a journey through pain unimaginable to him before. All that had seemed frightening and unendurable within his mind before he had met Father Flynn rose again now in proportions much vaster than they had ever been. Dreams of huge violence were followed by waking hours of fear where visions of great blades attacking him could not be exorcised by the most passionate prayer: and the sleep would come again with dreams of pursuit or, sometimes, and worse, of aloneness in a universal desert. And then he would wake again with the raging pain in his head and along the top of his spine.

But in time again the guttering windless sweeping of the emotions subsided slowly and, on the eighth and ninth days, the power of his praying gradually asserted itself again and the devil seemed unable to keep up the fight. He got up on the tenth day and Mrs. Humphrey, coming in with his breakfast, almost managed to look pleased to see him sitting on the edge of the bed fully clothed.

"Ah, then," she said, "you'll be all right for the Christmas dinner on Thursday. It will be in Father Flynn's quarters. Special."

"Oh," he said, "Mrs. Humphrey, I'll be back at work tomorrow. By Thursday I'll even be able to help you make the dinner."

But Dr. O'Brien would hear nothing about going back to work, and, only on Wednesday evening, did he give permission for the young priest to leave his room to attend the pastor's Christmas dinner, on the promise that he'd go back to bed as soon as it was over.

"But if I'm going to dinner I'll want to say Mass," said Father James.

"Oh yes," said Dr. O'Brien, and he reflected for a moment. "You'll have to get permission to say an early one and then get back in bed till dinner. And then right back into bed after dinner. Mind me now?"

"Yes, doctor, I will," said Father James.

The dinner was for two on Christmas afternoon and at one o'clock Mrs. Humphrey knocked on Father James' door and informed him that he had an hour to prepare. He rose and dressed carefully.

Standing before the square mirror in his room, putting on his black coat, he thanked the Lord for His bounty. And he knelt before the varnished bureau and said three Hail Marys. Rising he looked at himself. The

complete pallor he had had since childhood seemed greater than ever. He looked at the large brown eyes, bending over the bureau toward the mirror, pulling the skin down underneath them. Perfectly clear now. He thought of the numberless times he had done this with his whole head throbbing, almost bursting, looking at the blood-gorged veins suffusing the white, looking and looking into his own eyes in the mirror as if he could out-stare the very nature of agony, face it down, destroy it, intoning over and over to himself the prayer, "Oh, Prince of the Heavenly Host, by the power of God, drive into hell Satan and the other evil spirits who wander through the world seeking the ruin of souls." If only, he now thought, in this prayer he had been able to teach himself not to seek release from his own pain; not implore the Lord for that; if only he could use his suffering to understand pain, to know its dreadful challenge and thus, in His image, come closer to man the sufferer, perhaps even dare to hope that his own suffering would save others.

WHEN the green alarm clock on the bureau pointed to five minutes to two he left his room and came down the wooden stairs which led to the second floor where Father Flynn had his quarters. Now he watched himself minutely, on guard against the incursion of any thought which might be hostile to his happy feeling. Unlike the bare hall of the third floor a soft blue carpet covered the corridor here and he stood for a moment, allowing himself to feel the security this rich covering brought to him. He walked along it then. He came to the door, the brown paneled door, which led to Father Flynn's quarters, and he remembered, just in time, to touch the wall before he touched the brass knob of the door, in order to avoid the small spark of static electricity which, on cold winter days, was generated by movement along the carpet runner. Instead of a spark, however, a tiny fragment of a dream he had had (was it only the night before?) leapt into his mind as he touched the enc scrolled metal knob, and he clutched the knob not turning it. In the dream he was pursued, they were people like gangsters, dark-skinned, and they were after him for having killed one of them, a bad man, a wicked man; he felt his legs heavy and ponderous in the dream, almost like false legs,

like wooden legs, moving him far too slowly; and the criminals moved behind; devils in the shape of men sure of their prey.

By squeezing the door knob fiercely and by clamping downward and inward on himself with every muscle of his body till he was as rigid as steel and by staring fixedly at nothing straight ahead of him, he was able to shut out both the image of the assaulting dream and the surge of terror that was one with the image. He could not be sure how long he held himself in his trance-like position, but as he came out of it he could feel his legs were weak, really quite pleasantly weak, the remembrance of the dream gone and his mind, militant and triumphant, filled with the Divine Praises: "Blessed be God; Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most holy; Blessed be St. Joseph, her most chaste spouse; Blessed be God in His Angels and in His Saints."

HE TURNED the knob and pushed open the door and the room seemed to reach out for him with reassurance and joy; it was bright with holly, the bay windows framed wreathes, three tall candles burned in a silver candelabra on a table in the bay, and another table in the center of the room was set with the best napery and silverware of the parish house. Father Flynn stood with his back to the fireplace. His white hair caught some of the glow of the fire. In his right hand he held a glass of brown liquor. He hardly raised his voice as he spoke but the warmth of his greeting fell across the young priest like a blessing.

"Merry Christmas, Timothy," said Father Flynn.

This was still among the few times that his pastor had used his first name in addressing him. Father James felt as one who had come through great mysterious spaces of agony to this happy moment and he was afraid for a moment that a desire to weep might overpower him. He managed to reply cheerfully, however.

"A very Merry Christmas to you, Father," said the young priest.

"Well," said Father Flynn, "are you against blessing the occasion with a small schnapps?" He smiled his restrained, tight, knowing smile.

"Why, no," said the young priest. "I guess not."

"Help yourself, then, my boy," said the pastor. He pointed to an end of the set table where there was a cut-glass decanter and two glasses. Father James thanked him and walked over slowly to the table and poured himself a glass of the whiskey. He looked at his superior uncertainly. "The best to you, my boy," said Father Flynn and he raised his glass, "and good health once more."

"Thank you," said Father James, "and the same to you, sir." He took a deep drink and nearly choked but this discomfiture was covered by the opening of the brass-handled door.

"Ah," said the pastor, "our other guest. Merry Christmas, Father Jonas."

Father James automatically put down the flicker of feeling that Father Flynn had not called the other priest by his first name too. He was hardly aware of the movement of his mind to repress this illicit emotion, and as he felt the liquor reaching down safely past his throat he called out in a voice just slightly louder than usual: "Merry Christmas, Father Jonas."

Father Jonas stood in the doorway, dramatically at ease, sharing a manly amusement with them both, looking at one and then at the other. "Well," he said at last, his short, capable-looking arms akimbo. "This is a Feast Day, isn't it. Liquor and all."

Father Flynn laughed, letting a drop of liquor spill from his glass, and he motioned the newcomer toward the decanter: "Join us, join us," he said, "the devil's got the day off."

Father Jonas laughed and walked toward the liquor. "Will I have to go far to catch up with you," he said and he winked at Father James, who, during the entire exchange, kept a fixed smile on his face.

"No, no," said Father Flynn. "We're having the glass that cheers but does not intoxicate." Father James glanced at him but saw no reproof in the pastor's face at Father Jonas' easy familiarity. They both watched Father Jonas pouring from the decanter, then the pastor picked up a silver bell that stood on the mantel over the fireplace and rang it vigorously. "We might as well get started," he said; "Mrs. Humphrey will be straining at the leash."

When his pastor placed Father James to his right the happiness and security which, since he had entered the room, he had felt could return to him again with all its fullness wrapped him around completely. During the

soup, a steaming plate of oxtail borne in on a silver tray by Mrs. Humphrey, he hugged the festive warmth to himself, appearing to listen to the conversation of the other two in smiling agreement but inwardly instead giving thanksgiving after thanksgiving to God. It was the mention of his name by the pastor and the attentive smile on the face of Father Jonas that suddenly fixed his true attention on the conversation, bringing him back from his private world sharply.

The pastor was smiling at him too. "Don't you think so, Father James?" his superior asked.

"Oh," said Father James in confusion, and he put his soup spoon down quickly. "What?" He could feel himself blushing and he looked down at his plate. "I'm afraid I wasn't following too closely."

Father Flynn was reassuring. "It was nothing important," he said, "I just remarked to Father Jonas that since you're up and about again and the Christmas rush is over, we'll have to divide the labors on a more or less definite basis now, according to the bents you two have. I remarked, I believe, that Father Jonas' undeniable talents" (he turned a smile of kindly irony on the stout priest, pausing for a moment to savor his phrase) "seem to be in dealing with the male parishioners of all ages." He turned full face then to Father James. "Your talents, on the other hand, seem to be in dealing with the women. Do you think I've observed accurately?"

FATHER JAMES first felt the tremor in his fingers and he knew that a red stain on his cheeks was deepening, spreading rapidly down to his neck; the eyes of his confreres across the table seemed to be moving toward him, mocking him. He could barely mutter a "Yes, Father," in answer. His hands seemed to be growing, the nerves in them to be springing into independent life.

"Then we're agreed," the pastor went on. "I think we will try Father Jonas on athletics, the men's sodality, the boys' Sunday school, and things of that order; and we'll give you the more onerous duties of visiting the sick, the girls' Sunday school, the ladies' sodalities; the really *difficult* parochial burdens."

Under the table Father James' hands clenched in an effort to gain control. He could feel the large pains starting across his neck.

His smile, through the incandescent redness of his face, remained fixed, but he had only a dim vision of Mrs. Humphrey entering the room, setting the turkey before Father Flynn and silently departing. Only, brilliantly and clearly, he saw his superior pick up the carving knife which the woman had laid next to his right hand. Its cutting edge gleamed and he could feel now the large muscles of his body pick up the spasmodic rhythms of his twitching hands, and now no clamping down,



no clenching inward, no ecstatic rigidity could keep the monstrous grief from bursting outward.

The two men did not notice the onset of the seizure until the moment that the aspiration, the strangulated prayers for help and for control, began to be audible. "Blessed be God, Blessed be God, Blessed be God," mumbled Father James. His pastor glanced at him sharply, and then in alarm, and as he did so the young priest stood up as though to flee, but he could not, and the words became louder and louder mounting to a despairing wail, finally a wordless cry, as the fit overcame him fully and he fell forward, heavily, to the ground. He lay rigid and silent now, oblivious to the frightened faces of the two men who leaned toward him in horror, their napkins clutched against their hearts.

After Hours

A SECOND-HAND bookstore yielded me an item recently called *Dress, As It Has Been, Is, and Will Be, Describing with Particularity Recent Innovations, and Forecasting the Tendency of Male Drapery From What We Know*. It was published in 1885, and its author, Isaac Walker, was the proprietor of a tailoring establishment at 275 Fifth Avenue. In the first chapter, which is called "Dressing, as a Fine Art, in the United States," the author makes this observation on factory-made clothes:

This barbarous prevalence of ready-made clothing will, however, pass away as years go on, as sham and shoddies disappear from our social life, and when that universal nuisance in art, the "patentee," is an obsolete factor. This tendency is already marked, for who is now seen wearing a paper collar—once the pride of the multitudinous clerk—the wood-pulp shirt-front, or the cork hat?

The fallacy of Mr. Walker's predictions sent me in search of an expert who might be able to give me some reliable information about the future of male drapery. I fetched up in the mahogany-paneled office of Mr. Leo Perper, the president of a chain of thirteen ready-made clothing stores. Mr. Perper's stores are all called Roger Kent, Inc., but he likes to think of them as "the poor man's Brooks Brothers."

Roger Kent, Inc. is not typical of most ready-made stores. It is, in fact, precisely what Mr. Walker would not have dreamed of in the eighties—a ready-made store for men of rather conservative taste who would have been quick to eschew the cork hat and the wood-pulp shirt-front. Roger Kent has a standard price of \$55 for all suits, whether they are business suits or tuxedos or tails, and the same applies to overcoats, whether they are Chesterfields, or ulsters, or opera cloaks.

Having noticed a window-full of finery—tail coats, tuxedos, Chesterfields, and opera

cloaks—on my way to his office, I asked Mr. Perper if there was a trend toward more formality in men's clothes. "That's a fairly interesting question," Mr. Perper allowed. "The middle ground is disappearing—not entirely, of course—and we are traveling toward the extremes—well, not really the extremes."

Mr. Perper is a rather short man, in fact a "thirty-nine short," in his middle fifties, and he wears dark-rimmed glasses. He had on a gray suit of a rather subdued check, a cream-colored shirt, and a modestly figured challis necktie. "There is a greater appreciation of the awareness of style," he said. "Men want subdued colors and patterns in a three-button, softly-constructed garment. The 'Judge' is the mainstay of our business."

The Judge, which I presume Mr. Perper had on, is a close approximation of the standard Brooks Brothers suit—three buttons, sloping shoulders, softly-constructed, and no pleats in the trousers. "We do not underestimate the taste of the man in the street," Mr. Perper said. "We copy the expensive tailors conscientiously. That is our philosophy."

I felt that I had got rather a long way from the trend toward formality, so I tried again by asking if opera cloaks really sold these days. Mr. Perper assured me that they do. Men buy them to wear to the opera and the ballet, especially the Sadlers Wells ballet, which, Mr. Perper explained, brought forth very dressed-up audiences. "Just after the war there was a very negligee attitude toward attire," he said, "but in the past eight months clothes have become more formal."

As for sports clothes, tweed jackets are getting away from loud patterns, but as an institution Mr. Perper thinks they are here to stay. White dinner jackets are in "terrific demand" by those going south or on cruises. I wanted to ask him what he thought of the current neckties that appear to be sired by peacock feathers out of rainbows, but he is

not a haberdasher and wears quiet ties himself, and so I let it go.

Mr. Perper's conservative estimate of the number of Roger Kent customers is two hundred thousand, and while that does not make a trend, it does represent one of the extremes to which the "middle ground" is giving way. New York, Mr. Perper says, is a very conservative town when it comes to men's wear, and that is all right with him. He considers himself a pioneer in high fashion and a bulwark against bad taste.

In fact "taste" is his primary concern—next, that is, to seeing that his business makes money. He is a great ballet fancier, art taster, and theater-goer, and was as eager to talk about the arts as about clothes. In the show windows of his Rockefeller Center store he puts on exhibitions, sometimes photographs, sometimes paintings, sometimes costumes. He had a count made while one of his shows (photographs by Carl Van Vechten) was on, and three hundred thousand people stopped to have a look. Mr. Perper is impressed by the general improvement in taste.

"Good taste is not a matter of money and should not be the privilege of the few," he said, and he cited the attendance at the Van Gogh exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum to demonstrate how much public taste had improved in the past ten years. I was reminded of another passage that caught my eye in Mr. Walker's book on men's fashions: "Who will say that the American gentleman of the period since 1865 is not one of much more culture in matters of art than he of ante-bellum days?"

Pick your bellum.

American Landscape II

WITH the temerarious proposal put forward under this heading last month—that the American tourist may someday alter his countryside for the better, leaving a deeper mark on the desert than his footprints—a promise was included to return to the subject of Motel and Cinder Block Civilization. This culture, though perhaps inferior to that of the Mound Builders in basket-weaving and the design of pottery, is technologically highly advanced. It depends for its existence on the automobile and thus it follows the highways. Cinder block culture

is where the tourist lives; his choice of accommodations—food, fuel, and feather-bedding—is the economic lever which conceivably could lift its standards, for in few other areas of spending is the choice of one product so agonizingly balanced against another.

"How about that place?"

"I don't know—it looked pretty seedy."

"Well, you were going fast enough—"

Conversation in this vein is universal, and the endless discussion of the mechanics of travel is a major occupation of touring families. Billboards may shout in the path, handbooks of time-tested counsel may cram the glove compartment, but the eventual screech of compressed brake-linings and scattered gravel will follow only upon the unanimous agreement that this one, really, doesn't look as bad as the rest.

Thus the importance for the merchant in travelers' conveniences of how his establishment appears from the road. Thus Mr. Howard Johnson's inspired use of the discovery that few tourists care to experiment, that the Georgian style signifies class, and that orange can be seen from a greater distance than any other color. The oil companies had learned the lesson before him—providing, in the rigid conventions of gas station design, a proof of the power of architecture—but the surprising thing is that so few have followed suit. Mr. Johnson's chain of overgrown colonial juke-boxes, each topped by the familiar cupola, is concentrated in the East and has few imitators even there, though its success should have convinced anyone but an English novelist that the one sure way of attracting attention, in the luxuriant disorder of American architecture, is to conform to a recognizable pattern.

The current source of this paradox is the cinder block, an architectural gadget which in the past two decades has come to dominate the province of temporary shack-building where balloon-framed wood was once supreme. Whatever they may look like from the outside, today most motels, garages, road houses, or suburban stores are cinder block on the inside, a fact of considerable importance in planning their size and shape. A business man about to build who decides that he wants so many hundred feet of floor space, with a door large enough for two trucks or a waitress with a wide tray, does not need an architect. He

can go directly to a contractor, a man who has built hundreds of these boxes or he would not be in business. There are few of the possible combinations of standard door frames and window casements with cinder-block walls that the contractor hasn't seen—or doesn't think he's seen—and the needs of the customer will have pinned down the only other variable, the size of the box to be built. From there on, the originality of the building will consist only in the means employed to make the cinder block look like something else.

The number of these surfaces, or of the advertising runes and charms which also serve to break up their monotony, is astonishing—stone of all kinds, colored stones embedded in stucco, plain stucco or paint of a hundred colors, mostly cream. Brick veneer and white woodwork will make the contractor's basic box look mildly Georgian; glass brick and rounded corners will make it look moderne. If only the elaborate neon confections which often surmount the box were considered, as they should be, as answers to aesthetic as well as commercial needs, we would better understand how intolerable a bare, functional building is to the eye of the middle-of-the-road American. The wide-open eye of the foreign visitor, on the look-out for quaintness, sees all this surface strangeness as equally strange, and so he goes home to comment on the drab similarity of American towns and villages. The native eye, staggered by neon and asphalt-shingle diversity to the point of numbness, notices only that each box is the same cube with the same holes in it, and so the native stays home with much the same impression. What eludes both observers is that cinder block, by being everywhere available in identical sizes and shapes, has had the two-fold effect of encouraging diversity of ornament at the same time that it has encouraged—almost made permanent—the nullification of plan.

Out in the American flat spaces, where cinder block is coming into its own, the idea of "plan"—that is, of interior spaces organized to create architectural delight—has never loomed very large. But the craving to attract customers in a roadside economy has introduced a new aesthetic motive. The institution of the motel is bringing architecture back to the highway.

In the first place, the motel is compelled as

its best advertisement to offer an appetizing total effect to the passing motorist. Second, it must provide for a number of simple functions—ease of arrival and departure, parking of cars, privacy of guests but convergence of plumbing—in combinations which have never been made before. Third, it offers the architect a chance to compose a small, individual "dwelling space" on a scale that is commercially feasible—and the more like a dream-house he can make it, the better business will be. Most motels, even the newest, are still cinder-block boxes in a row, but already there is a noticeable tendency to line them up at an angle to the road, a minor development but one that is architectural in the best sense and a good omen for the future. It is also noticeable that the *very* best motels (the handsomest one I know is entwined in an oak grove in Christiansburg, Virginia) have been the work of professional architects. Alexander Girard of Detroit, who directed the exhibit "For Modern Living" held last autumn at that city's museum, has designed a motel for northern Michigan which, even though it is unfinished, is already filled up for several seasons in advance. It is, he says, "just a box," but it will not have to be lit up like a Christmas tree to show its originality.

Most motels have regional—or, when in doubt—Indian names. The problem, from an aesthetic and commercial point of view combined, is one of inexpensive elegance in attachment to the locality; and, on the same trip west which set off these generalizations last month, I found myself gawking unreservedly at both the old and new work of the architect who has done the most to solve it. It was news to me, though I'm afraid it shouldn't have been, that Frank Lloyd Wright's recent buildings include many that are far from expensive and show what can be done even with the most standard of standard concrete blocks. Mr. Wright is much more at home in the age of the automobile than you might think, and I am sure that the impulse to name a motel "El Hopi" is one that he, as a confirmed regionalist, would appreciate. At least, though I plan to add more about Mr. Wright next month, it is not too much to hope at this moment that some one will get him to design a motel before all the good corner lots are taken.

—Mr. Harper

The Swivel Chair

The swivel chair is a less honorable pedestal than the easy chair. The Romans called the occupant of the swivel chair Janus. He was the god of many starts. John Bunyan called him Mr. Facing-Both-Ways, "a rich kinsman in the town of fair speech."

A swivel chair can only be used at a desk — not the desk of consistent application either. For the man in the swivel chair can have his back to no wall and his face to no goal. He revolves on his own axis from visitor to chart to phone to morning letter. It is an orbit without progress.

When the room goes silent under the impact of a single unspoken thought, it is the policy of inexperience to speak the thought. It is also the policy of this column: — we are all wondering if the swivel chair is not at least a softer seat than the so-called easy chair. The phone is ringing; our broad corporate back is turned, like a steam shovel disgoring into a truck.

The telephone clicks off. Now, as we were saying, the trouble with the book industry is that books are generally about something or other. That is a fact not always realized by those who make, sell, review or buy them. The world is misled by their general uniformity of appearance to putting the sheep and the wolf into the same cage. There is no reason why a man who wants a book about Man-of-War should go to the same store as the man who wants a life of Keats. Either may properly be ashamed to be seen in the other's company. It is as if the New York Times devoted a supplement to everything that could be sold in a cardboard box — "The Sunday Box Review Section"! When we speak of the world of letters, who asks what the letters spell? Consider, for instance, the stupidity of the publishers' advertising. Take this ad, for example. Under some such heading as

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The art of the copywriter is more than most arts an art founded on frustration. When a reviewer takes the words of praise from his mouth, he feels a sense of jealousy. What is there left for him to say now? When that reviewer is writing for the trade in advance of publication, the salt is really in the wound. To have to quote as we now do from a prepublication comment on our most recently published book is frustration frustrated:

As congressman, senator, Secretary of War and Secretary of State, Calhoun fought in the political arena to sustain the life he loved, the life which is interwoven throughout the story of his public life — in his marriage, in his relations with his children, in his beloved home at Fort

Hill, in Pendleton, South Carolina. Almost unaided, he averted war by compromise in 1833; and again in successive years, until — at his death — he knew it inevitable. A superb segment of history in the making; an impressive portrait of a great man.

The book is **John C. Calhoun** by **Margaret L. Coit** (\$5.00).

Every publisher makes a New Year's resolution. It is to the effect that he will not let the good books of the last year be lost in the new fury of the new year. That resolution generally gets the average treatment for resolutions as the year progresses. Yet we discussed in the space last year one book which must not be forgotten merely because a page was torn from a calendar. It is **The Country of the Blind** by **George S. Counts** and **Nucia Lodge** (\$4.00). It is mostly translation, from Russian newspapers and periodicals. It is what the Russians tell the Russians. It is final proof of policy and it is policy in the making. It is a trip to Russia that every American can take. It isn't all caviar and vodka by any means. It is a grave book, but not wholly a pessimistic one. It is part of the battle for the world — a battle which still can be won before it is fought if men can take the trouble to understand the issues and the combatants.

On December ninth, as the fiscal year lay dying and the selling year lay dead, we published a book by an author not widely known in America, **Little Boy Lost** by **Marghanita Laski** (\$2.75). It required a frantic reprinting within two days of publication and despite its last minute start must have ornamented about ten thousand Christmas trees. It is the story of the search for a war-born child in convalescent Europe by a father who has never seen the son who has lived through the first six years of life unsheltered by parental care, ignorant of his parents and his name. Such a child is a defenseless, puzzled creature in desperate need, and also a judge unsoftened by the habit of love. As the story develops, we are not sure whether it is the father or the son who is lost.

And now finally a book of short stories for the knowing palate. Geographically, these stories mark our national boundaries. Emotionally, they take us from the pure joy and pain of childhood to the subtle balances of maturity. The book is **The Women on the Wall** by **Wallace Stegner** (\$2.75).

This is an advertisement. No pole directs the Swivel Chair. It turns idly on the hope of gain. We write with motives as mixed as a martini. And who are we to mention the martini in the Swivel Chair? Last month, the author of the Easy Chair while discussing the martini found a name for the copy-writer of the Swivel Chair — for those who sadly mix vermouth with whisky. He said we are fit only for green corn liquor.

This seat is harder than we thought and tight to boot. And so in haste we accept the name suggested and proudly sign ourselves

The White Mule

NEW BOOKS

Higher and Lower Learning

Richard H. Rovere

THE DEBATE over American education grows more spirited by the month. The neo-Thomists are finding support in so many places outside their own ranks that soon we shall need a new term—semi-neo-Thomist, perhaps. Two powerful, articulate recruits are Mortimer Smith, whose *And Madly Teach* (Henry Regnery Company, \$2) is a crisp, biting study of the public-school system ninety years after Horace Mann, and Gustav E. Mueller, whose *Education Limited* (University of Oklahoma Press, \$2.75) commits assault and battery on the philosophical underpinnings of American education, public and private, higher and lower. Smith is a Connecticut writer and parent of no declared orthodoxy, religious or political, who got a close look at public education when he served a term on a local school board. This unnerving experience drove Mortimer Smith straight into the waiting arms of Mortimer Adler. Mueller is a Swiss philosopher and “humanist” (Webster’s *New International* gives “humanist” as a synonym for “instrumentalist,” which Mueller is emphatically not) who has been teaching at the University of Oklahoma for a good many years. He goes to work on American education with such thoroughness and such dialectical skill that the reader begins to suspect that he is in the presence of an intellectual Houdini. Mueller demonstrates how our system is perfectly set up for the mass production of morons, philistines, and moral idiots. The trouble is he demonstrates this too well and leaves himself nothing with which to explain

how it happens that now and then, here and there, a man manages to escape from an American university with a fairly decent education.

Verve and vigor are predominantly on the side of the neo-Thomists and their allies. This is naturally the case, for they are the mountain people fighting for mastery of the plains. If anyone doubts that John Dewey and his followers occupy, as of today, the seats of real power, let him consider the fact that the Deweyites now spend much of their time deploring the excesses and absurdities of their own followers. This is always the task of the conqueror. In *The Education of Free Men* (Farrar, Straus, \$5), Horace M. Kallen, a true believer, says that we still have a long way to go in “restoring culture to vocation,” and vice versa, but his concern with advancing instrumentalism is very nearly equaled by his concern with defending it against instrumentalists. He pours contempt on “the make-work ceremonialism which attends the teaching of teachers,” and he says that “the discourses heard in teachers’ colleges” are often stuffed with “bunk and hokum.” Much of the paraphernalia of modern pedagogy is about as “relevant to teaching as numerology to bookkeeping.” In other words, there is plenty of superstition in the new enlightenment. Kallen also thinks that a great many of the textbooks written by his and Dewey’s followers are downright silly, in view of which “it is small wonder that . . . the land is spotted with ‘reading clinics’ where the child is examined for everything except the ir-

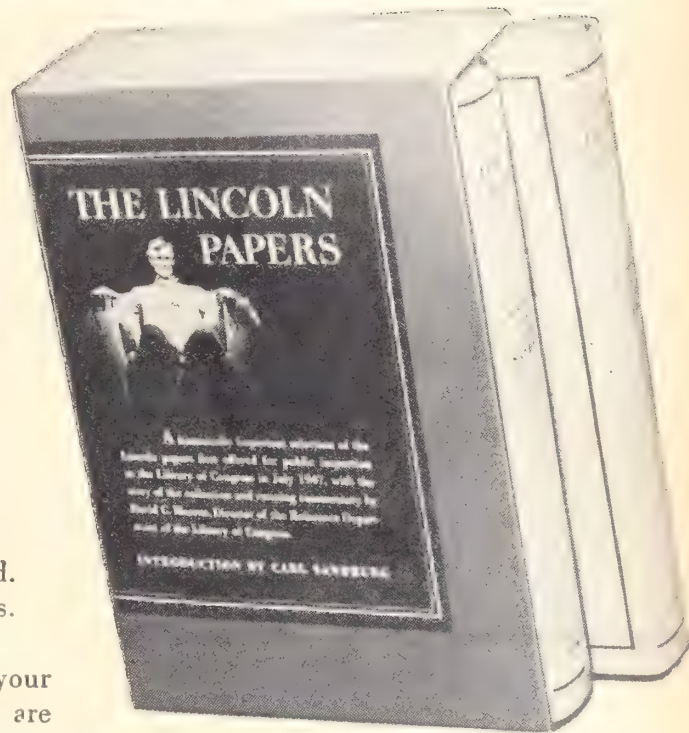
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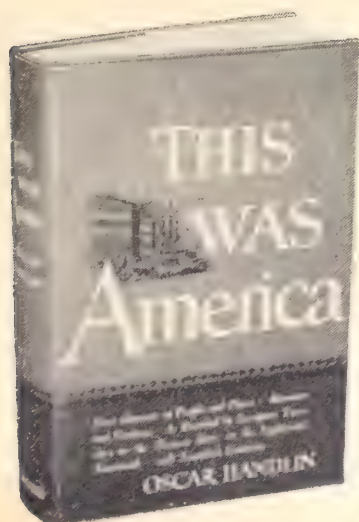
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relevancy of what he is expected to read." Amen.

Kallen is a shrewd and learned spokesman for the Deweyites, and *The Education of Free Men* is probably just about as informed and sophisticated a statement of the essential articles of their faith as anything their enormous literature contains. If the opposition addressed its criticisms to Kallen rather than to the second- and third-rate figures in the movement, the educational ruckuses would be, philosophically at any rate, on a much higher level than they normally are. Reading Kallen along with, say, the late Albert Jay Nock's crotchety classic, *The Theory of Education in the United States* (Henry Regnery Company, \$2.25), reissued now seventeen years after original publication, it is plain that Nock got his most withering effects by picking on the worst rather than the best thinkers in the modern school. Kallen, a modern of the moderns, wouldn't be caught dead defending university courses in retail shoe merchandising or graduate schools of hotel management. He knows as well as Nock or as anyone at Chicago or St. John's that the mission of education is to humanize and civilize, but he thinks that in a democratic, industrialized society the diffusion of learning among the masses must take precedence over the refinement of learning in the exceptionally gifted. The job of refinement is the only one Nock cared a hoot about. He believed that about ninety-eight per cent of the race was ineducable and hence no problem for educators. His book doesn't go very deeply into the question of what happens when we entrust ourselves to a majority but let it shift for itself in the world of ideas.

KALLEN'S book offers wisdom where Nock's does not, but this is not to say that it leaves no openings at all. I think it leaves several. "Restoring culture to vocation" is a noble ideal, but there is some question as to whether it is one that the schools can fulfill. If we were doing as good a job with culture as we are with vocation, no one would have much to complain about, but what we have in this country today, as Mortimer Smith points out, is a great many superbly trained people and a terrible dearth of educated people. Perhaps the schools could just "restore culture" before trying to restore it to vocation. Kallen, of course, would say that this is impossible, and he may be essen-

tially right in talking about "the purely artificial boundaries between learning and living." But the truth is that life is full of artificial boundaries, and not all of them are bad. There are no boundaries at all inside the human body, but it has seemed advisable for medicine to set up some artificial ones. One man for kidneys and another for teeth will probably continue to be a pretty good arrangement.

Certain artificial boundaries serve no useful purpose, and Kallen, it seems to me, draws one of these every time he writes, as he does time and again in this book, about "the education of free men for a free society." What is the difference between this kind of education and just plain education? Throughout Deweyite literature, one encounters this assumption that culture is not in itself a civilizing and liberating force but some kind of inert and neutral element that has to be reshaped and recharged by properly trained pedagogues in order to make it serve the ends of a free society. Finally, there is Kallen's alarming statement of "the American Idea that being a citizen is not less a vocation for every man than being a machinist or a carpenter or a doctor or a farmer or a clergyman are vocations [sic] for any man." When did this become "the American Idea"? It is certainly an idea that would have scandalized Jefferson. Membership in a free society may be a privilege that is worth, in war and crisis, the time and sacrifice of the individual member, but if it requires that the individual citizen make a career of watching over his freedom, then he will have no time in which to practice it. It seems likely that if we raised a generation which regarded citizenship as its vocation, the forty-hour-week citizens would very shortly meddle the country into totalitarianism. I think it perhaps a defensible proposition that a bad law now and then or a plundering of the public till may be a fair price to pay for the precious right to give ourselves over to purely private and personal pursuits—for the right, that is, to indifference. The great art is to be aroused in time.

The critics of the Deweyan regime can score off Kallen, one of its major prophets, at a number of points, and they can also advance sound reasons for directing their fire at the lesser prophets. To a certain extent we have to hold philosophers responsible for what their followers do in their names, and pragmatists, of all philosophers, should not resent

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this. The world today deals with Marxists, not with Marx; with Freudians, not with Freud. It isn't wholly unfair to judge an idea by the perversions and misapplications to which it lends itself. In education, we deal, as suffering parents and citizens, not with Dr. Dewey or Dr. Kallen but with teachers trained under their influence and with Kallen's "fatuous tribe" of administrators who, in almost every village school across the country, are busily applying and misapplying Deweyan theory to our children. Just how fatuous the tribe can be is made distressingly clear in Mortimer Smith's *And Madly Teach*. Smith had evidently thought that as a school-board member he would play a sort of advisory role in the great enterprise of developing the critical and moral faculties of the young. He soon found that this was the last thing most people in the public-school system were interested in and that most educators hadn't developed these faculties in themselves. The first thing they were interested in was getting more money. Smith doesn't begrudge the schools more money, but he thinks that more money paid out to the same people isn't going to solve any real problems. "Your modern educator is anti-intellectual and anti-cultural," he writes from experience. "Engage [him] in conversation, and the subject of education will rarely be mentioned unless you introduce it."

And Madly Teach is not a report on Smith's personal adventures among educators but an examination of modern educational theory and practice which those adventures led him to undertake. He watched the system at work; read its theoretical literature, including a priceless document on "the science of occupationalogy" put out by the Connecticut Department of Education and telling how this science had possibilities that "stagger the imagination"; and he plunged valiantly into the trade journals. After money, Smith reports, the crucial issues in the up-to-date school system are noiseless inkwells, classroom ventilation, paper towels, and bus schedules. A lot of attention is also paid to courses in consumer problems, "safe living," automobile driving, personal hygiene, and that monstrous

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miscellany that is generally known as "social studies." Originally Smith bore no special hostility to the Deweyan injunction to educate "the whole child," and he thinks that through obedience to it some very fine things have been done, particularly in teaching the three R's on the lower levels. But he also thinks that it has become a cover for a number of pedagogical sins, mostly of omission, because it licenses the schools to work on the easy educational tasks, such as automobile driving, to the neglect of the really tough job of building solid muscle in the mind and spirit, which Smith thinks is the business to which public education must be recalled.

IT is hard to find any middle ground in the debate over education. A common-sense amendment to the Deweyan injunction might be the two commandments recommended by Alfred North Whitehead in his recently reprinted *The Aims of Education and Other Essays* (New American Library, 35¢): "Do not teach too many subjects' and again, 'What you teach, teach thoroughly.'" But nothing quite so simple appeals to the educational reformers. We are asked either to go with Kallen into a world of full-time citizenship or to accompany Nock and Mueller in their flight from modernism back to some stage of the past which they happen to find congenial. I find one course just about as unsatisfactory as the other. Nock, Mueller, and Smith want us to know and cherish the best thought of the past, which they say is timeless, but they appear to think that the best thought of the past can be made available only by adopting the educational methods of the past. There is no necessary connection between the two, and there may, indeed, be considerable hostility. Both Ralph Waldo Emerson and higher education in the New England of his day are much admired by the anti-Deweyans, who forget that Emerson and Harvard didn't exactly admire each other. Oxford and Cambridge in the eighteenth century are regarded as models, but, as Perry Miller points out in his essay on education in *Years of the Modern* (Longmans, Green, \$3.50), a generally rewarding symposium on American life at pres-

ent, "The intellectual history of Britain in this era is a dynamic chapter, but it can be told with barely a mention of the colleges. Intelligence flowered in coffee houses and taverns, in salons, and on Grub Street. The universities in all conscience served a useful function and they also turned surplus sons into dull curates. But the life of the mind was something else. It required in the nineteenth century a reform imposed by a Royal Commission to turn the currents of discovery once more into the universities." One reason why the new is so contemptuous of the old is that the old was often so contemptuous of the new. In his mellow, rambling *Education of a Humanist* (Harvard, \$5), Albert Guérard, who labors mightily to get at his own definition of "humanist," says of his own classical schooling that "I was taught, in the nineties, to admire Victor de Laprade, . . . who almost deserved to be a French Longfellow, while the names of Baudelaire and Rimbaud were not even whispered."

The more one reads in educational philosophy, the more one is persuaded that, fundamentally, no such thing exists. There is no philosophy of education, there is only philosophy. Each man's views on a proper schooling turn out to be an extension of his view on a proper existence. In this sense, the boundaries between living and learning are wholly artificial. Those who wish us to go back to an older way of education really want us to go back to an older way of life. The character of each society's educational system is pretty rigidly determined by the society's needs and values. "In every culture," Kallen writes, "the task of education is to realize the ideal of manhood it cherishes." The task is generally well performed. Education, as Mueller says, "is the enabling act whereby society secures the support of the oncoming generation for its own purposes." This means, in practical terms, that it makes little sense to talk about changes in the educational system unless the ground has already been prepared by a corresponding change in values outside the schools. The Deweyites may or may not be confused in their thinking about vocation or culture, but

NEW BOOKS

whether they are or not, the confusion is present in the American mind. As long as the majority of high-school students and their parents think, as a survey quoted by Smith shows, that the primary aim of education is How to Earn a Living, exactly that long will the system reflect the confusion.

IT MAY be that we will soon see some of that confusion cleared up. In *The Market for College Graduates* (Harvard, \$4), Seymour E. Harris, a Harvard economist, predicts that in ten years or so we in this country will be training more men and women for the professions than the professions can possibly absorb. Although, with the economy expanding and with machines breeding machines all about us, the openings for college graduates will increase, they won't increase nearly as fast as the bachelors, the masters, and the doctors. Harris thinks that by 1968 there will be two college graduates for every job requiring one. If there is a depression by then, or if women make notable advances in the meanwhile, the situation will be far worse. Anyway, the day is coming when the Higher Learning will be cheap as dirt and the Lower Learning will be relatively scarce and thus enhanced in value. The big money will go to the grammar-school graduates. The eight to ten thousand dollars it now costs to send an offspring to college will fix the youth in a tax bracket far below that of the hod-carrier and will buy him, unless he is a young man of exceptional character, a raging discontent.

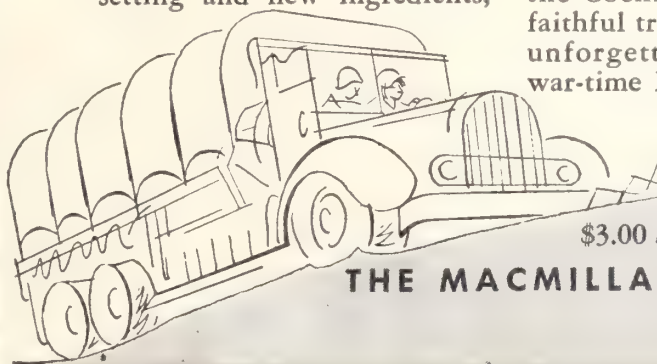
Dry, concise, noncommittal, laden with charts and graphs, unrelievedly quantitative in its approach, Harris's book is straight market analysis. Indeed, it is so straight a piece of market analysis that it is, in a sense, pure satire. It is one sustained metaphor in which the college graduate—the legatee of art and philosophy and science—is treated as a commodity. In it, the marketability of learning, or of learning's insignia, is subjected to statistical analysis in precisely the same fashion in which economists report on the market prospects for truck tires, washing machines, or hardwood flooring. But the book is an immensely important

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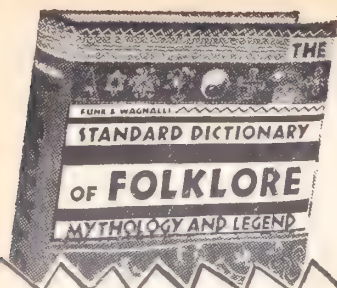
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

one, more important, perhaps, and more revolutionary than any of the recent books on educational theory, for it announces the closing of a frontier. For a couple of generations now, the chief rewards for the young man going West have been educational. From now on, if Harris is right, they will be the chief rewards in the colleges, too.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Parasites, by Daphne du Maurier. The three parasites are the three children (two bastard, one legitimate) of a talented English singer and his beautiful dancer-wife, who are at the top of their careers just after the first world war. As the children grow up they are always set apart, first by the nomadic and romantic life the stage thrusts upon them, and later by their own talents and idiosyncrasies. For the rest of their lives, as we see them, their relations with each other are so important that happy or responsible relations with anyone else become virtually impossible. Yet the study of the three and how they work out their separate destinies to inevitable conclusions, and the pictures of theater life in the first decades of the century are admirably drawn. There is little of the suspense and none of the satisfying resolution of *Rebecca* here, but the subject matter, the dramatic narrative, the characterization, the bright and brittle dialogue make one feel a little as if one had spent a long session in the theater with Noel Coward—Noel Coward not at his best, but constantly amusing and often thought-provoking nonetheless. Good entertainment in that school of "sophisticated" British manners. (Incidentally, there's a new gimmick. You can get your copy in rose, gray, green, or gold jacket. Whether you like the inside or not, your *décor* won't suffer.)

Macmillan, \$3

Little Boy Lost, by Marghanita Laski. This is the story of an English father's postwar search for his

son, born in Paris just before the fall of France, and lost when his mother is killed by the Gestapo. It is an exciting, touching, and plausible tale through the first two-thirds of the book. Then, suddenly, in the end of the section called "Ordeal," it's as if the father, Hilary Wainwright, becomes another person, acting under pressure of motivations the reader is in no way prepared to expect or accept. This destroys the total effect of the novel, though there remains a fine story with a final page that raises the temperature to the top of the thermometer, and makes bells start ringing all over the place.

Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75

The Women on the Wall, by Wallace Stegner. The title story of this collection appeared, as readers will remember, in this magazine and was selected as one of the best American short stories of 1947. "Beyond the Glass Mountain," also included in this volume, appeared in *Harper's* in 1948 and was not only chosen by Martha Foley as one of the best of 1948, but also won second prize in the O. Henry awards of that year. All in all, *Harper's* is happy to have published four of the eighteen stories in this distinguished collection.

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Non-Fiction

Christina Rossetti, A Portrait with Background, by Marya Zaturenska. A persistent melancholy seems necessarily to pervade any biography of Christina Rossetti. Her life was so ingrown, so circumscribed, in its small, if sometimes brilliant circle, so self-deprived of any pleasures except her poetry. The poetess who renounced love for religion never found any tranquillity in her religion either, and her torment of spirit has to be recorded by any conscientious biographer. But it makes for dreary reading in spite of the luminous moments of poetry. Miss Zaturenska has done a commendable job of summing up in a small space the complicated lives and talents of the pre-Raphaelite group so dominated by the wild and irresponsible charm of Christina's adored brother, Dante Gabriel. But the author is at her best when she lends her own sense of poetry (Miss Zaturenska won

UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

BOOKS IN BRIEF

the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1938) to a critical understanding of Christina Rossetti's. Comparing Miss Rossetti's sonnet sequence, *Monna Innominata*, to Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets From the Portuguese*, she says: "In Mrs. Browning we seem to hear and see a woman declaiming under a midday sun where there is neither shadow nor shelter from too much heat and light, a heat that is too golden and a light that is too crude. But as we enter the Petrarchan portals of the *Monna Innominata* sonnets, we are startled by the delicate modulated lights and shades, the nuances of a subtle and moving art." And in an excellent chapter on Christina Rossetti's devotional writings, which Miss Zaturenska feels have been too much neglected, she compares her, in her "profound simplicity and orthodoxy," to George Herbert—an admirable comparison, though with the difference that "beside Christina's faith that of George Herbert seems cheerful and vigorous." . . . A discerning, and most readable biography of a lonely and tortured spirit. Macmillan, \$4

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, by Oswald Doughty.

In a more exhaustive biography, Mr. Doughty covers in a matter-of-fact but no less interesting fashion much the same ground that Miss Zaturenska suggests in hers. Obviously the emphasis is different, for where Christina's life needed mention of her brother on nearly every page, the reverse is anything but true. Dante Gabriel's participation in worldly pleasures was as passionate and unbalanced as Christina's withdrawal from them. Here, then, are many more personal relationships and much more difficult ones (though hardly less odd), and a much larger creative output. Mr. Doughty does careful justice to it all, with many paintings, drawings, and photographs to illustrate—something that seems almost essential in any study of this group and that one misses in the book on Christina in spite of Miss Zaturenska's excellent word pictures. Reading the two biographies, one after the other, gives one in an interesting cross-ruff experience all the average reader will ever need to know about the Rossettis and their period. Yale, \$10

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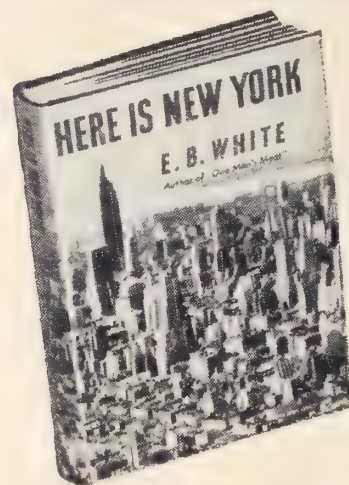
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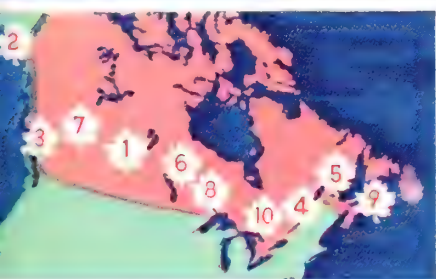
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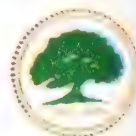


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in next month's

Harper's

MAGAZINE

WITH elections coming up this fall, many thoughts are turning wistfully to the Republicans' chances. Would the party be better off if it became a frankly conservative party? Definitely not, says **Herbert Agar** in the April issue. His advice on "How to Elect a Republican" is based on a shrewd glance back into American history, plus an honest look ahead at the issues confronting the country; and he has considerably more to offer the Republican policy-makers than a supine acceptance of "me-too-ism." If you want to go on to lay your own election wagers, there's also an article by **Louis H. Bean**, one of the very few experts who predicted Truman's re-election, which analyzes the factors to be considered in making an accurate election forecast, with particular reference to the situation this year.

ASERIES of forces, both man-made and natural, have combined to threaten part of California with a titanic catastrophe compared to which the San Francisco disaster will seem trifling. Very little has been said about it, although many scientists acknowledge its likelihood. In a startling and chilling article, **Alfred M. Cooper**, a development engineer, describes what this looming cataclysm is, and what is bringing it about.

ASURPRISE contribution is "Two Boys on a Mountain," a boyhood reminiscence with as exciting a story of mountain-climbing in it as we remember seeing, by Justice **William O. Douglas**; **Marshall Stearns** discusses the phenomenon of "Bebop, Rebop, and Bop"; and there's a portrait of "Marquand of Newburyport" by **Granville Hicks**. Also in April we hope to present the first of a two-part feature on Hollywood today by **John Houseman**, who wound up the subject of Broadway show business so successfully for us last September.

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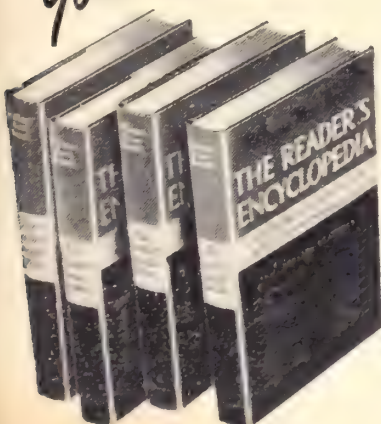
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Personal & Otherwise

WE HAVE come a long way, we think, from the naïve days of Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman—who thought that a human being's first duty to God and his fellow men was to do full justice to himself.

Nowadays we think we know better; and we go around goading ourselves to be just to everybody else instead. Each of us agrees, fundamentally, with Thoreau that we don't want people doing good to us all over the place; but we can't quite believe that anyone else feels that way about it. What's worse, we have a guilty feeling whenever we catch ourselves wishing we weren't so crowded with obligations to understand everyone else's point of view, and had a little room to try to understand our own. It's almost impossible these days to have a clear conscience while minding your own business. Our virtue must be somebody else's reward.

Because it was easy to misunderstand the rigorous ethical implications of Emerson's and Whitman's individualism, and because a good many pious hypocrites sheltered themselves under the Emersonian cloak, conscientious citizens went in whole-hog for doing unto others as they wanted to be done by. The only trouble is that if you do unto others, full-time, there's no time for thinking about how you'd like others to do unto you. The first thing you know, times have changed and men's needs and wants have changed, and you haven't been aware of it because you're so busy trying to do unto them what once seemed like a good idea. Hence the paternalism of big business, hence communism, and hence all the political programs and social

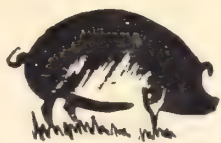
services which are going to make you happy and be damned to you.

FORTUNATELY there are signs that we may be coming to the end of the age of intemperate benevolence. One of the pleasantest signs P & O has seen is *Joseph Wood Krutch's* essay "Whom Do We Picket Tonight?" (p. 66). What Mr. Krutch has to say will warm the hearts of many who wish it weren't immoral to get a low score on *Time's* "News Quiz." But best of all, it seems to P & O, is Mr. Krutch's unashamed use of the personal essay as his vehicle. That's a sign worth noting, for the personal essay died the moment the age of full-time benevolence began. It is a form of literature that is inevitably scorned as self-indulgent by those who are bent on understanding everything except themselves. A short time ago there wasn't a successful publisher in business who would call a piece an essay even if that is what it was. The word was taboo.

Most of Mr. Krutch's writing, for that matter, has been critical and biographical, as he noted in response to P & O's request for background material on the present essay. But, he continued,

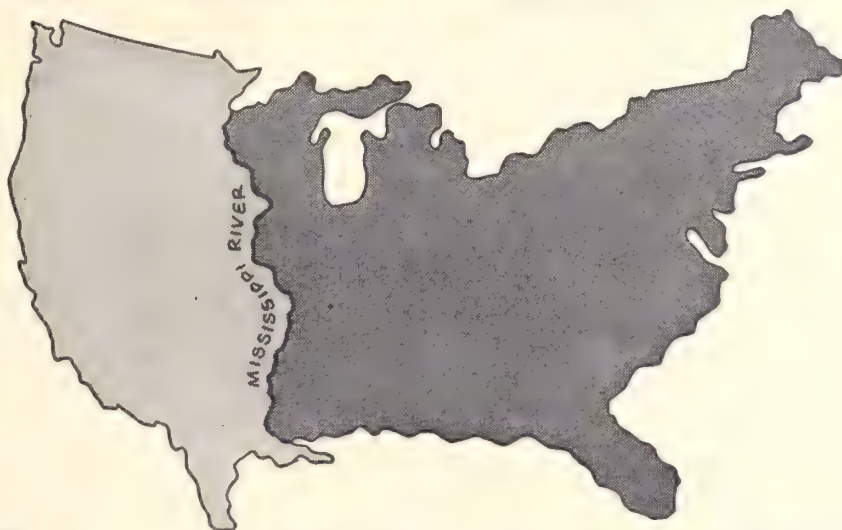
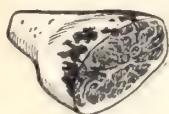
I really get more fun out of what I suppose you have to call the personal essay. In fact I resent and deplore the fact that impersonal reporting and the marshaling of facts has come to be almost the only kind of non-fiction writing for which there is a ready market. . . . It seems to me that the world is becoming more and more dehumanized and that the tendency to consider all problems in impersonal terms means solutions which can be satis-

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States west of the Mississippi account for 62% of our livestock production. States east of the Mississippi, 38%. (Source: U. S. D. A. figures for 1948.)

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factory only to a depersonalized population. That's my defense of an essay like the present one which registers a human and personal protest. I wish we could hear from a few less experts and from a few more human beings.

It is more than a coincidence that Mr. Krutch's two most recent books have been *Thoreau* (in the American Men of Letters Series, 1948) and *The Twelve Seasons* (1949), one dealing with the great individualistic naturalist, the other dealing individualistically with nature. But Mr. Krutch is still probably best known as a drama critic and as Brander Matthews Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia. Though he works in New York city, he lives in the country (Connecticut). He plans to leave in June for a year in the American Southwest, where he hopes to write another book more or less in the manner of *The Twelve Seasons*, as well as "some mildly dissenting essays."

Nothing's Certain but Death and Texas

WHEN Bea Lillie was guest-star on Bing Crosby's program a couple of years ago she did a travelogue called "Inside U.S.A. from the Outside," based, as she put it, upon information gathered from American soldiers stationed in England during the war. ("Can't think of a better source," Bing tossed in from the sidelines.) Ken Carpenter led off with a burlesque of the familiar mumbo-jumbo: "Beatrice Productions presents . . .," including the slogan, "If it's a Beatrice Production, it's a Lillie." Then Bea, in her restrained soprano diction, told how the United States was divided into two sections, Texas and Brooklyn. "Brooklyn," she said, "is situated on the east coast of America. Texas is situated everywhere else."

To a good many Texans that presumably is a reasonably accurate description of the way things are, or should be, though they might—not altogether unreasonably—ask why Miss Lillie brought Brooklyn up. A good many of the rest of us, however, might well ask why she brought Texas up, if we didn't have grave doubts that Texas had ever really been brought up at all. For Texas is the Topsy of states. It began, like Vermont, independent of the rest of the country, and a genuine Texan still doesn't know what Walt

Whitman meant by referring to the Union as "Thou mother, with thy equal brood." The other states may be equal to one another, but at the bottom of his heart every Texan knows that all of them together aren't equal to Texas.

Yet one of the endearing things about our allies south of the Red River is that their jokes about Texas are funnier—and more devastating—than any outsider's. There's an old Texas saying that "nobody prophesies about Texas weather but newcomers and damn fools." And it's the Texans who invented the story about the fresh young lad who responded, when a native pulled that line on him, "You're right. Those are the only two kinds in the state."

THERE'S some doubt whether the fresh young lad was telling the precise truth. At all events, the author of "Everything's True About Texas" (p. 30) is *not* a newcomer to the state. *Stanley Walker* was born in Lampasas County of old Texas stock in 1898, went to the University of Texas, and began his career in journalism as a reporter on newspapers in Austin and Dallas. Since 1946 he has been living on a ranch he bought—in Lampasas County, back in the state where half a dozen counties are named after his kinsmen.

In the interim, from 1919 to 1945, he lived in the East, where he became one of the great newspapermen of his generation. From 1928 to 1935, as city editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, he assembled a remarkable staff, most of whom have since become famous in their own right as editors, authors, movie writers, producers, or political figures, and with most of whom Mr. Walker is "oddly," as he says, "still on good terms."

For the next ten years Mr. Walker worked on various newspapers and magazines, including the New York *Mirror* and the New York *American*, the *New Yorker*, and the Philadelphia Evening *Public Ledger* (of which he was editor). Off and on he has written many magazine articles and several books, including *The Night Club Era*, *City Editor*, and *Mrs. Astor's Horse*. In 1944 he wrote the campaign biography of Thomas E. Dewey, whom he had long supported. Dewey liked it, but complained, mildly, that Mr. Walker hadn't made him a very warm character. To

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which Mr. Walker replied simply, "Neither did God."

For word about *Bill Mauldin*, who made the pictures for "Everything's True About Texas," see his books, *Up Front*, *Back Home*, and *A Sort of Saga*. The saga is about his boyhood in New Mexico and Arizona in the twenties; it shows amply why Mr. Mauldin knows the Southwest. Viewing the matter here in New York, we think that the supplementary light thrown on Texas from the angle of its western neighboring state makes an interesting study. (But, of course, you know that Mr. Mauldin now lives in the New York area, so the angle is one from memory. He has been around considerably too since boyhood—studied at the Chicago Art Institute, entered the army in 1940 from the Arizona National Guard, and soldiered on various foreign fronts.)

Pleasant, Too, to Think on

Eighty years ago Susan Fenimore Cooper, the novelist's daughter, had an article in *Harper's* (August 1870) on "Female Suffrage." "If, which God forbid, it actually comes to female voting," she wrote, "a very small proportion of the sex will, at common elections, appear at the polls. Avocations more urgent, more natural to them, and in which they are more deeply interested, will keep them away. The degraded women will be there by the scores, as tools of the men, enjoying both the importance of the hour, the fun, and the pay. . . . Great will be the consumption of cheap ribbons, and laces, and artificial flowers, and feathers, and tinsel jewelry, in every town and village about election time, after emancipation is achieved."

Fortunately for the nation, Miss Cooper badly misjudged her sex, as it turned out. Women in politics have not been merely tools of men, by any means; nor has there been a bull market in ribbons and cheap jewelry around the polling places since women got the vote. But as *Agnes Rogers* says in this issue, women have still a long way to go, in politics as in many other fields which are now officially open to them, "before they realize completely the dreams and aspirations of the

early advocates of women's rights." Put bluntly, Miss Rogers' explanation of many women's failure to make use of their chances is that they're too confoundedly humble. Why this is so, and what women (and men) can do about it, is the subject of her article on "The Humble Female" (p. 53).

It has occurred to P & O that there is one reason for women's persistent humility which Miss Rogers might have added to her list—a reason which is a by-product of women's hard-won right to higher education. It's all very well for women to go to college, but they better stop majoring in English. More college women study literature than any other subject, and literature—as the most cursory glance will show you—is top-heavy with anti-feminist propaganda. Beginning with Chaucer, the student is assured that the feminine ideal is to be "so womanly, so benigne, and so meke." Shakespeare holds up for her admiration Portia, who assures her future husband that her spirit "commits itself to yours to be directed," and Milton justifies the ways of man to wife by insisting that

. . . nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household
good,
And good works in her husband to
promote.

So speak the big guns in literature's army, and the light artillery, and even some of the pop-guns, aim in the same direction. It's hard to see why so many college girls persist in placing themselves directly in the line of fire. Maybe Walt Whitman had a point when he asked whether the great poems of the past were not essentially at odds with American civilization and, by implication at least, "a denial and insult to democracy."

Miss Rogers, who in private life is Mrs. Frederick Lewis Allen, has had things to say about women before. Her book, *Women Are Here to Stay*, has been on or near the best-seller list for many months, and ten years ago she did a very interesting study of the products of higher education for women in *Vassar Women*. In addition to those books she has published a picture-history of invention, *From Man to Machine* (1941), a pictorial biography of *Abra-*



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ham Lincoln (1939), and a book about airplanes called *Flight* (1935). She and her husband collaborated in doing *The American Procession* (1933), *Metropolis* (1934), and *I Remember Distinctly* (1947). During the war Miss Rogers was assistant division chief in the OWI's News and Features Bureau, Overseas Branch. She is now an editor in the book department at the *Reader's Digest*.

Germany to Jets

...People who have been in Germany since the war exhibit to the rest of us a discomfort like that of the Ancient Mariner—they have a story to tell and they must burst if no one will listen. From our point of view, the problem is different: Our resistance to the crisis over Germany has developed into a kind of privately-installed iron curtain. Let them rave, we think—we'll go no more a-picketing tonight.

Then one morning we wake to find people talking of rearming the Germans. Before the strangeness of this notion wears off, we light out for counsel. For here is an issue which seems to crystallize all of the issues—shall we de-cartelize, de-militarize, de-nazify, atomize, unite, educate, indoctrinate? The German question becomes urgent: Shall we arm the erstwhile enemy?

In "Arms and the Germans, 1950" (p. 23), Brigadier General **Telford Taylor** brings to this subject a many-sided experience. He has been interested in problems of foreign affairs and politics since his college years and teaching of government and history at Williams College. Then, as an intelligence officer during the war, in England and on the Continent, he was preoccupied with the history, organization, order of battle, and tactics of the German Army, and the functioning of German government and society.

His legal training and practice also brought him eventually to Germany. A graduate of the Harvard Law School (1932), he held legal positions in the federal government, ending as general counsel with the Federal Communications Commission from 1940 to 1942. During the first Nuremberg trial, at which he served as deputy to Justice Robert H. Jackson, he was chiefly concerned

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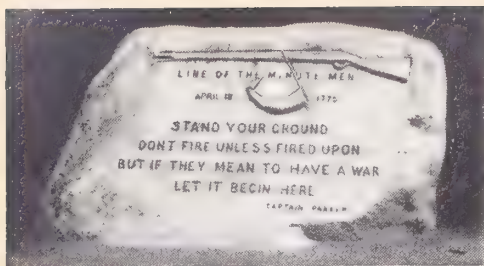
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P & O

outside the courtroom with facilitating interchange of information and co-operation between legal staffs of the various nations. Inside the courtroom, he concentrated upon the military side of the trial, and this (on top of his military intelligence experience during the war) resulted in his making something of a hobby of German military history.

Mr. Taylor was promoted to Brigadier General in April 1946 and still remains in the Officers Reserve Corps, but since August 15, 1949, he has held no official position. He comments, "It goes without saying that the views in my article are entirely personal and in no way purport to reflect those of the Pentagon or the State Department, or any other government agency." He is now practicing law in New York City.

●●●Our last story by *Peter De Vries* was called "We Don't Know" (April 1949) and concerned, among other matters, a professor of ornithology who was obsessed with the unknown. But his question about how the sooty tern parks on the unbroken ocean (one of the things we don't know) is surpassed in mystery this month by the vaster obscurities of psychosomatic medicine opened up in "Part of the Family Picture" (p. 37). If you don't find the story funny, we suggest that you just take it seriously and let it go at that. Or, if you find you can't let it go at that, perhaps you had better take it around to your psychoanalyst at your next appointment. Beyond that, we just don't know.

Mr. De Vries and his wife used to help edit *Poetry* magazine in Chicago. He is now a member of the editorial staff of the *New Yorker*; he has written three novels, and he has three children. His newest child, a daughter, arrived last November; for the occasion Mr. De Vries presented his wife with the following greeting:

This may be a poor time to grouse
With such a remarkable spouse
But now you've a little
More room in your middle
There's none left at all in the house.

He writes occasional poetry, perforce frequently, he tells us, as occasions in a household of five are ever-recurring.



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HARPER & BROTHERS

N. Y. 16

P & O

...James Rorty's contributions to *Harper's* prove him a triple-threat artist. He has written much on the subject of food and nutrition (see "All the Food That's Fit to Eat," August 1945, and "The Thin Rats Bury the Fat Rats," May 1949); he has sketched for us one of the last of the Bible-thumping preachers of the South (see "J. Harold Smith and the Dogs of Sin," August 1949); he has sent us some delightful poems, one of which ("Night Hawks over Bronxville") won first prize in the Poetry Awards contest for magazine verse in 1949. He is the author of *Tomorrow's Food* (with Dr. Philip Norman) and other books on economics and nutrition, as well as a volume of poetry, *Children of the Sun*.

Bread used to be a product whose skillful creation could raise a woman in her own eyes and those of her fellows, but since mother has been let out of the kitchen, all standards have collapsed. Now we have the machine age, the sliced and spotless sealed-in white sponge on the grocer's shelf, and the Humble Female. Indeed everything has gone helter-skelter now that mother doesn't bake any more, and it's time for James Rorty to draw up to his typewriter and set things straight. "Bread, and the Stuff We Eat" (p. 42) shows the author in his frequent role of nutrition expert and public reformer.

The visual aspects of the subject were presented for this issue by **Sam Norkin**, caricaturist for the New York *Herald Tribune*, *Life*, and other publications. He studied at the Metropolitan Art School and the New York School of Fine and Industrial Art, wrote and drew for camp newspapers during his three years in the Army, and is at present doing some experimental painting.

...Albert L. Warner, author of "The Chaos of Congress" (p. 60), is a newsman of long experience. A graduate of Amherst, where he had been editor of the *Student*, Mr. Warner landed his first professional newspaper job with the *New York Times* as a reporter assigned to Al Smith's presidential campaign. Since 1930 he has been a Washington correspondent, first as a bureau chief of the New York *Herald Tribune* and later as a radio commentator, with

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writer's digest

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

time out for wartime service as a colonel on the General Staff, dealing with information policy and with the Army Hour's weekly reports of overseas operations. He is now with the American Broadcasting System.

The web and pace of the spider and snail have been chosen by **Robert Osborn** to depict our Model-T Congress.

•••**Santha Rama Rau** ("Hitchhiking with the Yellow Fish," p. 69) is someone whom Miss Rogers would undoubtedly be glad to congratulate for her refusal to slump into the comfortable back seat of the Humble Female. The daughter of the present governor of the Reserve Bank of India and former Indian Ambassador to the United States might conceivably find herself a luxurious back seat ready for slumping, but Miss Rama Rau inherits and embodies another tradition.

She told in her book, *Home to India* (1945), that her grandmother had been brought up in the "joint-family system" which a half-century ago dominated the social life of Hindus. A young bride knew how to cook, sew, clean, bring up children, keep the accounts of the household. Her grandmother, who was betrothed at nine and lived thereafter in the mother-in-law's home, learned to read and write along with her nieces and nephews after she was married. Miss Rama Rau's mother, however, went to school and to a women's college; by the time she was twenty-five, she earned a living by lecturing in English literature in a Madras college and was the first Kashmiri girl to marry outside her community.

Santha Rama Rau's community embraces both the Western world of Europe and America and the Eastern world of Asia. She was born in Madras but, because her father's diplomatic appointments for the government of India took him abroad, she was educated in England, spent long vacations on the European continent, and in 1939 joined her parents in South Africa. Back to India she went at the age of sixteen and there met consciously for the first time the tradition into which she had been born. From 1941 to 1945 she lived in the United States, received her A.B. at Wellesley, and

worked in vacations for the OWI.

During a stay in Japan in 1947, when her father had just been appointed India's first Ambassador to Japan, she got a job teaching English in a girls' school and later, in China, she worked with Mme. Sun Yat-sen on her Welfare Committee. In America the next year, she helped her father set up quarters for the Indian Embassy in Washington. The trip of which she writes in "Hitchhiking with the Yellow Fish" took place on her long-way-round return to India in 1948-9, which included several months in Indochina.

Harper's published the first version of *Home to India* (September 1944); the Yellow Fish will take their place in the new book which Miss Rama Rau is now writing in India.

The illustrations for "Hitchhiking with the Yellow Fish" are the work of **Taro Yashima**, author of *The New Sun* and *Horizon is Calling*. Before the war he was jailed in his native Japan for his anti-militarist ideas, but he and his wife escaped to this country. He served with the OWI here and in the Pacific. He is a painter and has drawn for *Harper's* before (March 1949).

•••**Albert Douglas** not only gives us "The British Jet Transports" (p. 80) but sums up prospects for a delayed entry into the field by American aviation. It makes us feel ill-at-ease to discover that we are not in at the start on a new practical development in transportation—and particularly to find ourselves outdistanced by the British, whose Proud Tradition, as described in our January issue by John Fischer, "is to keep on selling the good old product, made on the old machines and displayed in the old packages, to the old customers at the old price (or a little higher) until the crack of doom."

To our credit, let it be said, however—or to Mr. Douglas's credit—we aren't blinking at the facts.

After graduation from Harvard in 1942, Mr. Douglas was a torpedo pilot with the Naval Air Corps. Back home after the war, he was reassigned as a transport pilot. He has worked for the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Journal of Commerce*, writing aviation copy. He is now studying law.

P & O

...“The Two Brothers” (p. 88) introduces us to a deeper strain in the work of *V. S. Pritchett* than we have found in other stories by the literary editor of the London *New Statesman and Nation*. The war referred to in this story is that old first world war and the setting—so reminiscent of the blasted heath in “King Lear”—must be some remote and perennially anti-English part of the British Isles. The English carry this country of alienation within them always, their own private realm of escape. For us Americans the patience and order of the English people in their tight little island is almost inconceivable; so, for all its madness (one kind turning to outward brutality, the other to self-destruction), the romanticism of “The Two Brothers” appeals mightily to readers in this western province of the Atlantic community.

Arthur Shilstone, who made the drawings for “The Two Brothers,” had a fourteen-month tour of England and the continent a few years ago, when the war and the Army Engineers required his services.

Three Poems

“Florentine Afternoons” (p. 36) is a remembrance of a visit to Italy by *Katherine Garrison Chapin*. She is the author of three books of poems and of a play, “Sojourner Truth,” which was produced in New York by the American Negro Theater in 1948.

Mark Van Doren, whose new poem, “Death Went Away,” appears on p. 41, won the Pulitzer Prize for his *Collected Poems* in 1939. He is professor of English at Columbia and a well known critic.

Peter Viereck, whose recent volume of verse, *Terror and Decorum*, won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry a year ago, is the author of “Birth of Song” (p. 86), which will appear in his forthcoming book, *Strike Through the Mask*, and is included under another title in Louis Untermeyer's most recent anthology of modern American poetry. Mr. Viereck has just returned from a half year in Rome, Constantinople, Athens, and Finland, where he went on a Guggenheim Fellowship. The bracketed headnote under the title of “Birth of Song” was supplied by Mr. Viereck in answer to a question by the editors of *Harper's*.



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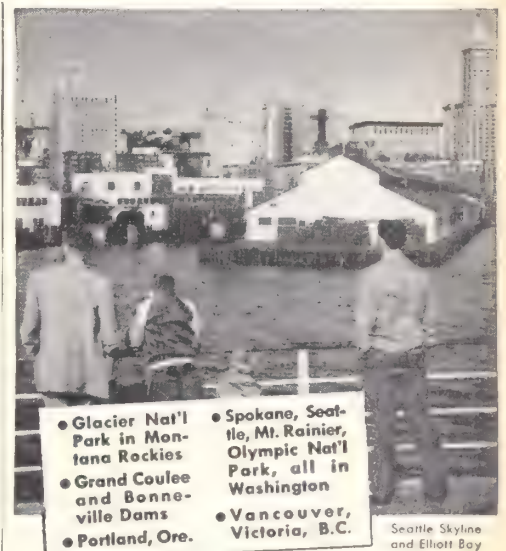
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LETTERS

Situation Normal—

To the Editors:

The January 1950 number of *Harper's Magazine* will probably rank among the best magazines ever published. . . .

ROSS M. BACON
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Current issue is the worst yet. . . .

MORRIS HORTON
Farmersville, Tex.

Worlds in Collision—

To the Editors:

I believe that fairness requires that no judgment be pronounced on my forthcoming book by people who have not read it. If, however, there are scholars who analyze and reject *Worlds in Collision* without having seen it, then please do not refuse to print their letters, so that everyone may know who they are. Then they will stand before the public as scholars who write before they read.

IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY
New York, N. Y.

The letters which follow include many from readers, some of them scientists and teachers of science, who do not hesitate to denounce the Velikovsky theory on the basis of the article by Eric Larrabee in our January number. We repeat the suggestion that prejudgment should not be attempted before "a careful study of the entire book, to say nothing of the volumes still to come."

To the Editors:

The lead article in this month's *Harper's* [January], "The Day the Sun Stood Still" by Eric Larrabee, naturally catches the eye of an anthropologist. . . . I am sorry to report that *Harper's* "has been had." From the article it is clear that Dr. Velikovsky lacks even the most rudimentary competence in anthropology. . . . An event supposedly occurring about 1500 B.C., for example, is supported by traditions from the Choctaw, Aztec, and Maya Indians which cannot possibly reflect historical events any earlier than some 3000, 2000, and 1000 years, respectively, after the date in question. All the cited "evidence" is of the same order of unreliability. . . .

GEORGE P. MURDOCK
New Haven, Conn.

To the Editors:

. . . I am sure you will suffer from this atrocious lack of good judgment. What you have done is to insult every sound scientist in this country, not to mention the readers of better insight than those who may be responsible for the article.

I am thoroughly disgusted.

The comment on this article will not be pleasant when it comes from the scientist.

Clifton Fadiman thinks—Who cares what he thinks? What do the men of science think?

I repeat I am disgusted.

JOSEPH H. STEPHENS
Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors:

I am puzzled how "The Day the Sun Stood Still" comes to be the

leading article in the January issue. Internal evidence shows it ridiculous: cosmic synthesis of carbohydrates, curious mixture of gravitational and magnetic fields, and psychoanalysis of world history, must each of them amaze the specialists. . . .

R. H. STETSON
Oberlin, Ohio

To the Editors:

. . . Publication of this article constitutes a serious disservice to the cause of science, history, and religion. By citing scriptural authority in a pseudo-scientific fashion, the author may well reopen the old warfare between science and theology. . . .

DONALD H. MENZEL
Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editors:

. . . Why does Mr. Larrabee think that "we" count days from sunrise? I always count them from midnight, and so do you.

JOHN W. WILLIS
Alexandria, Va.

To the Editors:

. . . *Harper's*, which is supposed to be a serious and responsible journal, has presented a farrago of pseudo-science as a straight scientific article. . . . Because of this, all the fact articles in all issues of *Harper's* are suspect. If you really read Larrabee's piece, it becomes obvious that there is not a single piece of data in it. It is surmise, conjecture, opinion, guess-work—in short, a new myth built out of the old myths, guess carefully laid on guess, to build a superstructure as flimsy as a straw hat but made respectable by an outer

LETTERS

wrapping of scientific jargon. Believe me, Sir, this sort of thing has no relationship to science. Science means measuring, weighing, calculating to the tenth decimal place. . . . Where are Velikovsky's data? What were his experiments? What are his variables, his controls? I do not doubt that a competent astronomer could rip 75 per cent of Velikovsky's material to shreds in half a dozen pages of calculations if he wished to. . . . It can neither be proved nor disproved. It is a matter for speculation only. . . . But you really should leave science fiction to the pulps—they do it much better. . . .

A. H. LYBECK
Elizabeth, N. J.

To the Editors:

The *Sun* stood still;
So they sold it.

O. E. A.
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

. . . Since Galilei's day, physicists and astronomers have relied upon the "low cunning" of mathematics and a vulgar knack of handling mechanical contraptions in their efforts to understand the world about them. . . . And what are the fruits of their labors? Dull tracts, indecipherable tomes: bloodless descriptions of events that no one cares about, in a language no one cares to read.

Now *Harper's* has shown us what science *might have been* had it followed the lead of men like Dr. Velikovsky. It would have been built not upon the quicksand of measurement but upon the rock of comparative mythology; constructed not with the rusty spoon, mathematics, but with the machine tool, Biblical exegesis; it would have reached not to the starry sky of ordinary experience but to the heaven of untrammelled speculation. Instead of atomic energy it would have given us a simple way of turning lead into gold. . . .

DAVID LAYZER
Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editors:

. . . I suspect that in findings in the future, such as Dr. Velikovsky now presents, the ancients may turn out to be quite bright and our age

assume its rightful perspective; a large concentration upon little things.

THOMAS M. OSBORNE II
Cambridge, Mass.

Flanders Conserves—

To the Editors:

Your January 1950 article on Senator Flanders by C. Hartley Grattan is followed by "How to Save Lives in Traffic" by Bruce Bliven.

Your readers and Mr. Bliven might well be interested in what Senator Flanders himself had to say about how to save lives in traffic. The *Boston Post* of February 6, 1946, quotes him as saying in an address before the New England Section of the Society of Automotive Engineers in Boston:

The modern automobile violates the rules of our safety. The driver can't see, or at least he can see only a small part of what he ought to see. The hood and fenders obstruct his view. Rear vision, not so important, is limited.

How often has anyone risen in his seat to see what is going on directly in front of the hood, only to find his vision cut off by the top edge of the windshield? Children run over, collisions at hilltops and other accidents all because the present-day automobile is dangerously constructed!

Some drastic methods should be taken to turn the design of motor cars into safety. That high hood with the empty space directly under it must go, no matter what we are trained to think the automobile ought to look like.

Better yet, the engine should be in the rear and the driver's seat moved up front.

There is no Interstate Commerce Commission to insist on this change. It ought to be brought about without legislation, but if legislation is necessary, some means should be found of making it effective.

It is well to bear in mind that no education can teach youth or age to see road conditions which the opaque sheet steel of the car body prevents him from seeing or knowing. To prevent automobile accidents the first and foremost need is to have cars which operators can see to drive safely.

ARTHUR W. STEVENS, President
Automobile Safety Association
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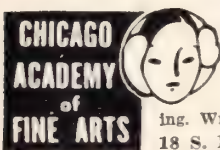
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Harper's MAGAZINE

Arms and the Germans, 1950

Telford Taylor

A FEW weeks ago, a letter came to me from a wartime associate and friend, now a prominent attorney in a large Eastern city, and formerly a staff colonel in Air intelligence. His appraisal of the current European military picture must be gauged as that of an exceptionally intelligent and well-informed citizen. He wrote:

The only conceivable threat to the peace of the world within the foreseeable future is Russia. No nation can be a serious threat to world peace without atomic weapons, and the Germans will certainly not have any such weapons so long as we maintain a proper degree of control. . . .

In the event of war, Russia must be held on the Rhine or the Elbe, otherwise all of Western Europe will fall. . . . I believe we have to take the slight risk which may be involved in restoring German economy and in providing a certain number of German infantry divisions. Of course, they should be given no air power and no atomic weapons.

By illuminating coincidence, I had just been reading a memorandum written in July 1922 by the Chief of the German Army High Command, Lieutenant General Hans von Seeckt. A seemingly prostrate and politically unstable Germany had recently concluded the Treaty of Rapallo with the Soviet Union, and the astute Seeckt—master mind of Mackensen's victory over the Russians at Gorlice and guardian of the German military tradition during the lean post-Versailles years—counseled the Reich Chancellor, Josef Wirth:

The connection Germany has formed with Russia represents the first . . . increment in power that we have achieved since the conclusion of the peace. . . . Poland is the heart of the Eastern problem. Poland's existence is intolerable. . . . For Russia, Poland is even more intolerable than she is for us; no Russian government can abide the existence of Poland. . . .

The attainment of this goal [the disappearance of Poland] must be one of the fundamental drives of German policy. For

Mr. Taylor was an Army intelligence officer in the war and served as deputy to Justice Robert H. Jackson at Nuremberg. He is a brigadier general in the Officers Reserve Corps but holds no official position.

it is attainable, by means of Russia and with the help of Russia. . . .

If war should eventuate—and today it already seems tangibly close—it will not be the task of leading statesmen among us to keep Germany out of the conflict, for that will be either vain or suicidal, but to throw our weight as strongly as possible on the right side.

By portentous coincidence, a few weeks ago a photograph of Seeckt adorned a page in *Newsweek* devoted to the various arguments in favor of rearming the Germans. These arguments were said to emanate from “extremely important levels of opinion . . . who have direct access to highly secret sources of international information.” The magazine’s readers were not informed, however, that the picture was taken on Seeckt’s seventieth birthday in 1936, and that von Blomberg, the first field marshal of the Third Reich’s mushrooming Wehrmacht, was standing a few feet away (as other pictures taken at the same moment show). Three years later, “with the help of Russia,” the “intolerable” existence of Poland came to an abrupt end. The Poles of 1950 may well ponder Seeckt’s words, and eye narrowly both the nascent army of Pieckistan and the new Russian-anointed commander-in-chief of the Polish Army, Marshal Rokossovsky.

Seeckt labored in the days of raccoon coats and hip flasks. He was a shadowy figure, and so little known in America that one cannot even say he has been forgotten. My friend who wants both “a certain number of German infantry divisions” and “a proper degree of control” in Germany has little reason to remember Seeckt, and *Newsweek* was misled rather than enlightened by peering into its morgue. Both the letter and the magazine reflect the view—currently flourishing under the hothouse cultivation of news correspondents and commentators “fed” from high official sources—that political “realism” dictates permitting a “severely limited” German rearmament. Five to ten infantry divisions are commonly proposed, and my friend’s stipulation that they be given “no air power and no atomic weapons” is bettered by those who would forbid them any general staff, deprive them of tanks and “key weapons,” or even, like *Newsweek’s* anonymous sages, arm them with “obsolete weapons” but allow them “to

salute and march again” so that, of all things, they can “be integrated into the West.” *Quel beau spectacle, ces allemands qui saluent et marchent!*

THERE are several remarkable features about this recent spate of proposals that just a few German divisions be allowed to resume goose-stepping for the greater safety of democracy in Europe. Not the least curious is the timing. The wave of publicity started building up in mid-November, barely forty-eight hours after Secretary Acheson’s sensational appearances at Bonn and Berlin, and was in full roll ten days later, when the terms of the Bonn Accord were made public. Under this agreement, for which Acheson’s visit had paved the way, the Western Allied High Commissioners agreed to the substantial abandonment of dismantling, in return for Bonn’s declaration of willingness to participate in the International Ruhr Authority, and of “its earnest determination to maintain the demilitarization of the federal territory, and to endeavor by all means in its power to prevent the recreation of armed forces of any kind.” As of this writing, the main hazard to the success of Bonn’s “endeavor” is to be found here in America. Much has been made of Germany’s new status as an “ally” with whom we now “negotiate,” but it was indeed a bewildering bargain to trade off dismantling in return for a commitment of continued demilitarization which, it clearly appears, some of our top officials do not value and do not want to see fulfilled.

From a military standpoint, too, these proposals bear the marks of origin in a strange never-never land. What kind of a German army is this to be that has no general staff, no tanks, and no airplanes? Whom will these semi-paralyzed five or seven or ten infantry divisions fight? Here, indeed, is a classic illustration of that mental disease which George Orwell has so expressively dubbed “double-think.” These preposterous limitations are born of the effort to conceive a German army which will impress the Russians but will not alarm the French. The conception is an impossible one; such an army—mighty when marching east but feeble when marching west—does not and never will exist.

The anomalous and unreal quality of these proposals suggests that their proponents have

not clearly envisaged the mission which the reborn Wehrmacht would be expected to accomplish. And, indeed, two different ideas, indistinctly formulated but quite distinct from each other, are here at work. There are those who, like my letter-writing friend, are rightly impressed by the enormous disparity between the large number of Soviet divisions and the pitifully few presently available in Western Europe, and who, in their alarm, are ready to clutch at what seem to be the only readily available reinforcements. But there has been ample basis for anxiety on this score since the beginning of the East-West split. Why, then, is it just during the last few months that the campaign for German rearmament has been opened? The explanation is that only recently has the Russian project for the conversion of the East Zone's so-called "people's police" into a combat force begun to attract general public attention. And so once again the dismal fixation, that the only way to stop the Russians is to imitate them, has taken hold of certain official minds. If the Soviets are going to have an East Germany army, then we must have a Western edition, and if, in deference to French feelings, it must be so weak as to be useless against the Russian hordes, at least it will be able to cope with its opposite number in East Germany. Otherwise there will be a dangerous "power vacuum" in Western Germany.

II

SO RUNS the argument of what we may call the "cockfight" approach to the German problem. Its proponents envisage the time to be approaching when the Russians will, actually or ostensibly, withdraw their occupation forces from the Eastern Zone, and commit the local management of affairs to Pieck & Co., supported by the guns of the Eastern Zone "people's army." At that time, it is said, there will arise a popular German demand for Allied evacuation of the Western Zone. In order to avoid alienating the West Germans, we will be obliged to take our departure. If we do not establish a West German army, what is to prevent the Eastern Zone forces from marching in, under the banner of "*Einheit*," and Sovietizing all of Germany? To forestall such a catastrophe, we must allow the Bonn government an army of

modest dimensions, but strong enough to repel an invasion by the East Germans. Then, if the Soviets pursue this nefarious tactic, we can safely match their withdrawal by our own. Like cock-fanciers, Russia and the Western powers will then watch their respective roosters bluff or battle it out.

There are lots of things wrong with this picture, but perhaps the most glaring defect is the bland assumption that the Germans will furnish the birds and the pit for the spectacle. Surely there is grave reason to doubt that they would rush blindly into civil strife, the one side fighting for a communism which it fears and the other for a democracy which it does not understand. As long ago as November 1948, when the first reports of the East German militia were heard, General Franz Halder (Chief of the German General Staff from Munich to Stalingrad) publicly declared that he had "no reason to believe the [Eastern] militia, even if communist-inspired, would wage civil war against their brothers in the West." To doubt that we shall ever see this hypothetical cockfight come to pass, one need not go so far as Pastor Niemöller, who recently opined that "given the alternative of a continued split in Germany or the prospect of reuniting the country under a foreign dictatorship—even that of Russia—the Germans would prefer to take the risk of communism."

If this fratricidal pattern of events is an obviously improbable one, there are likewise fundamental flaws in the counsel that a Russian evacuation of Eastern Germany should necessarily be countered by our own. Conceivably, in the highly improbable event of a bona fide Russian withdrawal which really left Eastern Germany free to seek its own destiny, it would be wise for us to pull out our combat troops and gradually disband the constabulary, turning over its internal security responsibilities to the German police. Under these unlikely circumstances, the Russian evacuation might be an opportunity rather than a menace. But if, as is almost certain, the Russian retreat is not a real one, and Eastern Germany remains under Soviet domination and surveillance, its government supported and circumscribed by Russian arms and agents, then we would be foolish indeed to fall victim to such a transparent stratagem by treating it as a retreat instead of a feint.

For surely the withdrawal of American

troops from Germany would open up to the Russians opportunities beyond their wildest present imaginings, and this would be so whether or not we were to leave behind us a West German "army." For the Russians are not to be frightened by five or ten or even twenty German divisions. They are presently held in check by fear of war with the United States and our allies. Where they can go without fear of provoking us to war, they will go. It is plain, therefore, that for the protection of Western Germany against invasion from the East—whether by Russian troops or by Germans armed and prodded by Russians—one company of American troops on the zonal frontier is worth any number of German divisions. As long as American and British troops hold the line there will be no invasion of Western Germany until the Russians are ready for *Der Tag*. But the re-arming of West Germany would actually be an embarrassment to Allied troops on the Elbe and the borders of Thuringia and Bohemia for it would superficially make it appear unreasonable of us to insist on remaining.

The Germans know all this as well as we do; indeed, apparently much better. Unpopular as the Western occupying powers are among the Germans and despite the rising tide of nationalistic authoritarianism there, we can be sure that the demand for the withdrawal of the Allied forces from Western Germany would by no means be unanimous. The demand would emanate chiefly from the elements most hostile to democracy and those whom they are able to delude. The most strident voices would be those of the communists and of the reactionary relics of the officers' corps and the industrialists. It has been traditional in European politics for extreme right and left to work together, and the waxing amity of communism and neo-nazism in Germany and Eastern Europe is ample proof that the tradition is by no means dead. Against this unholy partnership we must resolutely set our face, for to give in would be at once a betrayal of friends and potential allies, and an act of pusillanimity which would do our cause irretrievable harm.

No doubt Russia's ostensible evacuation of Eastern Germany would cause us some headaches, and render some groups or parties even less amenable to our influence than they

already are. But to argue that for this reason we should withdraw entirely, and thus surrender the degree of control we presently possess, is to urge the ejection of the baby with the bath water. Far better to remain in Germany, with the grudging toleration of those Germans who are honestly opposed to dictatorship, than to observe impotently the unpredictable gropings of a politically unstable Germany, desperately striving to retrieve something of its lost power, and simultaneously tempted and threatened by the Russians.

III

THE notion that a small, primitively-armed West German combat force would be a useful counter to the projected East German "people's army" is, therefore, a chimera. But what of those who favor "limited" German rearmament for more fundamental and long-term reasons? Without some German divisions, there are just not enough troops in the west to hold the Russians, we are told by Field Marshal Montgomery and other distinguished men. Some of them, such as the editors of the London *Economist*, oppose the creation of a separate German national army, but favor "the inclusion of German man power in a European defense system in which the determination of policy" is to be "no longer in the hands of individual states but in a council of European defense." Others suggest the familiar limitations on numbers and equipment.

These sincere and well-intentioned proposals depend, I am convinced, on a profound misapprehension of the elements of German military power and of the true nature of the German military tradition. It is true that, ever since the days of Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, the German Army has been a mass army, and that large reserves of man power are an essential ingredient of German might. But China and India are both fabulously wealthy in man power, and yet are militarily impotent. It is the great prestige which the Germans have accorded to soldierly skill, and their scientific attainments, that have enabled Germany to triumph over her deficiency in natural resources, and have made her one of the great military nations. The outstanding elements of German power include:

(1) Technological ability and capital investment in the field of industrial chemistry and synthetics. These have enabled Germany to derive nitrogen from the air and thus to maintain the manufacture of explosives despite her lack of free access to natural nitrates such as those of Chile. Even more important, these skills have made Germany a leader in the production (from coal products) of the synthetic gasoline and rubber needed for air and mobile land warfare.

(2) The extensive coal and limited iron ore deposits of the Ruhr, and the gigantic heavy-industrial complex based thereon. From the Ruhr (and lesser industrial regions such as the Saar and Silesia) have come steel for machines, building, and transportation; coal products for the manufacture of synthetics; and guns, shells, and armor plate for the Wehrmacht.

(3) Shipyards and skill in the manufacture and use of naval craft, especially submarines. In the event of a war between Russia and the Western powers, these might be of particular value in the Baltic and the Scandinavian coastal waters.

(4) Other special aptitudes in military technology, including poison gas (I. G. Farben) and aircraft design (Focke-Wulf, Junkers, and others). At the end of the war, Germany led all other nations in the development of jet and rocket airplanes and missiles (such as the V-2).

(5) The professional competence and traditions of the German officers' corps, best exemplified in the training, ability, and devotion of the general staff officers. Some of the ranking field marshals and generals are superannuated, and many of the younger members were killed during the war. But General Halder has estimated that he could readily collect five hundred colleagues who "would jump at a chance to get back into uniform," and Halder himself, Guderian, and several other senior generals enjoy great prestige and hope to maintain the continuity of the corps.

Now it is clear that any serious program for the use of German military power must envisage that these critical elements of German strength will be brought into play. Conceivably, we might dispense with one or even two of them, and still create an effective fighting force, but eliminate any three—to say nothing of all—and the idea of a German

army becomes an empty figment. In short, to exploit German power one must recreate the Wehrmacht and its economic and industrial supports.

But it is equally clear that any such course of action involves reviving, as a potential ally, the same malignant combination of forces for the defeat of which we sacrificed millions of lives and billions of dollars and to the eradication of which the occupation of Germany is supposedly dedicated. Within the foreseeable future, the Wehrmacht can be called back to life only by those forces that originally created it—the Krupps, the Flicks, and other Ruhr steelmasters, the I. G. Farben wizards, the officers' corps, and the German susceptibility to military panoply and reverence for martial achievement. We would have to invoke the spirits that we are now sworn to exorcise.

THE political (and hence the military) impossibility of such a reckless twirling of the controls has caused the proponents of German rearmament to fall back on specious limitations and safeguards such as those espoused by the *Economist* and by General Clay, who has proposed "a composite force . . . composed of French armor and close-support aircraft, artillery from the Benelux countries, German infantry, and British navy and long-range bombers." The practical obstacles to proposals of this kind seem to me overwhelming. Naval and strategic air power ordinarily operate more or less autonomously, but in modern warfare the infantry, artillery, armor, and tactical air must work together as a team and on a split-second basis. To attempt parceling out these functions on a national footing would be to court certain disaster.

But even if the Germans are grouped in self-sufficient combat units under a European command, the difficulties and hazards are formidable and the potential advantages, at this time, very slight. German soldiers have fought well in the past, not because of any unique physiological or mental attributes, but because they were ably led and infused with devotion to the Fatherland or Hitler, and to Germany's national objectives. There is not the slightest reason to believe that they would fight well under foreign officers or in pursuit of goals which have no meaning to them. There is even less reason to think that German officers would enthusiastically dedi-

cate themselves to the defense of Western democracy. Rather, they will regard "limited rearmament" as an opportunity, foolishly presented to them by their recent enemies, to be exploited to the full for the rebirth of German power.

Furthermore, there is nothing substantial to be gained from the creation of a few German infantry divisions. Man power is not the immediate problem in the defense of Western Europe. At the outbreak of the first world war, the French alone put about as many divisions into the field as did the Germans. What is lacking in the Western countries is not men, but arms and equipment, and an economic basis strong enough to support a military establishment. It will increase, not lessen, these deficiencies to assume the burden of equipping and maintaining German troops.

For every gun that we put in the hands of a German infantryman is one gun lost to the French and the other Western democracies. And it is a gun which, when the chips are down, may well be pointed at us rather than at our assailants.

IN CONNECTION with the attitude that the West Zone Germans have taken toward this question, a word should be said concerning the numerous news reports that they themselves do not want to be rearmed. Historically, the German Social Democrats have often stood in opposition to the military, and no doubt this feeling has survived among the older adherents and in labor circles. With their cities hideously scarred and the horrors of war still fresh in memory, many Germans regard the idea of another conflict with utter loathing. But Chancellor Adenauer's denial of interest in rearmament has a coy lilt, and may serve chiefly to conceal certain ulterior purposes. His principal motive may be to insure that if and when Germany rearms, there will be a sovereign and independent German army—in other words, to write off in advance the very safeguard (international control of the German forces) on which General Clay and the *Economist* so heavily rely.

Perhaps there is another motive too. The possibilities for clandestine German rearmament are not so good in 1950 as they were in 1920, and in any event it would be a slow and difficult process if carried out against the

wishes of the Allies. American aid would be of great value, particularly in the early stages. With great shrewdness and foresight, accordingly, the leaders of Germany aim to create a situation and atmosphere in which her rearmament will not only be permitted, but will actually be effected *as a favor to us* and with our material assistance, and in a manner which will leave Germany the mistress of her own forces and not merely a contributing member of a Western European defense system.*

IF THE hopes which are today turning toward Germany as a future military ally seem highly extravagant, it is equally visionary to regard her demilitarization as a permanent state of affairs. As Hanson Baldwin has rightly reminded us, "The imposition of a state of military helplessness upon defeated nations never has been of any long-term duration in history as long as other nations have remained armed." In a world of cold wars, clashing ideologies, and nationalistic aspirations, the prospects for general disarmament appear remote. It is an era of cold-blooded *Realpolitik*, and even if we do not naïvely play midwife at the birth of a new Wehrmacht, sooner or later we will lose both the will and the right to require that Germany remain unarmed while other nations arm to the teeth.

All men die but no man wants to die today, and it is a false step to the conclusion that, because German rearmament may eventually come to pass, we should now cultivate as a fruit what we have hitherto treated as a germ. The Russian-totalitarian threat to the liberal

* As this article went to press, these inferences were abundantly confirmed by the revelation (by Drew Middleton in the *New York Times*, January 15 and 17, 1950) that Chancellor Adenauer has been examining a program for German rearmament in consultation with a group of former generals and staff officers, who call themselves the "*Bruderschaft*" (Brotherhood), led by General von Manteuffel. It is not yet clear whether this individual is Kurt, an obscure divisional commander, or his cousin, Hasso, who commanded the Fifth Panzer Army during the Battle of the Bulge and whose forces surrounded Bastogne; the von Manteuffels are an old family of military aristocrats, archetypical of the German officers' corps (an earlier von Manteuffel was a field marshal and chief of the Prussian military cabinet under Wilhelm I). The *Bruderschaft* has proposed to Adenauer a minimum program calling for one infantry division by June 1950 and an entire armored corps by 1951, and has specified that these forces "should be equipped entirely by the United States."

culture of Western Europe is focal, and we cannot afford to indulge in wishful thinking. Sanctuary by way of German rearmament is a mirage; its growing popularity resembles that of Superman—it is the refuge of those who seek escape from a problem to which there is no easy solution. We can beget and bring forth a German army if we so choose, but we cannot make it our ally by pre-natal postulate.

I have undertaken to test the value to us of German rearmament only in terms of policy vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, because that is the only context in which the proposal finds any support. I have yet to hear any serious suggestion that rearmament would be a good thing for the cause of political and social democracy in Germany. In this second frame of reference the enormous folly of the idea emerges from its bare statement. It is indeed the supreme irony that men will fight and die for golden ideals, and then in "peace" fail to sense, much less prevent, the betrayal of the very principles for which they heroically contended in "war." Only by abysmal forgetfulness and myopia can one regard as "realistic" the resurrection of German militarism, a force with which we have wrestled twice in living memory and which is the main obstacle to Germany's political stabilization. When we realize also that the harvest from this sowing of dragon's teeth is only too likely to turn against us once more, we can only echo James Warburg's desperate query, "How stupid can we be?"

It is, to be sure, increasingly fashionable in some official circles to assume that in the conduct of foreign affairs a straight line is *never* the shortest distance between two points, and that the only way to get north is to go south. But there are times when the energetic and direct pursuit of admittedly valid goals will serve us better than the pseudo-Machiavellianism of self-styled "realists." For, in the long view, German rearmament is merely one facet of the entire problem of German democratization. The political and social rehabilitation of Germany, together with the economic regeneration of

Europe, offer the best hope not only of "containing" Russia but of eventually freeing Western Europe from the freezing grip of totalitarianism. That is why it is such a tragedy that our programs for stimulating the development of democratic institutions and a peaceful world outlook in Germany have been so miserably neglected.

If we turn again to these sound policies, wisely laid down by Mr. Stimson (with the aid of Mr. McCloy) only a few years ago, there will be no reason for us to get the jitters from the saber-rattling of Russia's German puppets. And if the restoration of war-ravaged Europe is a tough job for us, the Russians have their own painful problems to face. Seeckt's analysis of 1922 is highly pertinent today; the more the Russians strengthen Eastern Germany, the more will Poland feel the pinching menace that has twice done her to death. Not only in Poland, but throughout the Baltic countries, Bohemia, the Balkans, and the Ukraine, the German name is still execrated. This is the enormous "border belt" where Russia's power is least firmly seated and where a pro-German policy will least enhance her popularity. Any large concessions to Germany wrung from Poland by Russia will send a wave of hate and fear throughout this vast and critical area, where Yugoslavia is already in open revolt.

We will, I believe, be well advised to let the Russians wriggle on the horns of this particular dilemma; it would be stupid for us to seek out an identical pair to jab into our own backsides. The German Social Democrats of 1920, such as Scheidemann and Grzesinski, failed in their efforts to "democratize" the 100,000-man Reichswehr, and the time is not yet ripe for a second try.

When England and France are able to arm themselves without straining their domestic economies to the breaking-point, when Western Europe can dispose a respectable number of well-equipped and trained divisions, and when the seeds of democracy in Germany show some signs of sprouting, then it may be time to consider the rearming of Germany.

Everything's True About Texas

Stanley Walker

Drawings by Bill Mauldin



ONE of the oldest Texas stories, dating back probably a hundred years, is of the early-day booster who wrote to an influential friend back East dilating upon the manifold beauties and wonders of the region, and closing with the observation: "All Texas needs is more water and a little better class of people." To which the friend replied, "Why, man, that's all hell needs."

Well, where are we now? The water table has been going down alarmingly in recent years in many parts of the state, and if the people of today are really any better than they were a hundred years ago, it is hard to prove. This sounds bad, and yet if the first Texas enthusiasts could see the state today—its general solvency, its great cities, its irrepressible booms in industry, oil, agriculture, and cattle—they would doubtless be appalled by the

modesty of their original opinions and predictions. A vast system of artificial lakes is solving the water problem; air conditioning and attic fans are making the summers almost bearable; people are reaching out avidly for the alleged Higher Things in Life. Culture marches on, with its inevitable accompaniment of dilettantism and gaucheries.

Much depends upon the eyes with which one sees Texas. One of the first genuinely civilized Texas champions was George Wilkins Kendall, founder of the New Orleans *Picayune*, a many-sided man who became enchanted by the hill country northwest of San Antonio and started a ranch there before the Civil War. To this place he brought fine wines from New Orleans, New York, and Paris; he imported high-priced Rambouillet sheep; he experimented with new crops—and

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he had a piano in his house. He married a lady in France and brought her to this rich and dappled land of heart's desire, and from San Antonio they drove out toward the Kendall ranch. It was a mizzling day, with a chilly wind; the roads were only trails, and the pastures lay brown and forbidding.

"Where," asked the bride at length, "is the Paradise of which you told me?"

"It is here, my dear," said poor Kendall, gesturing toward the hills. "This is it. It is all around us."

And Kendall was right. One of the bride's first upsetting adventures was finding a rattlesnake coiled around a French clock on the mantel. But she came to love this country, with its mingled harshness and beauty, very much as her husband loved it, and she lived to a great age, a highly honored pioneer and a thoroughgoing Texan.

It is hard to lie about Texas; likewise it is hard to tell the exact truth. The state's diversity and conglomerateness are more significant than its colossal size. To compare a mean, eroded farm in the East Texas piny woods, tenanted by dull and hopeless people, with a prosperous West Texas Hereford ranch (often with oil under it) is to compare different worlds. Yet both are Texas.

One evening last year I sat with a small group of illiterate, tobacco-chewing hillbillies, eating beans and fried sowbelly and listening to a fiddler sawing away inside a cabin; the next evening, dressed up, I was among the guests at an exceedingly sleek fashion cocktail party given by the eminent Dallas merchant, Mr. Stanley Marcus, where names like Dior and Jean-Paul Sartre and T. S. Eliot were tossed about by men and women whose grandfathers spoke familiarly of Davy Crockett and Sam Houston and Bigfoot Wallace.

The other day, on my little ranch, I was visited by an eminent Greek scholar, who is, on the side, a talented follower of the horse-racing charts and an erudite expert in theological argument; he had no sooner departed than I had another visitor—a towering ignoramus, almost wholly innocent of private virtues, who has made a hard living by cutting cedar, threshing pecans, picking turkeys, burning charcoal, digging postholes, and indulging in a little cautious petty thievery. Both men are Texans; neither is regarded as a freak.

II

ACQUAINTANCES from the East, accustomed to the flat, monotonous stretches of Texas generally seen from train windows, or in driving the main cross-country highway west, occasionally find their way to my place in Central Texas and are surprised to find that I live in a hilly, fairly well wooded area, near a rocky river that is sometimes frighteningly swift and deep.

The wonders of Texas, especially the cities which have thrust up their strikingly clean profiles in recent years, the spacious life on the big ranches, and the hell-for-leather, dynamic new-rich boys, have received much attention, particularly in the national picture magazines. And Texas, even at its worst, is highly photogenic.

As in most young and growing areas, Texans are almost pathetically pleased when their state attracts favorable notice, and recognition from Henry Luce they regard as high praise indeed. The newspapers, particularly in Dallas and Houston, appear to be going through a sort of adolescent, What-Do-You-Think-Of-Our-Skyline? period. Approbation from even a minor visiting big shot is good for at least a half-column; if the visitor goes on to predict that the Possibilities Are Unlimited, then he rates a column. One may smile at all this, and yet, it was only a generation or so ago, that the New York ship news reporters, meeting visiting notables down the bay, had the skyline uppermost in their minds.

The attention paid to rich Texans of the more unconventional type, however, does not always sit well with the more conservative Texans—and Texas, in spite of everything, is essentially conservative, well-mannered, quiet, and even cautious. Its native sons and daughters who raise hell when visiting in foreign parts, or who make spectacles of themselves by drinking too much publicly and brawling in their home towns, are by no means heroes. More than one such citizen, unaccustomed to wealth and suddenly wallowing in an income of prodigious size, has been puzzled to find that he was barred from his city's best clubs, and that the reticent, competent, hard-working, and well-behaved mass of his fellow business men has developed a distinctly chilly attitude toward him and all his works.

That able and canny Texan, Jesse H. Jones, father of the Houston skyline, has been known to take a drink and to play poker, all in the best Texan tradition, but never has he attracted attention to himself by any outlandish dido, and he is innocent of all the more flamboyant eccentricities. He even keeps his voice low.

Some of the others learn the lesson, though painfully. One of the more spectacular Texans, after years of getting a reputation as a showoff, tumbled to the truth when he saw a picture of himself in a New York newspaper—a picture showing him resplendent in a big white hat and a fatuous grin. He sent the paper another picture, showing him hatless, unsmiling, and bankerish-looking, and requested that it be regarded as his official picture in the future. After much trial and error he was finally getting wise to himself. Cock-eyed behavior is not really stylish in Texas.

Of course, Texans are not opposed to all

flavor. One of the most successful business leaders is of the type referred to by the *Dallas Morning News*, the best paper in the state, as "capable, rough-hewn, and forthright." I asked a reporter to translate this. He replied: "It means he has the brains of Machiavelli, the financial acumen of a Morgan, a heart like Man o' War's, and the manners of a river hog." But remember, this man behaves himself.

III

HERE is a plausible theory about Texas: It was always a pretty fine place, peopled with a wondrously mixed but generally desirable type of citizen. Its troubles, its occasional backwardness, its lack of culture, stemmed mostly from poverty. Forty, and even thirty years ago, the sledding was rough. Texans were hungry. I know well-to-do men and women who can remember when

they made less than \$1 a day picking cotton, and when they lived through a hard winter on parched corn and an occasional helping of salt pork. An old man in the lobby of the Gunter Hotel in San Antonio said to me: "The winter of 1893 was bad. My brother and I went up into the Indian Territory, stole four carloads of horses, and brought them back to Texas—and still, by God, we lost money." Today it is different. The state has its worries, but it is solvent, and booming. That is why it can afford new schools, fine roads, new state institutions, and ventures into all manner of artistic affairs.

In the hard days, demagogues flourished. The Populists and many other alleged friends of the downtrodden made a powerful impression on the people. The first native-born Governor of Texas, James Stephen Hogg, was a man of much ability, but he was a demagogue—one of those who became rich in oil.



"One of the bride's first upsetting adventures . . ."

In a later era Jim Ferguson, impeached as Governor, counted his strength in the forks of the creek, among the impoverished tenant farmers. The mood that produced the rabble-rousers has largely passed. When Dr. Homer P. Rainey, the deposed president of the University of Texas, ran for Governor in 1946, he made the grave psychological error of coining the slogan "Unshackle Texas." Texans don't like to be told they are shackled, even if there is a nugget of truth in the observation, and Rainey was defeated.

Likewise, in one generation, there has been a subtle change in the attitude of the voters toward what is called Big Business—meaning, for the most part, the oil companies. As a rule these companies have conducted themselves with admirable decorum. They have paid taxes which have gone to the support of vast public improvements; almost \$100,000,000 a year is collected by the state from oil alone. Moreover, oil money, often in the form of royalties, has trickled down to the people of virtually every one of the 254 counties of Texas. Now and then a radical, or "liberal," raises his voice, demanding that the big interests be taxed even more heavily than they are today, but somehow these demands make little impression.

It has not yet been found necessary to levy a state income tax. The idea itself is unpopular; to the Texan it is ridiculous to pay a federal income tax and then a state income tax—smacks somehow of double jeopardy. Last year I heard a cowhand in a Fort Worth hotel arguing about the state income tax; he opposed it. "Why do you feel so strongly about it?" he was asked. "It wouldn't hurt you much. You haven't any money."

"No," said the follower of the steers, "but this time next year, if I keep my health, I'm going to be rich."

ONE of the Hogg family's genuinely arresting ideas was that Texas-born brains should be kept in Texas for the building of the state, and this idea, in a very rough fashion, has worked out. I could name offhand at least twenty large Texas business institutions that were founded, or developed, by men who, however full of natural talent, had little or no formal education. These are businesses that, today, are run by men, in the main Texans, who are well edu-

cated, often technically trained, and who have been to Harvard, M.I.T., or Oxford. There are heads of enormous enterprises who began life as country boys in Texas and who now wear their Phi Beta Kappa keys, honestly earned. They can hold their own with the best that Wall Street offers, and they are at home in the most complex discussions of political theory and economics. It is not unusual for a Texas tycoon to have one or more blown-in-the-bottle Ph. D.'s as assistants.

It is a change—a change as significant, perhaps, as the decline in the wonderful art of beautiful old-fashioned oratory. As a very young man I listened and marveled at the golden phrases of such orators as Senator Joseph Weldon Bailey, Colonel R. E. L. Knight, Dr. J. O. McReynolds, William Hawley Atwell, Jack Beall, Jim Wilson, and many, many others. Atwell, now an aged federal judge, remarked only recently that the style of speaking to which he once was accustomed, and at which he excelled, had gone out of date. "Just give us the facts, old boy, and state your case simply," is the rule today.

Dr. Eugene C. Barker, head of the history department of the University of Texas, recently referred to an early-day Texas statesman as "a first-rate second-rate man." Without being meant in any way unkindly, the description would seem to fit the great majority of the men who really run Texas, including the big industrialists and the more important politicians. There are few authentic titans in the lot, but there are a great many well-informed, level-headed, thoroughly honorable men. Whatever progress the state makes, in almost any field one can name, will be more of their doing than the result of any spontaneous or subsidized flowering of painting, sculpture, music, or literature. None of these men is very radical; on the other hand, the mossbacks are few. And all, though perhaps less blatant and chauvinistic than their immediate forerunners, are champions of the decent and orderly growth of Texas.

In the Texas congressional delegation, from Speaker Sam Rayburn on down, there are no men whose ability is likely to illumine greatly the pages of history, though some admirers do fancy a resemblance between Representative Wright Patman and Daniel Webster. But the Texans in Washington, since Senator W. Lee (Pass the Biscuits)

O'Daniel retired, are uniformly acceptable. The late Fiorello La Guardia, who was a hard man to please on any score, once told me that during his long years in Congress he found the Texas group about the best of the bunch.

I have heard informal Texas philosophers say that Texans are shrewd judges of character, and that in their appraisal of people, particularly their neighbors, they are generally right. There may be something in this. They are proud when a Texan achieves a high honor, but somehow, they want to be sure he is worthy of that honor. A curious case in point: Offhand one might have thought that when President Truman put Tom C. Clark, his Attorney General, on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, there would have been considerable preening, not to say jubilation, from the Sabine to the Pecos, for no Texan had been placed on the high court before. But there was no such fanfare. Instead, the press of Texas, almost unanimously, politely deplored the appointment on the grounds that Mr. Clark simply was not of Supreme Court caliber. Some went so far as to argue, with candor, that at least a dozen other Texans were much better qualified. So state pride can be pushed just so far.

Texans are not only great warriors, but they are great travelers in peacetime. The more cosmopolitan of them pride themselves on being at home anywhere. Your modern Texan respects protocol, wants to do the correct thing, and is alarmed by breaches of etiquette.

This reminds me of the sad story of Mr. George Waverley Briggs, man of the world, banker, ex-journalist, suave toastmaster, and social arbiter of Dallas. A few years back Mr. Briggs was in charge of arrangements for a dinner in honor of Lord Halifax, then British Ambassador at Washington, who had come to Dallas after a wolf-hunt in Oklahoma. Everything was perfect, up to the usual high Briggs specifications. Then the prominent citizen, mercifully nameless here, who was to introduce Halifax, got up to do his stuff. As Mr. Briggs tells it:

He did fine—hands-across-the-sea, friendship of the English-speaking peoples, back-to-back when the chips are down, the hospitality of Texas, and so on—until he came to the end. He turned and presented "VISS-count Halifax!" VISS-count! Can you tie that? I could have shot myself from pure mortification.

IV

SOMETIMES an Easterner, usually a lecturer or a touring writer, gives Texas a quick examination and concludes that a tremendous cultural renaissance is sweeping the state. Such visitors have seen a Picasso in Houston, they have heard a good symphony orchestra, they have visited a home that served an excellent dinner with the right wines, they have inspected the work of the vigorous theater group in Dallas, they have heard of the splendid private library of Mr. E. de Golyer, the geophysicist, and they have met a man who had read the works of Evelyn Waugh. Therefore they conclude that Culture, whatever



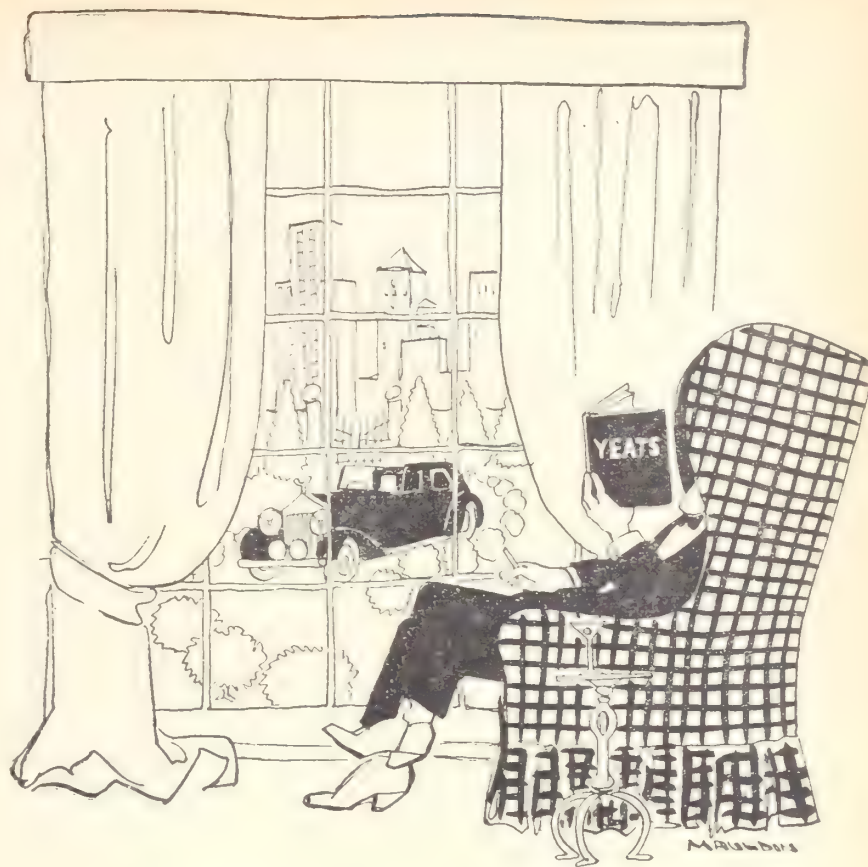
"In the hard days demagogues flourished."

they may mean by that, is booming, and that the state, for all one knows, may be on the glorious path to a sort of Southwestern Golden Age.

Not so fast. What the visitors observe is not an illusion, but a word of caution may be in order. The Poetry Society of Texas has 1,500 members, and not one of them is even a second-rate Sidney Lanier—Lanier, who almost starved to death in Texas. Of three fairly proud symphony orchestras, only one has been noted beyond the confines of the state. A few people outside the cities manage to attend performances of the visiting Metropolitan Opera, but the most popular music is still the cow-country, hillbilly stuff which flourishes increasingly. That and the whooped-up hymns, sung in fast patter and swing-style, which continue to dominate radio programs as well as revivals. If there is any sign here of a great cultural awakening, it escapes me.

THE Texas cultural czar, John Rosenfield of the *Dallas Morning News*, has been lecturing Texans for more than a generation on the theater, symphony organizations, phonograph records, literature, and architecture, and while he has made enormous dents in the placid façade of Texas cultural awareness, it has been slow, uphill work, and even Rosenfield sometimes fears that much of his persistent though benevolent lashing has gone for little.

The old folklorist and range historian, J. Frank Dobie, flew into a rage a few years back and charged that the state, for all its brave pretense, had produced not one first-rate poet, sculptor, prose writer, painter, or what not. The defenders of Texas culture, regarding the works of one outstanding painter who sticks pretty close to bluebonnets, prickly pears, and mountains, and the constant outpourings of folklore and pioneer reminiscences, born of the frontier experience of the early settlers rather than of fertile



"... his official picture in the future ..."

thinking, found it difficult to refute Dobie.

And yet, granting Dobie's essential correctness, is there anything to be alarmed about? There is nothing in the climate or soil of Texas to prevent a great artist from arising; there is nothing to make it inevitable, either. These things, it must be, will come along in good time, and there seems little need to rush them. It is also barely possible that a people may have a fairly rich and satisfying life without producing a single writer of fugues.

DOBIE was disturbed by the paucity of genius. Others have been disturbed by juke boxes, the Coney Island evolution of the once charming city of Galveston, the lack of civilized drinking habits, the dismal record for reading books (except perhaps in Dallas), the uniformly awful restaurants, the mistreatment of minority groups, the fawning over some of the world's most inept lecturers, the snobbishness of some of the oil matrons and their daughters, the shortage of good Havana cigars, the habit of drinking coffee at the beginning of a meal, the Kansas-izing of the Texas voice, the bumpy roadbeds on some of the principal railroad lines, and

the erosion of some of the state's finest land.

None of these complaints is without basis. However, in almost every field, except perhaps restaurants and cigars, things are looking up. Texas may have a two-party system some of these days. Negroes and Mexicans are being treated better, although the end of segregation is a long way off. Prejudice against Jews is by no means serious; if I were a Jew I would go to Texas; likewise, if I were a Negro, I would rather live in Texas than in any of the other Deep South states.

The more recent architecture, much of it the work of Texas architects, is striking and at the same time fits the mood of the state. A survey of residential architecture in Austin, the capital, and some West Texas towns, points it up as the liveliest and most progressive of the arts. Vast public recreational projects are under way. Tens of thousands of acres of poor farm and ranch land are being

reclaimed by experts; Louis Bromfield, the earth-lover, is well received in the state, and has even bought property there. Hundreds of desolate spots have been turned into show places, beautiful, comfortable, in good taste. Money did all this—money, some energy, and a slow but steady growth in the appreciation of civilized life.

THERE is a very old story of the Easterner who was being driven by a rancher over a blistering and almost barren stretch of West Texas when a gaudy bird, new to him, scurried in front of them. The Easterner asked what it was.

"That is a bird of paradise," said the rancher.

The stranger rode on in silence for a time and then said: "Pretty long way from home, isn't he?"

It's a long way still, but we're edging closer.

Florentine Afternoons

KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

A black cat sits in the branches of a pale olive tree,
The monks' intoning fills the convent chapel,
A trickle of water drips into the sunlit valley,
And the smell of burnt coffee rises up from the alley.

On the wall in pale stuffs, with her quatro-cento face
The lady looks down, her smile is enigmatic;
The tea comes in thin cups and a high silver kettle,
The connoisseurs talk learnedly above the women's prattle.

There is silence only in the cool cloister at high noon
Where the golden angels whisper of the glory and the power;
The river overflows, smelling of death in the clay.
From the hillside the cupolas bloom in mist at the end of day.

Stitched into the tapestry, the harvest will always be ripe,
The pink wheat fall to the sickle, the blue grapes rounded.
Against cruel stones in flames a martyr was burned.
Now the children play in the sunlight. That is all we have learned.

Part of the Family Picture

A Story by Peter DeVries

AT FORTY-EIGHT, Vogelsang had a profitable dry-cleaning plant, a house in Armonk, a wife his own age, and a son named Kermit who was attending a boys' college in Massachusetts. The son was not fat, but a prevailing rotundity made him seem so. He had a round face in which two pink cheeks misrepresented him as cherubic, and he wore glasses, which he kept on when he went in swimming.

One Sunday when he was down from school, the family spent some time discussing what next to do about the mother, who had a stomach complaint which had baffled two doctors. Vogelsang became aware of a repressed eagerness in the boy, who caught Vogelsang's eye at length and beckoned him upstairs to his room with a jerk of his head.

"I want to talk to you," Kermit said, in his room, shutting the door. "Sit down."

"Thanks," Vogelsang said ironically, taking the chair that Kermit waved to.

"It's about Moth," Kermit said, using an abbreviation which set well with nobody. "These doctors can't find anything and probably won't. It's something functional." Vogelsang hesitated. "Psychological."

"You mean upstairs?" Vogelsang said, entertained. He tapped his temple with two fingers.

Kermit shook his head. "There's no upstairs. The body and the mind are one."

Information such as this was borne regularly southward from Massachusetts. The boy knew that the origins of monogamy were economic, that religions are deflections of the

sexual nature, that symmetrical living had perished with the ancient Greeks. Now he knew this.

"There's no upstairs?" Vogelsang said softly, in mock reverence. He was really waiting it out. Muffing words like "functional" had bred in him a wariness—the last time it had applied to architecture. He had once gone halfway through a bitter argument with Kermit under the impression that erogenous zones were vice districts.

"I don't want to see you throw good money after bad," Kermit went on, as Vogelsang, who had been looking forward to a fresh cigar and a still unopened copy of *Esquire*, glanced unhappily at the closed door. "You're speaking of a clinic. Well, ninety per cent of the cases that get to clinics are psychic. And ninety per cent of those are stomach cases. What's at the bottom of Moth's condition is most likely an emotional disturbance. Believe me. The thing to do is to get her to an analyst."

Kermit had drifted over behind a small writing desk which was tumbled high with reading matter, so that he offered the illusion of standing waist-deep in books. It was a kind of tableau which Vogelsang worked up in his mind, then resisted. Kermit continued his explanations for five or six minutes, then he said: "Well? What do you think?"

Vogelsang had been thinking that Jake Vandermeer, a friend of his who owned a chain of dry-cleaning stores and a country place near Darien with sixty acres, had given more money to the school Kermit went to

than Kermit would probably make in his lifetime, and had not finished eighth grade. The reflection was a siding from which to watch the streamlined verbiage go by. "Malinger-ing," "psychic," "neurasthenic" streaked past like the names of coaches of which Vogelsang had not even got the spelling. With a small gold penknife, he pruned a panatela, dropping the hull into an ashtray, or rather missing, so that it fell to the rug. He checked the draft of the cigar with an experimental suck, but delayed lighting up till he should be at peace. "Like what kind of emotional disturbance?" he asked.

"Who knows?" Kermit shrugged. "Some, oh, lack—frustration—boiling up in Moth's time of life," he said. "It would have to be dug into, probably in relation to the family picture. That's what those troubles are part of—the family picture."

Vogelsang surveyed his son from beneath heavy lids. "For instance," he commanded.

Kermit went over and picked up the cigar hull and dropped it in the ashtray, like a bug. "Oh, one approach might be that Moth is a sort of business widow. For years you've been buried in either your work or a magazine. You're a good guy and all, but you couldn't exactly say you wore your heart on your sleeve."

Vogelsang folded the knife shut and pocketed it. "Hasn't my heart always been in the right place?" he said with resentment.

"It's not that. You know how women are."

Vogelsang fidgeted forward in his chair. The virgin cigar grew tattered in his clutch. "No," he said derisively, "I don't. How are they?"

"They live for affection, and if it's denied them—well, any part of the body can become an attention-getting mechanism. That, in a nutshell, is psychosomatic medicine."

Vogelsang felt an angry rapture at the promenade of learning for which he footed the monthly bills. He turned and smiled one-sidedly, as though to a third party in the room. "Why spend another buck when we got a psychiatrist right here in the house?" he said. He immediately regretted "buck," which had been vaguely retaliatory.

Kermit made a gesture of defeat. "That bourgeois superstition over the very word 'psychiatrist,'" he said.

Vogelsang rose.

"Maybe there is this new kind of medicine that's going around. And maybe I'm anyhow seeing signs of what you think you'd like to be," he said. "Well, when you've made out in life half as good as some of the people you lump in that class, bourgeois, why, we'll decide how good your advice is." He walked to the door. "And I'll tell you this. There's two words I'm damn sick of—bourgeois and psychosemantic!" Wounded in spirit, he withdrew to his room, where instead of picking up the *Esquire*, and with his tongue repairing the lesions in his cigar, he sat thinking of Jake Vandermeer, whose house had twenty-seven rooms and who also had a swimming pool with an island in the middle of it on which guests could eat, and with a catwalk for the servants to bring the food on. It was a thought from which he frequently drew encouragement.

PUTTING his wife in the hands of a top stomach man, as Vogelsang instantly did, was an act of self-defense. It was as though his honor, having somehow been indicted, was now on trial. Since the conversation with Kermit, Vogelsang had had a plummet of misgiving. A bookkeeper in his own office, now that he came to think of it, had told of an aunt who had been troubled with headaches, dizziness, and repeated nausea, all inexplicable—until a mother-in-law had been removed from the house. Then it had cleared up. Vogelsang wondered how anybody could survive such farcical injury. The new specialist phoned Vogelsang a report on the first X-ray, and it was negative.

"We'll take others," Vogelsang said. "There's lots of them—a series. We'll spare no expense." He sat watching his wife narrowly. "Haven't I always been that way—spare no expense? Car of your own, the best in kitchen equipment, a maid the minute I could afford it?"

His wife nodded mechanically, finding these protestations elliptical, but grateful for the growing solicitude. He poked a thermometer in her mouth with a tender tyranny and went to the kitchen to make some tea, with his own hands, though the maid was in her room. The thermometer read ninety-nine and eight-tenths. Kermit, home for the next week-end, told them not to worry too much about it—"Low-grade fevers can be functional." Vogelsang, whose exasperation with this nettle of

a boy was exceeded only by his anxiety for his wife, told himself that when this was all over he was going to take him out to the garage, as to a woodshed. He would literally do this, carrying a hairbrush or strap.

News came of what was presumably the last of the X-rays. It was negative.

Vogelsang wet his lips and gave his belt a hitch, sensing Kermit beckon him into the living room. He saw his wife at the analyst's, unwinding the cerements of secrecy from the chronicle of their marriage bed. "Psst," Kermit called. Vogelsang went over.

"Fortescu, this chap at school I think I've mentioned, knows a good psychiatrist. They had him for his aunt," Kermit said. "Now let's simply go ahead and make a date for Moth."

Something in the sequence of syllables, the juxtaposition of "chap" and "Moth," rallied Vogelsang's resistance. He answered in the tone of a sentenced prisoner declaring that he will fight his case to the highest court. "We'll take it to Mayo Brothers," he said.

"Mayo Brothers!" Kermit said, with a frown. "The Mecca of neurotics."

"Be careful what you call the mother who bore you!" Vogelsang said in a loud voice, glancing out the door to see if his wife was anywhere near and had heard. She had, and came in. Seeing a chance to convert retreat into an offensive, Vogelsang quickly pointed at Kermit and said, "He claims it's all in your head."

Protesting that this phrasing put them back a hundred years, Kermit insisted on stating the matter himself. His mother heard him out, and agreed with unexpected compliance, if with a shrug, that they might as well try that next.

"The doctor's name," Kermit said, with a glance at his father, "is Strogonoff."

Strogonoff, a lean, weary man with exquisite haberdashery, sorted patients instinctively into two categories—those who had read Freud and company and those who hadn't—not that he was sure in his mind which was better. Mrs. Vogelsang at any rate fell smoothly into hers as, thickset, short, and fair, and clutching an armful of bundles from a round of shopping, she entered the office looking around for the couch made familiar by stage and screen. Strogonoff had bought one because it was expected. He was oppressed by a sense of vogue, of too many people as-

piring to be patients. Mrs. Vogelsang made her way with smiling interest toward the couch, on which had previously lain a sculptress whose husband tortured their infant son with ice cubes, and before that a young meteorologist who wondered whether he should buy a house in the country because there he continually picked up twigs and broke them in half, then into quarters, then into eighths.

"Shall I take my shoes off?" Mrs. Vogelsang asked, having dropped her parcels on a chair.

"Go right ahead," Strogonoff said. He had already abandoned the case.

Her shoes shucked off and nudged out of sight, she lay down with a grateful sigh. "When I was a little girl I used to like to—"

"Over the phone something was said about your having pains," Strogonoff said. "What is the matter with you?"

She commenced a recital of her difficulties. Strogonoff cued her to trace them backwards through the years, interrupting only enough to keep her, as with the deft pressure of a snaffle, on the subject of her symptoms. A half hour passed, three quarters. Strogonoff's ear picked up something, and he straightened in his chair.

"This pain you say you had 'more on the right side,' the night your husband took you to the bowling match," he said. "Was it sharp, and up here perhaps?" He laid a hand on his trunk, well away from the stomach. She raised herself up to see, and nodded, doubtfully at first, trying to remember.

"A little baking soda seemed to help, at least it went away," she said, nuzzling a stockings arch over an instep.

"Have you ever had your gall bladder checked?" Strogonoff asked.

"No."

"Do so."

With this dug up out of the patient's past to go on, the family doctor got in touch with a gall bladder specialist, who explored exhaustively, in his fashion, thought about it all, and suddenly decided to operate. Vogelsang stepped into a Western Union office and dispatched a wire to Kermit running: "Trouble gall bladder stop specialist set operate Wednesday stop expect you here." He pressed the pencil so hard that when he left the place, the indented message was legible on the next sheet of the pad.

KERMIT, who arrived too late Tuesday night to talk to the specialist, sought him out at the hospital the next morning a few minutes prior to surgery. Vogelsang trailed a step behind him, going down the hospital corridor, performing the introductions when he drew up.

"May I ask what the X-ray showed?" Kermit asked the doctor, an urbane, elderly man named Smollett.

"Nothing," Dr. Smollett replied agreeably. He had a chart cradled on one arm. "Stones," he went on, as though he were a lapidary rather than a medical man, "are sometimes translucent, and thus escape detection. Second, they migrate." He paused and jotted something on the chart with no impairment of his courtesy.

"Then how do you know they're there?"

Dr. Smollett looked up and explained, "Diseases often travel incognito. I'll grant you the bulk of the symptoms here are dyspepsia, but that's one of the guises assumed by the disorder it's my job to find. You don't always grease the wheel where it squeaks, don't always grease the wheel where it squeaks," he went on, as though he had obtained his education from a cracked phonograph record, but he was only being elementary, and thus repetitious. "I'll stake my sixty-two years on this case." Vogelsang stood by as though witnessing a thrashing he had authorized. It was like the end of the thrashing when Doctor Smollett said "digestive constellation," words which reached Vogelsang heroically, like band music. He allied himself with the aplomb, though Smollett might as well have been talking Choctaw. "The stomach," Dr. Smollett finished, in modulations Vogelsang could only worship from afar, like an island in a swimming pool, "has been called the greatest liar in the anatomy."

Kermit glanced from the doctor to Vogelsang and back again to the doctor, like young men Vogelsang had seen in motion pictures, then shouldered his way off between them.

That was ten o'clock in the morning, the hour scheduled, and by twelve Dr. Smollett had not yet come down to the lobby where Vogelsang and Kermit were waiting. They would get up out of a chair and pace, or get out of one chair and into another. Kermit had a book with him, from force of habit, which he didn't open. Vogelsang drifted over

and glanced at the title—twice, because he had forgotten what he'd read the first time, or even that he had looked. Something about semantics. Suddenly Vogelsang broke through the swinging doors at the end of the lobby and went out to a bar across the street.

"Rye and soda," he ordered. He had an urge to release his anxiety in talk, any kind of talk, and did. To a bartender inured to obscure circuits of association, he related something of the affairs of Jake Vandermeer. "There's a terrace on this place," he said, by way of concluding a lengthy description of it, "with a statue of Venus that's got a radio built into her. Like those clocks are, you know." The bartender continued impassive, as though something more were needed. "James Melton was there," Vogelsang said.

He saw that twenty minutes had gone, gulped his drink, and galloped back to the lobby.

Still no Dr. Smollett, it was plain from Kermit's posture—his feet spread out and his head back on the chair—as well as from his expression as he rolled an eye at Vogelsang without moving his head. An apprehension clawed Vogelsang: Smollett had found nothing and was afraid to come down. Vogelsang could see him, put to rout in his sixty-second year, an effigy of self-possession. Then the elevator doors slid open, and there he was.

"Everything is okay," he said. He pinched his eyeballs in toward the bridge of his nose in that gesture which is one of the ciphers of fatigue. "I found about what I expected—not much, but enough to have caused the trouble. We've got the culprit at last."

WHEN Vogelsang drove home, late that night, Kermit sat beside him, looking out of the car window and saying nothing. Vogelsang steered onto the drive, at last, and across the gravel which gave forth its welcome scrunch and into the open garage. He slid the fenders carefully to rest alongside a protruding row of firewood which was stacked against one wall. Kermit opened his door and got out.

"Just a minute," Vogelsang said. Kermit, who had started away, turned back. "You forgot your book." Vogelsang picked it up off the seat and handed it to him. Kermit took it and went in the house.

The maid fixed them a bite of supper—their first food since a sketchy breakfast though it was nearly midnight. They sat in the living room waiting for it, Vogelsang with his coat off and his tie loosened. Kermit put his legs straight out ahead of him on an ottoman, his feet side by side, the flat of the soles toward Vogelsang. Vogelsang looked at him, then looked away. He thought of how the boy went in the water with his glasses on.

"That book," he said, pointing at a table where Kermit had set it when he entered. "It's about this new stuff, semantics, I see." He hooked a chair toward him with his toe and slung a foot on it. He fished a cigar from a nearby humidor and dressed it. "What the devil is that all about, semantics? Explain it to me." He raised his head and laughed. "But take it slow. The first time I saw the word I thought it was all about pottery."

Death Went Away

MARK VAN DOREN

THE little fox, demanding to be seen
 In the cut field that fall, was not so little
 To the first eyes he found, the middle-old ones,
 The still ones over the wall, that saw in secret
 Faraway death—huge death, the silent sender
 Of neat four-footed omens saying Now,
 Or pretty soon, make ready; this is the last
 Surprise; nothing more comes out of the woods
 In your time, ailing fellow. So they stared,
 Those eyes, as every day the cricket hunter—
 Or was it mice he pounced on—paused and looked;
 Rippled his tail and pounced; then looked again.
 He wanted to be seen. He came for that.
 Quizzical, he pricked his ears and waited
 On the smooth rise, and smiled his tapering smile—
 All wizened fates in one, triangular—
 That said: Come on, the dark long since was ready.
 He did this every day that rainless fall.
 And if the boy there, and the girl, clapped hands,
 And the full-skirted wife ran twice to watch,
 It was not thus at all for the tired father
 Who turned and counted, then was off again
 To the bleak woods, to the big hemlock clearing
 Where the arms hung that cracked the useless bones,
 That put the last light out.

But the light, living,
 Put the omen out. So he remembers,
 Smilingly, this man, and sees in secret
 Faraway foxes, well in their winter holes.

Bread, and the Stuff We Eat

James Rorty

Drawings by Sam Norkin

FOR many years, native and foreign gourmets have been hurling scurrilous epithets at American bread, and in response, spokesmen for our mass-production baking companies have roared with pained indignation. Have they not done their best, they ask, to give us the kind of bread we want? The sad and funny part of it is that to a degree, and after their own peculiar fashion, they undoubtedly have.

How, then, does it happen that the cottony and tasteless white bread of commerce, although officially "enriched" by the addition to the bread mix of the vitamins and minerals that are now mandatory in twenty-eight states, has in other respects tended to get worse and worse, both in flavor—as the gourmets have been insisting—and in nutritive value?

How is it that after a century of progress our baking technologists are still running a couple of laps behind grandmother, both in the quality of their product, and in what it costs to make and distribute it?

To understand what has happened, it will help if we recall what bread-making was like when grandmother—or was it great-grandmother?—did the job at home. Until well into the eighties of the past century, the housewife got her flour from one of the local grist mills whose ruins you can still see perched beside rural waterfalls. Grandmother's recipe combined this creamy "stone-

ground" flour with yeast, water, lard or butter, sometimes milk and eggs. When the new "patent" flour produced by the steel roller mills of Minneapolis became available, she readily adopted it because it was finer and whiter and yielded a lighter loaf. But grandfather muttered that it didn't taste as good, and in fact it was much poorer nutritionally; many a village doctor noted that the whiter the bread, the more illness in the family.

Bread became worse when the commercial baker took over the job of bread-making for an increasingly urbanized America. He used bleached and inferior flour and less milk and butter; later he used chemical "yeast foods" to produce a lighter, fluffier loaf with "eye appeal." By this time physicians were urging a return to whole-wheat bread; when American nutritionists were polled just before World War I, a majority favored whole-wheat and only eight per cent approved of white bread.

As the production of bread became more mechanized, more and more chemicals were added to the mix. To standardize the product and keep the belt line moving smoothly through the mechanical mixers, the dividers, the molders, the slicers, and the wrappers, it was necessary to "condition" the dough. The baking technologist worried more about feeding his machines than about feeding people; hence eventually it became necessary to condition the consumer too.

James Rorty, co-author of Tomorrow's Food, has frequently written on various aspects of nutrition in these pages, most recently in "The Thin Rats Bury the Fat Rats," which we published last May.

Mass advertising took care of that. It also helped the big chain bakers to dominate the market and determine the price regardless of the changing costs of bread ingredients.

THIS was the situation of the baking industry in 1939 when, with World War II impending and the public already vitamin-conscious, American nutritionists insisted that the Staff of Life had been badly bent by all this processing and chemicalizing; that it had to be repaired if our people were to get through the war without suffering malnutrition from thiamin and other vitamin and mineral deficiencies.

The obvious solution, as the nutrition experts of the United States Public Health Service pointed out, was to make bread out of whole grain or undermilled 85 per cent extraction flour. This solution in one form or another was in fact adopted by every other country at war. But our own millers and bakers would have none of it. By this time they had got both themselves and their customers out on the end of a technological-distributive limb from which it was impossible to retreat—or so they insisted. Hence our unique “enrichment” program at which foreign—and many native—nutritionists raised, and continue to raise, incredulous and derisive eyebrows.

By this program some twenty-odd natural vitamin and mineral elements are expensively milled out of the wheat, after which four of them—thiamin, riboflavin, niacin, and iron—are expensively restored in the form of synthetic chemicals. That seemed a poor bargain to the majority of our nutritionists at the time, but they swallowed it—chiefly because, regardless of its merits or demerits, it was the only solution the industry was prepared to swallow.

During the war, our baking industry prospered—more than did its product. Milk, fats, and eggs were scarce and expensive. Hence bakers tended to use less of them and more of the ersatz materials—emulsifiers and “shortening extenders”—that the war-stimulated chemical industry made increasingly available. Worried by this trend, the Food and Drug Administration attempted in 1941 to establish a legal “standard of identity” for white bread. Under the present law, this standard would have provided a list of offi-

cially approved, optional ingredients which the baker may use in his mix but need not disclose on the label.

Some three thousand pages of testimony were accumulated. Then the hearings were suspended until after the war; in November 1948, they were resumed. More than 160 witnesses spoke and the record swelled to a total of over twenty thousand pages. On September 20 this past year the hearings were at last brought to an exhausted end, after most of the major issues had been kicked upstairs to current or prospective congressional inquiries.

More is involved than bread. A thorough overhauling of the 1938 Food and Drug law is in prospect. It seems probable that in the end the Food and Drug Administration will be given authority to test and approve in advance the innumerable food preservatives, conditioners, and fortifiers that are now being tried out on our 150,000,000 human guinea pigs—just as, following the sulfanilamide-diethylene glycol disaster, the agency was given authority to censor in advance the introduction of new drugs. It is even possible that in the future bakers may not simply have to meet a legal “standard of identity” for bread, as at present—without disclosing on the label the exact contents of the loaf—but may have to adopt the explicit “open formula labeling” that consumption economists have long advocated and that leading home economists are again demanding.

Finally it is possible that the inadequacy of the emasculated 1938 Food and Drug law and the current stalemate of producer pressure groups may both be by-passed by the emergence of a powerful new factor in the situation. The new factor is a “yardstick” bread of superior flavor and nutritional value, used for institutional feeding by hospitals and schools. Already, co-operatives and alert commercial bakers are beginning to produce and sell this bread, which costs only about a half cent more to make than the stuff we eat. But of this, more later.

FRIEDRICH GEORG JUENGER could not have asked for better documentation of his thesis of the “purposeless perfection” of modern technology than was produced at the bread hearings. Day after day the evidence accumulated that although the indus-



"Grandmother did the job at home."

try's product continues to be fervently endorsed by lady skiers and sportswear designers, neither disinterested nutritionists nor genuinely informed bread-eaters are likely to feel that way about it. On the contrary, it would appear that by the operation of a kind of nutritional Gresham's Law, a more and more phony kind of stage bread—with an increasing content of dubious chemical conditioners, softeners, shortening extenders, and other ersatzes—has been steadily driving good bread, made with honest, nutritionally valuable food ingredients, off the market.

The manufacturers of some of these chemicals claim in their trade advertising that a pound of their product, mixed with five pounds of water, will replace six pounds of shortening; that milk solids can be eliminated almost entirely.

These claims, especially the last, have produced consternation among both public-health workers and farmers. For milk is probably our most valuable food, non-fat milk solids are its cheapest form, and bread has long been the most effective carrier for these precious animal proteins. Furthermore the stability of our whole dairy industry is dependent in considerable degree upon the use of milk solids in bread. Even so, our waste of milk is serious. In 1945 the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nation estimated that only 28 per cent of the milk produced in this country was used for food, the rest being fed to domestic animals or thrown away. This compares poorly with 40 per cent used for human consumption in the Netherlands and—believe it or not—60 per cent in Hungary.

Does the American housewife expect her bread to contain milk solids? Or—as this ques-

tion was phrased at the hearings—does the "consumer's concept" of white bread include milk solids? But how can the consumer have an intelligent concept of white bread if she is not permitted to know what is in it?

Much of the time of the bread hearings was consumed with metaphysical pother about this "consumer's concept." Actually, what happens is that between them the baking technologists and the advertising men have been able to create their own concept of white bread almost at will and then impose it on the consumer. With chemical softeners and shortening extenders, white flour, yeast, salt, and water can be made to stand up, look pretty, and stay soft almost indefinitely to the testing finger of the housewife. She can't tell whether the loaf is stale or not and the label doesn't reveal its quantitative content of fat, milk, and eggs. Hence she may choose the glamorous stage bread over an honest loaf with superior nutritional value; in fact some of the "consumer surveys"—customarily conducted by more or less disguised advertising agencies—tended to show that this is what happens.

When such evidence was introduced at the hearings, the attorneys for the industry were in a position to pound the table and defend passionately the right of the American woman to feed her family on chemicalized starch, wind, and water if that is her pleasure. Not that this fooled anybody, least of all the farmers, who became more and more alarmed as the hearings proceeded and who presumably confided their apprehensions to their representatives in Congress.

AT ANY rate, last March Congressman Frank B. Keefe of Wisconsin, our leading dairy state, introduced a resolution in the House calling for a congressional investigation of chemicals in food and of the effect on food of the improper use of insecticides and fertilizers. At this writing, the Keefe resolution is stalled in the House Rules Committee, but meanwhile hearings are being conducted by a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry headed by Senator Guy M. Gillette of Iowa.

In June, Senator Gillette and Senator Milton R. Young of North Dakota sponsored a bill amending the present Food and Drug law to read that a processed food must be con-

sidered adulterated "if it is bread or pastry made in whole or in part from wheat and it bears or contains less than four per cent of natural fat." In September they introduced a further amendment that a processed food must be considered misbranded "if it is any kind of bread or rolls, unless it bears labeling stating the percentage therein of any shortening, solids of milk, or milk products, and solids of egg or egg products."

While these proposed amendments are laudable in intent, they have been justly objected to on the ground that they set a precedent for legislating the content of a basic food under the pressure of competing producer lobbies; the potato growers, soy-bean growers, and wheat growers might well be next in line. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the bread problem is primarily a problem of consumer *and* producer education, which the law should further, not obstruct. Certainly the problem will not be solved by a fragmentary and fragile balancing of producer interests.

That is why it is so important that we now have a satisfactory loaf of bread which consumers can compare with the bakers' current product.

II

IN A PREVIOUS article in this magazine ("The Thin Rats Bury the Fat Rats," May 1949), I referred to the flavorful and highly nutritious "triple-rich" loaf of white bread developed by Dr. Clive M. McCay and his associates at the Cornell School of Nutrition. It is made with unbleached flour, 2 per cent wheat germ, 6 per cent high fat soy flour, 8 per cent milk solids, and without any softener, shortening extender, or other chemical substitute—all this being clearly spelled out on the label.

Laboratory rats fed this bread as their sole diet thrive and grow. When they are restricted to run-of-the-market white bread, they pine and die. Human beings like this "yardstick" bread—it seems to express their concept of what white bread should be. In a large co-operative supermarket in downtown Ithaca its sales rivaled the combined sales of seven commercial brands displayed on the same counter, although the co-op bread sold for three cents more per loaf.

A year ago last November these facts were presented at the bread hearings by Dr. McCay himself. The object of his appearance, he explained, was to argue against the freezing of the bread formula around a rigid legal standard of identity based on the prevailing commercial product. If the standard put a ceiling on quality, which was what the industry's representative argued for, it might actually become illegal to sell *as white bread* a loaf that contained the percentages of basic food ingredients, such as soy flour, that nutritionists considered desirable. Why not open-formula labeling, asked Dr. McCay? Why shouldn't the urban consumer buy bread the way the farmer buys chicken feed?

For an hour the baking industry's attorneys fumed around Dr. McCay in a vain attempt to discredit his qualifications. He was chief nutritionist for the Navy during the war and has done extensive work with bread.

A YEAR ago yardstick bread was only a vague threat to the baking industry. Today it is a *fait accompli* of formidable proportions. In the twenty-seven mental hospitals of New York state, bakers have been taught to bake this bread successfully, and both patients and staffs are eating it with enthusiasm. In Westchester County it has been adopted for use in the entire hospital and prison system. In the five boroughs of metropolitan New York, Colonel Harvey K. Allen, director of school lunches, is using it—temporarily without the wheat germ—to feed 110,000 school children. The city operates its own bakeries and gets dry skim milk free through the AAA program. Thus it is able to



"... purposeless perfection of technology ..."

produce and distribute this superior bread for approximately five cents a pound—less than a third of the current price of ordinary bread.

In a dozen upstate New York towns small bakers are making and selling the yardstick bread. A big interstate chain baker plans to feature it—at the competitive price of the standard white loaf—if the upshot of the bread hearings permits him to do so legally.

This would at last put back into the bread picture the missing ingredient of price competition based on labeled standards. Always, in the larger cities at least, it has been possible to buy, at a premium price, good pumpernickel and whole-rye bread made by some technologically primitive but honest European immigrant. And ever since a Connecticut housewife put grandmother's product on the market it has been possible—again in the cities only—to buy good wheat bread, both white and whole-grain, made by a number of commercial bakers and by the co-ops. But these superior breads, including the co-op products, have been sold at premium prices, which limited their usefulness as yardsticks. Hence year after year over 95 per cent of the bread sold continued to be the stage stuff.

Information about the new yardstick bread has spread like a grass fire. At a score of county fairs last summer crowds of housewives exclaimed over a graphic exhibit sponsored by the New York State Nutrition Committee and prepared by Miss Katharine Flack, chairman of the Committee and Director of Nutrition Service for the State Department of Health.

The exhibit consists of a miniature revolving stage regulated by a stop-go mechanism. When the red light is on, a typical commercial white loaf appears. With it are presented the white rats, male and female, who have been trying to subsist on it. Despite the synthetic vitamins that enable the baker to call it "enriched," the rats are thin, mangy, despondent, and indifferent to each other and to their public. Then the green light flashes and a loaf of yardstick bread comes into view, as honestly labeled as a bag of dog food. Beside it are the happy rat couple who have been brought up on this bread as their sole food; fat, sleek, amative, and exhibitionistic.

The big bread advertisers cannot be expected to applaud this exhibit, but small bakers and enterprising chain store operators,

like the housewives, react quite differently. And they have the farmers on their side.

III

FARM leaders were slow to realize the threat to their interests carried by the increasing chemicalization of staple processed foods. But they woke up with a jolt in 1945 when they read the text of the model state enrichment law with which the flour and bread "enrichment" advocates in and out of government undertook to fasten the "take and put" policy permanently upon the country.

When the enrichment program was first proposed, during the wartime emergency, its sponsors were forced to admit that it was an expensive makeshift at best. But they argued that its temporary adoption would be in the right direction since it would help to increase the consumption of whole-wheat and superior white breads, nutritionally improved by the addition of such natural food supplements as wheat germ, milk solids, yeast, and soy flour.

Nothing of the sort happened or was likely to happen under the conditions set up by the model enrichment law. Bakers could easily meet the jacked-up vitamin requirements of "enrichment" by adding a few tablets of cheap synthetics to the mix, while it was practically impossible for them to achieve the same result by using the more costly natural food supplements. Nor could whole-wheat bread call itself "enriched" even when strengthened by the generous additions of milk solids that made it nutritionally a better product.

Yet with minor modifications the model law was passed in state after state by the combined efforts of the Committee on Cereals of the National Research Council, the Millers National Federation, the American Bakers Association, and the Associated Retail Bakers of America, aided by the lobbyists of the synthetic vitamin manufacturers. The chemical industry was in and the farmers were out.

The dairy interests, representing one of the hardest hit farm groups, got the point first and moved into action. By 1946 sponsors of the enrichment law in state legislatures faced increasing resistance; and in 1949 the united front of the baking industry was broken when

the Associated Retail Bakers of America passed a resolution saying that, while they favored the enrichment program, they would not support legislation making it compulsory. Today, with twenty-eight states in the enrichment column and twenty outside, the enrichment forces' campaign apparently has been checked at least temporarily.

Farm leaders are already contemplating looming surpluses of milk solids, fats, soy flour, and other products. The revelation at the hearings of what the synthetic shortening extenders threaten to do to their remaining bread market was the last straw. The Council on Food and Nutrition of the American Medical Association also became alarmed and moved into the fight with notable vigor and effectiveness.

AT THE May 20 session of the bread hearings, Dr. William J. Darby of Vanderbilt University presented a formal statement prepared by the American Medical Association's Council on Food and Nutrition. Confronting a stony-faced assemblage of baking and chemical industry executives and lawyers, Dr. Darby observed suavely that the current trend of baking practice left something to be desired, specifically with respect to the increasing use of the synthetic shortening extenders.

"Available knowledge of the possible toxicity of these substances," he said, "is fragmentary. Particularly is evidence lacking as to chronic toxicity. . . . Unless the complete harmlessness of these agents can be demonstrated beyond a reasonable doubt, they should not, in the Council's opinion, be used in basic foods." And, he added, the reduction of natural food products in bread that might be entailed by the use of these extenders "is not desirable from a nutritional standpoint."

Dr. Darby's statement was a turning point in the hearings. Three weeks later the organized baking industry officially repudiated the softeners. The American Bakers Association recommended that shortening extenders not be included as optional ingredients in the bread standard unless the Food and Drug Administration should subsequently find them harmless to human health. The Retail Bakers of America went even farther, omitting from their statement the escape clause regarding possible future use.



"a more and more phony kind of stage bread"

Does this indicate the beginning of responsible action on the part of the organized baking industry? In justice, it must be said that a number of bakers testified that they had refused to take the easy route to sales and profits offered by the extenders, or that they had done so reluctantly under pressure of competition. In fact, the record of the hearings frequently gives the impression of an industry divided against itself. There was no such division, and no lack of vigor, among the consumers' professional allies. At the August 4 session of the hearings Dr. Marion C. Pfund of the Cornell Home Economics staff made a powerful presentation on behalf of the American Home Economics Association.

"The consumer," she said, "has a right to know all the ingredients that have been incorporated in a bread, the substances added to the ingredients used to make bread, the quantities of ingredients in excess of one per cent of flour weight, the weight of the loaf, the calorie value per pound, the minimum percentage of protein, and the maximum percentage of water in bread."

That is approximately where the American Home Economics Association stood in 1933, when an earlier and much stronger draft of the 1938 Food and Drug law was defeated by a press and radio boycott and by a formidable lobby of food processors and their allies, the mass advertising media. The consumer advocates were right then, and they are right now, as an uninhibited congressional investiga-

tion would prove. Apparently the food processors fear this. They would prefer a commission of carefully picked "experts" instead of the seven-man investigating committee called for in the Keefe resolution.

But it is precisely the role of the experts that Congress needs to examine. It was experts in and out of government who put through the flour and bread enrichment program in the first place—despite the protests and warnings of other equally qualified experts, including the chief nutritionist of the United States Public Health Service. And it was the experts on the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council who missed a chance on at least one critical occasion to check the increasing use of chemicals.

When the British nutritionist Lord Melanby discovered that agene or nitrogen trichloride—used until recently to bleach and condition the bulk of the flour used in bread—gave running fits to dogs, the Food and Drug Administration referred the problem to the Food and Nutrition Board. Unhappily the Board's subcommittee on cereals has always been dominated by scientists who in their private capacities are or have been directly or indirectly connected with the milling, baking, and pharmaceutical industries. Even more unhappily it has been obliged, in order to finance its work, to go

with its hand out to industry or industry-supported foundations, such as the Nutrition Foundation. Since industry-employed and industry-financed scientists tend observably and doubtless quite honestly to become industry-minded, it was not surprising that the Board's recommendation was—another bleach. This went directly counter to the recommendation of the Army nutritionists. The latter pointed with approval to the findings of a 1925 British commission, to the effect that it would be best not to use *any* chemicals in bread.

THE bread hearings have put many of the facts on the record; the rest can be found in the Federal Trade Commission's three long and hair-raising studies of the industry. The Cornell nutritionists and their allies have proved that it is possible to produce good white bread and sell it, fully labeled, at a reasonable price. Why can't or won't our baking industry do it too? Would it help if we had a new Food and Drug law with teeth in it making full quantitative labeling compulsory? Just what is required to enable our marvelously equipped and fabulously prosperous baking industry, after fifty lagging years, to catch up with grandmother?

The farmers would like to know, and so would the rest of us.



"The chemical industry was in and the farmers were out."

The Easy Chair

Almost Toujours Gai

Bernard DeVoto

I AM afraid that this piece is what one of the characters it will mention used to call *eheu fugaces* stuff. The New York *Sun* died early in January. In the stories that surviving newspapers ran about its passing I did not see any allusion to the obituary which the *Sun* itself printed about its greatest editor. It read merely, "Charles Anderson Dana, editor of the *Sun*, died yesterday afternoon." As unostentatious as a battleship firing by salvo, that obit appeared fifty-two years ago and has resounded in newspaper tradition ever since. When I was young there was always a newspaperman who had "worked with Dana on the *Sun*." The phrase was a negotiable gold certificate; title to it could pass from hand to hand for a few beers; it would get any old warhorse a job on any paper for at least two weeks. I suppose few or none of the species are left; they always seemed to be in their seventies thirty years ago and God knows how old the youngest of them would have to be now.

Last week, apparently some months late, I ran into a reprint of a book by a man who worked on the *Sun* for a long time, though not with Dana. Mr. E. B. White has written an introduction to the new edition. . . . In September of 1919, on my way East to finish my college course after two years in the Army, I had a couple of hours in Chicago between trains. (Some of the boys in the best clubs at the college I was returning to were walking police beats in a very tranquil Boston, carrying night-sticks and suppressing the Revolution by the example of the well-born and well-heeled. Governor Coolidge, who had been out of town at a canny moment, was off toward the Vice-Presidency in the cloud of dust that would obscure him from then on.) I went into a bookstore and asked for a copy of *Prefaces*. Chicago was about to be called the literary capital of the United States,

so naturally the clerk asked me if I meant *A Book of Prefaces*. But my dues were paid and my standing among the well-informed was fully as high as his and I said, certainly not, I had mailed home a copy of Mr. Mencken's book from an Army camp two years before. I wanted *Prefaces*, I repeated, and the clerk got his disdain well enough in hand to discover that Kroch's had it. (*Eheu fugaces*! The price still penciled in the corner was \$1.50.) How long was the Chicago-Boston run in those days? Probably a couple of hours less than it is now, for the New York Central used to run its trains on time. Anyway, *Prefaces* made some hours of that roadbed smoother than I find it these days.

It is a collection of prefaces, none of them longer than one newspaper column, to unwritten books. The last page is a "Preface to a Book of Prefaces," which says that this book is not precisely what the author intended it to be and that as a matter of fact his books never are. The next one, he is determined, is going to be a Volume with a Moral Purpose, "but it may turn out to be a Volume with a Moral Porpoise. Things of that sort happen to us." . . . E.f.! when last week I bought at a moral bookstore the book Mr. White has written a preface for, the clerk spoke of the author as Don Markee. The next evening I had dinner with a young professor of literature at Harvard. He carries easily the heavy scholarship of his trade and he is mellowed in light learning besides, but when I began to talk about Don Marquis he did some fast footwork and got off on Finley Peter Dunne. Clearly he had grown up in a barren time, and the next night an even younger instructor, finding me at my devotions, asked, "Who in hell is this Marquis character anyway?" A tale so sad, so sad! Ah, welladay!

That is a quotation.

I DON'T know how to answer the young man's question, and Mr. White has the same trouble, remarking that when he edited an anthology of humor which had about a dozen classifications in it, Don seemed to fit them all. Mr. White ends by deciding that at bottom he was a poet. Yes, for you need a dozen classifications for his poetry, but again no, for you need a dozen more for his prose. One of the prefaces in the volume I have mentioned is to introduce a Book of Fishhooks. It tells a story the basis of which Don probably picked up at some cracker barrel in rural Illinois, whence, I do not doubt, its ancestry could be traced all the way back to Noah and Jonah and Captain John Smith (strummin' golden harps, narreratin' myth). It is the story of a bullhead whom Don called Mr. Hoskins and who learned to live out of water so successfully that when he fell into a cistern, one tragic day, he drowned. Noah lifted it without credit from somebody but Don gave it twists of his own that have proved helpful to people with retentive memories and a taste for good story-telling. Six weeks after I got back to Harvard I spotted those twists in a story turned in to Dean Briggs by a young man who has since made quite a name for himself on the most austere plane of literature, and ever since then I have spotted them about once a year in fiction by very notable hands, some of them supposed to be stained the good brown color of our folksy American earth.

Here I was going to support my point by some quotations from *The Old Soak* but it has disappeared from my shelves. Don's books have a way of doing that, but I think I remember a thief who was reading this one with me reverently a few months ago and I will get it back. Well, remember Peter, the parrot, who when he tasted some home-brew by a friend of the Old Soak's laid an egg. Remember the Old Soak on Christmas Day, locking himself in his room with his hooch and his memories. Remember his outrage, his feelings of intolerable blasphemy, when he found out that his wife had made a raisin pie— " 'Woman,' I says to her [it must run], 'don't you know that raisins today ain't something you eat?'" and, I think, he taken that pie and had it fermenting in the basement right now. . . . Well, we have got to make room somewhere for *The Old Soak* and, as Mr.

White remembers, there is *The Almost Perfect State*.

It is the damndest book, but which of Don's books isn't? You learn from it that the soul comes just down to the midriff. You run into superbly angry outcries against man's nature and man's fate, usually with topspin and usually in the vernacular he had forged and burnished from the current slang. At least fifteen different ways of establishing the Almost Perfect State are explored in detail, but there are going to be no reformers in it for it is better to behead a man than to reform him, and the inhabitants are going to be equally divided between radicals and conservatives who will never work at either trade. At one point the Home Must Go but later on it has to come back again; and the same with the legal system: the State must have a lot of laws, for "The progress of humanity consists in the violation of laws," but on the other hand there are going to be very few, but anyone who wants to violate any of them will be free to do so but must "withdraw to a distance from his fellow men, so that the violation will not interfere with them," but also at any time a law may seem desirable anyone is free to make one up to fit. If a question of statecraft proves refractory, it may get summary treatment: "Economic problems that cannot otherwise be solved should be abolished." Or, just as likely, an Outcry from the Back of the Hall will protest something and there will be a "Response from the Platform: We don't know any more about it than you do." But ultimately the best guidance will come from the insane, and "Unless you have levity and wings you shall not enter into the Almost Perfect State," and "There will be in the Almost Perfect State a chance for everyone to go to hell. This is a promise." Dialogues so exquisite and cockeyed that partial quotation would spoil them are scattered through the text, and so are bits of Don's verse, played on every instrument from a violin to a kazoo. At intervals the way is cleared for another installment of his theory of history, that the decadence of peoples and the fall of nations can always be traced to baked beans. So the book carries an appendix which begins, "If you will eat beans, here is the way to prepare them." . . .

I wonder what books they read at Harvard now.

A YEAR or so ago I tossed an allusion to Hermione into a review of a silly book; at least one scarred veteran of her era was soothed by it, for he wrote and told me so. Mr. White, though I gather he doesn't think these days any less preposterous, says that that dewy age was "pleasantly preposterous." It was at that, but Hermione is with us still, and Fothergil Finch, and her whole Group. Their stuff is in a different key now but no effort is required to transpose it to the original one; only the key ever changes, the melody is the same forever and one of Don's agents even turned it up in king tut ank amen s time. Hermione still thinks that the Bhagavad Gita is simply *wonderful* and she thinks Tagore is too, though he is using an alias now. It still comes back to her "again and again how Primitive I am in some ways"; and "*What* would modern thought be without Subtlety?" Not much, as you cannot escape seeing for yourself and as the Ineffable reminds you too often, and it remains true that Nobody but the Leaders of Thought can dream what Martyrdom is. Fothergil's poetry is less concerned with Virility than it was, but that has merely left more room for the Cosmic All. Nevertheless, Don gave Fothergil his due and let him write the legend of Citronella and Stegomyia. Page 100. Its equivalent, paraphrased as, say, Toynbee, may serve you in the precinct where Hermione never dies, "Thought's Underworld, the Brainstorm Slum." That phrase was rude of her creator but a kindlier Garbage Man reminded him, "Into the Ashes Can the whole world go. . . . Eventual they dump 'em down the bay." The same bay, the same garbage scow, that Mehitabel must come to some time.

But Mr. White is right: it is the poet we come back to in the end. The word seems a little uneasy and may distress those who observed Mr. Eliot's difficulty in deciding just what Kipling wrote. (On p. 191 of Mr. White's reprint you will find: the cockroach stood by the mickle wood in the flush of the astral dawn.) Well, all right, it's just wonderful stuff to read. Throughout the *Sun Dial*, throughout the books, you keep coming on verse that delights you and frequently holds you breathless while you watch a jagged and vertiginous imagination shoot through the air like a skyrocket, giving off odd-shaped and slightly drunken stars of gold. The line with

"welladay!" in it I have quoted is from one of the Sonnets to a Red-Haired Lady. Most of them end with "welladay!"—the Gentleman with a Blue Beard who writes them has had sorrowful experiences with wives. They can begin, "Splendour Incarnate! Great Auroral Blaze!" or "My Torchlight Dame! My Frail Incomparable!" They can speak of the girl as "A Bonfire in the Autumn of my Life" or "Gulf Stream of my ocean deep," and of an injudicious admirer as "That rodent-minded, mutt-faced, wolf-eared Mose." But a clear, disturbing music comes through the oddest contexts, and maybe you had better look up those contexts, and some crystalline images, and the last four sonnets, before you decide what classification Don Marquis fits. I'd be willing to waive taxonomy, if some scholar would turn up fifty unpublished ones, or even two.

There are other sonnet sequences but this one is the best. Let's admit that some of the verse is tolerably bad; I could never like, for instance, the variations on brains, eyeballs, poached eggs, and pickled onions as interchangeable parts. But you can never be sure. The most innocent-appearing start may presently pull the rug out from under your feet as "The Country Barber Shop," or as "God and Magog" may bump you dizzily to the edge of mania. Or a trite line suddenly breaks in a curve and gives you a glimpse of something dreadful or insane or damned, or a glimpse of beauty from the murky fire-opal that was Don's mind.

BUT Archy and Mehitabel have everything. All of them that has survived newsprint is in the book Mr. White has introduced, *the lives and times of archy and mehitabel*, 477 pp., \$2.50. I am not going to risk competing with Mr. White. I am glad that he explains the exigencies of time in relation to space in the newspaper business, and that he muses about a metropolitan press that does not manage to climb this high any more. There has never been anything like Archy or Mehitabel and there never will be. Don Marquis got all his rich and strange talent into a cockroach who had the literary urge because his soul was that of a *vers libre* poet, and a cat on her ninth life who had been Cleopatra and many other adventurous, unlucky dames but who was

always a lady in spite of hell. Only fantasy was wide or versatile enough to contain him; his mind kept escaping through cracks in the sane, commonplace world out into dimensions that were loops and whorls and mazes of the unpredictable. And he would not stay put.

The world of these creatures was mainly after dark. Even the scrub-women had gone home, though not till they had scattered the roach-powder through which Archy had to pick his way all the time, just as he had to keep a wary eye on spiders, just as he had to be forever ready to leap inside the typewriter, for a gleam might come into even Mehitabel's eye and she had a deadly paw. The world of deserted office buildings and back alleys in from the river, lighted by a grisly moon that was usually frozen. You can sum it up with Mehitabel dancing all night to keep her blood moving because she had no place to sleep but reminding herself to

pick your guts with your frosty feet
they're the strings of a violin.

(The fundamental purpose of the Almost Perfect State was to get rid of loneliness.) As a superior roach Archy felt no great respect for the intelligence and ethics of bugs but he sided with them in regard to men, whom he had known, from a pharaoh who spent four thousand years with sand in his esophagus, right up to the boss. He put it,

the trouble with you
human beings is you are just plain wicked.

When the uprising of the insects came he would try to save the boss because

you have so many
points that are far
from being human.

His thought is spun of contempt and holy anger, down some dizzy slant of the mind where only he could keep his feet—happily, he had six. But this same world erupts with ribald, belly-shaking laughter, and through innumerable abductions that end with her slicing an eye out of her gentleman friend Mehitabel is toujours gai, and the Martian scientist who got a look at our planet

laughed himself to death crying out
goofus goofus goofus all the time.

He said that from the way it looked to him

it would not possibly have any other name. Archy agreed with him. But Don was caught between Archy's judgment that

it takes all sorts of
people to make an
underworld

and the sympathy the parrot expressed for Shakespeare, whom he had known at the Mermaid, on learning that his plays were now well esteemed:

poor mutt little he would
care what poor bill wanted
was to be a poet.

You have to be as alert with this stuff as Archy in the roach-paste, for at any moment a thousand volts may hit you. I suppose there isn't any grave name for it. As Mr. White says, Don Marquis "was never quite certified by intellectuals and serious critics of belles-lettres." Simply, it was wonderful to read in those "pleasantly preposterous" days and reads better now. I have difficulty in remembering the names and books of a good many writers of that time who got the right certificates with red wax seal and dangling ribbons, and my inability is pretty widespread. But no one who ever read Don Marquis has forgotten him and on the publisher's word as of the end of 1949, the sale of *archy and mehitabel* remained "really astounding." That is a criterion to which Archy, along with Hermione and Fothergil Finch, was superior but it is an omen of good fortune for the young who are coming up. Nobody is going to write that way for them.

Let us avoid offense by calling it literature, which is a uniform substance that reacts dependably to standard tests, whereas Don Marquis is always slipping through your fingers. But the shelf his books stand on is not crowded. There is a small bulk of writing, winnowed out from the massive and rewarding, that people insist on reading for its own sake, regardless. They have always held it more precious than rubies and if it isn't literature, then literature be damned. There is no chart of the bay toward which the garbage scow is headed, but his fellow passengers will always find Don Marquis good to read. I'd say his books may be in the pilot house.

The Humble Female

Agnes Rogers

NOT so long ago I was meeting my young friend Margaret for lunch. "Do you mind stopping at the bank first?" she asked. "I have to send some money to my boss. He's in Washington, and he telephoned this morning that he's short of cash. It won't take a minute."

It wouldn't have taken a minute, either, if when we got to the bank we'd happened on the bright and capable Miss Dixon first. But she wasn't sitting at one of those desks out in the open. That is where the men sit. A very handsome young one was at the desk we stopped at. He rose courteously as we approached and listened with mounting bewilderment while Margaret, with admirable clarity, stated the nature of her errand.

He didn't get it the first time and, after her second try, shook his head sadly. "Oh, we couldn't very well do that," he said.

"But Mr. Kent has an account here—has had for years," Margaret explained, "and besides, here is a check made out to him for the exact amount."

The handsome young man looked around helplessly, then his eye brightened as a girl came briskly by. "Oh, Miss Dixon," he called, "have you got a moment? Will you take care of these ladies?"

Miss Dixon understood the problem immediately. "Of course," she said, "it's very simple," and led us to a window where there

was another man, elderly this time, and not very glad to see us. Miss Dixon explained the situation carefully and then, step by step, told him what to do. Even so he had to be prompted by Margaret several times after Miss Dixon had left us. Margaret is a quick study.

We laughed about it a bit at lunch and said that what that bank needed was more Miss Dixons, or to make Miss Dixon president. We agreed that the latter seemed unlikely (both of us having read in *Time* that while women hold 60 per cent of all bank jobs, they hold only 10 per cent of bank executive jobs). Just why Miss Dixon will in all probability never be president of this bank it is hard to say. Very likely the officers of this large New York bank have never seriously considered the possibility of a woman president. (There are some women bank presidents, but most of them are in small towns. Mrs. Georgia Clark, for instance, the Treasurer of the United States, was formerly the president of a bank in Richland, Kansas, population 200.) It may well be that the directors, the borrowers, the depositors would not care to see a woman in charge in this traditionally masculine field.

But it may also be that Miss Dixon herself would shy violently away from such an idea. She'd much rather be right where she is than president.

Miss Rogers' most recent book is Women Are Here to Stay. With her husband, Frederick Lewis Allen, she has collaborated on a number of books, including I Remember Distinctly. She is on the staff of the Reader's Digest.

I well remember a conversation I had with a friend with whom I had been working in a wartime government agency which was about to dissolve. She had had a position of real responsibility and had executed her manifold duties with apparent ease and vigorous good sense. We were talking about what we would be doing next. "You know," she said, "it sounds absurd, and I'm ashamed to admit it, but the kind of job I really want is to be that invaluable assistant to a man who is doing something I believe in. I'd work like a nailer, and I'd be so tactful that he wouldn't know how much he depended on me, but I want him to make the final decisions." She paused a minute and then said reflectively, "I think it's the kind of job most women really want." I may confess that her words gave me a real shock, but I believe that she uttered a profound truth. I believe that a great many women have an essentially low opinion of their own powers, that they are possessed by a feeling of humility that is at the same time touching and infuriating.

In the rash of recapitulations of the half century just ended that has been appearing in periodicals and broadcast over the air, hardly a commentator has failed to mention the emancipation of women as one of the most striking phenomena of the period. And, indeed, the political, economic, and social changes in the status of women during the past fifty years represent—in theory, at least—an accumulation of freedoms and opportunities that *should* add up to a brave new world hardly dreamed of by the early feminists. I hardly need to enumerate them: all the way from the right to vote and to hold public office, the right to enter practically any field of work, and the broader opportunity for higher education, down to the right to drink and smoke in public, restrictions and taboos have disappeared right and left.

The astonishing thing is that, with all these gains, the great majority of women regard themselves so slightly and put so low an estimate on their individual worth as members of society as a whole.

THERE seems little doubt that this is true. Everyone I know who has done much volunteer work with women declares that for each one who will head up a committee or take charge of a drive, there are

dozens who shrink from a position of responsibility. "Let me lick the stamps," they beg. Devoted and hard-working, they are so humble that they do not honestly think they are capable of making decisions or directing other people.

For the sake of argument, I'll admit that perhaps many of this type may be found among the older women who grew up before the era of their liberation, and who still think along the old lines: that woman's work is the execution of small details, necessary but unremarkable, while someone else—a man—directs the enterprise. These are the women who have always worked in the Ladies' Aid or the Women's Auxiliary and never dreamed of being on the Vestry (although everybody in town knows that without their support the church would fade away).

Well, what about the younger women? What about the girls ending college and contemplating the next step? Are they for the most part confident, self-assured? Do they give the impression that the world is their oyster?

During the past few years I've had the opportunity of talking to the heads of vocational bureaus in several women's colleges, and it has been my good fortune, too, to discuss jobs with a fair number of the girls themselves. These girls have struck me as highly intelligent, mature, and capable—so much more knowledgeable and generally attractive than my own college generation was at the same age that I am awed by them. But I am also struck by how often these most excellent young women lack the confident ambition that their equipment would seem to warrant. Modesty is a pleasing quality, but their approach is often more humble than modest, and their reasons for wanting a job are strangely nebulous. "All my friends are working," or "I'd like to live in New York," or "I have to do something" recur over and over. Obviously all girls emerging from college aren't in this category. The surprising thing is that so many are.

Nobody expects the recent graduate to have a long-range program planned in detail. Lots of people don't know exactly what they want to do. They have to feel their way around and see how they can fit into our complex industrial pattern. I do think, however, that the girl who announces that she would like a research job, and apparently hasn't thought

of anything beyond that, is setting her sights pretty low. The safe and anonymous spot where you work hard and someone else signs his name and takes the final praise or blame may be all very well, but the positive note, not to mention the pioneer note, is certainly lacking. I have noticed, too, when girls discuss a change of jobs, how seldom they seem to have explored the possibility of making something more of the old job before giving it up. Instead of looking around to see what needs to be done in the office where they are working, and how it could be done, they complain about lack of opportunity and advancement—forgetting that advancement usually comes to those who can see beyond their noses.

As far as these girls are concerned, one must not forget that their generation has taken quite a beating. Children of the Great Depression, they faced up to World War II at a highly impressionable age. It is little wonder that their generation—girls and men alike—views the chances of another depression or another war with a special dismay, and wants to hold on to and cherish whatever it can of the normal, the stable, the safe, rather than to reach out for the uncertain. The concept of security has been dinned into us as the chief desideratum for some years now, and it's not surprising that young people have been persuaded by this most unsiren-like song.

A *Fortune* survey of the class of '49 (which numbers some 150,000 men) from some 1,200 colleges reveals that in general "Forty-nine is taking no chances . . . what they don't want is risk. Bulling about the future, the state of the economy, and their place in it, they seem, to a stranger from another generation, somehow curiously old before their time. Above everything else, security has become the great goal."

II

THE preoccupation with security is not, then, a quality of mind that is confined to women. Men want it too. But it's the women I'm talking about, and I cannot believe that this is the whole explanation of their humility. Let's return to those great gains made for and by women in the past fifty years. How much has been real and how

much illusory? One field where the results are comparatively easy to estimate is in "gainful occupations." How much has the picture changed since the days when nursing and teaching were almost the only polite occupations in which women could engage?

Numerically speaking, the change is enormous. More than eighteen million women—about 30 per cent of the nation's labor force—are in paid employment (a significant term if ever there was one, implying that the active housekeeper's daily routine is of no economic value!). The figure has been rising for a long time, and there seems to be no reason to suppose that it will presently begin to slide downhill. Moreover, the fields open to women appear to include practically everything. Ten years ago the census report showed women employed in all but nine of the 451 job classifications. Even in the professions, there are very few graduate schools left that refuse admission to women students. The Harvard Medical School, for example, held out against their admission for many years, and capitulated after World War II. The war demonstrated women's ability to learn highly technical skills with an ease that surprised everybody. And the idea of women working outside the home is now so socially acceptable that the daughters of even prosperous families look for a job as a matter of course, when they leave school or college—unless they are getting married at once or taking graduate courses.

So far so good; but on closer examination, the available data are less impressive. There is no question as to the complete acceptance of the feminine secretary in the business world. How many times have you heard a man boast about his secretary? A good many, I'll warrant. "She's the real brains of this outfit" or "She knows more about this business than I do" are familiar accolades. Nobody has any doubts about the place of the good secretary in the industrial scene. She's indispensable, that's all. In this essentially secondary, ministering role, she has won a secure place for herself. But when one examines the higher echelons, women are much less numerous than one might expect. There's no biological reason why women can't be presidents, vice presidents, editors-in-chief. Too many of them are filling these positions for that old argument to hold water. Jo-

sephine Roche, Elizabeth Arden, Edna Woolman Chase, Carmel Snow, Dorothy Shaver, to mention only a few conspicuously successful executives, have conclusively proved that women can get to the top. It is quite possible to make an imposing list of women in high executive jobs. The wonder is that such lists are still compiled, that a successful business woman should be news. And in the lower brackets, where most of the working women are found, they do not yet get equal pay with men for the same kind of work. In the professions and the arts (with the exception of writing and acting) women's performance cannot compare with men's in terms of per capita distinction.

It is impossible to say whether this is the fault of women themselves or of the way business and the professions are rigged. I suspect that both are responsible and that it makes for a vicious circle.

POLITICALLY the situation seems to be much the same. When women got the vote in 1920, there were those who predicted that in a short time women would be holding office all over the place. Nothing of the sort happened. In a speech given early in 1948 to the Women's Bureau Conference, Miss C. Mildred Thompson, Dean of Vassar College, said, "There are, of course, today notable women in high political offices, and it has been the custom in the last few years for the Administration to appoint one woman on each of several important public commissions. But notice, please, that it is generally *one* woman, not five or six among a dozen members. This continued failure to assume full positions of power remains a problem. It is a surprise and a source of disappointment to many women—and to some men—that in these thirty years almost since women attained the franchise, so few women hold public office high or low, and so few even have stood for election to office."

Again I rather imagine that the fact that women have not risen more noticeably to "full positions of power" in the political world is not wholly their fault. In the smoke-filled rooms as around the directors' boards there are still a great many men who would not be entirely at ease if there were women present, and the problems of a woman in authority over men are infinitely

greater than when the situation is reversed.

So when we reflect on these two great gains—the freedom to choose one's occupation and the right to vote and to hold public office—we see that women have still a long way to go before they realize completely the dreams and aspirations of the early champions of women's rights.

The last thing I would advocate would be a return to the militant tactics of some of the early feminists. Their battles were fought and won with an aggressiveness that would today be as out-of-date as it would be unlovely. Let us not forget the doors they opened; the woman of 1950 doesn't have to push her way in, she does have to make herself welcome. Only by the exercise of her own individual talents and powers in full co-operation with others can she make the contribution to society that the times need. Part of Mrs. Roosevelt's extraordinary influence is due to the very fact that she is a woman and talks a woman's language. Senator Margaret Chase Smith's ability as a politician is certainly in no way hampered by the fact that she is a very attractive person.

AND what about the housewives? Freedom from domestic drudgery is something that is talked about a good deal, particularly by the manufacturers of household machinery, and there is no question but that labor-saving devices and processed foods have vastly simplified the techniques of cooking and cleaning and washing clothes. But there are two sides to this medal. Servants have largely disappeared from the homes of all but the wealthy, small children still need constant attention, and the business of housekeeping takes more time, no matter how many mechanical aids you have, than the advertisements suggest. Moreover, even if some time has been saved, the disappearance of fine needlework and other domestic crafts has cut off a number of outlets for creative energy that our grandmothers enjoyed and took pride in. (We're trying to re-open small creative avenues with our talk about hobbies, but such occupations used to be part of daily home living.) In short, in simplifying the work of the house, we have shorn the position of housekeeper of much of the dignity and prestige it once had. Women are not as proud of the title of good housekeeper as

they were when housekeeping was an executive job, with servants to direct, household arts and crafts to supervise and execute, and when mother and father were nearly absolute authority. (Those were the days before the phrase, "Mother knows best," was the big joke it is today. She used to think she *did* know best, poor soul, before that was beaten out of her.)

It must be admitted, too, that women get very little to bolster their morale from reading about themselves. And there's a lot to read—usually under the general heading, "What's the Matter with Women?" You don't find people writing on "What's the Matter with Men?" They write about the shortcomings of American husbands or business men or politicians or farmers, but they don't take the entire sex as a target. But with women, it's always open season—and they are lumped together as if all women were alike. They are scolded for being clinging and possessive mothers and demanding wives; they are sighed over by the older feminists, men and women, for not making the most of their great opportunities; they are criticized for leaving home, and they are urged to get out of their homes. At the same time, they are exhorted to protect and elevate public morals and manners, to work for the good of the community, to keep alive the sacred flame of the arts, and to be the pillars of the church. Moreover, as keepers of the family purse, they are cajoled and bullied by the advertiser with all the artful cunning he can muster—which is considerable. It is small wonder if some, confronted by this formidable list of obligations, feel that they are failing.

But in addition to these, perhaps the strongest reason for a humble attitude on the part of many women is quite simply the desire to be liked by men. The old notion that men love only those women who look up to them with passive admiration has been given a new lease on life by certain present-day psychiatrists who are saying firmly that society is sick because women are sick; and that the reason women are sick is that they have been trying too hard to compete with men, that they have special emotional stresses and strains that are resolved only by strict devotion to the role of wife and mother. This attitude is reflected—as Mirra Komarovsky pointed out in the November *Harper's*—

in a movement in educational circles to change the college curriculum for girls on the grounds that it was mistakenly patterned after that of the men's colleges and that girls should be taught quite different things—things like preparation for marriage, bringing up children, household economics. (As if they and they alone were responsible for family life!)

This seems to me to be getting back to the battle of the sexes that I thought we'd got over. I cannot see that much is going to be gained by all this emphasis on women as females, and I can see a great deal lost. For in the great historic movement of the past century toward human liberty and equality, the changing status of women has been only one aspect of the general revolution. Women did not win what rights they now possess through their own efforts alone. Nor will they be able to adapt themselves fully to their changed status of today and tomorrow without the understanding aid of men; and everything that separates men and women into different categories instead of strengthening their community of interests is a brake on civilized progress.

III

IS THERE anything to be done to help women disabuse themselves of their humility? I think there are several things. The first is to understand the interweaving pressures and the changes that have come about, some rapidly, some slowly, and to bring our own social thinking up to date to conform with the real conditions of today's living. We are burdened with a number of outworn ideas and concepts that are costly anachronisms and cloud the scene. In spite of these, many women have adjusted to their changed status with marked success. They are not humble-minded, and we don't have to worry about them. It's the others, who haven't adjusted so well, whom we're considering. Each individual must, of course, in the long run, do her own adjusting, but it isn't quite fair to put the whole burden on her, for it's everybody's business.

Before I move on to specific ideas that I think we should discard, let me point out a factor in women's lives today that is comparatively new and much more important than many of us realize—the lack of contin-

uity. When families were larger, and the period of child-bearing consequently longer, the married woman passed from the duties of mother to the duties of grandmother with only a small break in time. And the duties and pleasures of grandmother were very real. Now, with a period of work outside the home before marriage, and usually up to the time children begin to come, you have a very different picture. The young mother is faced with a complete change of occupation, with demanding duties, until her children are fourteen or fifteen, and then, when she is in her forties, these duties are done, and she has to make another radical change and find some rewarding occupation if she doesn't want to face a series of empty days and a general feeling of uselessness. Grandmothers are pretty well intimidated these days and are told to keep out of the way—unless, of course, a crisis arises. Indeed, the problems of the older woman are serious enough to rate a whole new literature.

In short, it's more complicated to be a woman. More complicated than it used to be? More complicated than to be a man? Both.

AND now as to the ideas I believe it's time to abandon. First, I'd like women to think of themselves first as people and then as women. I'd like men to do the same, but that's probably asking too much, right at the start. I am, I will confess, tired of the automatic laugh the word "wife" produces in some circles of male society. It's like "Brooklyn," and seems to have succeeded "mother-in-law."

Our intense preoccupation with youth is another concept that has got out of hand. Granted that youth is—or can be—highly attractive, and that Browning was certainly stretching things in that "best is yet to be" line, still the aspect of youth that is most often presented to us—in mass media at any rate—is physical charm or the eccentricities of the teen-agers, rather than the tireless vigor, the confident idealism, the fearless adventuring spirit that are the classic attributes of youth.

The older man has been getting a break lately: Hardly a critic failed to remark gratefully on the novelty of the middle-aged planter's winning the young Army nurse in

"South Pacific," and the intense and widespread interest in the recent marriages of Vice President Barkley and Mayor O'Dwyer would seem to show that glamour-beyond-fifty for men is a concept that the public is prepared to accept. But that a mature woman might have some charm of her own is still dismissed as absurd, if not downright unwholesome. If by any chance such a creature appears in popular fiction, she is up to no good, and is a cause of acute discomfort and misery to her family. This pressure to remain young, or to attempt to preserve an illusion of youth, shows up even among scientists; in a recent issue of the *Journal of Social Psychology*, Ralph R. Norman comments on the fact that ten times as many women as men fail to list their age in the Directory of the American Psychological Association, and attributes this concealment to (1) the glorification of youth in our culture; (2) the premium placed by society on marriage and motherhood; (3) a potential competition with men for jobs, where the older woman is at a double disadvantage, on the score of age as well as sex.

That marriage per se is the ultimate in happy security is another concept that we'd better jettison. One might suppose that the fairy-story ending, ". . . and so they were married and lived happily ever after," belonged to the literature of the nursery, or of the Victorian era, but a glance at any issue of any woman's magazine shows that this is not so. Page after page is illustrated with close-ups of melting girls and ardent youths clasped in fond embraces, and although the final goal—matrimony—is not reached until you get to the back of the book, there it is, the solution to all problems. It seems hardly necessary to point out that marriage is not an end in itself, that like every other worth-while thing it has to be worked at, that the wedding is the starting point, not the finish line, that divorce is unhappily on the increase, or that single women have been known to have full, happy, even distinguished lives. One can only wonder at the persistence of the myth that marriage automatically ensures a safe and desirable existence.

The mechanics of daily living—the way she spends the hours—is something that every woman has to decide for herself, but the married woman who wants to work outside

the limits of the domestic routine has to consider the needs and desires of the family group. It must be remembered that the mother of young children who undertakes a full-time job outside the home must have an abundance of energy; and also that the cost of competent care for the children in her absence comes high. It can be done, it has been done successfully, but it takes a lot of doing.

The married woman who works is not flouting convention, but whereas it is accepted that the man is the breadwinner and no nonsense, the wife who through necessity or choice (or both) sets out to augment the family income will have a much easier time if her husband regards her efforts as having equal importance to his own, even if the financial return is less. And our thinking should somehow be adjusted to the fact that if the woman happens to make more money than her husband it is not a real "problem" in their relationship.

I CANNOT emphasize strongly enough my point that I am not urging an active career in the outside world for *all* women. I am only hoping that women who do undertake such ventures will set their sights a little higher, will not shrink from responsibility, will occasionally take the daring chance, essay the high venture, and will realize that opportunities are not always plainly so la-

beled. Sometimes you have to make them yourself. That there are still dead ends for women in various fields, I admit, but these ends can be moved back if we push hard.

Nor am I suggesting that the housewife rush out immediately and organize a drive for slum clearance or undertake an investigation of the state of affairs in the nearest mental hospital, or take up the lute and Sanskrit. I do believe that in many communities, however, there could be a healthier distribution of civic energy if more attention were paid to individuals as such and if it were not assumed that men hold the executive jobs and women do what they are told. At the very least, in social gatherings, it would be refreshing to hear more women join in the talk about politics or foreign affairs without the shield of a quotation from Edward Murrow or "my son in Washington."

I've tried to suggest some of the causes that contribute to the humility of women who have no business being humble: but they are offered as explanations, not as excuses. What this country—in its new, if unsought, position of world leadership—needs is a vigorous and fearless society in which men and women work and live together in mutual respect and good will. There's too much to be done to allow those who have gifts and advantages the luxury of sinking into the back seat, however comfortable it may be.

You Can Say That Again

IT is generally admitted by every housewife . . . that linen, silk, and other articles of textile fabric, though less expensive, are far inferior now to what was made in the days of our grandfathers. Metal workers tell us that it is almost impossible to procure for the purposes of their trade brass such as appears to have been in common use half a century ago. Joinery is neither so sound nor so artistic as it was. . . . A cheap and easy method of workmanship—an endeavor to produce a show of finish with least possible labor, and, above all, an unhealthy spirit of competition in regard to price such as was unknown to previous generations—have combined to deteriorate the value of our ordinary mechanics' work.

—Charles L. Eastlake, *Hints on Household Taste*, London, 1868



The Chaos of Congress

Albert L. Warner

Pictorial Comment by Robert Osborn

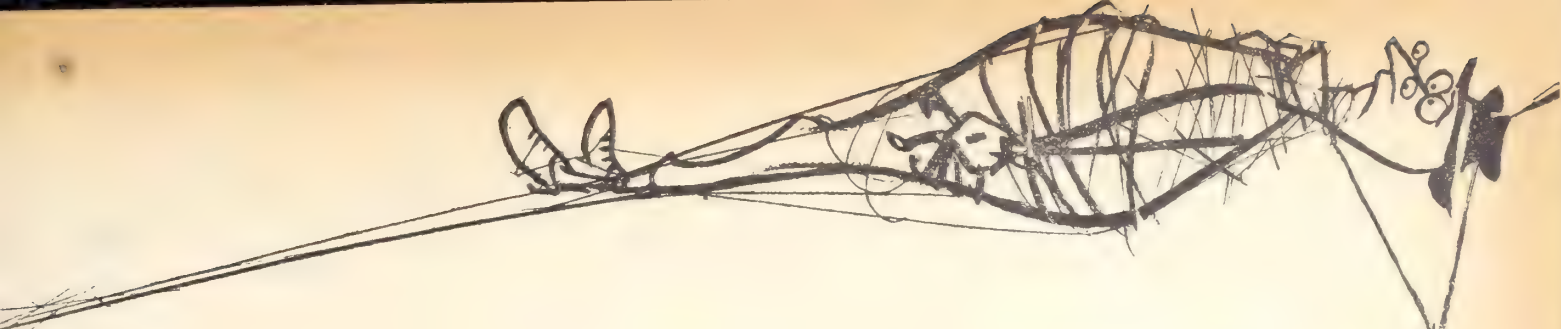
THREE and a half years ago a congressional reorganization law "modernized and streamlined" Congress. Now it is all too easy to see that nothing was done to improve either chassis or engine. Some chromium and a couple of bug-eye headlights may have been superimposed, but it is still the same old Model-T rattletrap.

One might almost say that the only tangible result of the congressional reorganization act was to raise the pay of congressmen and to provide retirement pensions for them. In all fairness, certain improvements and reforms were made; but they are less conspicuous than the creaking and swaying of the lumbering congressional vehicle.

Take, for instance, the utter lack of financial responsibility in Congress. The last session demonstrated it appallingly. So complete was the financial chaos that the average congressman in the week before adjournment had no idea how much of a government-spending program he was voting, or whether the deficit would be two or twelve billion dollars.

The reorganization law of 1946 had attempted to set up a legislative budget. It directed that the appropriating and tax-raising committees in Congress were to estimate on February 15 of each year the total projected expenditures for the next fiscal year and the total expected revenue. In 1947 and 1948 a Republican Congress gave this provision

Since 1930 Mr. Warner has been a Washington correspondent, first as bureau chief of the New York Herald Tribune, now as commentator for the American Broadcasting Company.



of the law a half-hearted and disdainful recognition. The Democrats of the 81st Congress threw it in the ash-can. They considered it unworkable, and perhaps it was, in part; but at any rate even the spirit of the law was flouted.

Appropriations bills came along by fits and starts. A chamber would economize one day and go on a spending spree the next. It would cut out three million dollars for a fair in the District of Columbia to celebrate the sesquicentennial of the capital city, and then authorize forty million dollars for the construction of new post offices or federal buildings in every congressman's district, whether needed or not. And the scales were so loaded against economy that the friends of the District Fair could come back three times to the House of Representatives—and make the grade the third time. The House reversed itself and gave the money.

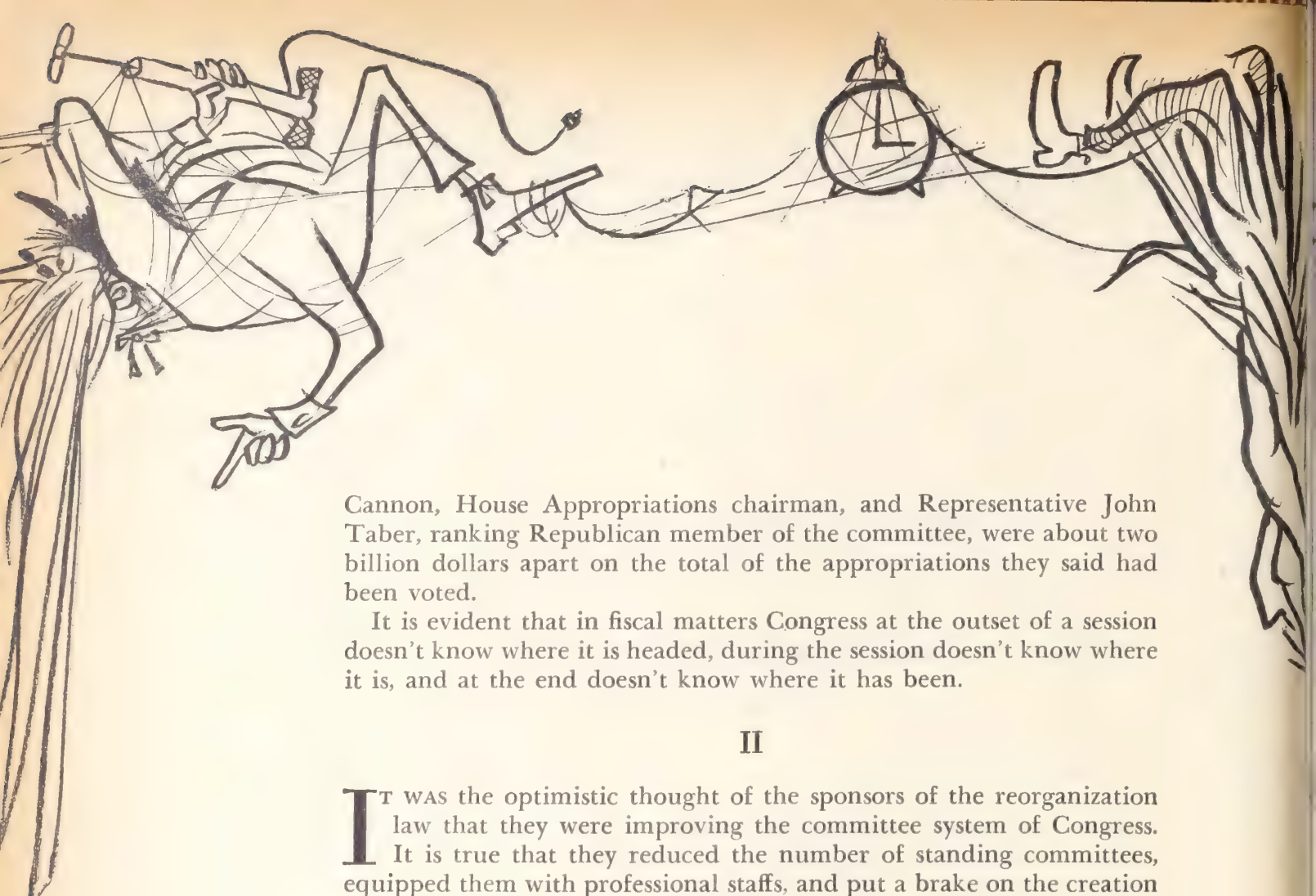
The old back-slapping process, you-help-me-and-I'll-help-you, operated without hindrance on the time-honored pork-barrel bill for rivers and harbors and flood control. The House approved a generous appropriation of 593 million dollars; then the members of the House rushed over to the other side of the Capitol to join their senators at committee hearings and urge still bigger appropriations, till when the bill passed the Senate it had reached 751 million dollars.

The old congressional system of first authorizing a program entailing the spending of money, and then in separate action making the appropriation, lent itself to confusion as usual and played into the hands of the spendthrift. Representative Clarence Cannon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, sought to stop an appropriation for drawing up plans for a small dam at Gavins Point on the Missouri River. The dam, he said, should not be built for thirteen years and might never be needed—depending on the effectiveness of other dams under construction. But the House is always sensitive to local projects, and the theory that it was already committed to this one carried the day: the blueprinting of the dam was upheld.

It would have been reasonable to expect all the appropriation bills for the new fiscal year to pass before it began, on July 1. But so dilatory was Congress that it had to adopt five stop-gap resolutions to allow government payrolls to be met while it continued to fumble over bills for weeks after the deadline. On October 1, when a quarter of the fiscal year had elapsed, five appropriation bills were still stuck in the works; and not until October 17 was the vital defense appropriation bill passed—more than three and a half months late!

Not only did the average legislator during the session have no idea of what the appropriations were totaling—according to Representative Mike Monroney, the able Oklahoma Democrat who fathered the reorganization law—but when the session was over even the financial leaders of Congress differed as to what they had done. Representative





Cannon, House Appropriations chairman, and Representative John Taber, ranking Republican member of the committee, were about two billion dollars apart on the total of the appropriations they said had been voted.

It is evident that in fiscal matters Congress at the outset of a session doesn't know where it is headed, during the session doesn't know where it is, and at the end doesn't know where it has been.

II

IT WAS the optimistic thought of the sponsors of the reorganization law that they were improving the committee system of Congress. It is true that they reduced the number of standing committees, equipped them with professional staffs, and put a brake on the creation of special committees. But consider the duplication and confusion that still remain.

The duplication of testimony before congressional committees is an indecent waste of time and of officials' energy. The House Foreign Affairs Committee holds hearings on the bill to extend the Marshall Plan for another year. Then the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hears the same men and raises the same questions. Next the House Appropriations Committee, and after it the Senate Appropriations Committee, go over the same well-beaten ground. The joint Congressional Watchdog Committee delves into the same operations. Paul Hoffman, the administrator of the Marshall Plan, spent nine days before the Senate Appropriations Committee alone, being heckled about every export detail from brooms to wigs; and during the past session Louis Johnson, the Secretary of Defense, had to testify before ten different committees or subcommittees of Congress. In one month he made no less than fifteen appearances!

Compounding confusion, the Appropriations Committees are beginning to take over the making of policy also. The Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate was willing to go along with the State Department on policies affecting Franco Spain; but Senator Pat McCarran, as chairman of the Appropriations sub-committee, said to the Secretary of State, "I am not in favor of your policy with reference to Spain and until that policy is changed I am going to examine your appropriations with a fine-tooth comb." And the influence of Senator Sheridan Downey, exercised through the Senate Appropriations Committee, held up the pay of Reclamation Commissioner Michael Straus for five months because the Senator did not like Mr. Straus's policies.





FOR all the virtues of the reorganization bill, it left untouched the biggest evil of the present committee system: the hoary system of seniority that sits upon the committees like an old man of the sea. The chairmen of committees are those who have grown old coming from safe districts. Ability, effectiveness, knowledge, even political shrewdness—which is sometimes needed to get things done—have nothing to do with the selection of a committee chairman. The oldest man in point of service gets the job.

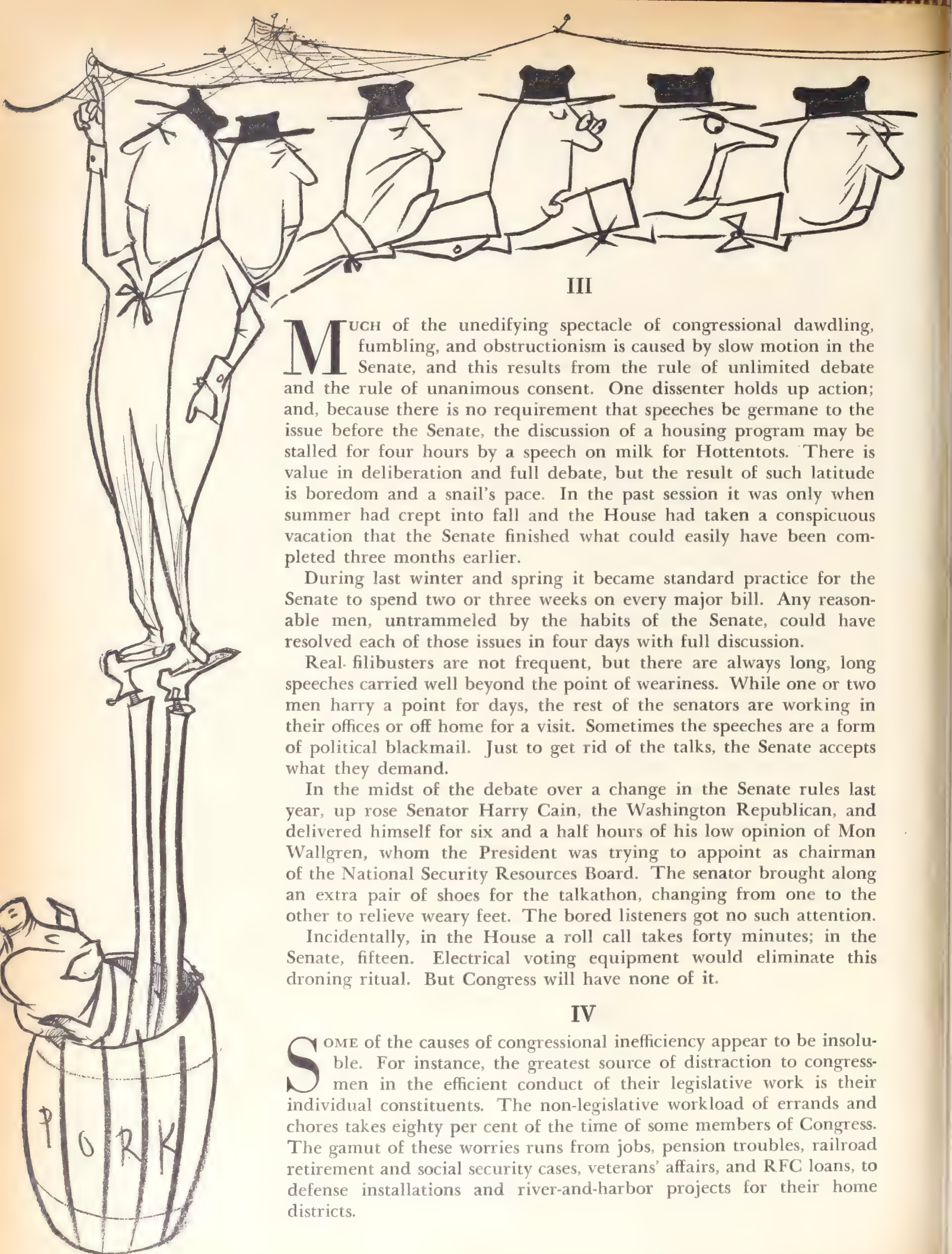
A committee chairman appoints the personnel of subcommittees. He sets the dates for meetings. He directs what bills are to be considered and when. Because of the traditional deference to him he can practically smother legislation which fails to meet with his personal approval.

The result is that several of the most important committees of Congress have been kept in a state of disorganization. Chairman John Lesinski of the House Committee on Education and Labor began a notable career of ineptness at the outset of the past session by trying to install a committee counsel whom not even his Democratic colleagues on the committee would swallow. Later he so fumbled the Administration's effort to repeal or drastically modify the Taft-Hartley Act that the Administration was humiliated on the floor and saved face only by sending the measure back to committee. The bill for federal aid to education, handled so smoothly by the Senate that it passed with scarcely a ripple, was allowed to fall into a needlessly bitter row in this House committee, and was stranded there, its friends unable to muster a committee majority to consider it. Finally, the chairman used his arbitrary power to abolish several sub-committees. Representative Andrew Jacobs, Indiana Democrat, bitterly protesting, spent the last three weeks of the session trying to have the full committee called together. The chairman by seniority said "no." In the non-democratic committee system of Congress, a chairman's "no" is effective.

Then there is Chairman John E. Rankin of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee—chairman, of course, by virtue of seniority. After giving his committee members only a few minutes to look over a new version of a bill to cost 125 billion dollars for veterans' pensions, he railroaded it to the floor of the House over the shrieks of protesting Democrats. It took not only good sense but considerable political fortitude for the House to send the bill back to committee, because it is considered political suicide to vote against anything for veterans.

At the other end of the Capitol, Senator McCarran, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, secure in his seniority, defied his own party leadership and a majority of both parties of the Senate for one entire session over the bill to revise the displaced-persons law. He did so by just prolonging indefinitely public hearings on the bill. The Senate, always deferential to committee chairmen, had authorized \$135,000 for immigration inquiries, which gave scope to protracted study.





III

MUCH of the unedifying spectacle of congressional dawdling, fumbling, and obstructionism is caused by slow motion in the Senate, and this results from the rule of unlimited debate and the rule of unanimous consent. One dissenter holds up action; and, because there is no requirement that speeches be germane to the issue before the Senate, the discussion of a housing program may be stalled for four hours by a speech on milk for Hottentots. There is value in deliberation and full debate, but the result of such latitude is boredom and a snail's pace. In the past session it was only when summer had crept into fall and the House had taken a conspicuous vacation that the Senate finished what could easily have been completed three months earlier.

During last winter and spring it became standard practice for the Senate to spend two or three weeks on every major bill. Any reasonable men, untrammelled by the habits of the Senate, could have resolved each of those issues in four days with full discussion.

Real filibusters are not frequent, but there are always long, long speeches carried well beyond the point of weariness. While one or two men harry a point for days, the rest of the senators are working in their offices or off home for a visit. Sometimes the speeches are a form of political blackmail. Just to get rid of the talks, the Senate accepts what they demand.

In the midst of the debate over a change in the Senate rules last year, up rose Senator Harry Cain, the Washington Republican, and delivered himself for six and a half hours of his low opinion of Mon Wallgren, whom the President was trying to appoint as chairman of the National Security Resources Board. The senator brought along an extra pair of shoes for the talkathon, changing from one to the other to relieve weary feet. The bored listeners got no such attention.

Incidentally, in the House a roll call takes forty minutes; in the Senate, fifteen. Electrical voting equipment would eliminate this droning ritual. But Congress will have none of it.

IV

SOME of the causes of congressional inefficiency appear to be insoluble. For instance, the greatest source of distraction to congressmen in the efficient conduct of their legislative work is their individual constituents. The non-legislative workload of errands and chores takes eighty per cent of the time of some members of Congress. The gamut of these worries runs from jobs, pension troubles, railroad retirement and social security cases, veterans' affairs, and RFC loans, to defense installations and river-and-harbor projects for their home districts.

Mr. Monroney recalls that someone ironically suggested that half of Congress should be legislators and half should be representatives of the districts. The only trouble is that the representatives of the districts would be the ones re-elected.

As if it were not enough that congressmen should be laden with errands for their districts, they are also imposing upon themselves a new load of publicity activity. They are writing weekly columns for their local newspapers and weekly radio talks by transcription to their local radio stations. And now Congressman Gerald R. Ford, Michigan Republican, is setting what may become a ghastly precedent. He has become the actor-star in a Washington travelogue to be sent to clubs and schools back home, a movie full of the Washington monument, the Lincoln Memorial, the Potomac, the chambers of Congress, and Congressman Ford. God alone knows what the demands of television will be!

Perhaps there is no way of curbing such outside activity on the part of our legislators. But some of the other scandalous conditions that I have been discussing can be remedied.

(1) *The chaos in finances.* There is at least a faint hope that this situation will be bettered in the present session by the introduction of a single, comprehensive appropriation bill, lumping together all appropriations. This will give congressmen a chance to look at the total of what they are voting to spend. The appropriations of the previous year will be set in juxtaposition to the omnibus measure, and the same accounting plan will be used for each year. This plan, pushed by Senator Harry F. Byrd, Virginia Democrat, could at least show Congress what it is doing.

To let Congress cope with the administrative departments on more even terms, the Appropriations Committees need a professional staff of perhaps a hundred members—accountants and budgetary experts delving into operations as the budget is made up.

(2) *The demoralizing rule of congressional committees by seniority.* It would be a relatively simple change to have the committee chairmen chosen either by the elected majority leaders of the Senate and the House or by the members of the committees. All that is needed is enough nerve on the part of enough legislators to push through the change; the country would applaud.

(3) *The rules of the Senate which provide for unlimited debate and unanimous consent.* Even a mild limitation of debate, invokable only in extremities, and a standing requirement that speeches must be germane to the subject before the Senate, would bring improvement.

The old Model-T was a good car but the roads are slicker now and the traffic fast and heavy. The ancient congressional jalopy needs some fundamental rebuilding.



Whom Do We Picket Tonight?

Joseph Wood Krutch

I DO not know who first said that "Being a good citizen is a full-time job." In any event it is a current cliché and a rather staggering one at that. Very few, I suppose, ever live up to a literal interpretation of it but many seem to agree that everyone should. Moreover, it is a matter of sober fact that argument, speculation, and chit-chat about social or political matters has pretty well monopolized what is called our leisure time. An overwhelmingly large proportion of contemporary books, magazine articles, novels, plays, lectures, and social conversations are concerned with such matters. So is nearly every "serious" movie or radio program. Indeed it has been almost forgotten that one can be serious on any other subject.

To object to citizenship as "a full-time job" on the ground that one has private business of one's own is not quite the thing. Dr. Samuel Johnson, it is true, once protested that "a man has a right to some time of his own" and Thoreau asked scornfully whether God had "sent him into the world without any pocket money." But Johnson and Thoreau were eccentrics and they died a long time ago. It is also true that Mozart wrote "Don Giovanni" just as the French Revolution was about to break and that Jane Austen published *Pride and Prejudice* the year before Waterloo. But no doubt both might have been better employed and the world have had more cause to remember them if they had considered the political responsibilities of their age a full-time job.

I am aware that our time is an extraordinarily difficult one; that the right to participate in the solution of public problems is one of the privileges won by the democratic revolution; and that an enlightened electorate is a *sine qua non* for success in our kind of government. But just where does the thing stop? A good deal has been said about the rising costs of government, about how much of the citizen's money that government spends. But how heavy a tax can it put upon his time—upon his very life that is—without becoming an intolerable tyranny?

THE machine was supposed to free us from the necessity of spending all our life making a living. It was said to be producing leisure for the cultivation of the arts, the sciences, and the philosophies. But if the end result is going to be a world in which everyone is as busy with the duties of citizenship as he used to be with the chores, the gain is not as obvious as it might be. Never before were political, economic, and social questions the nearly exclusive topic of even after-dinner conversation among cultivated people, and what one hears from them is as essentially the shop-talk of the citizen as talk about crops is shop-talk for the farmer and talk about the stock market is shop-talk for brokers. Moreover, most really responsible people find little time for even shop-talk of this sociable sort. If they are not attending meetings or dinners in favor of or against something or other, they are at least doing

The author of this essay registering a "human and personal protest" is Brander Matthews Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia and author of The Modern Temper and The Twelve Seasons.

their part at the parent-teachers association—for being a parent is a second full-time job.

All this would not be so profoundly dispiriting to some of us if it were recognized as a phenomenon of a world in crisis and obviously an evil in itself. We would still mutter an occasional "Oh cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right"; would still wish, now and then, that we had been born in some more peaceful time. But we would try to console ourselves with the conviction that things can't go on this way much longer. Either the world will have to settle down or go to pieces with a definite bang. But most of the liberal "blueprints" seem to assume that in Utopia the passion for political activity will be even greater and even more nearly universal than it is now. The very seers who pay at least lip disservice to "regimentation" and other evils, real or supposed, of the new world, never seem to consider the cost of government measured in terms of its demand upon a citizen's time and cost at all.

In this respect the communists have at least one small point in their favor. Often forgotten but officially a part of their dogma is the assurance that in some remote by-and-by when the state has withered away government will look after itself. But your liberal makes no such promise. The better the state of the world, the more ardently everyone will be kept busy, not only keeping it good, but improving it still further.

As though society were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.

ALREADY it is getting so that even the most active attender of meetings and signer of protests is beginning to seem a bit Laodicean, and pretty soon anyone who does not want to be called slacker will set aside at least one evening a week for the picket line. Time was when this method of protest was pretty largely confined to the disputes of a trade union with an employer, but anyone can get in on it now; and the process of walking round and round with a placard is not only—and understandably—a recognized paid profession by which certain men earn a living but is getting to be also an avocation for many whose fathers probably marched with a plumed hat and sword in the parades of the Knights of Pythias, though the sons now regard that as merely quaint.

Any good full-time citizen who thinks, for instance, that some pianist's performance is tinged by alleged pro-Nazi sentiments will not merely stay at home or attend some other recital. Indeed he will refrain especially from doing that since mere music certainly comes under the head of escapism unless, at least, the executants have known political affiliations. Instead, he will hie him to Carnegie Hall, march back and forth, and, if no policeman happens to be looking at the moment, hurl insults at those who happen to differ with him over the rather difficult question of the exact limits to which art and politics may be dissociated.

Until rather recently employers did not commonly picket unionists, but there is nothing one-sided about the opportunities at present offered. If you don't want to picket Gieseking, then, unless you basely decide to remain above the conflict, you certainly ought to picket Paul Robeson. Not infrequently one set of pickets is re- or cross-picketed by another and you certainly owe it to society to be in the one line or the other. In a state where every citizen was as socially alive as he ought to be there would be few times when he was not either picketing or being picketed and there would be many when, in connection with two burning issues, he was both marching and being marched against.

THE fact that a quite considerable number of people do seem to find "social problems" their recreation and their hobby as well as their exacting responsibility is cited by some as the one sign of health in our sick world, but why on earth this should be so I cannot see. A healthy individual does not spend most of his life examining treatments and regimens. When a man does do that we say that he is either a hypochondriac or an invalid—not that he is leading the good life for which man was obviously intended. In fact we usually wonder why he finds it worth-while to keep alive and, for that matter, so, often, does he. Why should the case of the body politic be so different? Wouldn't a really healthy citizen in a really healthy country be as unaware of the government as a healthy man is unaware of his physiology? The healthy citizen might get an annual check-up, but he would not consider compara-

tive blood pressures and the latest remedies for constipation the only subjects which a serious man considered worth talking about. And however sick society may be it seems to me that we ought at least not lose sight of what health would be like. We ought not have as our ideal the state of universal hypochondria.

Even in the life of a chronic invalid there often comes a time when he says: "I shall never be well, and in all probability I shall not live long. But I might as well use, in so far as I can, whatever life may be left me. I shall not spend all my time in eating, drinking, and being merry for there are other things which seem worth doing. But in the end '*Carpe diem*' and 'Work for the night is coming' amount to much the same thing. And either one is better than refusing to use life because it may be short. Who knows? It is just possible that I may make a surprise recovery. If I do not I shall have at least made some use of my few last days. Not to do so is to be dead already."

Sometimes, at least, I am glad that everyone did not have in past days as much social consciousness as everyone is supposed to have today. Mozart might have been more effective in certain respects if he had organized a union of composers instead of quarreling sporadically and unsuccessfully with the patrons who treated him so scurvily. But in that case, of course, he might not have been able to find the time to compose a G minor symphony. And how about Shakespeare? If he had lived in the twentieth century he might have felt compelled to spend so much time helping young playwrights and speaking at meetings for good causes that he would never have got around to writing "Hamlet."

Sometimes I even wonder whether the modern artist, at least, is really being as self-sacrificing as he seems and no doubt thinks himself. In the old days when a man could not quite make it in any trade, or profession, or art he took to drink as the most convenient way of covering up his incompetence. "Ah," said his pitying friends, "what a lawyer, what a doctor, or what a poet he would have been, if only he were not cursed with that unfortunate weakness." Today he can save his health as well as his pride by proclaiming that in such a world as this no one can and no one should function successfully. Thus social con-

sciousness can become merely the brandy of the damned. Your aspiring playwright can go to a rally instead of on a toot when he wants to conceal from himself as well as from others that he cannot write his "Hamlet."

AT LEAST there are more forms of escapism than those who bandy that word about are always aware of. An artist, for instance, may escape from the problems of his art—which are hard to solve—into a consideration of the problems of society which he sometimes seems to think require of him only that he complain about them. Even the ordinary citizen is not always guiltless of similar techniques and it is, for example, sometimes easier to head an institute for the study of child guidance than it is to turn one brat into a decent human being. All such I nevertheless forgive more easily than I do those who insist that they are setting an example of self-sacrificing good citizenship when they are merely riding hard what happens to be their hobby. Your doctor often finds nothing more intellectually interesting or more aesthetically satisfying than a good ulcer beautifully illustrating the typical features of its malignancy. When he meets socially with other doctors he may find it the natural and rewarding subject of conversation. But he does not assume that everyone's chief interest should be the same or that people who discuss topics having nothing to do with disease are necessarily shallow, ignorant, callous, or wicked. But an analogous attitude is exactly what most of your professional and amateur students of social pathology do take. Rubbing their hands as they contemplate the latest ulcer on the body politic, they assume that any reluctance to spend the rest of the evening gloating over it is proof that one is indifferent to health.

I wish that I thought the unremitting devotion of the hobbyists was more likely than I think it is to restore the world to what I should call health. Meanwhile I find myself looking backward with a certain sense of nostalgia into all those ages of Western civilization when no one supposed that being a good citizen was more than a part-time job. And I do not think, as correspondents will declare, that this means that I am secretly longing for a dictator. Dictators also, I notice, have a way of taking up a good deal of a citizen's time.

Hitchhiking with the Yellow Fish

Santha Rama Rau

THERE were four of us who made the trip to northwest China in the autumn of 1948: my American friends, Clare Harris and Faubion Bowers, who had been working for military government in Japan and who had planned the Chinese expedition with me; myself; and Michael West, a young English business man whom we had met in Shanghai. The Communists were concentrated in the northeast then, and we were in Government territory. After visiting a few villages farther north, we returned to Lanchow, the capital of Kansu province, in the third week of November.

We were faced at once with rather unsettling news. Mrs. Han, a teacher of English who had been very helpful to us during our earlier stay in Lanchow, came up to the hotel to see us. She looked sad and said quickly, as though she wanted to get it over with, "You know, of course, that the new currency has broken?"

We were all in Clare's room where Clare was painting her nails. She put the brush back carefully and asked, "What do you mean 'broken'?"

"The new currency, the gold yuan, it was all a trick of some sort. It had to happen, of course. Prices were rising too fast, and the winter was here. There was no doubt that it would come, people were hoarding food and cloth and supplies. All our savings are

gone. When this currency came in we were told to trust it—it was backed with gold." She sat down suddenly beside Clare, looking very small and shabby. "What will become of us this winter?" I could scarcely hear her voice.

Faubion, who was the only one of us who could speak and read Chinese, went out and bought a newspaper. Translating slowly for us he said, "The crash has come in Shanghai apparently. Inflation has started all over again. You remember Chiang Kai-shek's son was put in charge of the economic controls there? Well, he has resigned because his disciplinary methods have proved useless. It used to be a capital offense to black-market in currency—a couple of people were shot while I was there; now that has been withdrawn. People will start hoarding gold bars, and the spiral will rise again. The gold yuan is fluctuating wildly between forty and eighty to the American dollar."

RUMORS that the government would fall within a matter of weeks were all over the place. Every boat, plane, or other means of transport from Shanghai to Hong Kong was booked for three months to come, and the queues before the booking offices extended around several blocks. Meanwhile one could not buy food or commodities because everyone was hoarding. You can always eat rice, but what can you do with money?

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For us the break of the currency meant a drastic change of plans. We had, by now, thirty Chinese silver dollars between us and a handful of almost worthless paper. I should have had the equivalent of forty-five American dollars left, but now it was worth less than five dollars at the best price. Clearly, flying to Shanghai was out of the question, particularly since we would not be able to leave Shanghai once we did get there. We hadn't between us even enough for one air passage to Chungking.

Faubion said, "Well, we'll just have to yellow fish it to Chungking. We can probably get some money there."

"Yellow fish" is a Chinese term for hitchhiking, which in northern Kansu is the elegant way of getting about—the only other two ways being to buy a pony or walk. The system has the complicated logic of most Chinese systems. The trucks, which are mostly American army surplus, have signs on them saying how many tons they can carry. The company wants to get the most service out of its trucks so it loads them to capacity, but by bribing the driver you can get a ride on top of the load. Since anything up to twenty-five people will do this, the government disapproves of the system because it is dangerous. However, government officials themselves have no other way of traveling around the province, so a sort of two-way blackmail keeps this method of transportation running. The officials don't report the driver and they, in turn, are allowed to ride free and in the cab beside the driver—out of the cold. They are called "white fish." The paying passengers are "yellow fish," and the occasional soldiers who stop the truck and, under threat of their guns, demand free rides *and* their meals along the way are called "black fish."

I WENT to see the governor of Kansu province whom I had met previously. He seemed somewhat amused at our predicament and said he could give me a letter authorizing us to travel free on any army trucks going to Chungking, but it would be up to us to find the trucks, persuade the drivers to let us get on as white fish, and make our arrangements along the way.

"How long does it take to get to Chungking?" Mrs. Han translated for me.

"Four or five days, I think—if you are lucky

in finding the trucks and the weather is good."

I returned to the hotel waving the governor's letter triumphantly, and we went at once to the army transport depot to find out if there were any trucks going to Chungking. The officer looked at the letter, read it, showed it to his friends, discussed it, asked us all how we liked China, and finally said, no, there weren't any.

"Have you any going part of the way?" Faubion asked.

"Tomorrow one is going to Hswang-hsi-poo."

"Is that on the road to Chungking?" The man nodded. "Fine. We'll take it."

Our gold yuan just covered our bills and left enough to tip the coolies in the morning.

II

WE LEFT Lanchow on the twenty-sixth of November, a clear sunny day, cold but with little wind. We hadn't even discussed the purchase of furs or bedding; we couldn't afford them and besides we naively believed it would be only a four-day trip. There was one free place beside the driver, and Clare and I took it in turns. We started in the morning, cheerful and rather excited by our little adventure.

Faubion and Michael were by now used to the technique of traveling on the tops of trucks. They showed me that the best place is near the front so that you don't get the dust, with one row of yellow fish between you and the edge, so that you are sheltered from the wind. If it is possible to persuade someone to sit on your feet you are really fortunate because the slow freezing of your hands and feet is the hardest thing to bear.

The truck was carrying large barrels of oil south from Sinkiang. We climbed on top of the barrels, and realized for the first time the intelligence of carrying a bedding-roll. The other yellow fish sat on theirs, and it didn't take me long to learn that, once the truck is moving, the cold and draft can attack you from the most extraordinary angles. A Mongolian climbed on at the village where we stopped for lunch, and Faubion immediately christened him the Mongolian idiot, partly for his looks, and partly because he had placed a large dead goat in Faubion's place

while we had been eating. The ethics of yellow fishing dictate that you cannot take someone else's place if you are a late-comer, but nothing prevents you from putting your luggage there, as the other yellow fish can always sit on it.

"It isn't that it is uncomfortable," Faubion said; "it is simply that I have become Chinese enough to feel that one should respect the dead." However, the other yellow fish patted the goat and congratulated Faubion on having such a warm, resilient seat.

A pleasant camaraderie springs up among the yellow fish on such a journey. Since they suffer from no inhibitions about asking what they want to know, their questions are direct and to the point. The opening questions are always, "Where do you come from?" "Where are you going?" "What are you doing in China?" When Faubion answered, "Just traveling about and seeing your country," they were entirely satisfied. They had an easy conviction that China was certainly the greatest country in the world.

The Mongolian idiot turned out to be a most engaging young man. Huddled in his furs, jolting along a road which was growing progressively worse, he asked more questions than anyone else. "Which of the two men is she married to?" he asked, nodding at me.

"Neither."

"Then where is her husband? In India? Why does he let her travel with foreigners?"

"She is not married."

The Mongolian and several of the other yellow fish turned at once and comforted me, "There is still a little time. But do not waste it. You must marry as soon as you return to your country. Certainly you cannot marry a foreigner." The women smiled cozily at me.

Most of the yellow fish were soldiers and their families. One of the soldiers whose padded khaki uniform made him look like a Teddy bear, lifted the earflaps from his cap to hear the conversation better. When he heard Faubion was an American he was very excited, and his round peasant face puckered into a smile. His skin was taut and shining from the cold, and his teeth were green and badly rotted. "Roose-velt," he said with delight, "Tru-man!"

"Wonderful. Where did you learn that?"

"In our army we are taught those names

because your country helps us. *Mi-guo ren ding hao!*" he said laughing and turning his thumb up. He introduced us to his wife, a shy little girl who was carrying a baby. He asked why we didn't fly to Chungking. "Foreigners are rich."

"We aren't," Faubion said, "we can't afford it."

The soldier was at once full of sympathy. "Then you must come with me when we reach Ting-hsi. I will arrange for you to stay in the soldiers' inn. It is cheaper."

TING-HSI, which was scarcely even a village, looked in the light of the setting sun as though it were quite deserted. As soon as the truck stopped there, however, children, dogs, and adults dashed into the street and surrounded the truck. We waited patiently while our soldier friend explained who we were and what we were doing, and then were conducted to the soldiers' inn. It was built around a square courtyard, clean and bare, and groups of soldiers squatted on the ground chatting and singing. We ate dinner with the Mongolian and some of the other yellow fish, and returned to the inn to find that the soldier had hired quilts for us, arranged two rooms, and was haggling with a man about the price of a small basket of charcoal so that we could have a fire.

I woke very early the next morning feeling stiff from the board bed, and with all kinds of unsuspected aches from the truck ride. I hobbled to the door of our room and found the courtyard a sheet of white. It had snowed heavily during the night.

At first when we got up and drank our tea we were still warm from sleep and didn't realize that the winter had arrived, and from now on would grip the northwest until the spring loosened the ground, brought the rain, and allowed the lives of the people to thaw into an easier pattern that was not built entirely around escaping the cold.

It was my turn to ride inside the truck, but after we felt the wind and the dense cold outside, Clare and I decided to divide the days rather than take alternate days in the cab. "Only another three days," we kept telling each other, "and Chungking should be much warmer."

At the lunch stop, Clare climbed painfully off the truck scarcely able to straighten her

frozen joints. Tears were streaming down her face and for the first few minutes inside the restaurant she couldn't hold a teacup. I had wondered how Faubion would survive, because he had only a raincoat over his army uniform. The Mongolian, appalled at his stupidity, had lent him his own sheepskin, and had pulled out the covers from his bedding roll for himself.

In the afternoon I began to understand Clare's state. I was wearing three sweaters and a pair of flannel slacks underneath Clare's ski-suit. The suit itself was wool, with a wind-proofed jacket, but the blizzard across those deserted hills swept through as though I had been wearing muslin. Clare and I rubbed cream all over our faces, but nothing seemed to prevent our skin from cracking and flaking. The only thing that redeemed the situation was that under snow the country looked beautiful. The flat surfaces of the villages—roofs, the tops of walls, window ledges—caught the snow and gave an architectural effect to scenes that were normally monotone and two dimensional.

THAT night at Chingan, where there was no soldiers' inn, we followed the other yellow fish, and learned the importance of the *k'ang* method of sleeping on one large clay bed. The slight warmth of the other people does reach you through furs and quilts and bedding, and keeps you alive through a night that you couldn't otherwise survive.

Overnight the cold had intensified so greatly that further snow was unlikely, but the remains of the blizzard had frozen solid, leaving a wildly slippery surface to the narrow uncertain road, with a sheer rise of mountain on one side and a precipice on the other. The truck, of course, had no chains. I shut my eyes and buried my face in the Mongolian's dead goat. Faubion with all the curiosity frozen out of him didn't say a word until we were nearly in Tienshui, our next stop.

I was wondering, in a light-headed and rather detached way, whether I would live through this trip. It was hard to explain why, since my whole body was numb, it should ache so violently. I had never realized that cold could be so painful. Suddenly Faubion said in a strange cracked voice, "Look."

I brought my face out of the goat's flank and saw a row of men in a sort of uniform,

straggling along in the snow and ice of the road outside the town walls of Tienshui. They were roped together, wrist to wrist, guarded at both ends of the column by armed Nationalist soldiers. The men were barefoot.

"Those must be the first prisoners of war we have seen," Faubion said. He asked our soldier friend what battle the Communists might have been captured in. The soldier laughed with all his rotten teeth showing and said, "Those are not Communist prisoners; those are new recruits to the army."

Faubion turned to me and said bitterly, "It's the usual thing apparently. To recruit new soldiers they send a few men with guns into the villages, pick the men off the streets, rope them together, and march them into a military camp."

"Their shoes—" I said horrified.

"Their shoes are taken away. It makes desertion harder. As soon as possible they are sent away from their home provinces. That makes it harder still."

TIENSHUI turned out to be a faired-sized town. Our soldier and his wife, who were immediately involved in conversation when we arrived, told us that the town was full of troops and all the inn space had been requisitioned. We went with them to an inn entirely filled by soldiers, where, after much argument and gesticulating, the innkeeper said he could give us one room (normally his own room). We walked through the very dark and dirty restaurant to the back. The room was tiny, dark, and extremely cold. It had one narrow plank bed in it and a table. The soldier smiled, waved his hand, and vanished. We all sat in a row on the bed, too depressed to speak.

"Well," Michael said at last, "it's only for one night. Faubion and I don't mind sleeping on the floor." We stared at the earth floor which showed clearly the places where people had spat and thrown tea dregs, as they do in all Chinese restaurants. The smell of mildew was strong from the sweating walls. Somehow the room managed to combine stuffiness with bitter cold. There was no window.

"We could always," said Clare with an unsuccessful attempt at lightness, "phone the Waldorf." A large rat strolled casually across the floor. Clare suddenly started to cry. "Oh

damn it!" she said; "it would have been worth every penny of five hundred dollars to fly to Chungking!"

Two small children came and stood in the doorway. The soldier had sent them to us with a couple of handfuls of nuts as a present. Their parents were sharing a room with our soldier and his wife and all three children. They stayed and talked to us for a while. The little girl about six years old was the older and by far the more intelligent of the two, but when they were showing us how many characters they could write and what big figures they could add, she always deferred to the boy. Already she knew the place of a girl in the family.

Our soldier came in to tell us that he had been talking to the truck driver and had heard that we wouldn't be leaving Tienhsui for two or three days. The roads were impassable.

Michael stood up with sudden decision. "We'll have to do something. We can't stay in this room for three days. Ask the man if there are any foreigners in this town."

"Yes," said the soldier. "There are some Christians."

THE Catholic fathers in the Tienhsui Mission, when we eventually found it, were most cordial and seemed delighted to see new faces. Most of them were German, a couple were Spaniards, and there was one American, Father Rudolf. They gave us a couple of rooms in their little hospital which were normally kept free for the Fathers themselves, served us mission-made wine and biscuits in front of the old-fashioned stove in their refectory, and then sent us off to collect our luggage.

Meals at the Mission were extraordinary. Fifteen bearded old men sat around the refectory table eating solidly German food—sausages, meatballs, sauerkraut—made by the nuns who help in the hospital. The cabbages have to be specially grown in their own garden; Chinese cabbage somehow isn't quite right for sauerkraut.



Tienhsui, which means Heavenly Water, was at one time a well-known cultural center of China; since then, the increasing poverty of the soil has scattered some of the population. It still has many schools and some beautiful old buildings and temples which the Chinese rather casually use to keep their cattle in. Faubion asked our hosts whether the Mission would be disbanded since the Communists were so near to Tienhsui.

"No, no. This is our home. Some of us have been here for thirty and forty years. Why should we leave now? One of our Fathers went back to his village in Europe for the first time in thirty-eight years. He saw his first movie and heard the radio for the first time on the ship going over. Most of us don't even take our home leave."

We were shown around the hospital, a series of cottages built in the Chinese way, but dazzlingly clean, whitewashed, and well cared for compared with most Chinese interiors. There were haggard men rotting away with syphilis, children with brilliant cheeks and tuberculosis, wasted mothers waiting for children to be born who would live no longer than their previous ones. It was easy to understand why movies and radios were unimportant.

THREE days later the truck left Tienhsui. The days were still overcast and rigidly cold. We were all grimly depressed at the thought of facing more of those agonized days of truck travel, particularly since we had learned that only the most ignorant amateur

at travel in China could have hoped to reach Chungking from Lanchow in four days. It takes at least ten in the very best weather.

The roads were still frozen and we skidded recklessly along over the treacherous passes south of Tienshui. We got to the top of one long hill which was entirely iced over. At the top of it there were three trucks and several oxcarts and horsecarts waiting to go on and afraid to try the down grade. The animals were too precious to lose by broken legs, and the truck drivers didn't feel up to risking their necks.

Our driver decided to be brave and told us all to get off the truck while he took it down the hill. He started off with a crowd of enthralled yellow fish watching him. We all stood well out of the way on top of the hill. The engine roared, a cloud of smoke from the exhaust hung in the frozen air, and a few yards down the truck skidded so violently on the narrow road that it whirled around in its tracks and teetered madly on the edge of the precipice. Horrified gasps from us, and gales of laughter from the yellow fish and the other drivers. Our man got it back under control when the truck was facing up the hill again. We looked down the cliff to see another truck caught halfway down where it had fallen the evening before after rashly attempting the same descent.

Slowly the driver got the truck back up the hill, and then all the drivers got together and had a conference. I was feeling immensely happy and exhilarated because the sun had come out for the first time since we left Lanchow. During the previous few days we had all developed large painful chilblains, and a passionate worship of the sun. Every few minutes we had gazed at the sky, looking for

a break in the clouds. I hadn't thought it possible that one's life could come to revolve around the appearance of the sun with such fervor.

We were on the wrong side of the hill, so the sunlight, pale and without much warmth, reached us only for about an hour, but during that time I couldn't seem to take seriously the fact that we would probably have to spend the rest of the day and all night on that hill without food or bedding. Michael, in his matter-of-fact way, said, "Look, we've only got about three hours of daylight left. I think we should abandon the truck and walk to the next village and get accommodations for the night. We're bound to freeze to death if we stay here."

"What about the luggage?" Clare asked.

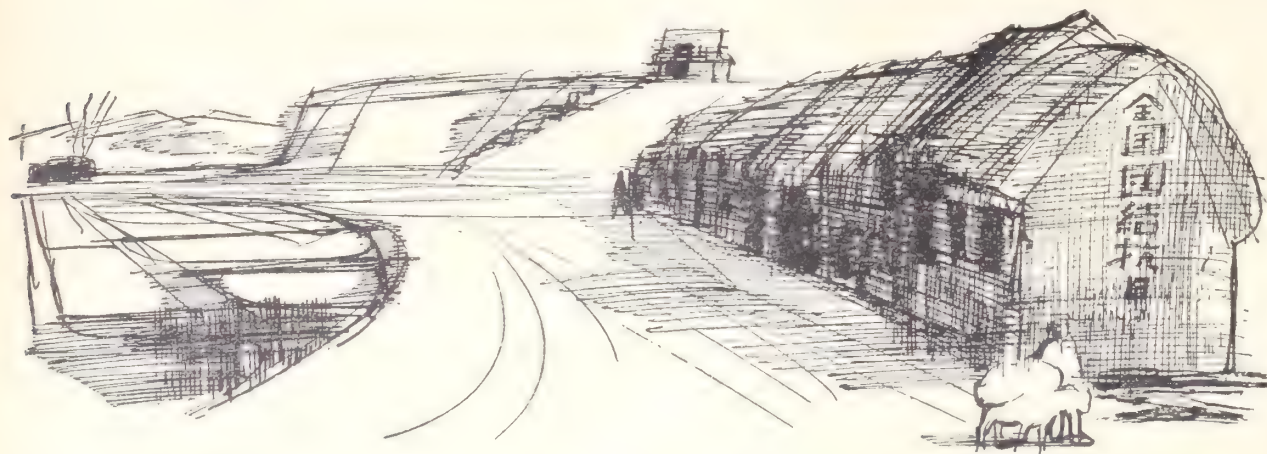
"We'll just have to leave it."

Clare checked through the things in her handbag . . . bobby-pins . . . lipstick . . . toothbrush . . . comb . . . and finally said, "Okay, let's go."

Faubion explained our plans to our soldier friend and told him that in case the truck had to go back or cracked up completely, he could have whatever he wanted of our luggage.

THE next village was almost five miles away, but when we got there we could find no restaurant. There were about twenty huts in the village, and we asked at each one, but they all said that food was too scarce, and that there was no room to sleep. We walked on until after dark to another similar village to receive the same replies.

We were sitting dejectedly at the edge of the road too tired and cold to talk. Two brilliant beams of light came swinging around the corner, and our friend shouted to us from



the top of the truck. They had managed to get it down the hill, the soldier said, by digging into the hillside and getting out cans of earth. They all sprinkled this on the road and finally made a surface that the truck could grip. I had never ridden on top of a truck after dark before, and I found that the cold of the first days of the trip was like a pleasant summer breeze compared to the icy winds of the night.

Several hours later, when we did get to a small town (of which I never discovered the name), my limbs were entirely dead. I tried to climb off the truck, but I couldn't grip with my hands, and slipped and fell rather heavily on my right wrist. In the panic of the moment I was certain I had broken it. People from the village and the yellow fish from the truck stood around laughing as though they had never seen anything so amusing.

Clare, in a fury of worry, yelled, "For Christ's sake, get a doctor! Don't just stand there grinning!" They laughed again at her anger, and stood where they were. She turned on Faubion, "Aren't you going to *do* something? Or do *you* think it's funny too?"

Faubion said to someone in the crowd, "Is there a doctor in this town?" They smiled and chatted with him while Clare and Michael led me off to the inn. We walked through the usual sort of restaurant with people sitting about playing the finger game and gobbling their food. Little cups of oil, each with a wick in it, flickered on the tables. The room at the back opened on to a small, filthy courtyard with two enormous pigs in one corner and chickens walking disdainfully around in the refuse. A pervasive stink came from the latrine in the courtyard—both doors had gone from it and there were just the two little mud-walled cubicles. Across the walls the frozen fields stretched in the starlight. At least tomorrow would be a clear day.

I LAY on the *k'ang* in the back room and listened to the rats, feeling too sick to eat. I could hear Clare and Michael in the restaurant, just outside the door, whispering. After some time Faubion came back with a man in a blue gown. The doctor was obviously terrified at the idea of dealing with foreigners. He looked at the wrist. It was beginning to swell. Faubion wrote out the characters for "Is it broken?"

The doctor asked me to clench my fist, which I could do, but it was painful. He wouldn't touch it except to paint it with some dark brown liquid on a dirty bit of cotton.

Michael said, "He's scared that if it gets worse he'll have to take the responsibility. In Shanghai foreign doctors get a written guarantee from a patient before an operation that they won't be taken to court by the family if the patient doesn't recover. Under Chinese law they can be sued for manslaughter."

"Isn't there someone that knows about American medicine?" Clare asked idiotically.

The doctor caught the word American, apparently, for he produced a box of pills which he said were American medicine.

"Sulfa?" Clare asked. The doctor nodded agreement.

"Aspirin?" Michael said. The doctor nodded again, smiling.

"Oh, hell," said Clare, "better let it go. It probably isn't broken if you can move it. Does one put hot things on a sprain or cold things?"

None of us knew, so we did nothing. The doctor left a name of a Chinese ointment with us and said, expecting an argument, that his fee was five gold yuan (about thirteen cents at the time). We found out much later that the ointment he had suggested was something like Iodex, and perfectly good for a sprain.

ALL night, since I couldn't sleep, I lay and listened to the sounds of a Chinese village. I tried to keep still so that I wouldn't disturb the others, but nothing seems to disturb a Chinese when he is sleeping. He may wake at a particularly loud noise, but he sleeps at once right afterward. Equally he has no hesitation in making a noise himself when others are sleeping. In the early part of the night a few people talked and laughed in loud voices, heavy steps trudged across the courtyard to the latrine. There was the clatter of bowls and chopsticks being put away, or teacups still clinking against the pot—none of it subdued at all. A child cried, somebody shouted to somebody across the street, then there was sudden dead silence as the day ended for good.

In the night a rat ran across Clare's leg, and she sat up and screamed. Only Michael woke up and said, "What's the matter?" Somebody else on the *k'ang* grunted and muttered some-

thing. Then there was silence again until the animals started waking up in the courtyard and the sound of donkeys being led down the road began.

III

HSWANG-HSI-POO was a crossroad for military transport from Kansu and Shansi. There we had to leave our first truck because it wasn't going any further. We asked in town whether there were any foreigners in Hswang-hsi-poo who could tell us what to do about a sprained wrist. A Chinese boy conducted us to a place where he said foreigners had lived. We found a deserted mission house—the foreigners had departed, leaving a couple of uninterested Chinese to continue the work of the Lord. We asked why they had left. The boy didn't seem to know, but suggested, "Perhaps because of the fighting?"

"Has there been fighting here?"

"No, not recently, but there is fighting in China . . ."

We had a last festive dinner with our soldier and his wife. He told us that things are often difficult for soldiers in cities; everybody is against them. He said, frankly, that he could understand it because they were on the whole irresponsible and aggressive—but what could they do when they were paid so little? They often commandeered theater tickets, refused to pay in restaurants, or demanded free transport in public buses. But how else were they to get about? If for instance they had a furlough, the army simply let them go without money enough to pay for transport of any kind—even yellow fishing—so how were they to get home?

He told us, too, about the system of conscription which we had heard described as "semi-voluntary," whatever that might mean. Except when things were critical and men had to be picked up off the streets as we had seen outside Tienshui, the system had a sort of lunatic logic which fascinated me. One month of the year was chosen as conscription month. If you could prove that you were a college graduate or still a student you were exempted from military service—or if you had enough money to buy such exemption. If not you could be conscripted. Each province in China was divided into *shens* or counties which, in turn, were divided into *pau*, groups of one

hundred families. Suppose each *pau* chief were asked to produce one soldier from his group. He would go to each family, suggesting that they contribute a son; but one family might have only one son on whom several relatives depended for their support; another might have several sons, but might need them all for working in the fields. So each family would contribute two Chinese silver dollars and the *pau* chief would buy a soldier with that money—keeping, of course, a cut for himself. The soldier who finally went off to the army might be one of those rare Chinese men without family responsibilities or he might simply need the money very badly. The prices for a soldier varied; they were highest in Tsinghai—about five hundred dollars—because there the army discipline was stricter and desertion very difficult.

Our soldier took us to see the officer in command of the troops in Hswang-hsi-poo, and we were told that there was a truck leaving the following day on which we could ride. It would be going part of the way to Chungking, picking up loads on the way.

THIS time there were no seats in the cab, so we all rode on top, but by then it was beginning to matter less. We were farther south, the weather had finally broken, and while the sun still had little heat, at least the cold was easier to stand. We had come into the part of the country where American troops had been stationed during the war. The wayside restaurants were still decorated with the strings of flags representing the Big Four of the Allies. In rows the little paper flags hung, the Chinese sun, the stars and stripes, the Union Jack, and then a gap where the hammer and sickle had been. Only frayed edges on the string still showed.

Our new yellow fish companions looked a little more prosperous, and there was even one fat old lady who traveled with a servant. Just before the truck left Hswang-hsi-poo, a small boy leaped on and hid himself among the luggage and the bedding. Clearly, he hadn't paid. At every stop the driver used to look over the yellow fish to see that there were no such stowaways, but between us we managed to keep the boy hidden for most of the day. Everyone contributed bits of food to him, and he grabbed them without a sign of gratitude, but clearly all the yellow fish

were on his side. Tiny and petrified, he crouched under cover until the driver stopped unexpectedly for some minor repair. Then he was seen, hauled out of the truck, beaten with a piece of rope, and left on the roadside. Nobody had asked him where he was trying to go, or why.

In Paochi we saw oranges on sale for the first time. We were so starved for fresh fruit—or fresh food of any kind—that we bought a basket each and made ourselves very sick eating about thirty oranges straight off. We had, by then, become used to the sight of the new recruits to the Nationalist army being bullied by armed guards and made to do the kind of work one normally associates with convicts. In Paochi they loaded our truck with steel cabinets which made for the most uncomfortable riding we had so far had.

ON DECEMBER 3 we reached Kuang-yuan, an extraordinary town where we stayed three days because we couldn't get another truck at once. Kuang-yuan was built on the bank of a beautiful river, the colour of celadon. There was no bridge over the river, so all trucks or other vehicles had to be ferried across on several flat boats lashed together. Since this was the main road south to Chungking, the traffic was fairly heavy, and the fact that there was no bridge had made Kuang-yuan a wealthy town instead of a small wayside village. The boatmen, of course, made money from their ferrying, and were in a strong position because people couldn't quarrel about their prices. On the river bank refreshment stalls and little food counters made money from the travelers who were waiting to cross. Whenever the river was in flood all traffic was held up sometimes for weeks, and then the entire town made money—the inns and restaurants would be crowded, the shops and markets filled with people stuck for a week in a place where they had expected to spend a couple of hours. Ricksha coolies, beggars, everyone got his cut. Naturally the town had refused to build a bridge.

A flood was just subsiding when we got there, so our wait was relatively short and we

were lucky enough to find an inn that would take us for that time even though the population of the town had doubled during the previous week with troops and travelers. We had time enough to see something of the town, to visit some Ming tombs and pavilions a couple of miles outside, and to pass a little colony of cave dwellers in a hill behind the town. Clare, of course, was horrified and insisted on our going into the dank little homes blackened with smoke and smelling frightful. The bundles of rags on the floor turned out to be babies. The bent old mothers blinked painfully as they came to the mouths of the caves. They stood about without comment or question while we peered into their homes, and turned back with indifference when we left.

In town there were dozens of restaurants with excellent food, and we tried a new one every meal. Clare longed for sweets—the one thing that seems to be absent from the Chinese diet—and in one restaurant we asked whether they could produce anything for her. A bowl of water was put on the table, and next to it some strange white cubes covered in thick caramel sauce. The waiter showed us how to pick up one of the cubes, wind the caramel round it, dip it quickly into the water so that the outside of the caramel sets hard while the inside is still soft, and hold it just long enough so that it won't burn your tongue. Clare was delighted and wanted to know the name and how it was made so that we could order it again.

Faubion said it was called *pa-tse* which meant “pull-string” because as you pull out the white cubes the sauce stretches into long



strings of candy. The cubes which we had guessed were sweet potato or perhaps apple turned out to be, in fact, lumps of pork fat. Clare put down her chopsticks and swallowed a couple of times. She pushed away her bowl, unable to finish the meal.

EVENTUALLY, when we did manage to get on a truck to continue our journey, it broke down as soon as we had crossed the river. By then we had all lost any of the sense of time or of urgency with which we had started our journey. We didn't bother to count the days, and even Michael never referred to his firm or the necessity of communicating with his employers. The yellow fish on the truck, in their usual way, had immediately made a little encampment by the side of the road. We decided to walk on to the next village, and two of them offered to help with our luggage.

Just before nightfall we reached a village and an inn where several soldiers were drinking and gambling. We sat in the courtyard of the inn, in the tepid evening, eating our first out-of-doors meal and talking calmly of the distant time before we had started on this journey, when our lives did not revolve around trucks and yellow fish, the sun, and a place to sleep at night.

The roads, hills, villages, inns, and the days slipped away behind us until, eventually, on the evening of December 12, seventeen days after we left Lanchow, we reached Chungking and a life of newspapers, obligations, decent clothes, foreigners, and the day-to-day trivialities of their way of life. "I suppose," Faubion said dismally, "we will have to take baths." It would be the first time in over two months.

IV

WE HAD expected almost anything of Chungking except that it would have no hotel. The enormous, untidy city sprawled about along the Yangtze. Its famous fogs obscured the surrounding hills and the river, and dimmed the neon light and advertisements in the wide, unfamiliar city streets. Already the easy life of village restaurants and inns, the comfort of *k'angs* and chatty country people seemed part of a sadly lost past.

We stood in the middle of an unfriendly

road and said, "Well, what do we do now?"

Michael said, "The British Consul?" and we all began to laugh because that familiar recourse of the tourist seemed fantastic after the previous two weeks.

"In any case we couldn't reach him at this time of night."

"We could phone."

"Oh, a *telephone*—" Clare said as though she had never heard of the instrument.

We went into the Sing Sing Café—Western food, electricity, beer, and a radio relaying dance music from Hong Kong—and the well-dressed Szechwanese stared at us while we asked the proprietor about phoning one of the consulates. None of them seemed to have private phones. We moved indecisively further down the street and saw a sign: CANADIAN MISSION HOSPITAL. Clare looked thoughtfully at me and said, "Your wrist ought to be X-rayed, you know."

The Canadians were exceedingly nice to us, and also very surprised that we were still in China. Didn't we know that all foreigners who hadn't necessary work in the country had been told by their consulates to leave a month before? "Most of our people have left."

Michael and I went to the British consulate the next day and were told by the pleasant young man who had been left to run the place alone that we should rush out of China as soon as possible. They could take no responsibility for us as all foreigners were supposed to have gone weeks before. Michael said, "But I must go back to my firm in Shanghai. I'm already three weeks late."

"Well, you'll just have to be later. We can't possibly allow you to go back to Shanghai; the city's surrounded, and in any case, how do you expect to get there?" He promised to wire the firm and ask them for instructions for Michael.

WHILE we waited in Chungking for an answer to the wire, we made arrangements to continue our journey to Hong Kong. The river boats to Ichang and Hankow were the only way open to us, and all of them were commandeered by the army. Tremendous troop movements were under way, and everywhere one heard the angry gossiping of the Szechwanese who were afraid that the government might move for the second time to Chungking. We gathered that

they found that a most unattractive possibility because their innate sense of independence was great, and if they allied themselves with any part of China it was the northwest. They had no use for the "foreign" government.

The day that Michael got his reply telling him to go on to Hong Kong and await instructions, we managed to get places on a troop ship going down the river, and Clare developed a temperature of 104 degrees and chills. The doctor at the hospital called it Chungking fever and gave her Atabrine. He asked me whether we had been drinking bad water.

"No, that's the one thing you can't do in the interior. They always give you tea—we even used to brush our teeth in it. So at least I know we drank only boiled water."

We decided to take Clare on the boat in any case because we didn't know when we could get another, and the journey was only three days downstream. It was with no surprise that we found the journey actually stretched out with delays, confusions, and changes of boat to ten days.

The soldiers were packed on the boat in every cabin and on all the available deck space. When they saw that Clare was ill, they cleared a tiny cabin for her. It had two wooden bunks and a tin basin on a shelf. While they helped us move in, they said brightly that thousands of troops were being

sent "to the last stand of Nanking." They laughed and jostled and said, "Of course, Nanking will fall."

WE NEVER did discover what Clare's ailment had been because by the time we arrived in Hankow, on Christmas Day, she was better. We went directly to the British consulate, where suddenly we realized that the journey was over and we were practically out of China already. In the drawing room was a Christmas tree; Murray McLehose, the consul, was opening presents; and colored paper and ribbon were all over the floor. He gave our extraordinary clothes and generally battered appearance a look of only mild surprise, produced Scotch and soda, arranged for us to stay with friends of his, rushed us through baths, changes of clothing, and dinner, and swept us off to a Christmas dance given by the foreign community.

The journey by train to Canton was three days of reasonable comfort following the southern coast of China through the lush fields and rich countryside. We stayed in Canton only long enough to find out that the Cantonese, even more than the Szechwanese, dreaded the rumors that the government would move to their city. As hard-headed businessmen they realized that it would be more of a liability than an honor.

On New Year's Day we arrived in Hong Kong.



The British Jet Transports

Albert Douglas

“**W**ILL all BOAC passengers to London kindly board your jet airliner now standing at Gate Two, please? Estimated flight time to London is six hours owing to head winds”

The scene is New York City's Idlewild Airport in 1953, the voice comes from the airport loud-speaker system, and the airplane at Gate Two is a British de Havilland Comet. Compared with a train fare to Boston the London plane ticket is expensive, but though it's ten times as far to London as it is to Boston the trip won't take any more time.

“Will all passengers to London on the American flag transport kindly board your plane now standing at Gate Three, please? Estimated flight time to England is fourteen hours”

If you are by then the president of an American airline and happen to be standing at Gate Two or Three the chances are you will be boiling mad, for the British plane will be packed and yours will be almost empty. If you are an American aircraft manufacturer you will recall nostalgically the good old days of 1949, when piston-engine American transports were the envy and the standard of the world's airlines—the fastest, the safest, and the most efficient to operate.

Fantastic? Probably not. For jet transportation is here today. The British *do* have an acceptable jet transport. The de Havilland

Comet is not only very fast—more than 200 miles per hour faster than the nearest American competitor—but according to current reports it is reliable, reasonably economical, almost vibrationless, and capable of flying oceanic distances. With considerable fanfare, it is going into commercial “Empire service” in the early 1950's, for upon this Comet the British have pinned their aviation hopes.

TO MOST air-minded Americans the news of the British jet transport came as a shock, for the experts have been telling them—and still are telling them, for that matter—that a ticket on a jet plane to London, or Podunk, is fifteen years away. Even as recently as mid-December one of the three largest aircraft companies in this country was reported in a *New York Times* dispatch to be gloomy on the subject. The vast and intricate problems of traffic control, jet dependability, jet fuel gluttony, length of runways required, and myriad other difficulties have discouraged the engineers despite our own formidable military jet progress and that of the British. They seem unwilling to believe their own senses.

When the news first broke in England at the Farnborough air show last September that the Comet was about to fly, there was a wild cheer from British aviation enthusiasts. The Comet turned out to be a standard-looking

In our December issue Mr. Douglas gave us an answer to the question, “What's Become of Those Small Planes?” During the war he was a torpedo pilot, later a transport pilot. He is now studying law.

sleek sort of plane with four jet engines. It held thirty-six passengers and was designed to cruise at altitudes of 30,000 feet at speeds ranging from 450 to 500 miles per hour for a distance of 3,000 miles. A few weeks after the show, the Comet flew the 2,980 miles to Tripoli non-stop with a full simulated load aboard and landed with its fuel tanks far from the danger mark. It handled remarkably well at low speeds in an aircraft traffic circle along with standard commercial planes.

The news of these triumphs naturally seemed unbelievable to the American aviation industry, for the fastest commercial equipment we have in the air lanes today gets along at 300 miles per hour at 20,000 feet. General Jimmy Doolittle told a dazed Trans World Airline management club in November, after reviewing British progress, that the United States was two years behind Great Britain in jet transportation and "getting further behind every day." On another occasion, Harold Harris, American Overseas Airlines vice-president, warned that "we must get our [jet transportation] program under way without further delay." Pan American Airways spokesmen admitted that they had an intense interest in the Comet. And the able boss of Eastern Air Lines, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, let a big cat out of the bag by allowing it to be known that his airline was interested in the Avro jet transport which the Canadians were testing. For the Canadians too, without any special fanfare, had built what appears to be an excellent jet transport.

What appalled American aviation men the most was that our famous aircraft industry, which for two decades had led the world in transport aviation, did not have a working or prototype model of a jet in the air. A minority of the engineers went so far as to discount the British jet plane as "before its time." But the majority privately agreed with one airline president who made no bones about the matter. "We've been caught short," he said, "and it's damned embarrassing."

II

THERE is nothing particularly complicated about a jet engine. Compared with the Rube Goldbergish monstrosity of the standard piston power plant—such as

the one in your car—with its hundreds of moving parts, the jet is over twice as powerful, weight for weight, and has only two moving parts. The principle of the gas-turbine jet has been known for two centuries, but lack of heat-resistant metals has hindered its development. (Jets work at thousands of degrees centigrade compared with the few hundreds of degrees for the reciprocating engine.)

It was only a little more than twenty years ago that an RAF cadet wrote a thesis exploring the possibilities of the gas-turbine engine as applied to aircraft. Two years later he took out a patent on a design. In 1936, after a brilliant military career as a test pilot and engineer, Frank Whittle formed Power Jets Limited and began to solve the problems of building jets.

What Whittle did was to fit a compressor and a turbine wheel on a shaft inside a metal tube. He put a spark plug and a spray of fuel just behind the compressor and touched off the spark. The air caught between the compressor and the turbine was rapidly expanded by the fire, and the resulting air pressure whirled the turbine. The turbine shaft drove the air compressor. New air was sucked into the compressor and blasted back to the "furnace," spinning the turbine at higher speeds—and the process was steadily and constantly repeated. It made quite an air blast.

Whittle did this exploratory work so successfully that in 1939, with a war in sight, the British government ordered a special Gloster air frame and installed a Whittle aircraft engine. The result was the first English jet plane, which flew a straight and level course at five hundred or so miles an hour way back in 1941.

Of course, the first jet engine was primitive by today's standards. It sopped up fuel like a hog, on occasion it exploded, and it created a mass of new problems for the air-frame designers—in particular, speed and altitude problems which still plague them. But the jet engine offered advantages which could not be ignored in either military or commercial fields.

The unique advantage of the jet is that the more speed or power it produces, the more efficient and economical it becomes to operate. Because of its stark mechanical simplicity, it is easier for the pilot to fly—there

are fewer instruments to watch, fewer adjustments to make—and relatively simpler to maintain on the ground than today's reciprocating engines. Because the best jet fuel is coal oil, which is much less volatile than high-octane gasoline, fire hazard is greatly reduced. Fuel costs are cut too, for while jets burn twice as much fuel as pistons, kerosene is less than half the price of aviation gas on today's market. Furthermore, jets at cruising speeds create no noise or vibration, which is not true of the piston plane. And finally there is none of the propeller torque which tends to twist the piston-engine plane out of its course.

These gains are at least partially offset by formidable losses. As noted above, jets do burn two or three times the fuel of a comparable piston engine, a serious problem for the air-frame designer of the long-range jet. Worse still, the jet burns twice as much fuel at slow speeds and low altitudes as it does at high speeds and high altitudes. Even then, the jet is inherently incapable of developing its full thrust, or power, at slow sub-flight speeds. Hence it frequently requires artificial take-off aids on ordinary runways, such as the rocket "jato" units now used by one airline at Mexico City for piston-engine transports. Without "jato" (which stands for "jet-assisted take-off") or some other assistance, jets require runways almost twice as long (10,000 feet) as those needed by piston-engine transports of similar weight.

By contrast, the piston engine is a dependable and proven machine, thoroughly understood after thirty years of intense study. The piston develops its full power at the critically slow speeds of landing and take-off. Its fuel economy is recognized, and military and commercial operating standards are geared to its operating characteristics.

Nonetheless, the piston engine is probably doomed to take a second place after jets for two major reasons. First, piston engine efficiency and economy drop off sharply at speeds in excess of four hundred miles per hour. Tremendous horsepower is needed to cross that mark, demanding inordinately heavy and complicated (not to mention expensive) engines, and even then it is difficult to design an efficient propeller to absorb such power (fuel bills alone would be prohibitive). Second, the high-octane fuels required for piston engines can present a dangerous fire

hazard. There are other reasons but these are the most important.

Notice the distinct advantages of the propeller at low speeds, and also the high-speed—high-power characteristic of the gas turbine. Engineers both here and in England worked out a compromise which they hoped would combine the advantages of each: they developed the so-called "turbo-prop" power plant simply by tacking a reduction gear and a propeller to the main gas turbine shaft. Thus, they felt, the propeller was given a new lease on life, and its tentative speed range was jumped to about five hundred miles an hour as a result of the great power output of the turbine.

Upon this engine, the "intermediate step" between pistons and jets, American designers had pinned their hopes for the next five or ten years to come. But the British, with four turbo-prop planes in the air, already have discarded it for the future.

III

LIKE cities, airplanes are not built in a day. Even when the building materials are known quantities with known characteristics, whose mixing formulas have been well demonstrated, it takes from three to six years to carry a plane from conception to prototype. Furthermore, when the first flying model does come along, the process of "working out the bugs" is frequently formidable, and many a rosy dream of a flying machine has turned up on the junkheap after its first few hundred hours in the air—if it stayed up that long.

During the war, the British and American governments made an aircraft manufacturing agreement, the English to concentrate on fighter and some bomber production while the Americans concentrated on bomber and transport production. As a result, the American manufacturers after the war had a jump on the world in transport know-how, and by 1948 they were selling the three finest four-engine transports known to man. These were the Lockheed Constellation, the Douglas DC-6, and the Boeing Stratocruiser. Long-range airlines—including the British Overseas Airways Corporation—had little choice but to swallow national pride, find scarce dollars, and buy the magnificent equipment. It hurt;

but the planes were safe and reliable, and they even made money.

For a while the British manufacturers tried to catch up. But their immediate postwar transport effort ended with the most magnificent flop in transportation history. At incredible cost the British aircraft industry built a fleet of four-engine oceanic Tudors. Obsolete on the drawing boards to start with, and expensive to run, they had a most unfortunate history during the brief span that the British flew them. No one else would.

Until September 1949, British transport aviation was thought to be the biggest joke in the business. BOAC, a government corporation, lost millions of pounds a year trying to operate its British-made transports and converted transports against competitive lines flying American-made planes. True, the company made money on the North Atlantic run flying Lockheed Constellations, but the British, who had built the world's best military fighter, the Spitfire, did not seem to have the knack for making transport planes.

It is possible that they would still be trying to build planes along American lines today were it not for a group of far-sighted aviation experts known as the Brabazon Committee. Hand-picked by Lord Brabazon, an ex-Air Minister himself, the group met back in February 1943, when it first became apparent that the Allies would win the war.

The Committee determined to plan the shape of British aviation for thirteen years ahead; and its extraordinary recommendations, later adopted by the Air Ministry, are now history, although the plan is neither well known nor appreciated here. There were two meetings, the first in 1943 and the second a continuous affair starting three years later. Remarkably enough, the plan called not only for a first stage of plane and engine development but also for a second stage after the first could reasonably be expected to become obsolete. The jet Comet falls in the second list. The government, of course, financed and guided the entire project, since it demanded a national effort.

The group took three steps. First it set up specifications for postwar commercial aircraft.

Second, it nominated the firms best qualified to submit designs for these planes. The scheme, of necessity, also called for immediate

conversion of military to commercial models for the first postwar period.

Third, the group recommended seven types of planes to be constructed for general airline service, together with a special category of seven other types which do not concern us here. (The latter group included helicopters, a 120-ton flying boat, small charter machines, and an amphibian.)

Look at the first list:

(1) A land plane of 130 tons for North Atlantic service. It should have eight gas turbine engines, a 5,000-mile range, should cruise at 350 miles per hour, sleep 72 passengers.

(2) A feeder land plane for European service, using either two piston or two gas turbine propeller engines. It should have a 1,000-mile range, cruise at 240 miles per hour at 20,000 feet, and seat up to 40 passengers.

(3) An alternate feeder land plane for European service, using four "Mamba" gas turbine engines, to cruise 32 passengers at 230-300 miles per hour for 1,300 miles.

(4) A land plane of 95,000 pounds (I have been unable to obtain further specifications).

(5) A pure jet transport of 90,000 pounds for Empire service.

(6) A 16-passenger land plane with four 330-horsepower piston engines designed for 175 miles per hour at 10,000 feet.

(7) An 8-passenger, 2-piston engine plane to cruise at 160 miles per hour at 5,000 feet.

One cannot help remarking the daring of a scheme which specified engines unbuilt—or in prototype and test stage—for air frames which could only have been dreams in the minds of theoreticians. Turbo-props and refined jet power plants, a new method to cut air resistance by 20 per cent, a new approach to airline economics based on unknown measurements—these and more goals were in some instances proposed and accepted on the basis of the purest a priori research. A reporter can only admire. There is nothing like it in the history of commercial aviation.

The British made a national gamble. While engineers in this country banked on a gradual progression from pistons to turbo-props to jets, the English concluded that pistons were kept alive solely because it

suited American convenience. With a sort of national shrug the English dismissed pistons as obsolescent, bought a few new ones from us to keep the North Atlantic trade going, and staked their aviation future on the jet.

Result: Today the British have four turbo-prop transport planes in the air, and to our intense amazement we have none. The British machines include the Vickers Viscount, the Handley-Page Hermes 5, the Armstrong Whitworth Apollo, and the Mamba Marathon. Coming up is the eight turbo-prop engine Brabazon II, a one-hundred-passenger (seventy-two-berth as a sleeper-plane) monster which was intended for the North Atlantic routes in case the pure-jet Comet failed. Now it rather looks as though the conventional Brabazon was the gamble, and not the Comet.

Startling as these facts are, there is another just as shocking to the professionals. BOAC, one-time poor relation in the airline family, now plans in the near future to place its Viscounts in the Caribbean service under the aegis of British West Indian Airways. The real reason is suspected to be not that the British wish to display their fast, quiet, vibrationless turbo-props in a trial-run area, but simply that advanced British airmen believe the Viscount itself to be obsolescent.

In fact, at least two of the highest British jet authorities have said privately that they no longer recommend to the Air Ministry the serious continuation of turbo-prop experimentation. Instead they think all research should be turned toward the pure jet. These were of the clan once considered here in America to be five years behind the times. Today they puff their pipes and cheerily evade questions about advanced British design.

IV

AFTER the initial shock wore off, American reaction to the British jet was something approaching profound skepticism. Both the airlines and the manufacturers with an enormous piston engineering investment at stake were inclined to punch holes in the British thinking—while in the same breath accepting the premise that jets were inevitable. "It's too early" about sums up their public statements; to their private

selves they must have admitted they were worried. For if the British jet project succeeds, it will temporarily reduce all but five civilian airports in the world to obsolescence, revolutionize air traffic control, upset the world's oil refining industry, and rake the current air manufacturing business world into an entirely new shape.

Every major airline in the world today assuredly is poring over such data as has been released by the British concerning jet performance. In this country American Airlines, newly equipped with fleets of fresh piston-engine craft, is considered to be especially concerned, while Pan American Airways officials frankly state they might take British jets if they prove successful. (Canadian Pacific Airways already has bought two.) Nor is this merely private speculation, for the intense competition of international aviation knows no borders. If the monarchy of Monte Carlo developed a new twist to jet engines and offered it to the free market, every nation in the world would unquestionably buy. They would have to.

The best airline comment has been that of Harold Harris, the AOA official quoted above. In a talk last October, he outlined the advantages of jets, and then considered the disadvantages from his company's point of view. High fuel requirements, he felt, seriously limited payloads at extended ranges. Flying the high altitudes necessary for the best jet economy brought in the problem of decompression, for if a jet lost its passenger cabin air pressure at, say, 40,000 feet the life of every person aboard would be endangered by the lack of oxygen in the outside air. Gusts at high speeds are a menace both for the plane and the passengers, and bad "air-bump" conditions have been found up to six or eight miles above the earth. Then the de-icing of jets is almost as difficult as the de-icing of ordinary piston engines. Even on the ground the jet could make trouble, for the hot blast of the engines could set grass areas at airports on fire. And, finally, the whole matter of efficient air-traffic control will have to be revised to assure straight-in approaches to an airport from great altitudes at very high speeds on split-minute schedules.

The best engineering comment on the jet was offered recently by the chief engineer of a major American jet manufacturing con-

cern. In his judgment, the engine as we know it in this country, is considerably over-rated. "The British," he said, "submit they have got up to a thousand hours' use out of jet power-plants before overhaul. The best I can do here with a British-type engine is something over two hundred hours, and the average piston engine time is still in the neighborhood of five hundred hours. The overhaul record of the jet is distinctly poor. Up to five hundred miles an hour the turbo-prop as we understand it today—and not the pure jet—is the best job for long ranges, and the best in economical fuel consumption.

"Furthermore, most gas turbines use a kerosene type of fuel which is cheap now only because it is a relatively unwanted by-product. The moment demand soars, prices can be expected to climb, since the refiners will have to convert crude-oil-cracking processes away from gasoline and toward kerosene production in volume.

"We know little about the turbo-prop; its future is unpredictable. If it is good, and American models are coming along now like the Allison engine for a Navy patrol bomber, there will be a resurgence of interest. Otherwise the turbo-prop may flop. Despite the fact that the Civil Aeronautics Administration has approved a few American jet engines for 'commercial' use—such as the General Electric TG-190-B—there is still no jet power plant which will pass the same CAA requirements as piston engines."

He concluded, however, that the turbo-prop will go out of use for several reasons, "the chief being psychological," he said. "It's the propellers. We shall have to fly at six hundred miles an hour in the not-so-distant future on commercial airlines. The current British goal of five hundred miles an hour is not enough. We can build propellers for six hundred miles an hour, but the cost of maintenance and construction coupled with the noise and vibration they create is hardly an advertisement compared to the almost noiseless, vibrationless, high-speed jet. Furthermore, in the near future I know I can build a turbine with 20 per cent less fuel consumption as compared with today's models. There will be corresponding improvements all along the line. Pure jet is inevitable, even for short distances of down to a few hundred miles. Let's face it."

THE going opinion in American aviation circles is that the present piston is good for another five years, that the turbo-prop will then take over for another five years, and that from then on we will be in the pure jet period. With this widely accepted formula the British jet pioneer, Sir Frank Whittle, thoroughly disagrees. Recently knighted and otherwise rewarded by the British government for his engine developments, Sir Frank today is jet-engine adviser to BOAC, and as such he occupies a unique position in the aviation world, comparable perhaps to Charles Lindbergh's position here. "It's a myth that jets can't fly slow," he said, on a recent trip to this country, "that they can't stretch between overhaul time, that British jets aren't dependable as compared to pistons."

He did concede, as do all jet enthusiasts, that the chief problem is traffic control, which in this country has already become obsolete for present-day pistons. The problem is somewhat like trying to adjust the traffic lights of the nation's highways to cars which cruise not at thirty-five but two hundred miles an hour both on the open road and in city streets. The problem of air traffic control is vast in itself and scarcely concerns us here except for one point—what pilots call "stacking" or "holding" in the air, waiting for landing clearance to an airport.

In rough weather today's piston airliners frequently have to fly special patterns, such as a figure eight, in an assigned patch of air marked by a radio beam. Once, for example, the writer had to hold his plane for two hours over Richmond waiting for an instrument clearance into National Airport at Washington, D. C. Jets today cannot do that. The more slowly jets fly, the more fuel they consume—and they always burn a lot. The answer is that a procedure accurate beyond any we have today must be installed at major airports to control the take-off and landing times of jet transports within split minutes even on multi-hour runs. Such equipment is under development today.

WHEN, you might ask, will tickets for a jet flight to England go on sale here in New York? Or a jet passage from California to Hawaii? Or a jet ticket from London to Rome or Capetown? There

is no answer other than: sooner than you think. The British government has thrown its material resources behind the guarantee of jet dependability and commercial success. Even in the early stages, when the jet may not be a commercial proposition, the British will fly them anyway, writing off the losses to experience. When they get through, they intend to be the most proficient jet experts in the world.

To date the American aircraft industry has been loath to accept government millions for the development of commercial prototype jet aircraft, and Congress has been unwilling to offer such funds to private industry without control strings which, with considerable justification, the industry fears. Nonetheless, without capital far beyond anything the hard-up airlines could presently offer, the industry cannot undertake a private gamble in jet experimentation. Costs have jumped to the point where a new prototype takes millions, not a few thousands, to build.

Recently, however, there has been a crack in the industry's wall of opposition, and many experts feel that if the United States is to hold its leadership in aviation, private companies will have to accept government aid in some form or other in order to catch up with the British. At best it will be a difficult decision for a fiercely individualistic industry which has been bred on government military orders but still strives to be independent of government control. "Look at the French," is the argument. For before France nationalized her aircraft industry—after World War I—it was a leader in plane manufacturing. Today, largely because of government political control and the ancillary red tape and politics involved, its vitality has been sucked from it, and France is a third-rate aviation manufacturer.

The British have taken the lead and flung the gauntlet. It's still a huge gamble, but the stakes are high and it looks as though the British were winning.

Birth of Song

PETER VIERECK

[The "I," trapped in the vulnerable human forehead,
must change its mask to be free: from owl, the bird
of wisdom, into philomel, the bird of song. *P. V.*]

I

One tawny paw is all it takes to squash
This owl who nests in brows his grounded stare.
What ailed me from the arsenals of shape
To rent so armorless a pilgrim's cape?

And who am "I"? Were I all soul, I'd smash
Through this poor pelt—through, out, no matter where,
Just to wrench free one instant. Or else I'd hoot
With hideous ululations—"let me out!"—

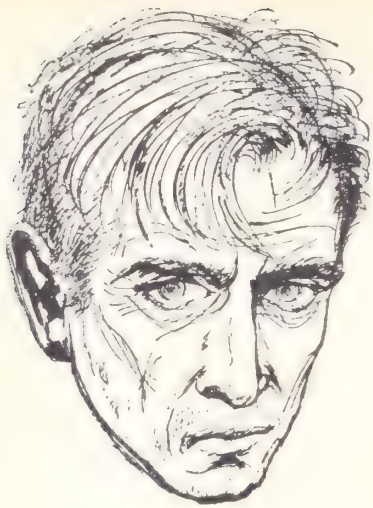
Straight up at Such as cooped me here:
"How did you get me into such a scrape?"

II

But "I" being less than soul, of dustier plume:
If I escape, it is myself I lose.
Great hooting flapping ruffled ego, close
Your hopeless wings again and bless aloud—
Seeing only song flits through—this slandered home,
This sweet snug roost built from such stinking trash.
Sing out its theme (there never was but one),
Throw back your head and sing it all again,
Sing the bewildered honor of the flesh.
I say the honor of our flesh is love.
I say no soul, no god could love as we—
A forepaw stalking us from every cloud—
Who loved while sentenced to mortality.
Never to be won by shields, love fell
O only to the wholly vulnerable.

III

What hubbub rocks the nest? What panic-freighted
Invasion—when he tried to sing—dilated
The big eyes of my blinking, hooting fowl?
A cartilaginous, most rheumatic squeak
Portends (half mocks) the change; the wrenched bones creak;
Unself descends, invoked or uninvited;
Self ousts itself, consumed and consummated;
An inward-facing mask is what must break.
The magic feverish fun of chirping, all
That professorial squints and squawks indicted,
Is here—descends, descends—till wisdom, hoarse
From bawling beauty out, at last adores,
Possessed by metamorphosis so strong.
Then, with a final flutter, philomel—
How mud-splashed, what a mangy miracle!—
Writhes out of owl and stands with drooping wing.
Just stands there. Moulted, naked, two-thirds dead.
From shock and pain (and dread of holy dread)
Suddenly vomiting.
Look away quick; you are watching the birth of song.



The Two Brothers

A Story by V. S. Pritchett

Drawings by Arthur Shilstone

THE two brothers went to Ballady to look at the house. It was ruinous but cheap, there were miles of bog and mountain alive with birds, there was the sea and not a soul living within two miles of it. As had always happened in their childhood and as had repeatedly happened since the war when "the Yank" had returned to the Old Country to look after his sick brother, "the Yank," with his voracious health, had his way.

"Sure it's ideal," yelled the Yank.

The time was the spring.

"We'll take it for six months," he exclaimed.

"And after that?" asked Charlie, watching him like a woman for plans and motives he had not got.

"Och, we'll see. We'll see. Sure what's the use of worrying about the future?" said the Yank.

He knew and Charlie knew the question hung over them; the future watching them like an eagle on a rock, waiting to shadow them with its wing. In six months he would be left alone. He knew how the Yank, his brother, dealt with time. Out came his gun and he took a pot shot at it, went after it, destroyed it, and then laughed at his own skill and forgot.

In the sky and land at Ballady there was the rugged wildness of farewell. This was the end of the land, prostrating itself in rags before the Atlantic. The wind stripped the soil so that there was no full-grown tree upon it, and

rocks stood out like gravestones in the bigoted little fields. A few black cattle grazed, a few fields of oats were grown, the rest was mountain and the wide empty pans of bog broken into eyes of water. The house lay in a hollow out of sight of the sea, which was only half a mile away. It was a grey, rambling place of two stories with outhouses and stables all going to pieces. It was damp, leaky, and neglected and barely furnished. There were fuchsia bushes growing right up to the windows, beating against them and blinding them in the gales, pressed close as people in the night. The garden was feet deep in grasses, the gravel drive had become two grass ruts, and for a gate there was an iron hurdle propped against a gap in the stone wall. From the hill above Ballady Charlie and Micky had made out its slate roof silvery in the light, the ribs of the roofless stable, like a shining skeleton.

"The way it is," the Yank explained when he went in to Ballady alone for a drink now and then. "The poor bloody brother he's after having a breakdown." The Yank was a wild, tall, lean, muscular fellow, straight and springy as a whip, with eyes like dark pools, with bald brows, lips loose and thin, and large ears protruding from his bony skull. His black hair stood up straight and was cropped close like a convict's, so that the skin could be seen through it; his nose was straight and his face was reddened by the wind. He went about with a cigarette in the corner of lips

askew in a conquering grin, and carried a gun all day. A breezy, sporting chap. He wandered up and down the bog and the fields or lay in the dunes waiting; then, bang went his gun, the sea-birds screamed over the sand, and up he got from his knees to pick up a rabbit or a bird. The sun burned him, the wind cut him, the squalls pitted him like shot. He had no secrets from anyone. Fifteen years of Canada, he told them, four years of war, and now for a good time while his money lasted. Then, he said publicly to all, he would go back. All he wanted now was a bit of rough country, a couple of drinks, and a gun; and he had got them. It was what he had always wanted. He was out for the time of his life.

How different Charlie was, slight and wiry, nervous and private as a silvery fish. His hair was fair, almost white, and his eyes were a keen dark blue in the pupils and a fairer blue was ringed round them. His features were sharp and he kept his lips together and his head down as he walked, glancing nervously about him. He looked like a man walking in his thoughts. If, when he returned from the sea, he saw someone in his path, he dodged away and made a long detour back to the house. If taken by surprise and obliged to talk to a stranger, he edged away murmuring something. His voice was quiet, his look shrill, pleading, and shy. He was absorbed in the most private of all pieties, the piety of fear to which his imagination devoted a rich and vivid ritual.

He did not badger his brother with speech. He followed him about the house, standing near him, asking with his eyes for the virtue of his brother's strength, courage, company, and protection. He asked no more than his physical presence and to watch. In the mornings at first, after they had established themselves in the house, there was always this situation: Micky restless, burning to be out with his gun, and Charlie's eyes silently asking him not to go. Micky bursting to be free, Charlie worrying to hold him. Sometimes Micky would be melted by an unguarded glance at his brother. For a moment he would forget his own strength and find himself moved by an awed tenderness for this clever man who had passed examinations, stayed in the Old Country, worked his way up in a bank, and then, when the guns had started to popple, and "the troubles" began, had collapsed.

Micky was kind and humored him. They would sit for hours together in the house, with the spring growing in the world outside, while Charlie cajoled him with memories of their boyhood together, or listened to Micky's naïve and boasting tales of travel. In those hours Charlie forgot the awful years, or he would have the illusion of forgetting. For the two surrounded themselves with walls of talk, and Charlie, crouching round the little campfire of his heart, used every means to keep the talk going, to preserve this picture of life standing as still as a dreamy ship in haven and himself again a child.

But soon the sun would strike through the window and the fairness of the sky would make Micky restless. He would lead his brother, by a pretext, into the garden and slyly get him to work there, planting lettuces or digging, and when he had got him to work he would slip away, pick up his gun, and be off to the dunes.

SHORTLY after moving into the house Micky went into Dill, got drunk as was his habit, and returned with a dog, a young black retriever, very strong, affectionate, and lively. He did not know why he had bought it and could hardly remember what he had paid for it. But when he got home he said on the impulse to Charlie:

"Here, Charlie boy. I've bought you a dog. One of the priest's pups."



Charlie smiled slightly and looked in wonder.

"There y'are, man," Micky cried. "Your dog."

"Hup! Go to your master," said Micky, giving the dog a push and sent it over to Charlie, who still incredulously gazed.

"Now that's kind of you," he murmured, flushing slightly. He was speechless with pleasure. Micky, who had given the animal to his brother on the spur of the moment, was now delighted with himself, sunned in his generosity.

"Sure now ye've got yer dog," Micky kept saying, "ye'll be all right. Ye'll be all right now ye've got the dog."

Charlie gazed at Micky and the animal, and slyly he smiled to himself; Micky had done this because he had a bad conscience. But Charlie put these thoughts aside.

Both brothers devoted themselves to the retriever, Micky going out and shooting rabbits for it, and Charlie cooking them and taking out the bones. But when Micky got up and took his gun and the retriever jumped up to go out with him, Charlie would whistle the dog back and say:

"Here! Stay here. Lie down. Ye're going out with me in a minute."

It was his dog.

At last Charlie went out and the watchful creature leaped out with him. Charlie drew courage from it as it loped along before him, sniffing at walls and standing stiff with ears cocked to see the sudden rise of a bird. Charlie talked to it in a low running murmur hardly made of words but easing to the mind. When it stopped he would pass his clever hands over its velvety nose and glossy head, feeling the strange life ripple under the hair and obtaining a curious strength from the tumult. Then he would press on and whistle the creature after him and make across the fields to the long finger bone of rock that ran down to the sea; but as the retriever ran it paused often, as Charlie began to note with bewilderment and then with dread, to listen for Micky's voice or the sound of his gun.

When he saw this Charlie redoubled his efforts to win the whole allegiance of the dog. Power was renewing itself in him. And so he taught the dog a trick. He called it over the rocks, slipping and yelping to the sea's edge. Here the sand was white, and as the worlds of

clouds bowed over the sky to the mountains where the light brimmed like golden bees, the sea would change into deep jade halls, purple where the weeds lay and royal blue under the sparkling sun, and the air was sinewy and strong. Charlie took off his clothes and, shivering at the sight of his own thin pale body, his loose queasy stomach and the fair sickly hairs now picking up gold from the light, and with a desire to cleanse himself of sickness and fear, lowered himself cautiously into the green water, and wading out with beating heart called to the dog. It stood up whining and barking for a while, running up and down the rock, and at last plunged in pursuit. Then the man caught hold of its tail and let himself be towed out to sea, and for minutes they would travel out and out until, at a word, the dog returned, snorting, heart pumping, shoulders working and eyes gazing upwards and the green water swilling off its back until it had pulled Charlie back into his depth.

Then Charlie would sit drying himself and listening to the scream of the birds while the black retriever yelped and shivered at his side. And if Micky were late for his meal when he returned, through drinking with the schoolmaster or going away for a day to the races, Charlie would say nothing. He would build up a big turf fire in the empty room and wait with the dog at his side, murmuring to it.

But it took Charlie hours to make up his mind to these expeditions, and as time went on they became irregular. There were days when the absences of his brother left him alone with his fears, and on these days he would helplessly see the dog run after Micky and go off with him. Soon it would hardly obey Charlie's call.

"You're taking the dog from me," Charlie complained.

"Sure if ye'd go out the dog'd follow you," said Micky. "Dammit, what's the use of staying inside? I don't want the dog, but the poor bloody creature needs a run an't follows me. It's only natural."

"Natural. That's it," Charlie reflected. From him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath. But he cried out sharply: "Sure you have it trained away from me."

Then they quarrelled, and Micky, thinking his head was getting too hot for his tongue,

went out to the dunes and stood in the wind staring at the sea. Why was he tied to this weak and fretful man? For three years since the end of the war he had looked after Charlie, getting him out of hospital and into a nursing home, then to houses in the country, sacrificing a lot of his own desire to have a good time before he returned to Canada, in order to get his brother back to health. Micky's money would not last for ever; soon he would have to go, and then what would happen?

But when he returned with cooler head, the problem carelessly thrown off, he was kind to his brother. They sat in eased silence before the fire, the dog dreaming at their feet, and to Charlie there returned the calm of the world. His jealousies, his suspicions, his reproaches, all the spies sent out by his reconnoitering fears, were called in and with Micky he was at peace and no shadow of the future was on him.

YET as the months climbed higher out of July into August and swung there awhile, enchanted by their own halcyon weather, before declining into the cooler days, the question had to be faced. Micky knew and Charlie knew, but each wished the other to speak.

It was Micky who, without warning, became impatient and spoke out.

"Lookut here, Charlie," he said one evening as he washed blood off his hands in the kitchen—he had been skinning and cleaning a couple of rabbits—"are you coming back to Canada with me in September?"

"To Canada is it?" said the brother putting his thin fingers on the table and speaking in a gasping whisper. He stood incredulous. Yet he had expected this.

"And leave me here alone!"

"Not at all," said Micky. "I said, 'You're coming with me.' You heard me. Will ye come with me to Canada?"

Charlie drew in his lips and his eyes were restless with agony. "Sure, Micky, ye know I can't do that," he said.

"But what's to stop ye? Ye're all right. Ye're well. Ye've got your bit of pension and ye'll be as comfortable as in your own home. Get out of this damn country that's what ye want. Sure 'tis no good at all except for old people and children," cried Micky.

But Charlie was looking out of the window towards the mountains. To go out into the world, to sit in trains with men, to sleep in houses with them, to stand bewildered, elbowed and shouldered by men in a new country! Or, as the alternative, to stay alone without Micky, left to his memories.

"You'll not leave me, Micky boy?" he stammered in panic.

Micky was bewildered by the high febrile voice, the thin body shivering like a featherless bird. Then Charlie changed. He hunched his shoulders, narrowing himself and cowering round his heart, hardening himself against the world, and his eyes shot out suspicions, jealousies, reproaches, the weapons of a sharp mind.

"'Tis the schoolmaster has been putting you against me," he said.

Micky ridiculed the idea.

"Ye knew as well as I did, dammit, when we took the place, that I'd be going now," he said. Yes, this was true, Charlie had known it.

Micky took the matter to his friend the schoolmaster. He was a stout, hard-drinking old man with a shock of curly gray hair. His manner was theatrical and abrupt.

"'Tis the poor bloody brother," Micky said. "What am I to do with him at all?"

"Ye've no more money," said the schoolmaster.

"Ye've been with him for years," he went on. He paused again.

"Ye can't live on him."

"And he must live with you."

He glowered at Micky and then his fierce look died away.

"Sure there's nothing you can do. Nothing at all," said the schoolmaster.

Micky filled their glasses again.

HE CONTINUED his life. The summer glided down like a beautiful bird scooping the light. The peasants stood in their long shadows in the fields and fishermen left their boats for the harvest. Micky was sad to be leaving this beautiful isolation.

But he had to return to the question. He and Charlie began to argue it continually day and night. Sometimes Charlie was almost acquiescent, but at last always retired within himself. Since he could not sit in the safety of the old talk, his cleverness found what comfort it could for him in the new. Soon it



was clear to Micky that Charlie encouraged the discussion, cunningly played with it, tortured him with vacillations, cunningly played on his conscience. But to Charlie it seemed that he was struggling to make his brother aware of him fully; deep in the piety of his fear he saw in Micky a man who had never worshipped at its icy altars. He must be made to know. So the struggle wavered until one night it came out loudly into the open.

"God Almighty," cried out Micky as they sat in the lamplight. "If you'd been in France you'd have had something to cry about. That's what's wrong with this bloody country. All a pack of damn cowards, and ye can see it in their faces when they stare at you like a lot of bleating sheep."

"Oh, is that it?" said Charlie gripping the arms of his chair. "Is that what you're thinking all these years? Ye're saying I'm afraid, is it? You're saying I'm a coward. Is that what you were thinking when you came home like a red lord out of hell in your uniform, pretending to be glad to see me and the home? But thinking in your own heart I'm a coward not to be in the British army. Oh, is that it?"

His voice was quiet, high, and monotonous in calculated contrast to Micky's shouting anger. But his body shook. A wound had been opened. He *was* a coward. He *was* afraid. He was terrified. But his clever mind quickly closed the wound. He was a man of peace. He desired to kill no one. He worshipped the great peace of God. This was why he had avoided factions, agreed with all sides, kept out of politics, and withdrawn

closer and closer into himself. At times it had seemed to him that the only place left in the world for the peace of God was in his own small heart.

And what had Micky done? In the middle of the war he had come home, the Destroyer. In five minutes by a few reckless words in the drink shop and streets of the town he had ruined the equilibrium Charlie had tended for years and had at last attained. In five minutes Charlie had become committed. He was no longer "Mr. Lough the manager," a man of peace. No, he was the brother of "that bloody pro-British Yank." Men were boycotted for having brothers in the British army, they were threatened, they were even shot. In an hour a village as innocent-looking as a green and white place in a postcard had become a place of windows hollow-eyed with evil vigils. Within a month he had received the first note threatening his life.

"'Twas yourself," said Charlie—discovering at last his enemy. "'Twas yourself, Micky, that brought all this upon me. Would I be sick and destroyed if you hadn't come back?"

"Cripes," said Micky, hearing the argument for the first time and pained by this madness in his brother. "Cripes, man, an' what was the rest of ye up to? Serving God Almighty like a lot of choir boys, shooting up some poor lonely policeman from a hedge and driving old women out of their homes."

"Stop it," shouted Charlie, as the memories broke upon him and he put his fingers to his ears.

Micky threw his cigarette into the fire and took his brother by the shoulder in compas-

sion. He was sorry for having spoken so; but Charlie ignored him. He spoke, armoring himself.

"So it's a coward I am, is it!" he said. "Well, I stayed when they threatened me and I'll stay again. You're thinking I'm a coward." He was resolute. But behind the shrubs brushing against the window, in the spaces between the cool September stars, were the fears.

There was nothing else for it. Charlie watched Micky preparing to go, indifferent and resigned, feeding his courage on this new picture of his brother. He turned to it as to a secret revelation. Micky was no longer his brother. He was the Destroyer, the Prince of this World, the man of darkness. Micky, surprised that his good intentions were foiled, gave notice to the landlord, to force Charlie. Charlie renewed the agreement. He spoke little; he took no notice of the dog, which had now completely deserted him. When Micky had gone it would be his. Charlie kicked it once or twice as if to remind it. He gave up swimming in the sea. He was staying here. He had all the years of his life to swim in the sea.

Micky countered this by open neglect of his brother. He entered upon a life of wilder enjoyment. He gave every act the quality of a reckless farewell. He was out all day and half the night. In Ballady he drank the schoolmaster weeping under the table and came staggering home, roaring like an opera and was up at dawn, no worse for it, after the duck.

"This is a rotten old wall," Micky said in the garden one day, and started pushing the stones off the top of it. A sign it was his wall no longer. He chopped a chair up for firewood. He ceased to make his bed. He took a dozen empty whiskey bottles and, standing them at the end of the kitchen garden, used them as shooting targets. He shot three rabbits and threw two of them into the sea. He burned some old clothes, tore up his letters, and gave away a haversack to the fisherman and a second gun to the schoolmaster. A careless enjoyment of destruction seized him. Charlie watched it, saying nothing. The Destroyer.

One evening as the yellow sun flared in the pools left by the tide on the sand, Micky came upon Charlie.

"Not a damn thing," Micky said, tapping his gun.

But as they stood there, some gulls which had been flying over the rocks came inland and one fine fellow flew out and circled over their heads, its taut wings deep blue in the shadow as it swung round. Micky suddenly raised his gun and fired and, before the echoes had broken in the rocks, the wings collapsed and the bird dropped warm and dead.

"God Almighty, man," cried Charlie, turning away with nausea, "is nothing sacred to ye?"

"It's no damned good," grinned Micky, picking up the bird by the wing, which squeaked open like a fan. "Let the fish have it." And he flung it into the sea. This was what he thought of wings.

THEN with a week to go, without thinking he struck a bad blow. He went off to Dill to say good-by to the boys, and the retriever followed him although Charlie called it back. The races were on at Dill, but Micky spent most of the time in the pubs telling everyone he was going back to Canada. A man hearing this said he'd change dogs with him. His dog, he said, was a spaniel. He hadn't it with him but he'd bring it down next fair. Micky was enthusiastic.

"I know ye will," said Micky. "Sure ye'll bring it."

"Ah, well now," said the man. "I will bring it."

"'Tis a great country the west," said Micky. "Will ye have another?"

"I will," said the man, and as he drank: "In the three countries there is not a place like this."

Micky returned the next day without the dog.

"Where's the dog?" said Charlie suspiciously.

"Och sure," began Micky evasively, realizing for the first time what he had done. "D'you see the way it is, there is a man in Dill—"

"Ye've sold it. Ye've sold my dog," Charlie shouted out, rushing at his brother. His shout was the more unnerving because he had spoken so little for days. Micky drew back.

"Ah now, Charlie, be reasonable now. Sure you never did anything for the dog. You

never took it out. You didn't care for it. . . ."

Charlie gripped a chair and painfully sat down, laying his head in his hands on the table.

"You brought the war on me, you smash me up, you take the only things I have and leave me stripped and alone," he moaned. "Oh, God in heaven," he half sobbed in pleading voice, "will ye give me gentleness and peace!"

Now the dog was gone, Charlie sat still. He would not move from the house, nor even from the sitting-room except to go to bed. He would scarcely speak. Sulking, Micky repeated to his uneasy conscience, sulking, sulking. He's either mad or he's sulking. What could he do? They sat estranged, already far apart, impatient for the act of departure.

When the eve of his departure came Micky was relieved to see that Charlie accepted it, and was even making it easy: and so touched was Micky by this that he found no difficulty in promising to spend that last night with Charlie alone. He remained in the house all day, and when the night came a misted moonlight gleamed on the cold roof and the sea was as quiet as the licking of a cat's tongue. Charlie drew the curtains, made up the fire and there they sat silently listening to the clock. They were almost happy: Charlie pleased to have this final brief authority over Micky; Micky relieved by the calm, both disinterested. Charlie spoke of his plans, the work he would do in the garden, the furniture he would buy, the girl he would get in to cook and clean.

"'Twould be a fine place to bring a bride to," said Micky, giving Charlie a wink and Charlie smiled.

But presently they heard footsteps on the drive.

"What's that?" exclaimed Charlie sharply, sitting up. The mild mask of peace left his face like a light, and his face set hard.

Without knocking at the door, in walked the schoolmaster. He was in the room before Charlie could get out. He stood up and retreated to the corner.

"Good evening to ye," said the schoolmaster, pulling a bottle out of his pocket, and spreading himself on to a seat. "I came to see your brother on his last night."

Charlie drew in his lips and gazed at the schoolmaster.

"Will ye have a drink?" said Micky nervously.

That began it. Gradually Micky forgot his promise. He paid no attention to Charlie's signs. They sat drinking and telling stories. The world span round. The alarm clock on the little bamboo table, the only table in the bare room, ticked on. Charlie waited in misery, his eyes craving his brother's, whose bloodshot eyes were merry with drinking and laughter at the schoolmaster's tales. The man's vehement voice shook the house. He told of the priest at Dill who squared the jockeys and long thick stories about some archbishop and his so-called niece. The air to Charlie became profane.

"Isn't your wife afraid to be up and alone this time of night?" Charlie ventured once.

"Och, man, she's in bed long ago," shouted the schoolmaster. "She is that."

And Micky roared with laughter.

At two o'clock Charlie went to bed and left him to it. But he was awake at five when Micky stumbled into his room.

"Before God, man," Micky said. "I'm bloody sorry, Charlie man. Couldn't turn out a friend."

"It's too late now," said Charlie.

Micky left at seven to catch a man who would give him a lift to the eight-o'clock train.

THE autumn gales broke loose upon the land a month after Micky's departure and the nights streamed black and loud. The days were cold and fog came over the sea. The fuchsias were blown back and the under leaves blew up like silver hands. The rain lashed on the windows like gravel. There were days of calm and then the low week-long mist covered the earth, obliterating the mountains, melting all shapes. All day long the moisture dripped from the sheds and windows and glistened on the stone walls.

At first Charlie did not change. Forced to go to the village for groceries he would appear there two or three times a week, saying little and walking away quickly. A fisherman would call and the postboy lingered. Letters came from Micky. Charlie took little heed of all this. But as the weather became wilder he hung curtains over the windows day and night and brought his bed down to the sitting-room. He locked the doors upstairs, those

that had still keys to them. He cooked on the sitting-room fire. He was narrowing his world, making a smaller and closer circle to live in. And as it grew smaller, the stranger the places beyond its boundaries seemed. He was startled to go into the empty kitchen, and looked with apprehension up the carpetless stairs to the empty landing where water dripped through the fanlight and was already staining the ceiling below. He lay awake in the night as the fire glowed in the room.

One morning when he found the noises of his isolation supportable no more, he put on his hat and coat and packed his things and walked out of the house. He would stay no longer. But with his fear his brain had, as always, developed a covering cunning. He went up the lane to see if anyone was coming first. He wanted to be away from people, yet among them; with them, yet alone. And on this morning the Ballady sailor was reloading a load of turf that had fallen off his cart. Charlie returned into the house. He took off his hat and coat. He had not been out for a week because of this dread.

There was still food in tins for a few days. It was the thought that he could last if he liked, that he could keep the world off, that made him satisfied. No letters came now. Micky no longer wrote; effusive in the first weeks, his letters had become rare. Now there had been no news for a month. Charlie scarcely thought of him.

But when late in December the mists held

the country finally, the twigs creaked on the drive like footsteps, and the dark bushes divided in the wind as if they had been parted by hidden hands, he cowered into his beating heart, eating little, and the memories began to move and creep in his head. A letter threatened him with death. He drove alone with the bank's money. At Carragh-cross road, the signpost stood emptily gesticulating like some frightened speaker with the wind driving back the words into his mouth, and the two roads dangling from its foot. He knew what had happened at Carragh-cross road. He knew what had been found there lying with one leg out of the ditch. He saw it. And Micky, the Destroyer, with his convict's head and his big red ears, shooting down the Holy Ghost like a beautiful bird, grinned there blowing smoke down his nose.

These memories came and went. When they came they beat into his head like wings, and though he fought them off with prayers, they beat down and down on him and he cried out fast to the unanswering house.

"God give me peace," he prayed. "Holy Mother of God, give me peace for the sake of thy sweet Son. . . ."

When the beating wings went his cleverness took possession of him again. He prepared a little food, and once or twice walked around the garden within the shelter of the walls. The ground was frozen, the air still, and a lace of snow was on the paths. But if the days passed in peace, his heart quickened at



the early darkness, and when the turf smoke blew back down the chimney it was as if someone had blown down a signal. One night he had a terrible dream. He was dead, he had been caught at last on the road at Carragh-cross. "Here's the man with the pro-British brother," they cried and threw him into a bog pool, sinking deeper and deeper into soft and sucking fires that drew him down and down. He was in hell. And there in the flames calling to him was a woman with dark hair and with pale insects walking over her skin. It was the schoolmaster's wife. "And he thinking you were in bed," said Charlie, amazed by the justice of revenge. He woke up gasping in the glow of the sitting-room fire, and feeling that a load was still pressing down on his chest.

IN THE morning the dream was still in his mind; mingling with some obscure sense of triumph it ceased to be a dream and became reality. It became like a new landscape imposed upon the world. The voice of the woman was more real to his ear than his own breathing.

He felt free, was protected and cleansed, and his dream seemed to him like an impervious world within a world, a mirage in which he musically walked. In the afternoon he was exalted. He walked out of the house and taking the long way round by the lanes went to the schoolmaster's. The frost still held and the air was windless, the land fixed and without color. As it happened the schoolmaster had taken it into his head to go as far as his gate.

"Man, I'm glad to see ye about," cried the schoolmaster at the sight of Charlie. "I meant to see ye. Come in now. Come in. 'Tis terrible lonely for you in that place."

Charlie stood still and looked icily through him.

"Ye thought she was in bed," he said. "But I'm after seeing her in the flames of hell fire."

Without another word he walked away. The schoolmaster made a rush for him. But Charlie had climbed the stone wall and had dropped into the field opposite.

"Come here. Come back. What's that you say?" called the schoolmaster. But Charlie walked on, gathering speed as he dropped behind the hill out of sight going to his house. Then he ran for his life.

The schoolmaster did not wait. He went in for his coat, bicycled into Ballady Post Office, and rang up the Guards at Dill.

"There's a poor feller here might do harm to himself," he said. "Will you send someone down?"

But on the way back to the house Charlie's accompanying dream and its dazed exaltation left him. Speaking had dissolved it. It lifted like a haze and suddenly he was left alone, exposed, vulnerable in the middle of the fields. He began to run, shying at every corner, and when he got to the house he clawed at the door and ran in gasping to throw himself on the bed. He lay there on his face, his eyes closed. There had been brief excitement in the run, but as he recovered his breath the place resumed its normal aspect and its horror became real as slowly he turned over and opened his eyes to it. And now they were open he could not close them again. They stared and stared. Slowly it came to him there was nothing in life left for him but emptiness. Career gone, peace gone, God gone, Micky gone, dog—all he had ever had, trooped with bleak salute of valediction through his mind. He was left standing in the emptiness of himself. And then a shadow was cast upon the emptiness; looking up he saw the cold wing of a great and hovering bird. So well he knew it that in this last moment his mind cleared and he had no fear. "'Tis yourself, Micky, has me destroyed," he said. He took out a razor and became absorbed in the difficulty of cutting his throat. He was not quite dead when the Guards broke in and found him.

After Hours

I WENT to a cocktail party recently for four thousand people. My host, the General Motors Corporation, asked me to drop around to the Waldorf and have a look at the Mid-Century Motorama, and so I appeared, clutching a card of admission, and waited in line at the foot of the stairs to the Grand Ballroom. Standing on the stairs were four professionally beautiful young women holding baskets of flowers . . . gardenias for the ladies, red carnations for the gentlemen. A man behind me observed that here was a good example of GM's assembly-line technique, and his friend noted, after looking over the young women, that it was, indeed, a demonstration of the industrial "system of interchangeable parts."

The line moved quickly, and with a carnation in my buttonhole, I soon found myself shaking hands with a number of what must have been GM executives. I was asked to go left into a room full of Chevrolets, and patted a yellow convertible as I was shunted past it, noticing the peculiarly lovely smell of a new car, nostalgic of the days when it was considered economical to turn in one's car every eighteen months. And then I found a large yellow martini in my hand and my chin all but resting on the shoulder of the man in front of me. Distantly I heard a feminine voice singing sweetly over a loudspeaker, "Chevrolet, valve-in-head." I met a solid wall of backs at the entrance to the ballroom and turned away and went to look for the new Cadillacs. I didn't find them. I found a room full of Buicks, though, but I couldn't get near enough to them to see what they were like. I put down my half-consumed martini and fled.

One of the problems that worries industrialists, trust-busters, and economists is "how

big is too big?" Let them start with a simple problem like an industrial cocktail party and the figure four thousand. It ought to help, as they say, to clarify their thinking.

Not After Hours

BUSINESS has its own quaint customs for establishing social superiority quite unlike those that are common out of office hours, and the principal medium for their embellishment is the telephone. It is well known, of course, that the measure of a man's might is the number of switchboard operators, stenographers, secretaries, and other sweet-voiced watchdogs with whom one must pass the time of day before reaching the ear of the man himself. And since the mighty (who may be very lonely for all I know) feel they must build barriers against the frivolous, the impecunious, and the merely friendly, this is not surprising. The reverse of this procedure, however, is one of the most irritating folk customs of business.

My telephone rings about as often as a normal office telephone is bound to, and not infrequently a feminine voice, cheerful but somewhat patronizing, says: "Mr. Harper, please."

"This is Mr. Harper," I reply or, if it is particularly patronizing, I just say, "Speaking."

"Mr. Jones calling," the voice says. "Will you please hold the wire." I hold.

Sometimes I hold for five minutes while Mr. Jones's secretary tries to find Mr. Jones, who thought it would be nice to talk to me, asked his secretary to put in a call, and then thought of something he wanted to do more. I can't blame him for that. Finally, when Mr. Jones gets back from wherever he's been, I

hear a muttering at the other end of the line—a kind of garbled half-sound that can only be made by a woman holding her hand over the mouthpiece of a telephone while talking to someone across a large room. Then a firm, cheerful masculine voice at the other end says, “Why hello, Harper. What can I do for you?”

What you can do for me, my friend, is to telephone me yourself while you can still remember that vital piece of intelligence that prompted you to tell your secretary to “get Harper on the phone.” *You* can call *me*; you can wait while my secretary finds me. It was your idea, not mine.

American Landscape III

THE mention of a cheap material like concrete block in the same breath with the architect Frank Lloyd Wright would have surprised no one who heard him, at Cooper Union in New York a few months ago, predict that before long you will be able to build your own house, using concrete block without mortar, for between \$1,500 and \$3,500. Such a house, Mr. Wright told a Midwestern reporter, “has been on drafting boards at Taliesin since 1921. Now seems to be the propitious time for it.”

But if the same connection seemed to you tenuous in last month's notes on Motel and Cinder Block Culture, you would have been as surprised as I was to discover that one of Mr. Wright's recent designs, a private house near East Lansing, Michigan, is constructed of this crass commercial product. The owner, a college professor, was to have been a member of a multiple Wright development which was never undertaken, a result of the difficulty of obtaining financing for a “modern” project. The professor went ahead on his own, meaning—as the academic calling is still sparsely rewarded—that the house *had* to be inexpensive. He and his wife were delighted to discover that Mr. Wright, once the financial limitations had been explained, adapted himself congenially to a budget so low that most architects would have dropped the client forthwith.

The house, topped by a slanting roof that hangs over the entrance and carport like a floppy straw hat, is colored the flecked gray of the concrete. Mr. Wright relieves the monotony of the blocks by deeply raking the hori-

zontal mortar joints and bringing the mortar in the vertical joints flush to the surface. If this sounds too technical, please take my assurance that the emphasis on the flat lines, as a result of the shadows in the horizontal joints, does for concrete block what professional stonework does for granite; it makes it look like a luxury. The sameness of the blocks is further broken up, along the same side of the house as the entrance, by a strip of blocks made by the local cement-block manufacturer from a pattern provided by Mr. Wright. Each block has the same hole in it (the wall is a double row of blocks and there is glass between) and the strip of jagged openings repeated many times lights up the interior hall, ornaments the outside, and at night makes a line of patterned light beneath the eaves as you approach the house. I did so at dusk, and under the overhang of the entrance—the house is still unfinished—the owner was busy installing flush lights in the ceiling. He apologized for the fact that they had metal edges (“Mr. Wright's plan calls for wood edges.”) but assured me that these were only temporary. It turned out that he and his wife and children had done a good deal of work on the house. I asked her if they had given much time to it this past summer. “We gave our lives to it last summer,” she said.

At Kalamazoo, Michigan, where a group of chemists, doctors, dentists, and other professional people have finally succeeded in financing a joint project, the ground around the first Wright house to go up is covered with colored concrete blocks, made on weekends and set out to cure, intended for this house and for others to come. Near Madison, Wisconsin—a few score miles from Taliesin East. Mr. Wright's home and architectural school on the site of his grandfather's farm—is a recent Wright house owned by a newspaperman, another profession not famous for making a fortune for its practitioners. The striking fact is that today, so close to his base of operation, the supporters of Frank Lloyd Wright come from the economic levels least able to afford him. “It's just like him,” a friend of mine puts it. “Now that it's so hard, the old bastard has to start making cheap houses.”

Mr. Wright's outlook on the world has often provoked profanity. In three or four days in Madison, I heard all the stories over

again about his professional unorthodoxy, unregenerate egotism, and reluctance to pay debts. One lady told me that she had flown to Minneapolis in the same plane with him. "Mr. Wright," she asked, "why don't you pay your bills?" His reply, and I think she admired him for it, was in approximately these words: "I believe that I have contributed enough to society that society owes me something in return. As far as I am concerned we are even." This, in Madison, is considered a great joke, almost as funny as the fact that in a northern climate his houses sometimes have flat roofs. It goes with the story about the photographer who pressed him for payment ("Bill? I sent you no bill!") or the canard tied to all architects about the leak over the dinner table ("Have you tried moving your chair to one side?"). Driving through Madison, except for a milk bar built near the Forest Products Laboratory by a Wright imitator, you would hardly know that the world's greatest architect had been living for decades in nearby Spring Green.

THIS antagonism is easier to understand when you visit Taliesin. I hasten to add that I got nowhere near Mr. Wright or his own private buildings. "Mrs. Wright doesn't like it," explained one of the students of the Taliesin Fellowship who shooed me away, and a State Trooper who had come to report the recapture of a strayed automobile made it clear that he was not going to "the big house." ("Not me," he said, "I know better.") The buildings I did see (admission one dollar) were those of the Fellowship, an enthusiastic Brook Farm community which turns out each year as many architects as are graduated from any one of the big Eastern architectural schools. The buildings are as effective as you would expect, though here, where the construction has been done entirely by his apprentices, the craftsmanship is not on so high a level as Mr. Wright's truly professional work.

What I was least prepared for, however, even knowing beforehand that the Fellowship section of Taliesin had originally housed a school run by Mr. Wright's aunts, was the note of Victorianism. The rebel in Frank Lloyd Wright has never broken completely with his background, as you are reminded when you find that he has filled a prominent

panel in the drafting room with a hortatory motto: "What a man makes, *that* he has." Taliesin reminded me of nothing so much as a summer camp for girls I once knew of in New England, run by a venerable lady of pronounced individualism, who wore a cape as imperiously as Mr. Wright does and impressed upon her charges the sanctity of the great green cathedral of the woods. Taliesin is just such a baronial Sunday school, as appropriately a throw-back in American history as the citizens who chiefly resent Mr. Wright today—or, at least, so I suspect—for the same reasons that Brook Farm never became a national institution. Something there is that doesn't love revolution when it masquerades as uplift.

I was glad to have seen Taliesin before, rather than disappointingly after, the buildings—the Robie house in Chicago, for instance—which show Mr. Wright at his best. Another is the Johnson Wax building in Racine, where a many-million-dollar annex is now under way. Having seen it in photographs, I thought I knew what I was going to see but now recant in shame and quote Mr. Wright's admonition from the January 1948 issue of the *Architectural Forum*: "... photographs of buildings are inevitably unsatisfactory. . . . The photograph leaves the essential reality still to be grasped." The reality, in this case, is that wherever you turn in the building it offers you an unexpected and delightful perspective. To say that an architect works in three dimensions is easier than to comprehend how in the name of sanity he does it, and if you want to start an architectural education in the certainty that it can be a high calling, begin with this building.

Since I arrived in Racine on a Sunday, there was no one there but a steady trickle of visitors like myself and the watchman, an amiable character out of *The Fountainhead* named Wesley Monroe, who has conceived an admiration for Mr. Wright far beyond the call of duty. "I had the privilege," he said, "of working on the sidewalk around his swimming pool a year ago." He said that Mr. Wright had arranged for one of his temporarily out-of-pocket English students to work on the job, and it became clear that Mr. Monroe and his colleagues had questioned the young man at length about Life at Taliesin. But one remark had made a particularly

deep impression on Mr. Monroe: "He said that in Europe a building like this would only be for kings and princes, but here it's for the working people."

Driving south along the lakefront to Chicago, where there are many large houses from the period when Mr. Wright worked for the kings and princes of the Hog Butcher for the World, I found traces of the same Englishman's progress along the Frank Lloyd Wright circuit; the gardener of the Willitts house in Highland Park remembered him ("Lotsa people come here from all over; where you from?"). But if the young man arrived finally at the Robie house, north of the University of Chicago, I wonder if he thought as I did that here all trails end. The Robie house is owned by the University and used as a dormitory by its divinity school. In this time of comparisons and categorical statements, I can only state that the Robie house is a House of Distinction, the Best Buy of 1909, and the most beautiful building in the United States west of Eastport, Maine. When Henry-Russell Hitchcock brought out his book on Wright in 1942 he observed with relief that "the Robie interiors have been maintained by the Chicago Theological Seminary with all their original furniture and fittings." That was true in 1942, perhaps, but I must report that as of October 1949 the Robie house, an architectural monument of the first rank, was maintained like a pigsty.

This house has been sitting at the corner of 57th and Woodlawn since the world began. The surrounding buildings that try to crowd in around it are each visually blasted back beyond the vanishing point by the urgent necessity that no other lines and planes shall converge at this focus than those ordered by the will of the architect. Its layers of long slabs seem constantly in motion, as though you or the building or both were careening down the street and were at any moment about to leap off into the air. It is incredible that preoccupied people can walk serenely past this basilisk, doubly incredible that students of the everlasting can actually live in it, their eyes so fixed on the far horizons that they ignore the naked light bulb, the shattered furniture, and the dirty T-shirt hanging over the blackboard in the corner. The exterior brickwork has been sloppily repointed, and though I know it takes money to maintain a

building, it also takes catastrophic indifference to reduce one to the estate in which the Robie house now is.

I WONDER how much the architect can care. Mr. Wright's life has not been without losses; he has been as persistently dogged by tragedy as are the accident-prone by stubbed toes and falling teacups, yet he is without rancor and, on the word of students he has liked, among the most warm and responsive of men. Set aside the peril a master craftsman runs of attracting bloodless parasites, set aside his levees and the Saturday evening string quartets, set aside even the readings of Whitman and Ouspensky, and still what is the balance of the debts between Frank Lloyd Wright and society? As he rides about sections of the country that are thick with his work, with his feet propped up against the back window of his red Lincoln Continental, does he remember that around the next corner is a building of his—and that the present owner has painted it turquoise and cream? If you were an architect, born a ferocious autocrat in 1869 with the mission of remaking your art in a democracy, what would you have done?

Someday it will probably be said that he spread himself too thin, tried to do too much, dropped promising ideas after he had hardly begun to play with them, and was too often satisfied with putting on the record buildings that will never be built and were never intended to be built ("What, an apartment house in Washington higher than the Capitol dome?"). The theme which fascinates him—he comes back to it again and again in his recent book on Louis Sullivan—is the delicate relationship between master and apprentice: how can the master teach without dogma, how can the apprentice learn without slavish imitation, how can the two work together without going at each other's throats? He has tried to provide enough examples—extending them now to the cheapest houses he can make—so that American architecture might mine him for years and still not exhaust the vein. His undoing has been only the old temptation to teach, to teach everyone, to make reluctant apprentices of us all. "But you know," one Taliesin graduate said not long ago, "he's winning."

—Mr. Harper

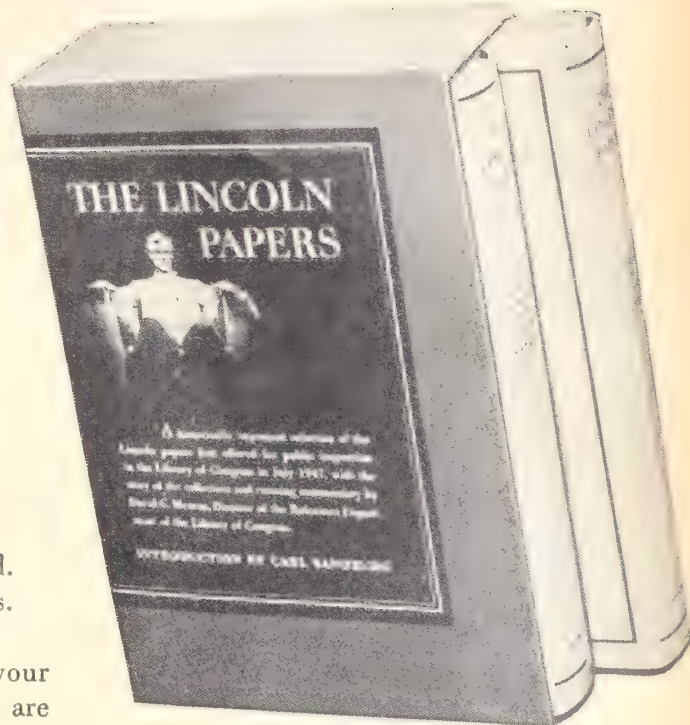
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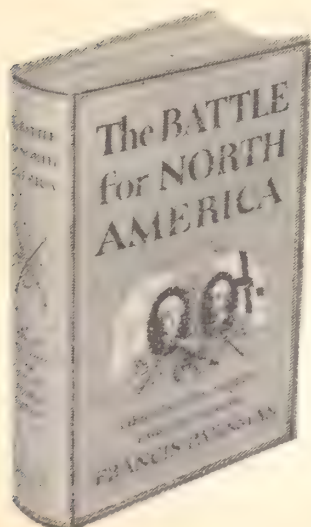
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From April- to July-Mindedness

Richard H. Rovere

JOHN Hersey's *The Wall* (Knopf, \$4) is a massive novel of Jewish life and death in Warsaw from 1939 to 1943. It is written in the form of a journal devotedly kept by a scholar and archivist named Noach Levinson, a man who sensed, long before he perceived, that the wiping out of Warsaw Jewry at Nazi hands was as certain as the lowering of night and that destruction, when it came, would be so nearly total that, as Levinson wrote when he finally did perceive, "paper records of our ordeal . . . will be our only estate." The device allows Hersey to employ, in the body of the novel, all his extraordinary capacities as a reporter and historian. Levinson's journal is a net which Hersey can cast in any direction he chooses. With it, he gathers opinions, moods, raw statistics, documents, sensations, fancies, gossip, and eyewitness accounts of events in the ghetto hell.

The Wall is several times longer than *Hiroshima*, Hersey's last study in extermination, and several times better. I was not one of those who greatly admired the earlier book. It seemed to me that although Hersey created an almost miraculously refulgent picture of the bombed city, he made the particular horror of the event less rather than more vivid in our minds. In dealing so extensively with burns and lacerations and twisted steel, he gave the bombing the dimensions of a severe train wreck. Perhaps this is a sensible enough approach to the matter (Isn't it really possible that we torment ourselves about the atom bomb in order to ease the burden of our guilt for all the other forms of violence

we employ?), but I am reasonably sure that it wasn't the approach Hersey wanted us to take. *The Wall*, which seems intended to move and enlighten us rather than to alarm and alert us, is a more satisfying book because we get to know the people in it not simply as victims, as candidates for death and agony, but as people with histories and with fates that are, though common, separate, since each man attaches a private meaning to his life and death. The Japanese in Hiroshima were people to whom something happened; the Warsaw Jews in *The Wall* are people in whom something is happening.

Greater in depth and impact than *Hiroshima*, *The Wall* is, in writing and in every other aspect of technical execution, never less than expert and often close to perfection. Reading it, I sometimes felt that it was easily the best war novel I had encountered and by any standards a novel of real distinction. I found, however, that I was less impressed by the whole than I had been by its parts. As a dramatic reconstruction of dramatic events, it is superb. Knowing the book, one could almost exchange reminiscences with the handful of ghetto survivors. If the ghetto streets still stood, one could easily find one's way around them. The quality of life in the ghetto, the enforced growth in moral stature of its residents, the inventive evil of Nazi policy in Warsaw—all these things are so deeply and finely etched in our minds by Hersey that they will crop up again and again as living memories. But, unless I am greatly mistaken, it is the journalist in Hersey, the

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portrait artist, who creates all this. It is, I need hardly say, very well worth creating. But the novelist does very little of anything. The men and women in *The Wall* seem terribly real and urgent as long as we feel ourselves involved with them in Warsaw a decade ago. But it is our prior involvement in Warsaw, an event that was in and of our times and that deeply engages us still, that really counts. If Warsaw were a fiction, the involvement could not take place. The only tedious stretches in *The Wall* are those in which Hersey explores the few personal relationships among his characters that are not wholly dependent upon their predicament as Jews in the city where the iniquities of fascist occupation reached their most unearthly proportions. In other words, on their own his characters lose force. They cannot interest us in their environment the way their environment can interest us in them. The test of character in fiction is independence of environment, mobility in time and space. Who reads "Hamlet" to learn about Denmark? Who cares that Dostoevski found Raskolnikov in a newspaper clipping? It is the criminal who interests us in the crime, not the other way about. But with Hersey the event is everything. Transported, his characters, I fear, vaporize.

TO SAY that *The Wall* fails as a work of the imagination is, fortunately, to render only a partial judgment. For it is only partially a work of the imagination. To what extent Hersey has used fiction merely as a device, as a means of freeing himself and permitting him to organize his materials as he wishes, I do not know, but it is perfectly clear that he must have learned what he knows from people who lived in Warsaw during the German occupation. For the most part, as I have said, this is a work of journalistic reconstruction, and, taken as that, it is hard to see how it could be improved upon.

For impact, particularly in the early stages, Hersey relies heavily on the knowledge the reader brings to the book. In 1950, we *know* what happened to the Jews of Warsaw. Thus, as we enter their community toward the close of 1939, after the Polish surrender but before the establishment of the ghetto, and find them seemingly unaware of what history has in store for them, we feel ourselves in an atmosphere of wild unreality. Warsaw is firmly

held in German hands, which means to us now, as in fact it meant to us then, that the fate of the Jews has been settled. Yet the Jews of Noach Levinson's acquaintance, a predominantly middle-class group but including a few representatives of every category, seem to be taking the matter very lightly. We find them celebrating wedding anniversaries, fretting over business conditions, idling in night clubs, living, to all appearances, reasonably normal and only normally agitated lives. The one real militant we meet is, significantly, a comic, a man named Schpunt with a gargoyles face and the mind of a court fool. Levinson is working for the *Judenrat*, the former *Kehilla*, or Jewish Community Council, which has become, as he says, "the instrument of German authority over the Jews." He has just made the acquaintance of Dolek Berson, who as much as anyone else is the hero of the book and Hersey's symbol of Warsaw Jewry, and Berson is shortly to accept employment in the German-controlled Jewish police. Both men have acted on the melioristic principle that it is better to have the Nazi laws administered by Jews than by Germans, a principle that the Germans, pressed for man power, are pleased to have the Jews adopt.

The Jewish community as a whole, we are given to understand, realizes that it is in for some discommoding experiences, but "discommoding" is just the word for what they anticipate, and most of them are making adjustments either in purely personal ways or in ways that appear to us to be blindly and outrageously frivolous. When they might be out stealing guns, they are setting up secret schools to pursue "Hellenistic studies, Midrash, and Talmudic archeology." Hemmed in by Wehrmacht steel, they drug themselves with fantasies of Palestine sunlight, in which they will bask as soon as papers can be arranged. Only the political zealots of one sort or another—in the innumerable Socialist and Zionist factions—seem to be thinking in terms of collective resistance, and they are quite unable to join together in significant numbers. Though collaboration for personal ease and profit is regarded with contempt, forced labor is accepted meekly on the whole, and more than a few Jews are genuinely proud of the competence with which Jewish hands are building the wall that is to become their

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prison. Though it is plain enough to us why the wall is being built, it was not, apparently, plain to all its builders, and even when they realize what they have done, their reactions are mixed. "I knew with my mind," Levinson confesses to his journal, "that I should have grown angry, and I should have taken some action. Instead, what? I sat at my desk, glad. Yes, actually glad and relieved. I was pleased that all the Germans wanted was to have us Jews living more or less together. I find really a kind of security and comfort in this arrangement, compressive as it may prove to be. We will be together without the constant sandy rub of life among the Poles and Germans."

HERSEY, one suspects, is going to be severely belabored for presenting this picture, and the fact that he could have written his story only with information supplied him by persons who escaped or somehow survived is not going to help him very much. Like most readers, I have no means of knowing how true—that is, how representative—his Levinsons and Bersons are. I believe, though, that Levinson's way is, in general, mankind's way. The dignity of man is a fact, but it is one that has to be appraised alongside man's capacity for accepting indignity. No prospect has ever been so bleak that men have not scanned it for elements of comfort. What we look for, particularly in the way of mental and spiritual assuagement, we are very clever at finding. Even when the mind finds bleakness unrelieved, the psyche strains to reject the verdict of reason, and it is, as a rule, more successful in doing so than the mind is at rejecting the psyche's verdict—though this, too, has been known to occur. Rachel Apt, a morose and inward girl who becomes a tower of strength in the blackest days, reported that she found nothing, not fear or fatigue or thirst or hunger, so hard to fight off as "April-mindedness," which is absurd, eternally springing optimism. The Warsaw Jews—those, let us be clear, of whom Hersey writes and whom he presumably believes to have been typical—were not really so much unaware of their fate as they were unprepared for it and frantically eager to disbelieve it. They

lived, as long as they could, with a kind of feverish normality. Even when they had summoned resoluteness, all kinds of strange, unwelcome emotions assailed them. At a time when Dolek Berson had very nearly attained the state of selfless, fearless grace he moves toward throughout the book, he found that being in the presence of cruelty made him cruel. "I am like a cup," he said. "I've been poured too full with a hot fluid. It has to be poured out of me before I crack." He was then effectively using his position with the Germans to aid his fellow Jews. But no armor of fellow-feeling and suffering availed against the spiritual typhoid the Germans carried. At the end of one day, he "looked in a mirror—and he says he was frightened by what was reflected. He saw in the glass an apparition of cruelty. He suddenly remembered what it had been like to have a club in his hand all day. He remembered chasing a group of beggars away from his corner. He remembered what had happened when some Germans had come along: the only thing he had resisted was his impulse to hobnob with them."

Flesh is weak, but the ghetto moves, each member at his own pace, from the April-mindedness of 1939 and 1940 to the July-mindedness of 1942 and 1943. It was not until the very last days of the ghetto that the Nazi fury became a steadily attritive winter storm. Most of the time, it would burst hotly, spasmodically, unreasonably, and it was against the sudden, unexpected lightning and the beguiling disappearance of the clouds that the mind had to fortify itself. In the end, April-mindedness was as rare as July-mindedness once had been, and such levity as is needed to make life supportable even in the greatest crises was looked upon as regrettable. "Sometimes," Levinson wrote, while hiding out with his closest comrades in the Warsaw sewage system, "I do not feel that we maintain high enough standards of lugubriousness." The book closes with the great pitched battle against the Germans, in which the ghetto was involved not to a man but to a child, and with the escape, engineered by Dolek Berson, to Palestine of Levinson and several others, a superbly described odyssey through

NEW BOOKS

the deep garbage and muck of the culvert pipes. It is the description of the early days that makes the account of the later ones more credible and moving. I feared, when I began reading the book and saw what it was about, that it might turn out to be a purely commemorative piece of masonry. Since stone, not language, is the proper stuff for monuments, the thought was a depressing one. But it isn't just a monument, and if it is not, on the other hand, a great novel, it is still a stirring experience.

LLOYD Frankenberg's *Pleasure Dome* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50), a volume of critical essays intended to be read as an introduction to modern poetry, and Gilbert Highet's *The Classical Tradition* (Oxford, \$6), an essay that sets out to trace the Greek and Roman influences on European and American literature, are distinguished works of criticism in which the authors attempt, without the loss of dignity that such enterprises usually involve, to popularize their subjects. Frankenberg's book opens with the declaration that "Modern poetry is intelligible" and proceeds to demonstrate this contention with gifted essays on a dozen poets. Highet's book is described by him as "a brief outline of the chief ways" in which the Greco-Roman influence has been absorbed; its purpose, the publishers say, is to "bridge the gulf between scholars and the reading public." I have grave doubts as to the effectiveness of both books as popularization but no doubts at all about their general excellence. Frankenberg, though a poet himself as well as a critic, adheres, at least in this book, to none of the familiar orthodoxies, and his tastes are happily catholic. All of his essays seem to me to be sound and enlightening, his appreciation of Marianne Moore being especially fine. Highet, who teaches Greek and Latin at Columbia, is a scholar and critic whose unpedantic wit and ebullience are constantly overflowing the boundaries he has set himself and leading him to crisp judgments in matters fairly remote from Greece and Rome.

I think it is noticeable in both books that they succeed as criticism pretty much to the extent that they fail as popularizations. Highet is at his best not when he is trying to

"bridge the gulf" (the gulf *can* be bridged but not with a "brief outline of chief events") but when he is wallowing in the gulf and allowing himself to be led along by his own quick mind. Frankenberg is at his best not when he is trying to lead the reader around (rather than through) the difficulties of modern poetry and into its innocent pleasures but when he is attacking the complexities head on. This is most of the time, for he spends no more than a few pages on the usual academic pieties and truisms on the subject. He then goes to work with the standard source-tracing and symbol-mining equipment of the modern critic. Toward the end, he comes out with a variant of a familiar theme in the literature of elucidation. "Every age," he says in his essay on Auden, "has its particular fragmentations; our own seems to split very fine." It is a generalization that can be encountered almost anywhere in contemporary criticism and that always appears, it seems to me, to say a little more than it actually does. But insofar as it means that the modern mind finds it difficult to organize and assimilate experience—in part, as Gilbert Highet points out, for the unspiritual reason that increased leisure, division of labor, and mere passage of time have made it possible to acquire experience in such unmanageable quantities—it applies as much to modern criticism as it does to modern poetry. Literary criticism—as distinct, let me hastily add, from the form of literary journalism that now distracts you—has never been more brilliantly practiced than it is at the present, but it has also never been more inaccessible to the general reader. This provides no cause for reproach of the critics, of literature, or even of readers. The principal reason for the inaccessibility, I think, is that while modern life, no doubt malevolently, draws most people away from literature, it benevolently provides a few others, among them men like Frankenberg and Highet, with unprecedented opportunities for immersion in it. Criticism grows in richness and value as the critics grow in intensity and devotion; as they do this, however, they grow away from the reader. Indeed, every addition to the body of good critical writing tends in a sense to broaden the gap, or widen

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Highet's gulf, between critic and reader. The man who would, for the good of his soul, achieve a mastery of, say, Eliot, is likely to discover himself imprisoned in the Eliot room in the mansion of letters and a stranger to the other rooms. For as long as he stays with Eliot—a writer with whom, in view of the body of criticism he has inspired, one can stay a very long time—he is unable to obey Eliot's own injunction to study, intensively, every good poet in relation to every other good poet, since "No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone."

In other words, while the complexity of modern literature grows, as the critics are fond of saying, out of the complexity of modern life, in some small measure the complexity of modern life grows out of the complexity of modern literature.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

I, My Ancestor, by Nancy Wilson Ross. Persistent and articulate soul-searching rapidly becomes a bore even when the searcher is a dear friend. When it persists in a fictional character—a character singularly lacking in charm—for some 393 pages, the result has to be boring even when bolstered by some fine characters and scenes and some very real insight into human problems. This book is the story of Philip Bachelder Stewart, New York movie editor and executive, who in the early pages of the book gets a blow on the head which brings on a physical and mental collapse. His slow recovery and his rediscovery of himself with the aid of a Viennese psychiatrist, his father, and solitude on a Pacific Northwest island constitute the rest of the book. His father's life, as Philip discovers it, makes an interesting story. But even the most obtuse reader sees the part that his father's experiences, nature, Indian folklore, and good people are going to play in his case history long before the author allows Philip to discover it. It gets to be a rather slow game of waiting for Philip to catch on, to

grasp the not very startling notion that man both is, and is not, an island. . . . At the risk of being unfair, I quote Philip talking to his father on the next-to-last page of the book: "'About fate.' He groped for words. 'About how to change it. . . . The inner attitude—is that what alters the outer form?'" Such groping, from a man over forty. . . . By the author of *The Left Hand Is the Dreamer*. Random House, \$3.50

The Scapegoat, by Jocelyn Brooke. A brilliant if hair-raising novel of a love-hate relationship with supernatural overtones. Young Duncan Cameron, a boy of thirteen, whose mother and only surviving parent has just died during his first term at school, meets a soldier on the train as he makes the journey to his uncle's farm in the bleak Southeast of England. His uncle, bachelor and ex-Rugger player, has been appointed guardian of the delicate and sensitive boy. It is the Christmas holiday, but an air of gloom and foreboding hangs over the story of these three from the start. The dependent relationship between the orphaned Duncan and his lonely uncle complicated by the soldier swings unpredictably from exaggerated affection to exaggerated revulsion, and the deceptively simple writing and quiet exposition of the mounting tension in such a relationship give the tragic ending an impact of most credible horror. A book to admire, but not to love.

Harper, \$2.50

Non-fiction

I Leap Over the Wall, by Monica Baldwin. Miss Baldwin, Stanley Baldwin's niece, entered an enclosed convent in 1914 at the age of seventeen, and emerged (with Papal consent) twenty-eight years later, in 1941, into bomb-ridden London. She had never seen nylons, modern underwear, or traffic lights, let alone barrage balloons, sirens, and air-raid shelters. She knew next to nothing of even the first world war and nothing of the second. She had "never heard of the Unknown Soldier, Jazz, Isolationism, Lounge Lizards, Lease-Lend, 'Cavalcade', Gin-and-It, Vimy Ridge, or the Lambeth Walk; neither did the words Nosey Parker, Hollywood, Cocktail, Robot,

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Woolworth, Strip-tease, Bright Young Thing, convey anything to my mind. Unknown names, too, were always cropping up: Epstein, Schiaparelli, James Agate, Greta Garbo, Picasso, D. H. Lawrence, and Dr. Marie Stopes. . . ." That gives something of the Alice-in-Wonderland quality of the book. In addition it is a reverent book, thoughtful, humorous, and yet tortured too. It isn't necessary to think very far to see why this should be so. Miss Baldwin spent twenty-eight years in the most rigorous self-discipline directed toward shutting out all outer impressions, even to the point of rarely raising the eyes, in order to get into "vital contact" with God. The effort required to reverse this interior attitude, to notice what went on around her enough to survive in the world of today, is agonizing to contemplate. To think what it meant in the way of inner suffering (though she herself doesn't dwell on it) to stay on at the convent for eighteen years after she was absolutely sure she had made a mistake, is even more agonizing. And, as she says in a mild understatement: "To know that there isn't a corner on earth where you are wanted or even needed, can have an almost influenza-like effect on your morale. And an endless wandering from place to place, camping temporarily in other people's houses, can be quite as tiresome for you as it is for them." But the story is one of an unusual, indeed almost a unique human experience, told with intelligence and understanding. It is worth reading and thinking about for what it tells of a life and way of thought as strange to most of us as the world of 1941 was to her.

Rinehart, \$3.50

Art and Life in America, by Oliver W. Larkin. It is a pleasure to read art history as well written as this, as free of 57th Street *patois*, and as full of real people's real ideas. Mr. Larkin's book is the result of flabbergastingly extensive and painstaking research in the arts that America has evolved, and it is as much about the America that produced the artists as about the art that Americans have produced. This is social history as well as art history, written with a sympathetic delight in men's



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

foibles and noble failures as well as in their idealism and successes. Mr. Larkin makes no extravagant claims for American art and architecture, but neither does he dismiss it, as so many critics have, as a country cousin of European art. For all the European influences on the painting and sculpture and architecture of this country, the arts of America reflect the ambitions and ideals of a growing country as surely as the Hudson River reflects the New York skyline. . . . Mr. Larkin has done a job that it was high time somebody did. This book, I suspect, will be a standard work for a long while to come, and it is good to find a piece of essential research, compilation, and interpretation that not only has the virtues of sound scholarship but is also a delight to read. There are about 600 pages and 400 illustrations, many of them familiar but many of them surprises.

Rinehart, \$7.95

The Peabody Sisters of Salem, by Louise Hall Tharp. The subjects of this triple biography are such vital personalities that they tend to run away with the reviewer, tempting him to reproduce their stories instead of reporting on the particular nature of the book. It is really telling enough about the characters to remind the reader that the youngest of the three sisters, Sophia, married Nathaniel Hawthorne; the second, Mary, married Horace Mann; and the third, Elizabeth, was one of the dynamic intellectual and emotional forces of the dynamic time of the New England "flowering." Mrs. Tharp's story of their lives is so bright, so constantly entertaining and informative about the three sisters and the ideas that influenced their lives and their particular geniuses, and is, moreover, so well integrated as narrative that one frequently has to remind oneself that this is biography and not fiction. The scholars will undoubtedly point occasionally with little pin-pricking question marks in the direction of their particular fields of knowledge, but the general reader will be content to bask happily in the reflected light of the stimulating ideas, remote causes, and anything-but-faded romances of a remarkable era.

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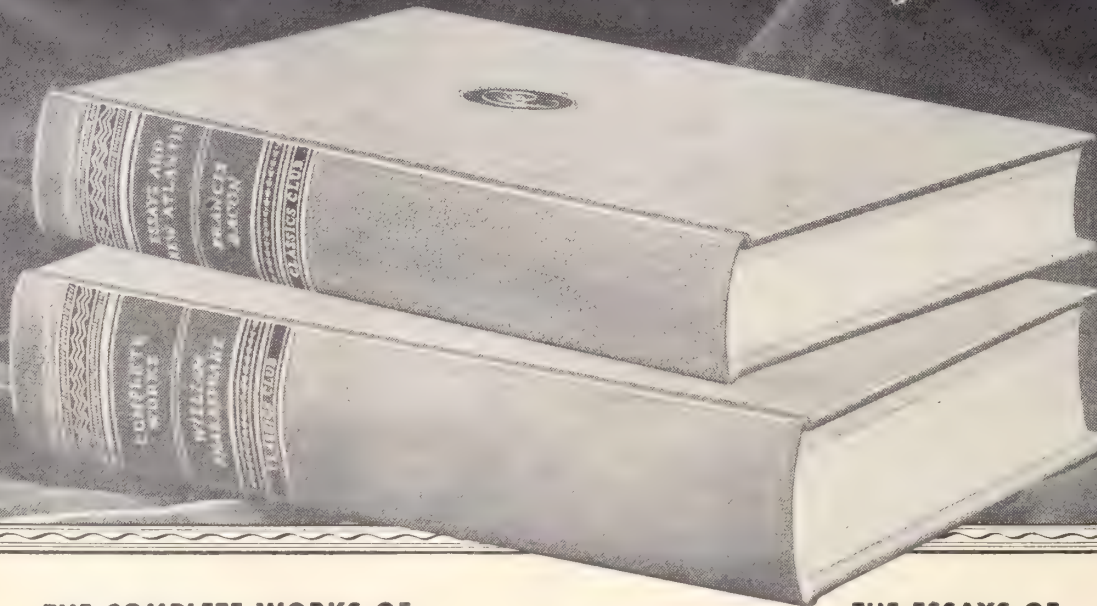
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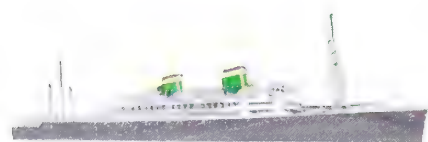
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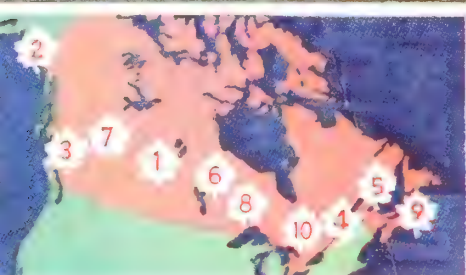


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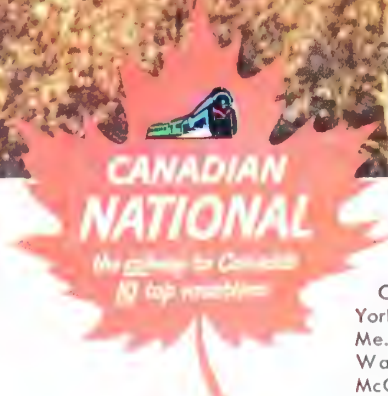


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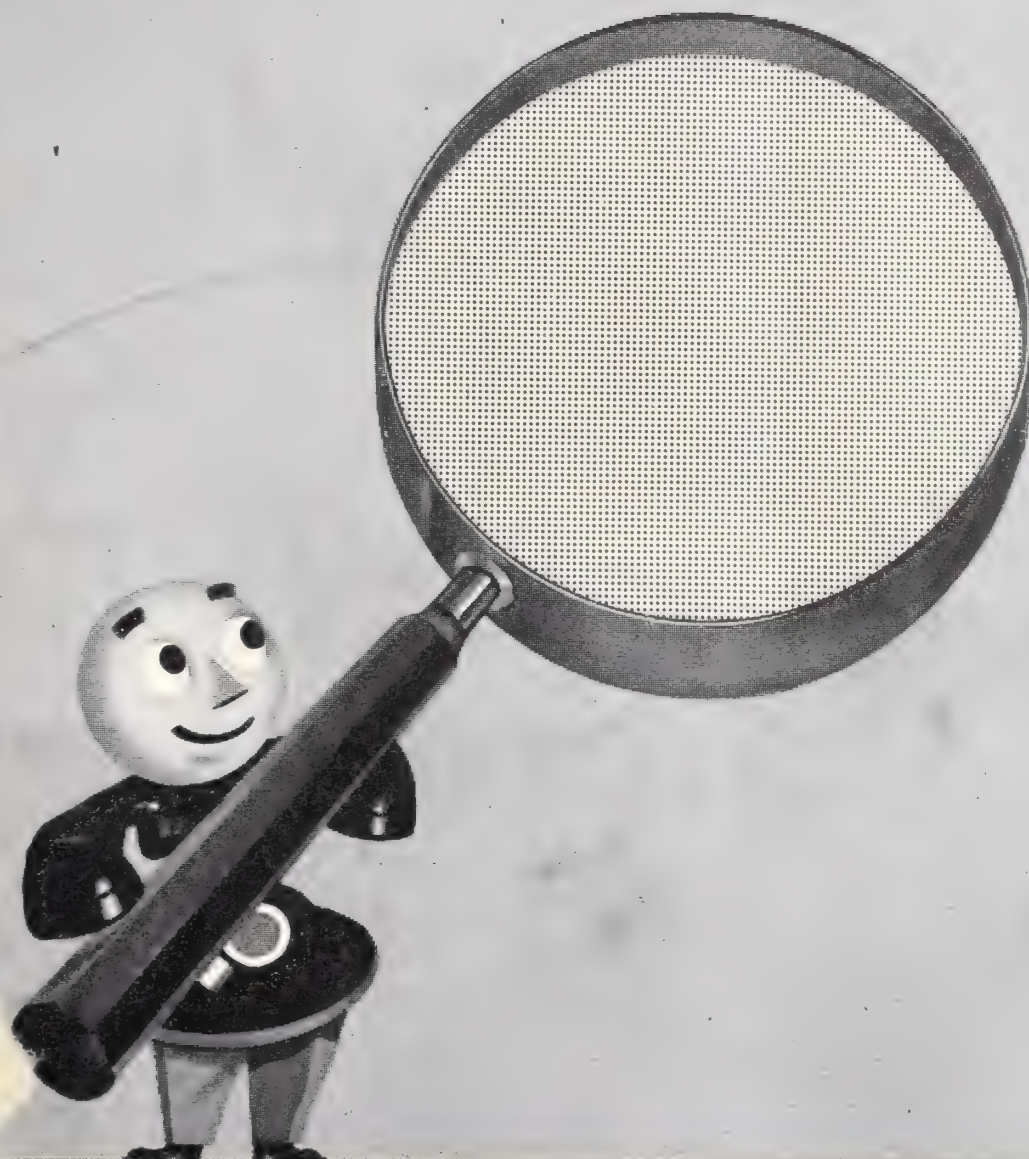
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in next month's

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MAGAZINE

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER may have chosen not to run in 1948, but that hasn't prevented a lot of hopefuls from bringing up his name whenever future prospects are mentioned. The frequency with which the name has been mentioned in recent months lends added interest to *Richard H. Rovere's* study of the General's personality and career in next month's issue. Mr. Rovere, whose incisive portraits of President Truman, Governor Dewey, Senator Taft, and Representative Marcantonio will be well remembered by *Harper's* readers, here evaluates Eisenhower as both commander and university president.

ONE of the most widely discussed articles we published last year, judging from reader response, was George N. Shuster's "The Catholic Controversy," which appeared in November. Next month, *D. W. Brogan*, a British scholar and extremely knowledgeable student of American institutions, sets that article in perspective in a brilliant study of the Catholic in the United States, which reaches back into European as well as American tradition.

PERHAPS you read or heard something about the ruckus that was stirred up recently when Congresswoman Bolton misquoted Abraham Lincoln as an opponent of the welfare state. The Congresswoman, as it turned out, was acting in the best of faith, and you may be surprised to learn that the spurious Lincoln quotations she used are only a few of hundreds in common use (some of which will undoubtedly be startlingly familiar to you). In the May issue, *Albert A. Woldman*, a Lincoln scholar, tracks down the sources of some of the most often-used Lincoln "quotations," including those Congresswoman Bolton borrowed, and proves that in many cases, "Lincoln Never Said That."

JOHAN HOUSEMAN winds up his survey of Hollywood today with a brisk discussion of "The Battle Over Television"; there's also "Jumped or Fell," a hair-raising description of a boyhood spent training to be a human fly, by *Ted Robinson Jr.*; and the two short stories are by *Bentz Plagemann* and *George Howe*, author of last year's prize-winning novel, *Call It Treason*.

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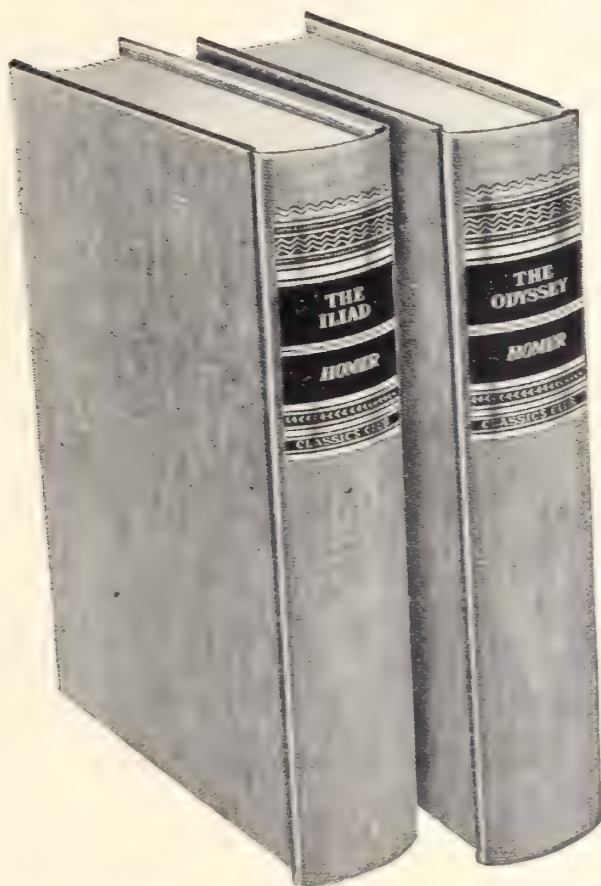
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Personal & Otherwise

WHEN a new magazine hits the stands, especially one which proposed to combine "under one set of covers, the best in the arts: literature, fashion, humor, decoration, travel, and entertainment," people in the business are bound to take notice. P & O bought his copy of the first issue of *Flair* at a small-town newsstand in New England, right next door to a Greek restaurant where he had stopped off for coffee and apple pie with an ex-Marine who used to drive an Esso tank truck and now teaches Milton.

Flair's editor says, in a prefatory proclamation in gold letters on a royal blue background, that she believes her magazine "will help give a vital contemporary direction and fullness to American life." In case you missed the first issue, here are some notes we made in an effort to discover which way American life is going and how full it is.

The first words of editorial matter in *Flair*, Vol. 1, No. 1, are: "Painter Salvador Dali observed in his autobiography: '... went and had a bottle of champagne at the Bateau Lure. It was here that I discovered that phantasmal, superlatively phosphorescent, and integrally nocturnal being called Jacoby, whom I was to run into the whole rest of my life in the same propitious penumbra of ever-changing night clubs.'"

(The Greek who runs the restaurant has put in a sound-proof ceiling since we last ate at his place, and the tables in the booths have formica tops in a blue linen-weave pattern. Most of the booths were occupied by family parties.)

The first regular article in *Flair* is "The New Bohemia" by Charles J. Rolo. It's quite a long article, illustrated with photographs of

such people as Truman Capote, Speed Lamkin, and Frederick Buechner. It winds up observing that, "With its accent on youth, play, talk, and the ego, the communal life of this coterie smacks, slightly, of a return to the nursery—with father and mother banished from the household."

(The Greek, by the way, has put three children from his town through school and college—quietly paid all the bills since the children were too poor, or their fathers and mothers were dead.)

THEN there are two full-page pictures: one of a woman who "made hunting history two springs ago" when she hunted on Wednesday with the Middleburg hunt and three days later with an Irish hunt; the other of a woman who "has kept a hunting diary that dates back to 1920."

(The ex-Marine ran over and killed a child with his Esso truck almost twenty years ago. He has been to Iwo Jima since, but he flinches when he sees a child playing by the road.)

Flair's first "personality" story is about Dr. Frank Netter, who apparently has made quite a pile illustrating medical books. There's a small picture of someone in front of Dr. Netter's "superb Long Island house," sitting on what appears to be the stripped-down chassis of a Model-A Ford. The caption reads: "To relax, the Netters pile on a jeep, madly tour the estate."

(Someone once asked the Greek why he gave free meals to every tramp who asked for one. He said, "If a fellow says he needs a meal, maybe he really does. How should I know?")

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its format. It goes in for half-pages, for example. Page 43 is a half page with nothing on it but a picture of an eye and a rose-bud, and the words "FASHION IS AN EYE." But page 43 lies so flat and smug on the page beneath it that the text on the bottom half of that page looks as if it were supposed to follow right along after the title. It begins: "What causes this temporary blindness?"

(After we'd eaten we went into the local five and dime and bought a pair of horsehide mittens for 89 cents.)

In a small accordion-folded insert, printed on magenta-colored tissue, *Flair* describes details from the Paris House of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Details: "She [the Duchess] hides her Capehart behind a Coromandel screen. . . . To conceal a huge and unused pipe organ in the entrance hall, the Duchess had a magnificent library painted on it in *trompe-l'oeil*."

(The juke-box loudspeakers, spaced every ten feet or so around the restaurant wall, were covered with a lyre-shaped grille. The music was tuned down low. One of the pieces available on the Selectomatic controls in each booth was a Boston Pops recording.)

The entree on *Flair's* menu is a fourteen-page "Letter to Americans" by Jean Cocteau, in which he tells how unwillingly he posed for "a series of eccentric photographs" for *Life* magazine. "I had told the editors that neither my age nor position as poet (that is, worker) authorized me to permit myself such foolishness. . . . We worked at posing and picture-taking from three in the afternoon until seven. I had dinner with Jacques Maritain. We resumed the sitting, working from eleven o'clock until five in the morning." Cocteau has some very profound ideas about America which he got during twenty days spent in New York City, a city which wants, he discovered, "neither to think nor to dream, but to stand between its mother's two breasts, from which pour twin streams of alcohol and milk."

(The Greek also supports the town's baseball team, because he thinks it's good for the boys. And there's a town back in Greece that will never forget him, though he hasn't been there in forty years.)

That's the end of P & O's notes on *Flair*. Granted *Flair* wasn't aimed at that part of America we happened to be in when we read

it and made the notes. Granted, too, that if we had seen our first copy after a meal in the dining room at the Hotel *El Fahar* in Tangiers, or at "21" on 52nd Street, *Flair's* perspective on American life would not have seemed so incongruous. Still, it strikes P & O as odd that so much editorial and artistic talent should be keyed to such a limited vision of contemporary vitality. Here endeth the sermon about *Flair*.

Going to the Devil

When the Republican national committeemen get through reading *Herbert Agar's* article about "How to Elect a Republican" (p. 31), they would do well to brush up on the political wisdom of George Washington Plunkitt, as recorded by W. L. Riordan in *Plunkitt of Tammany Hall* (1905). The Republican party now can be not unfairly described in the very words Plunkitt applied to the national Democratic party in 1905. At the beginning of one of his discourses from his rostrum on the bootblack stand in the New York County Court House he insisted that the party wasn't dead, though it had been giving "a life-like imitation of a corpse for several years." The trouble was, he said, that "the party's been chasin' after theories and stayin' up nights readin' books instead of studyin' human nature and actin' accordin' . . ."

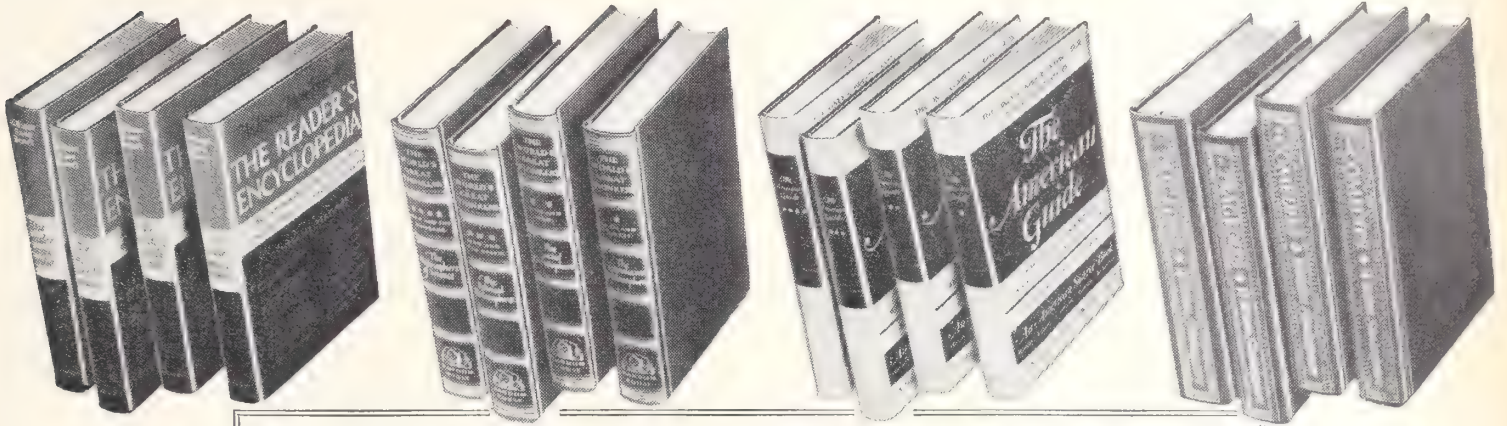
Those were the days of the free-silver campaigns, and Plunkitt was disgusted.

In two presidential campaigns [he said], the leaders talked themselves red in the face about silver bein' the best money and gold bein' no good, and they tried to prove it out of books. Do you think the people cared for all that guff? No. They heartily endorsed what Richard Croker said at the Hoffman House one day in 1900. "What's the use of discussin' what's the best kind of money?" said Croker. "I'm in favor of all kinds of money—the more the better." See how a real Tammany statesman can settle in twenty-five words a problem that monopolized two campaigns!

Plunkitt was giving straight-forward expression to one of the fundamental facts of American politics. It's the same fact John Nance Garner had in mind in 1938 when he made the remark Mr. Agar quotes.

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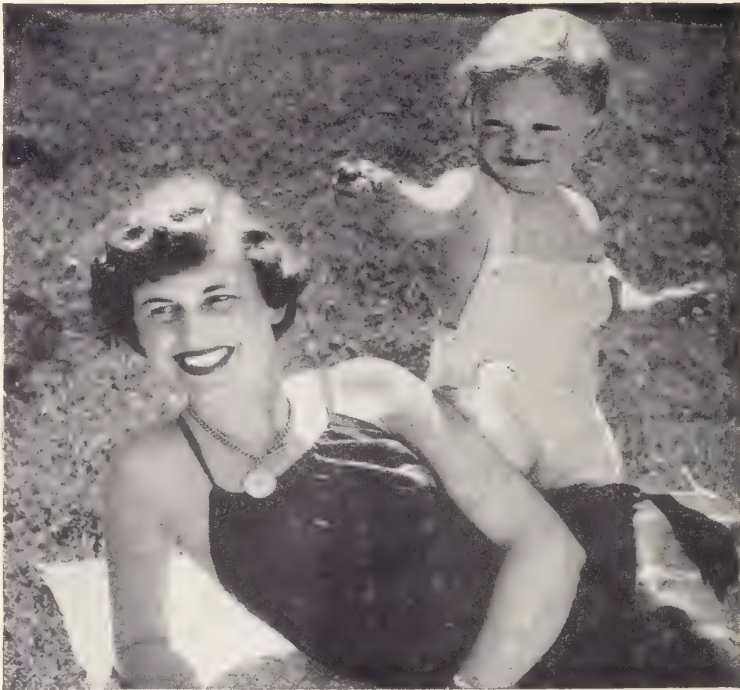
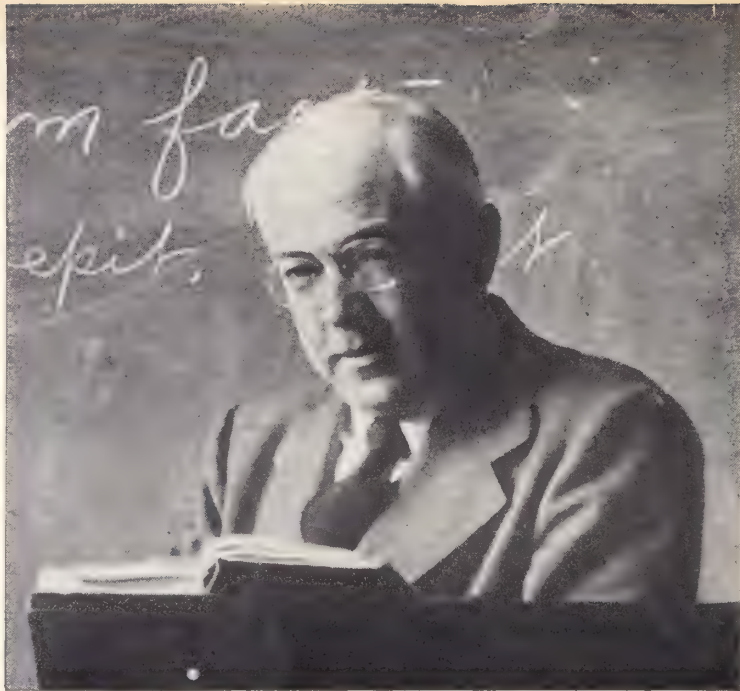
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What type are LIFE's text-pieces aimed at?

No special type, frankly. They aren't written for any particular taste, bank account or viewpoint.

In fact, there's just one requisite for a LIFE text-piece. We insist only that it be, in our opinion, good.

If you take a random look through issues of LIFE published in recent years, you'll find, for example, a piece on Lincoln, by Stefan Lorant; a piece on animals, by James Thurber; a piece on communism, by Arthur Koestler; a piece on Bernard Maybeck, by Winthrop Sargeant; a piece on atomic weapons, by Vannevar Bush; a piece on Princess Margaret Rose, by Robert Coughlan; a piece on the Catholic Church, by

Evelyn Waugh; "Crusade in Europe," by General Eisenhower; a piece on baseball, by Joe DiMaggio; the war memoirs of Winston Churchill; and a piece on Roosevelt, by Hamilton Basso.

And so it goes. LIFE has a tremendous *variety* of text-pieces. They vary in subject matter, style, authorship, and point of view.

In this connection, we might add that we've never been impressed by the idea of "reader research"—that is, buttonholing a cross section of our readers to find out who reads what and why.

Though some magazines set great store by this sort of thing, we've always felt it would just cramp our style. We're afraid that instead of trying to turn out the best possible text-pieces, we'd be too busy checking over the returns and hammering everything into the mold most likely to attract a lot of readers.

If that were our goal, you can safely bet we wouldn't run text-pieces on such subjects as Maurice Utrillo, Artur Rubinstein, and the Renaissance man.

LIFE



The Open Job, with Hoagy Carmichael at the wheel (see "After Hours," page 112).

And the talks about dividing the country into two political camps, one progressive and the other conservative, is still just "so much stuff"—or, as Plunkitt said, "guff."

This is not to say that principles and ideas have no legitimate place in American politics. They obviously do. But if there are any good principles lying around, both parties have an equal right to them. And if some of these principles are diametrically opposed to others, that's all the more reason for both parties to accommodate all of them. For the odd thing about principles is that, however abstract they may seem to be, they are inextricably tied to the bread-and-butter realities of regional or class conditions. The political party that insists upon adhering to a set of self-consistent principles inevitably restricts itself to regional or class support.

P & O thinks Mr. Agar is right in concluding that, if the Republicans want to win, they need a politician more than a program. Of course politicians are looked down upon in some circles. But then, so is Satan. Mark Twain once pointed out in the pages of this magazine that Satan hadn't had a fair show. "All religions issue bibles against him," Mark wrote, "and say the most injurious things about him, but we never hear *his* side. We have none but the evidence for the prosecution, and yet we have rendered the verdict. To my mind, this is irregular. It is un-English, it is un-American;

it is French." Well, that's the way we've treated the un-principled politician too, by and large. But Plunkitt and Garner, at least, have stood up as the politician's advocates, and have pleaded *his* side eloquently. And here comes Mr. Agar himself, telling the Republicans to go to the devil. Maybe, even with this new twist, that is good advice.

MR. AGAR, of course, has had a good deal of experience as an observer of politics. As a newspaper correspondent and columnist, and as editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* from 1940 to 1942, he watched politicians at work at close range. Since the war (during which he served as special assistant to the American ambassador in England) he has been, his wife tells us, "in never less than twenty-five states each year, speaking, and talking politics and seeing politicians." His latest book, *The Price of Union*, which Houghton Mifflin has just published, examines the history of American politics from much the same point of view as that expressed in his present article. (See New Books in this issue, p. 114, for a review of this work.)

Mr. Agar left Princeton in 1917 to enter the Navy, where he served as a seaman and later as a chief quartermaster. Since then, in addition to his newspaper work, he has published books of poetry, a novel, and several histories (one of which, *The People's Choice*, won the Pulitzer

Prize in 1934). He was one of the organizers of "Fight for Freedom" and first president of Freedom House.

Douglas Rides Again

By the time this issue of *Harper's* is published, Mr. Justice **William O. Douglas** should be back on the Supreme Court bench. But at the time we go to press he is still recuperating from a mountain-climbing accident in which he was almost killed out in the state of Washington last October.

"Two Boys on a Mountain" (p. 60) will be included in Mr. Douglas's book *Of Men and Mountains* which Harper & Brothers will publish on April 10. Readers of his vivid narrative of a narrow escape on a mountain-climbing expedition when he was only fourteen years old will also be interested in the following account, taken from the foreword of the forthcoming book, of his more recent and even narrower escape.

Billy McGuffie was at Tipsoo Lake on the morning of October 2, 1949, as Elon Gilbert and I started on horseback up Crystal Mountain on the expedition that almost proved fatal to me. He hailed me, and I stopped briefly to talk with him before I took to the trail. Rainier stood naked in all its grandeur across from us. Billy was lighthearted as he pointed out all of the meadows and basins on its slopes where he had once herded sheep. How Billy happened to be at Tipsoo this morning I do not know. "Providence sent him," Jack Nelson whispered to me a few days later in a Yakima hospital.

I had recently been into that country on skis and snowshoes when it was under thirty feet of snow. But there was much of it I had not seen in summer or fall for over thirty years.

This would be the ideal day to see it. There was not a cloud as far as the eye could see. . . . As we skirted a steep and rugged shoulder of rock, I sensed a quiet air of waiting. It was as if the mountain were gathering itself together for the winter's assault.

Then the accident happened. I had ridden my horse Kendall hundreds of miles in the mountains and found him trustworthy on any terrain. But this morning he almost refused, as Elon led the way up a steep 60-degree grade. Knowing my saddle was loose, I dismounted and tightened the cinch. Then I chose a more conservative path up the

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On Bigness

We are today a much larger country than we were short years ago. Comparing 1930 with 1948, Federal government expenditures have grown from \$3.6 billion to \$40 billion. National income has grown from \$75 billion to \$226 billion.

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* * *

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mountain. Keeping it on my left, I followed an old deer run that circled the hillside at an easy 10-degree grade. We had gone only a hundred yards or so when Kendall (for a reason which will never be known) reared and whirled, his front feet pawing the steep slope. I dismounted by slipping off his tail. I landed in shale rock, lost my footing and rolled some thirty yards. I ended on a narrow ledge lying on my stomach, uninjured. I started to rise. I glanced up. I looked into the face of an avalanche. Kendall had slipped and fallen, too. He had come rolling down over the same thirty precipitous yards I had traversed. There was no possibility of escape. Kendall was right on me. I had only time to duck my head. The great horse hit me. Sixteen hundred pounds of solid horseflesh rolled me flat. I could hear my own bones break in a sickening crescendo. Then Kendall dropped over the ledge and rolled heavily down the mountain to end up without a scratch. I lay paralyzed with pain—twenty-three of twenty-four ribs broken.

I could not move or shout. Would Elon ever find me in the brush where I lay concealed? He did—in twenty minutes that seemed like a century. Then, marking the spot where I lay, he raced down the mountain to see if he could find help. Again it seemed an endless wait, but in less than an hour there were sounds of men thrashing through brush—the rescue party that Billy McGuffie had organized. Soon there were strong arms lifting me gently onto a litter. Then a warm, rough hand slipped into mine, as I heard these whispered words: "This is Wullie McGuffie, my laddie; noo ever'thing will be a' richt."

Mr. Douglas was born in Minnesota in 1898, went to college (with time out for Army service in 1918) at Whitman College in Washington, from which he was graduated in 1920, taught school for a while in Yakima, and then came East to study law at Columbia. From 1925 to 1928 he practiced law in New York and taught at the Columbia Law School. In 1928 he went on to Yale, and in the next few years engaged in several special legal studies in addition to his teaching. In 1936 he became chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission (for which he had already done two years' work as a committee member), and in 1939 was appointed to the Supreme Court. Incidentally—to return to that ac-

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P & O

cident—we have often heard of lawyers falling back on the Supreme Court, but this is the first time we ever heard of a horse doing it.

Oscar Berger, creator of the sketch of Justice Douglas, has drawn for leading publications on both sides of the Atlantic.

Not Safe by a Dam Site

In a book to be published by Knopf this year, Bernard Frank of the U.S. Forest Service and Anthony Netboy, a free-lance writer, analyze some of the basic problems inherent in our national programs of dam building, land use, and river development. In one part of the book, which has already appeared in the magazine, *American Forests*, they call attention to the survey made a few years ago by the Soil Conservation Service, which indicated that more than two-thirds of the 10,000 reservoirs in the United States are silting up at a rate which will have rendered them useless in a hundred years, and that most of the rest will have silted up in another century. Lake Mead, for instance, the 115-mile-long reservoir behind Hoover Dam, is filling up so rapidly that it will be useless in about 125 years.

The silting up of these reservoirs is getting to be a familiar subject in political debates, and will become increasingly so. But so far as P & O knows, very few people have taken the next step and begun to wonder what is happening to the places where the silt used to go before the big dams were built.

Well, as **Alfred M. Cooper** tells us in "A Cataclysm Threatens California" (p. 66), the 500,000 tons of muck that is daily piling up behind the Hoover Dam *used* to be deposited at the Colorado river's delta, continuously rebuilding the natural dike which keeps the Pacific Ocean out of Southern California's rich below-sea-level valleys.

So here we are again, caught in one of those ingenious enterprises man is forever embarking upon without reckoning on the ultimate consequences. One's first impulse in the circumstances may well be to wonder why mankind keeps on sticking its neck out. Whether it is building dams or making atom bombs or eating Eden's apples that men go in for,



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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

it often looks as if they should have stood in bed. But if they had, there wouldn't have been any story.

Mr. Cooper is a graduate of the University of Washington and the Western Electric Company's Engineering School. Early in his career he worked as an engineer and training supervisor at Western Electric, and later during the building of the Hoover Dam and the Metropolitan Aqueduct, as consultant in industrial training with the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power. It was while he was at Los Angeles that he became interested in the subject of his present article.

Mr. Cooper writes under two names. As Alfred M. Cooper he has written books on employee training and supervision for McGraw-Hill, and as Morley Cooper he has published two book about cruising yachts and one called *The Trailer Book* which Harper & Brothers will publish this spring. His articles have appeared in many trade and business periodicals.

The maps of the area are the work of William J. Ward, Jr., in the firm of Sigman-Ward.

Figures in the Tapestry

...The word "uncanny" has been used to describe the pre-election estimates of **Louis H. Bean**, who early in 1948 predicted the victory of a Democratic Congress and President in November. But, as Mr. Bean demonstrates in "Forecasting the 1950 Election" (p. 36), his methods are an open book. Mr. Bean is no pollster and he has no magic crystal ball; he merely has access to a wealth of significant information and the ability to read it.

After earning a Master's Degree at Harvard in 1922, Mr. Bean returned to Rochester, New York, where he had received his B.A., and became assistant labor manager of the Clothier's Exchange. In the next year, however, he joined the staff of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the Department of Agriculture as an economist and, with varying responsibilities, he has remained in the government ever since. During the war he worked for the Board of Economic Warfare and was fiscal analyst in the Bureau of the

Budget; he is now on the staff of the Secretary of Agriculture. The forecasting of political behavior has been a specialty of his since 1940, when the American Council on Public Affairs published a book by him on that subject; his best known work in the field is *How to Predict Elections*, published by Knopf two years ago. His article in this issue is based upon a forthcoming analysis of congressional elections with special reference to 1950.

The chart showing the ups-and-downs of the Democrats in Congress was drawn by LeBaron Coakley of Advertisers Art Studios Inc.

...**"The Blue Winged Teal"** (p. 41) is the fifth story by **Wallace Stegner** to appear in *Harper's*. His collection of stories recently published by Houghton Mifflin, *The Women on the Wall*, takes its title from a story which we printed in April 1946.

Mr. Stegner is professor of English at Stanford University in charge of the Stanford Writing Center and, with his wife, West Coast editor for Houghton Mifflin. He is the author of a number of novels and other books, often about the West; his next book will be a novel based upon the career of Joe Hill, the IWW song writer; it will appear next fall as *The Preacher and the Slave*. For several months up to the beginning of this year he was on a Guggenheim Fellowship working on a biography of Major John Wesley Powell, the explorer of the Colorado River.

George George, who made the drawing for "The Blue Winged Teal," is a veteran of three years in the Air Force.

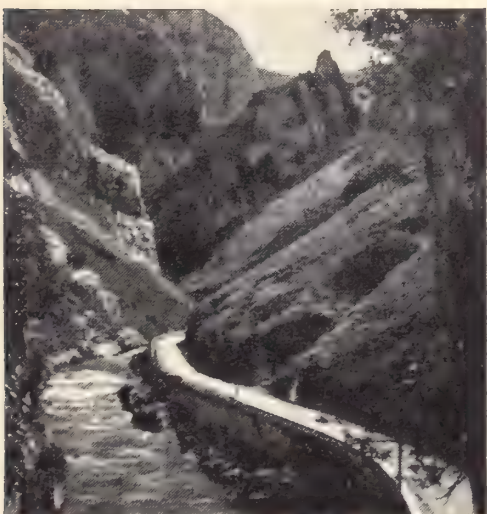
...Last September, **John Houseman** cast a wise and baleful eye over the Broadway theater and totted up the costs of this faltering enterprise in a *Harper's* article called, "No Business Like Show Business." Mr. Houseman was entitled to his say about the theater, having been in it as a director and producer of plays since the early thirties ("Four Saints in Three Acts" was his first major production; "Lute Song" and "Joy to the World" were his most recent); nevertheless, by the time "No Business Like . . ." appeared in print, Mr. Houseman had discreetly taken himself to Holly-



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wood to work as a producer for RKO.

He had produced several films before his present assignment began—including "The Blue Dahlia," "Letter from an Unknown Woman," and "They Live by Night." His study of the movies in this issue, "Hollywood Faces the Fifties: The Lost Enthusiasm" (p. 50), is the first of two articles in which he will analyze the Hollywood industry.

The off-Broadway theater, radio, and television have contributed to Mr. Houseman's understanding of the art and business of theater in this country, and he has given unique service in all of these fields. He was producer in charge of the Negro Theater of the WPA Federal Theater Project during the depression; he was co-founder with Orson Wells of the Mercury Theater; and he was associate professor of English in charge of the Experimental Theater at Vassar College for a year. During the war he supervised all programs of the Voice of America sent out by the Office of War Information. Last year he directed "Theater U.S.A.," an Army recruiting radio program sponsored by ANTA, and he has made experimental pictures for television.

Until the crash of 1929, Mr. Houseman was busy getting the kind of experience which can make excellent background for the theater but usually leads elsewhere. He had worked as a farm hand and bank clerk in the Argentine, a grain broker in London, and a successful wheat exporter in New York, Chicago, Vancouver, Galveston, New Orleans, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Sam Norkin, caricaturist for the New York *Herald Tribune* and other publications, animated the charts of the movies' ups-and-downs.

••• "Those Lovely Figures" by C. Hartley Grattan (p. 70) is a by-product of the author's many studies in economics, national and international. We have published a number of these in *Harper's*—see "Britain's Next Big Crisis" (July 1947) for a sterling example—as have other publications.

What knowledge we Americans have about Australia is based to a surprising degree on Mr. Grattan's two books about that continent; what

we might know about the cost of wars is available in his book, *Preface to Chaos: War in the Making*—and it was there as long ago as 1936. "Those Lovely Figures" is truly a by-product and a jest, but it is just as truly an informative survey of a field which the ordinary man usually samples only through baseball averages or the magic mumbo-jumbo of the newscaster who closes the day's round-up with: "Closing Dow-Jones stock averages show . . ."

Mr. Grattan was born in New England of "old North American" stock—that is, his family had been in Nova Scotia for many generations but moved to the United States in the late 1890's. He graduated from Clark University and has spent much of his life since in research and writing, having many books besides those mentioned above and many articles to his credit. While he has evidently an abiding interest in statistics, his use of them is interpretive. Just two years ago, we like to recall, in the pages of this magazine, Mr. Grattan gave a "Prospect for the Nineteen-Fifties," hopefully titled, "Good Times Can Come." This is how he opened that forecast:

While every sign points to the conclusion that the going will be rough during the next three or four years—the headlines will ulcerate the mind—it is nevertheless true that the long-term prospects for America and for the world can, by sensible action, be made excellent. The nineteen-fifties, if mankind contrives to be rational, can be a creative and prosperous decade.

Mr. Grattan was the first to point out how big that "if" was. It is bigger today.

••• With no dearth of rumor out of China, and no surcease from opinion-mongering on the subject, the publication of another article is justified only by its perspective. At the moment we Americans seem to be able to do nothing about China—what then does the future hold? **Nathaniel Peffer**, author of "China in the Long Haul" (p. 76) is qualified to give us a well-planted signpost article. Professor of International Relations at Columbia University, he has made five trips to China, ranging in length from six

Only people count...



THE figures that constitute the year-end statement of The Equitable Life Assurance Society may seem overwhelming at first glance . . . but they readily come alive when considered in terms of the human values they portray.

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Thomas I. Parkinson President

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF CONDITION

as of
December 31, 1949

Resources		Per Cent	Obligations		Per Cent
*Bonds and Stocks			Policyholders' Funds		
U. S. Government obligations . . . \$	776,988,507	(14.8)	To cover future payments under insurance and annuity contracts in force . . .	\$4,327,175,473	(82.2)
Dominion of Canada obligations . . .	270,576,208	(5.1)	Held on deposit for policyholders and beneficiaries . . .	306,424,344	(5.8)
Public utility bonds . . .	671,974,696	(12.8)	Dividends and annuities left on deposit with The Society at interest . . .	115,149,568	(2.2)
Railroad obligations . . .	480,003,566	(9.1)	Policy claims in process of payment . . .	23,935,298	(0.4)
Industrial obligations . . .	1,633,663,952	(31.0)	Premiums paid in advance by policyholders . . .	85,297,962	(1.6)
Other bonds . . .	158,635,069	(3.0)	Dividends due and unpaid to policyholders . . .	5,303,863	(0.1)
Preferred and guaranteed stocks . . .	57,513,967	(1.1)	Allotted as dividends for distribution during 1950 . . .	68,400,541	(1.3)
Common stocks . . .	7,258,157	(0.1)	Other Liabilities		
Mortgages and Real Estate			Taxes—federal, state and other . .	8,285,000	(0.2)
Residential and business mortgages . . .	657,176,355	(12.5)	Expenses accrued, unearned interest and other obligations . .	6,883,896	(0.1)
Farm mortgages . . .	122,447,952	(2.3)	Surplus Funds		
Residential and business properties . . .	7,442,392	(0.1)	To cover all contingencies . . .	322,433,223	(6.1)
Housing developments and other real estate purchased for investment . . .	110,776,853	(2.1)	TOTAL . . .	\$5,269,289,168	(100)
Home and branch office buildings . . .	10,846,336	(0.2)	In accordance with requirements of law, all bonds subject to amortization are stated at their amortized value, and all other bonds and stocks are valued at the market quotations on December 31, 1949 as prescribed by the National Association of Insurance Commissioners.		
Other Assets					
Cash . . .	92,604,234	(1.8)			
Loans to policyholders . . .	133,474,786	(2.5)			
Premiums in process of collection . .	38,085,589	(0.7)			
Interest and rentals accrued and other assets . . .	39,820,549	(0.8)			
TOTAL . . .	\$5,269,289,168	(100)			

For a more detailed statement of The Equitable Society's operations during 1949, write for a copy of the President's Report to the Board of Directors.



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months to five years at a time, most recently on a State Department assignment.

Mr. Pepper has written numerous books dealing with the Far East, including *China—the Collapse of a Civilization* (1930), *Must We Fight in Asia?* (1935), and *America's Place in the World*. This article makes something over twenty-five by him which *Harper's* has printed in the past twenty years. His first piece for us, back in March 1930, told us then that "what is really happening in China, what is important as history and fundamental in influence, is that a world is turning over."

...Uys Krige wrote "Death of the Zulu" (p. 84) in *Fonte D'Amore*, a prison camp in Italy in August 1942. We have published a poem ("The Seagull," January 1950) by this South African writer, but this is our first story by him, as well as the first story which he wrote in English; it has appeared in the *South African Saturday Book*. Mr. Krige's native tongue is Afrikaans; he now writes poems and stories in both languages.

Born on his grandfather's farm in the Swellendam district of the Cape in South Africa, he learned English at school in Capetown and went to the University at Stellenbosch to study law, moved on to Johannesburg, where he worked as a reporter, then with fifty pounds of savings traveled to England and to France. For a time he earned his way as a semi-professional Rugger player in the South of France.

Before his return to South Africa, he had visited Spain, Italy, and Flanders and had published his first book of poems. When the war came, he went to Abyssinia, Somaliland, and Egypt as a correspondent. Taken prisoner in November 1941, he was sent to Italy for two years of captivity, spent mostly among British prisoners-of-war. His first book in English, *The Way Out*, told of his escape through the mountains of Italy after the armistice while the Germans still held the countryside. For the last few months of the war, he was in England, broadcasting in four languages for the BBC. He is at home now in South Africa.

Like Mr. Krige, *Edward Melcarth*, who illustrates "Death of the Zulu,"

tucky, he was brought up in Paris, attended Harvard and the Boston Museum School, went to Persia in 1942 as a civilian truck driver, and later joined the Merchant Marine. Since the war he has lived and worked both in Europe and this country, exhibited paintings in Paris and New York. A show of his new work is currently on exhibit in New York at the Durlacher Gallery.

...Back in 1926, Don Knowlton justified the existence of jazz by demonstrating that "it is initiating countless thousands into sound principles of harmony and counterpoint, and thus definitely raising the average level of musical intelligence." This utilitarian conclusion was tacked on to his loving "Anatomy of Jazz," a pioneering article on the subject which appeared in this magazine. A decade later, in April 1936, *Harper's* returned to jazz in Reed Dickerson's "Hot Music," and in 1947, we published two articles by Ernest Borneman on the "Jazz Cult." It is in our own tradition, therefore, no matter how strange it may sound to some of our readers, for us to present a serious study by *Marshall W. Stearns* of "Rebop, Bebop, and Bop" (p. 89).

Mr. Stearns, who is at present on leave from the English Department of Cornell University, is teaching a course in "Perspectives in Jazz" at New York University (with John Hammond and George Avakian) and working on a history of swing music for use in courses in American civilization.

Mr. Stearns's pendulum of interest between the fields of medieval scholarship and modern poetry and jazz is typical of his double career. After a Harvard A. B. degree in 1931, he swung to Yale for a Ph. D. His college teaching career began at the University of Hawaii and took him via Indiana University to Cornell. While he was at work in the mid-thirties on his book on Robert Henryson ("the best poet writing in English in the fifteenth century," he says), which was published by the Columbia University Press, he was also contributing a regular column to *Variety* called "Swing Stuff," a series of articles on swing to *Down Beat*, and the first satire on jazz

nym in *Tempo* in 1936. On the other hand, he has written frequently for the learned journals on medieval topics, for the *Yale Review* on jazz, and for *Poetry*, the *Sewanee Review*, and other literary periodicals on modern poetry.

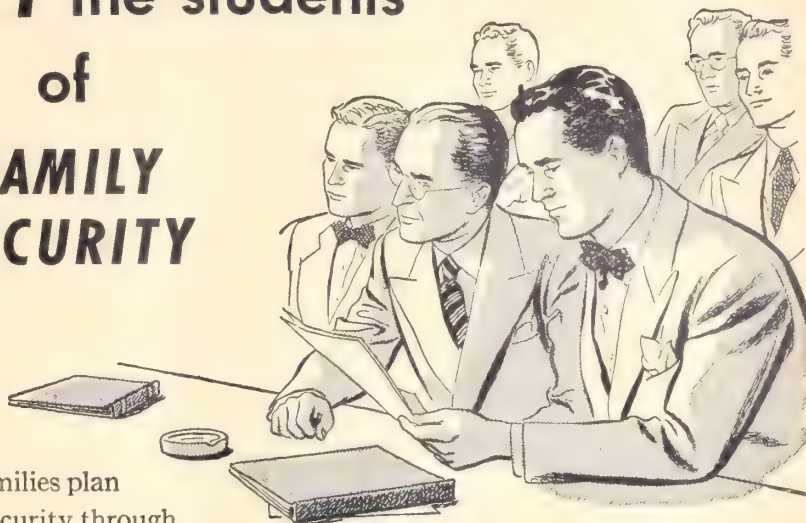
...In writing about "Marquand of Newburyport" (p. 101), *Granville Hicks* combines two kinds of writing which he has practiced often: social history and literary criticism. He shares with the novelist, J. P. Marquand, some basic areas of experience also. He too is a New Englander (born in Exeter, New Hampshire, educated in the public schools of Exeter and Boston, graduated from Harvard), and he too is a novelist (author of two novels and one in the making). His last book, *Small Town*, published in 1946 by Macmillan, showed an interest in community life and social structure which, combined with his interest in the writing of fiction, explains quite well his fascination with the work of Mr. Marquand.

After graduation from Harvard in 1923, Mr. Hicks taught at Smith College, returned to Harvard for an M.A. degree, taught at Rensselaer Polytechnic for several years, and in 1938-39 was a counselor in American civilization at Harvard. An article in *Harper's* in July 1946, "The Spectre That Haunts the World," was an analysis of the communist doctrine out of Russia, for which Mr. Hicks had the special knowledge of a person who had belonged to the American Communist party and broken with it. Some of his early works of social and literary criticism were grounded in the convictions of that period of his life: principally, *The Great Tradition*.

One of the best examples of his recent work is the article which he wrote for *Harper's* three years ago on Arnold Toynbee, which to a surprising extent set the stage for the remarkable popular success in this country of that "Boldest Historian."

... "Aunt Alice in April" (p. 96), the only poem this month, is by *William H. Matchett*. The author is new to these columns, but his work has appeared also in the *Saturday Review* and the *New Yorker*. He is a graduate student at Harvard.

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932 Broadway New York 10, N. Y.

LETTERS

He Knew Us When—

To the Editors:

I noted in a recent issue of *Harper's* the introductory paragraphs of one of the popular books when I was a boy, and the reference to the young hero putting aside a *Harper's Magazine* he had been reading.

I am taking the liberty of writing to tell you that some bound volumes of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*—as well as some single copies—of the vintage of the eighteen-fifties provided me with some of the most delightful entertainment of my boyhood.

These old books were found in a closet and a huge chest when we acquired a home at Standish, Maine, and they were a never-ending source of delight to me. I was then, as now, a great reader, and my long companionship from *Harper's* had much to do, I believe, with developing in me a taste for good literature.

It was in these old volumes, a few of which were in existence until a short time ago, that I first became acquainted with Dickens and Thackeray, as *Harper's* had published *Little Dorrit* and *The Virginians*. I learned much of history in the then popular "monthly record of current events"; I derived much pleasure from reading articles on the South in prewar days illustrated by Porte Crayon (General David H. Strother); the stories of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan and scores of other articles; and the generous amount of short fiction in each issue.

And, if I am correct in this surmise, the *Harper's* of that period provided the first entertainment similar to the present-day comics, in the two pages of cartoons at the end of each issue.

Many a night I have sat at the kitchen table and by lamplight read and re-read these volumes, and there

was nothing more comforting on a cold, stormy night in winter than the knowledge that I could draw upon *Harper's* and always find something new or something worth reading for a second or even a third time.

EDWIN A. MOORE
Portland, Maine

We have never made much of our venerable age, but this year we are going to be a century old. Next October we plan to issue our Centennial Number, and we are especially interested in hearing from readers who have had long acquaintance with the magazine.

Twain's Habit—

To the Editors:

Joyce Cary's writing process ["The Way a Novel Gets Written," February 1950] resembles that of Mark Twain, who, likewise, was accused of formlessness and an amateurish attitude toward his craft.

When Cary says that he does not write one novel at a time, one recalls Twain's habit of pigeon-holing:

There has never been a time in the past thirty-five years when my literary shipyard hadn't two or more half-finished ships on the ways, neglected and baking in the sun; generally there have been three or four; at present there are five. This has an unbusinesslike look but it was not purposeless, it was intentional.

Perhaps the major difference between these two writers' conception of fiction writing arises in the degree of conscious shaping given to their material. Cary admits that at a certain stage in the growth of a story, he sits down and carefully plans its structure. Twain, in theory at least, consistently denies the conscious interference with a story's right to shape itself. Every story worth the

telling, he believed, would determine its own form. . . .

In the last analysis the essential similarity between Joyce Cary and Mark Twain is a high degree of common sense when discussing the writing process—a subject too frequently obscured by arid sophistry.

JOHN B. HOBEN
Hamilton, N. Y.

Stick 'Em Up!—

To the Editors:

From time to time over the years, I have wanted to write, and occasionally have written, to criticize something that has appeared in *Harper's*.

So now I hasten to express my appreciation of the article on the gentle art of "heisting." ["The Heist" by Everett DeBaun, February 1950] Because of it many a drab existence is due to become exciting and purposeful.

In this age of secrecy and hush-hush, it is gratifying to find some one willing, nay eager, to share his technique, know-how, and the secrets of his profession.

Judging from your notes on Everett DeBaun, he speaks with authority and from experience.

And now I can't wait for an article on traceless arsenic or something along that line—woman's work, so to speak.

FLORENCE D. WALLIS
New York, N. Y.

Mirage—

To the Editors:

The Drucker article, "The Mirage of Pensions," in the February *Harper's* is a vital, timely one, wonderfully presented. It should be distributed by millions to give the merits and defects of the various plans to the people who stand to gain or lose by them.

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Based on market reports of the USDA for good-grade beef steers and good-grade carcass beef, Chicago style cutting, and on average retail prices for good-grade meat, as reported by the BLS, Chicago, during 1947. Prepared by American Meat Institute.

A good look at this chart quickly provides answers to a lot of questions people ask about meat. For example, it shows why sirloin steak from a 26¢-per-pound steer may cost 80¢ over the counter, and why a meat packer can sell beef for less than he paid for the animal "on the hoof."

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LETTERS

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Heavy engagements for pension payments would greatly aggravate the difficulties which the dollar would face in a period of dislocation even remotely comparable with that of twenty years ago. That is when all the possible forms of liquidation of assets would strike at once—and when the cushion of resistant saving and investing activity would be weakest. The stampede to cash in on accumulated pension claims would be piled upon the rush to seize unemployment benefits, to dispose of bonds and other securities, and to embark on costly new public works projects.

The problem of handling the public debt against such a contingency, under all these recently created liabilities, presents no inviting prospect if the preservation of the dollar's buying power is in the least worth bearing in view. And the existence of pension plans affecting great numbers of workers would make its preservation a paramount issue.

As Mr. Drucker points out, it is hard to understand why so many labor union leaders with the welfare of their members at stake could be plummeting for blind unfunded pension plans with the enthusiasm they are now exhibiting. It must be as plain to them as to Mr. Drucker that only the most stable of our industries and the strongest of our corporations could weather a real depression under the handicap of large pension obligations. Relatively few workers are engaged in such enterprises. The others would awaken to the fallacy of their pension "rights" only through the inundation that



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LETTERS

bankruptcy would force upon their employers.

Perhaps the basic factor in all this drive for pensions is the combination of high taxes, even on low incomes, and artificially low returns on savings, which makes it impossible for any but the well-to-do to build an old-age competence by their own thrift. But unsound pension plans are no real panacea for that situation. They can only prove an added drag upon the nation's real productive capacity and its mass buying power in any period of unemployment and readjustment. That is what unpayable debt always does to workers in hard times, no matter whether the debtor is the worker or the employer.

GEORGE DOCK, JR.
New York, N. Y.

Ampersand—

In "New Books" for January there occurred one of those typographical howlers for which there seems to be no explanation. An ampersand dropped from somewhere into the middle of a line after we had okayed page proofs and produced this strange list of authors: "Thomas Love Peacock, Aldous Huxley, Evelyn & Waugh. . . ." It has inspired one of our readers, a Boston lawyer who wishes to remain anonymous, to the following poetry:

From Gilbert & Sullivan onward
I've believed—but do so no more—
That the ampersand stood for
dichotomy
Till I ran across Evelyn & Waugh.

If we *must* rechristen our authors
I have several suggestions to make,
Why not talk about Thomas the
Hardy?

Or possibly Kirsopp the Lake?

I'd love to know Winston High
Churchill.

To ride with Arthur en Train,
To flirt with dear Jane Austen-
tious,

Or to read Conrad Aiken-with-Pain.

One could mess up your Bernard
de Voto

By inserting an ultimate toe
Or "super"ize peppery Mencken
Or vulgarize Vinegar Joe.

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Harper's

MAGAZINE

How to Elect a Republican

Herbert Agar

A RECENT tour through thirty states has convinced me that a large number of troubled citizens (especially in the corn belt) would like to turn against the party in power but see no hope from the opposition. They fear that Mr. Truman's administration has become doctrinaire and has forgotten the democratic art of compromise; but they also fear that many Republican leaders are living in a world which died with the Spanish-American War. The second fear is a misfortune, for no free system is safe without a trusted opposition which can oust the government when it becomes too sleepy, too self-satisfied, or too stupid.

It is possible that only the Republicans can beat the Democrats in 1952; but their leaders are working overtime at the task. Reformers and Cassandras become equally unpopular in a democracy, and since the Democrats have fallen into the first role it seems a pity that the Republicans should choose the second.

Many voters are worried by the drift toward paternalism, the unbalanced budgets in times of prosperity, the seeming subservience to

labor, the political cynicism, and the flight from Washington of so many good men. But they do not believe that virtue and freedom are lost, and they will not listen to mere spleen or despair. They respect the Taft-Hartley Act, for instance, because it is an attempt to find the way out of a muddle and because its authors are willing to go on changing it until it works. Here the Republicans have made the neck-or-nothing attitude of the government look silly. But for the rest their more talkative leaders offer only alarm and obstruction—combined with the hint that if they had the chance they would put the ghost of Benjamin Harrison in the White House.

Ominously, as if to call attention to this other-worldly scorn for votes, the chairman of the Republican National Committee appointed a fifteen-member policy board which has made a statement of "party principles." We are told this is to reassure some rich old men from whom cash is required. Yet all the gold in Kentucky cannot save the party if it ties itself to "principles" and behaves like a sour-faced governess instead of a worldly and good-natured guide. In friendship and humil-

After completing his new book, The Price of Union, the former editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, Herbert Agar, traveled across the country talking politics with all manner of Americans.

ity, a potential Republican voter begs the new board to keep certain facts of American history in mind.

THE first fact is the nature of our party system. Unforeseen and unwanted by the Fathers, our two parties form the heart of an unwritten constitution which helps the written one to survive. As John Fischer has pointed out, their vital function can be described in the terms of that unbending, pessimistic statesman, John Caldwell Calhoun. Like most Americans of an early day, Calhoun believed that more power for the government meant less liberty for the people. Liberty, he said, can only flourish when we are protected from the rulers of our own choice. We must possess "the means of making peaceable and effective resistance." And this is only possible, he thought, if each major interest and each section has a veto—so that the representatives of South Carolina or of Massachusetts, of the corn belt farmers or of the timber merchants, can each say "no" to a new law. He named his system "the rule of concurrent majorities."

If Calhoun's ideas had been accepted literally, effective government would have become impossible. We were wise to reject the doctrinaire plan, but we were also wise to work all that was good in the plan into our extra-constitutional, informal practice.

Each national party is a loose alliance of local parties, held together precariously by self-interest or by a shared hostility. Governor Dewey, in his speech at Princeton on February 8, called the American parties "coalitions formed before the election," as compared with the European type of coalitions formed after the election. In a presidential election millions of votes are determined by state politics, county politics, church, trade union, or racial minority politics, none of which need have a bearing upon the "issues" of the campaign. The party leaders must placate and absorb as many of these minorities as possible, so that out of a continent-wide welter of hopes and ambitions they may build a compromise which will at least last until November. A National Committee engaged in such a task cannot afford to be "left" or "right," or even mulishly "middle." As John Nance Garner said in 1938: "This talk about dividing the country into two political camps—one progres-

sive and the other conservative—is all so much stuff. . . . Each of the two parties is in a sense a coalition. Any party to serve the country must be a party of all sorts of views."

The people who talk most about dividing the country into logical parties—"one progressive and one conservative"—would regard Mr. Garner's distaste as an endorsement. Yet few men have seen so much of American politics. When he retired in 1941, at the end of his second term as Vice President, he had served at Washington for one quarter of the entire life of the Republic.

It is through these ambiguous parties (and their offspring, the congressional committees) that majority rule is softened and minorities gain a suspensive veto. The two-party system provides for concurrent majorities in a subtler and more flexible form than Calhoun imagined, preserving the delicate equilibrium between the power of the many to insist and the power of the few to delay.

All this the Republican leaders seem bent upon ignoring, with their demand for dogmas which will distinguish them from Democrats as clearly as Mr. Hoover is distinguished from Sir Stafford Cripps. As Mr. Garner might say, such a demand "is all so much stuff." After they have made their definitions and tied themselves to their hard-and-fast opinions, how will they build a continent-wide coalition? How will they become "a party of all sorts of views"? How will they win a presidential election in our diverse federal empire? Governor Dewey correctly predicts that if this were done, and the two parties were "neatly arranged" (the Democrats as the liberal-to-radical party and the Republicans as the conservative-to-reactionary party), "the results would be neatly arranged, too. The Republicans would lose every election and the Democrats would win every election. . . . It would result in a one-party system."

The point can be made more clear by turning to a second set of neglected historical facts: the triumphs and the final great mistake of the last successful Republican President, Theodore Roosevelt.

II

AT THE time of the Republican National Convention of 1904 (when Roosevelt was renominated without opposition)

the conservative New York *Sun* commented:

A regiment of Bryans could not compete with Mr. Roosevelt in harrying the trusts, in bringing wealth to its knees, and in converting into the palpable actualities of action the wildest dreams of Bryan's campaign orators.

Yet the same policies and the same President drew from the radical Senator La Follette a sardonic comment that Roosevelt never attacked the "special interests" without attacking the "reformers" at the same time, never spoke a radical sentence without following it by a conservative sermon. "This cannonading," said La Follette, "first in one direction, then in another, filled the air with noise and smoke, which confused and obscured the line of action, but when the battle cloud drifted by and quiet was restored, it was always a matter of surprise that so little had been accomplished."

Theodore Roosevelt was doing too much, according to the *Sun*, and too little, according to the senator. In this he resembled all successful Presidents. He was the last of the great Republicans to understand the subtlety of his job.

He was a master of that "group diplomacy" with which a federal statesman builds and maintains his inharmonious party. He gathered behind him classes, races, economic interests which had never before co-operated. He did it by the methods which La Follette condemned: by flattering and appeasing both the left and the right, by making an immense commotion so that much seemed to be happening, and by preaching a simple "uplift" which reassured the voters.

Anybody who has traveled America widely, especially rural America, even thirty years after Theodore Roosevelt's death, will have met scores of elderly men and women whose greatest political excitement in all their lives was once to have seen or heard "T.R." on the back platform of one of his campaign trains. The woeful intervening years are forgotten when they recall that figure of abounding strength and hope—and of faith in the people. Too many important Republicans now seem to regard the people as dupes who have been suborned by tax money. Theodore Roosevelt would have scorned a Republican who presumed to be so undemocratic.

THE final failure of "T.R." was as dramatic as his long success, and is seldom given due weight by those who discuss the present plight of his party. In 1884, when he had been angrily opposed to the Republican presidential candidate, Roosevelt had remained "regular" and had spoken for the ticket. He had explained that a man cannot be a colonel in the regular army and a guerrilla leader at the same time. Yet in 1912, when President Taft's machine rode him down and denied him the nomination, he bolted.

Politics are too serious for hurt feelings. By seceding, Roosevelt handed the party to men who could not divine the people's shifting moods as he divined them. The winds of doctrine were stirring and Theodore Roosevelt unconsciously sensed the breeze. He recorded the changing climate as a seismograph records a quake under the farthest seas. This cannot be said of the standpatters whom he left in control of the machine.

The Progressive revolt was an ill-timed and unnecessary fight. In the thirteen states which held Republican primary elections during 1912, Roosevelt won 278 delegates and Taft 46. The people were with "T.R." They approved his aggressive broadening of executive power. They rejected the genial, unassertive, rotund Taft—described by Senator Dolliver as "an amiable island entirely surrounded by men who know exactly what they want." Theodore Roosevelt's impatience—not the will of the Republican voters—made the standpatters masters for a generation.

Just as too many Republicans think the voters have been bought, too many Democrats think the Republicans are by nature reactionary. Both groups should travel the country and meet some more Americans.

III

THE third fact which the policy board might bear in mind is the continuity of history. Only twenty years intervened between Roosevelt and Roosevelt, between the "Bull Moose" convention and the first nomination of F.D.R. During eight of these years Woodrow Wilson was in the White House. And his "New Freedom" could only be distinguished under a microscope from Theodore Roosevelt's "New Nationalism." Roosevelt and Wilson (as is conventional in

American politics) were offering slight variations on the same theme to meet the same shift in public opinion. Both men knew in 1912 that the middle class (which was most of America) had moved slightly to the Left—to about the position of the Populists in 1892.

The standpatters did not know this, however. And they ran the party, not only in 1912, but after the first world war. They were the clumsy vulgarians who unearthed Warren Harding in 1920.

We need not linger over that horrid interlude, except to remind the Republicans that their backward-looking leaders were wrong (politically wrong) to conceive the presidency in terms of Pierce and Buchanan. The office had been transformed during the twentieth century, becoming (in Professor Binkley's words) "the focal point of a major party's strength." By diminishing the presidency the Republicans diminished their own power.

Harding (except that he brought in his train the maximum of dishonor) was scarcely more inadequate than Coolidge, who brought rigid New England virtue, or than Mr. Hoover, who brought not only virtue but high intelligence and world-wide experience. They all had a conception of the office which did not fit the times, so they were all preparing their party for a minority role.

For fifty years before the rise of Franklin Roosevelt the American people had been gradually, reluctantly, abandoning their old fear of the encroaching state. The first world war had brought government into every family's life through the draft, and into the life of almost every business through the economic controls. The calamities following upon 1929 put an end to the America in which a majority could believe that government was the worst of evils. People began to say that if a man could be taken from his home by federal law and sent to die, the same power should be invoked when his house threatened to fall and he had no food. The new notion grew slowly in the American mind; but by 1930 it had come to stay, and politicians who sought votes had to face the fact.

"The web of history is woven without a void." Neither Franklin Roosevelt nor President Truman created the demand for the extension of government control. The proverbially wicked English did that, by invent-

ing the industrial revolution. Honored American statesmen resisted every step in the long concentration of power at Washington and within the White House. But history—in the form of big business, big finance, big wars, big depressions, and Manifest Destiny (which is a polite name for a big head)—was on the other side. Those who bewail bigness feel themselves "borne darkly, fearfully afar." The America of their school books is disappearing. The old form of constitutional liberty—liberty *against* government—is waning. Such liberty was the rock on which the nation was built and its erosion may well be mourned. Yet the great Republican party, whose job is to remain strong, to oppose the excesses of the men in power, and to save us from their mediocrity, should not waste time in sighing for a lost world.

Politics is power and power is realism. Those who seek power must serve the possible, not the perfect. We Americans cannot choose to be Egypt, or Athens, or even the eighteenth century. We can only be a better or a worse version of the iron age in which we live. The Republican party, which at its weakest commands almost half the voters, might help us to become a far better version—but only if it can forget the melancholy reign of the standpatters, and can, instead, recapture Theodore Roosevelt's exuberant faith in America and his cheerful willingness to be radical and conservative at the same time.

IV

IF THEY will remember the rough-riding Colonel and forget the little Colonel from Chicago, the Republican leaders will be wary about inventing a set of "principles." In a vast federation, in a party which is at best a loose alliance, such principles may repel more voters than they attract. What is needed is a base for a coalition—and it must be a broad and vague base to accommodate an Oregon dock worker, a Wyoming cattleman, a Wisconsin dairy farmer, an Illinois corn-hog producer, an Indiana steel manufacturer, a Kentucky miner, a Pennsylvania Negro editor, a Harvard professor in foreign relations, a Brooklyn taxicab driver, and Senator Taft.

This is what Mr. Garner means by "a party of all sorts of views." Nothing less will suffice. It can be built, not by doctrinaire pronounce-

ments, but by the illogical, good-natured, and mendacious methods of democratic compromise: the methods of Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln, William McKinley, and the two Roosevelts. In other words, the party needs a politician more than a program.

Such a politician will flatter the conservative fear of too much government while soothing the radical fear of too little. He will know that the people may approve an attack on exaggerated or venal paternalism, but not an attack on the theory of social services. Americans want as frugal a government as possible; but their view of what is possible has been enlarged. The Republicans may wisely boast that when they come to power they will boil some of the blubber off Leviathan; but they should not boast that they will turn him into a trout.

This, of course, is the policy of "Me Too." It means offering a compromise which will temper the Fair Deal but not abolish it. What else can a federal party do? As Governor Driscoll of New Jersey recently said, many Republican leaders pretend "that if the Democrats say they are for the Ten Commandments and the Bill of Rights, we should be against them." Two amorphous alliances of local interests are competing with each other for votes. What can either one say, except that it will serve the people's will more efficiently, more pleasingly, more cheaply than the other? A party's purpose is not to condemn the people's will or to frustrate it—but to discover that will and to forward it as best may be. In a very large country like the United States the people will have many wills. The parties, therefore, will have many policies, frequently contradictory. They will be progressive like the Democrats in New York and conservative like the Democrats in Mississippi. They will be progressive like the Republicans in Wisconsin and conservative like the Republicans in Pennsylvania. And each party will claim (in selected regions) to be more progressive or more conservative than the other.

An example of "Me Too-ism" which the new board might study is the co-operative, or bi-partisan, foreign policy. Millions of people who approve co-operation are worried because the President is less than frank (and less than non-political) with the Republican sena-

tors who helped build the policy. The party can respond in two ways. It can attack the administration for betraying co-operation and promise to do better; or it can attack co-operation and promise a "Republican" foreign policy. The first is "Me Too" and would reassure almost everybody except the friends of the little Colonel. The second is an independent line and would probably keep the party out of power as long as foreign dangers darken the American scene.

V

NO MATTER what the few rich men who are asked to fill the money-chest may think, the majority will not vote for isolation, and will not vote against the use of government to aid the general welfare. Those questions have been debated since the 1890's, and they have at last been settled. If the Republicans will back the settlement vigorously they should not only upset their aging rivals but they should give us a fresher, cleaner version of the policies we have chosen. That is the purpose of an opposition—not to invent new "principles" or exhume dead ones, but to "turn the rascals out."

"Had enough?" was a good campaign cry in 1946. The people's answer might be "yes" in 1952—but on four conditions. First, the Republicans must remember they are a party of "all sorts of views" and that their job is not to please a few millionaires but to find bargains and concessions with which to woo all discontented minorities. Second, they must notice that strong central government and a strong executive have come to stay—so long as world dangers surround us. (No more "safe" candidates who believe in a weak presidency.) Third, they must learn to say "Me Too" and make it sound like "Wasn't I smart to invent it!" (The Republicans and Democrats between them put into effect almost every plank in the Populist platform of 1892. But nobody thanked the Populists.) Fourth, they must look and live as if they enjoyed democracy, and stop their mournful nonsense about the corrupted voter. (No matter how weary we grow of Mr. Truman's cronies we will not elect a Superior Person.)

McKinley, or Theodore Roosevelt, would have known all this in his sleep.

Forecasting the 1950 Elections

Louis H. Bean

THE 1950 congressional elections may surprise you as did the 1948 presidential and congressional elections. A few solid facts digested now may save you some embarrassment next November, should you be a campaigner, manager, candidate, or even a casual better on the outcome of any or all of the 435 congressional and 35 senatorial contests.

The solid facts I lay before you here won't hurt, even though in the interest of objectivity they carry no liberal, Republican, Democratic, or conservative coating.

Forecasting elections is as easy, or difficult, as forecasting business conditions. Neither has yet been developed into a sure thing but each is a combination of "science" and "art." The "science" consists merely of organizing the basic facts to show clearly and candidly where we stand today, what forces have brought us to this point, and which way these forces appear to be tending. Then comes the "art" of peering into the future, but this you must do on your own, for at this point you must make one of two broad assumptions: either that the tendencies you see are going to prevail in the same direction, or that new factors are going to set in before election day and alter the current trend.

Our primary concern then is to find out how high the congressional political tide is today, how it got there, in which direction

it is tending, and what it promises for next November. But before charting and projecting that tide, we need to clear up one or two points about the 1948 election. The political shift that elected Truman differs materially from that which restored Congress to the Democrats. Truman received 52.3 per cent of the major party vote, 1.5 points less than Roosevelt had in 1944. But the Democrats increased their strength in the House to 60 per cent, 5 points more than in 1944.

IF ONE were to select the one fact that elected Truman, it would be the "green uprising"—the farm vote. In the two-party vote, Republicans gained noticeably in the eastern and far western states and in three southern states—Virginia, Florida, and Texas. Democratic gains were chiefly in the farm belt. The results of Truman's single-handed surprise performance show up most clearly in a rural shift to the Democrats that was reminiscent of 1932, when farmers' prices already had collapsed. In 1948 farmers were eager to avoid another such collapse and apparently understood Truman's positive language better than Dewey's non-committal promises.

The real significance of this farm-belt vote may be seen in the regional shift of electoral votes between 1944 and 1948. Roosevelt, in 1944, received 432 votes, Dewey 99. In 1948

One of the few political analysts to foresee a Truman victory in 1948, Louis H. Bean of the staff of the Secretary of Agriculture asks what the harvest will be for Congress next fall.

Truman lost 195 of Roosevelt's 432, as a result of Republican gains in the East and far West and the inroads of the Progressive and Dixiecrat third and fourth parties. This would have meant only 247 electoral votes for Truman, 19 less than the 266 required to win—and a Dewey victory—had not the farm vote in Colorado, Iowa, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Wyoming given Truman 56 of Dewey's former 99 electoral votes. These 56 electoral votes in the farm belt, added to the 247 in the other Democratic states, gave Truman his victory. Definitely, the farmers turned the trick for Truman.

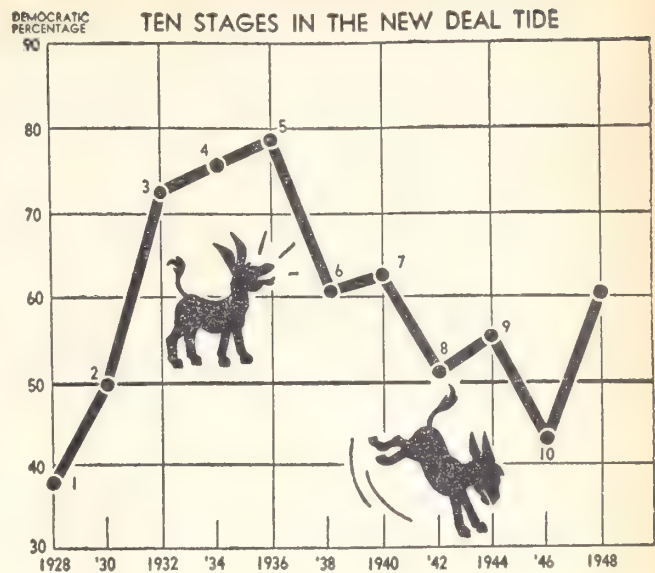
A narrow Democratic victory, one might conclude from these calculations. But bear in mind that about two and one-half million voters were drawn away by the Progressives and Dixiecrats. Assuming that these voters for the most part were Democrats, the potential Democratic strength in relation to that of the Republicans must be considered as somewhat greater in 1948 than in 1944.

If farmers were primarily responsible for electing Truman, were they also responsible for the overturn in Congress? Only in part; the credit here belongs to voters in the industrial centers and to Truman's energetic and effective campaign for a Congress more to his liking. Compared with 1944, the Democrats lost thirteen seats, but gained thirty-four. It is sufficient to point out that twenty-six of these thirty-four Democratic seats were gained in Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts; and one each in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Illinois. The farm vote helped but it was the industrial and metropolitan vote that changed the Democratic per cent in the House from 43 per cent in 1946 to 60 per cent in 1948.

II

WE NEED to see this figure, the latest point in the political tide, in historical perspective to appraise the Republican chances of reducing it or the Democratic chances of sustaining or increasing it in 1950. The graph on this page represents Democratic strength in the House.

Noting the shift in Democratic control from 56 per cent in 1944 down to 43 in 1946 and up to 60 per cent in 1948 gives insufficient historical background, for this is only a seg-



ment of a longer movement. In the first place, as I have shown in my book, *How to Predict Elections*, the political tide from peak to peak is a matter of twenty to twenty-two years. The New Deal tide from 1928 to 1948 portrays most clearly both the long- and short-time trends and, therefore, is worth noting in some detail. Furthermore, by skimming hurriedly over the twenty-year record of the ten stages of that tide we see some of the major reasons for the ups and downs in the New Deal tide and for the beginnings of the Fair Deal tide.

The New Deal tide begins in 1928, a year of rising prosperity racing madly to the boom and bust of 1929. At that initial stage the Democrats held only 38 per cent of the seats in the House. At the second stage, the sharp depression of 1930 and a few post-election deaths in Republican ranks gave the Democrats a chance to organize Congress in 1931. In the 1932 election, the third stage, Democrats capitalized on the greatest depression in our history and elected 73 per cent of their congressional candidates, a record. At the fourth stage (1934), the tide was running so strongly it upset a firmly-held mid-term precedent and the Democrats actually increased their control to 76 per cent. The fifth stage in 1936 saw the New Deal relief and recovery programs in full swing. In spite of some grumblings over rising living costs and unbalanced budgets the Democrats elected 79 per cent of their congressional candidates, establishing a new record and the peak of their strength.

The first downturn came in the sixth stage

at the mid-term 1938 election, following a sharp recession in agriculture and industry, the sit-down strikes, and Roosevelt's drive to pack the Supreme Court. The Democrats lost seventy-one seats; their control was cut to about 60 per cent.

In 1940 (stage 7), in spite of a record of nearly fifty million votes, the Democrats barely held their ground. It was a year of diverse political tendencies, the third-term issue, continued unemployment, isolationist sentiment in the face of the threatening developments in World War II. Though the Democrats secured a third term for Roosevelt they did not recoup their previous losses.

At the next stage (1942), the Democrats nearly lost control. The nation was at war and cared less than usual about mid-term politics. In an abnormally light vote, they elected only 222 congressmen, 51.5 per cent of the total.

In 1944 (the ninth stage), we were still at war but despite mounting dissatisfaction brought on by war restrictions and three terms in office, Roosevelt was re-elected for a fourth term, with a light vote. Democratic control of the House increased to 56 per cent.

THE end of the New Deal tide came in 1946 when Republicans recaptured both the House and Senate. Several extraordinary factors combined to bring this about. The vote was unusually light, even for a mid-term election, and worked to the disadvantage of the Democrats. The demise of OPA resulted in a jump in prices for which the Republicans blamed the Democrats. There was great confusion both in foreign policy and in domestic reconversion from war to peacetime activity. The Democrats lost heavily, more than usual for a mid-term setback, retaining only 43 per cent of the House seats. Thus ended the New Deal tide.

But the ephemeral character of the factors responsible for the overwhelming Democratic defeat in both congressional and senatorial races took the edge off the Republican claims that this at last was the beginning of a Republican tide with further Republican victories to come in 1948, 1950, and 1952.

An examination of the political tide, not only from the trough of 1928 to that of 1946 but also from the 1936 peak to a possible peak in the 1950's, suggested two conclusions: that

the Republicans actually had experienced the first half, the rising phase, of their tide as the Democratic fortunes declined from 1936 to 1946; and that consequently the trend over the succeeding years, say, from 1946 to the middle 1950's, might show a decline in Republican strength as the Fair Deal tide—the sequel to the New Deal tide—was born. This last was well corroborated in 1948.

We have seen that adverse business situations, such as those of 1930–32 and 1938, can overwhelm a political tide, and there is no guarantee that a business depression might not be upon us again next October–November. But in the light of the President's economic report to Congress and the prevailing forecasts among business analysts, the business situation promises to hold or improve during the first half of the year. If a recession should develop during the last half, it probably would not, by next October, reach proportions sufficient to affect the political balance materially.

The business factor is not likely, therefore, in 1950 to play a different role than in 1948. The agricultural situation, however, has deteriorated since 1948, with a decline in farm prices and the net income of farm owners. Here too the political meaning of the farm situation has not changed materially. The Administration takes the position that the 81st Congress *did* improve upon the farm legislation of the 80th Congress, providing for price supports by means of government loans and purchases, but that supports for additional commodities are necessary. For important perishable products, the Administration proposes to allow prices to decline with increased production and consumption, for the benefit of consumers, and to sustain farm income by means of production payments based on the difference between parity and market prices.

WITH the economic situation, industrial and agricultural, playing about the same political role in 1950 as in 1948, the major remaining element making for possible change is the normal mid-term tendency for the party in power to lose ground. With no nationwide interest stimulated by presidential candidates and the consequent apathy, the "outs," now the Republicans, ordinarily stand to gain twenty-five to thirty seats in the House. Is this the outlook in 1950?

The answer would seem to be "yes," if you were to rely on this rule without qualification, or if you follow the common practice of estimating the chances of the "five-per-centers" in Congress (those ninety-four candidates who won in 1948 by narrow margins—only 50 to 55 per cent of the vote in their districts). It is not generally recognized that, on the basis of recent experience, the present marginal Republican seats are safer than the Democratic ones.

Examining the record of forty districts in which Republicans won marginal victories in 1948, we find that in the same forty districts the Republicans also won in 1946 only seven districts elected Democrats in 1944 and only five in 1942. On the other hand, in thirty-two districts won by the Democrats with small margins, we find that thirty were in the Republican column in 1946, nineteen in 1944, and twenty-five in 1942. These records say, in effect, that the turnover is greater in Democratic than in Republican districts; that if the two parties apply equal effort and equally effective strategy in these marginal districts, the Republicans have the edge. But even if they lose the usual number of seats, twenty-five to thirty, the Democrats will still control the House, since they have now a surplus of forty-seven over the required minimum.

ONE unusual factor will favor the Democrats this year. If they make the most of it, they can avoid not only the normal mid-term setback but even may add to their present strength in Congress. This factor is the existence—not generally recognized—of a huge block of "lost" votes.

The general Democratic victory in 1948 was due in part to the fact that a much larger vote was cast than in 1946 when there were only 34 million votes and only 188 Democrats were elected. In 1948, 46 million votes elected 263 Democrats. This substantial increase corroborates the view that Democrats rather than Republicans stand to gain from a larger vote. Despite the larger 1948 turnout, there were still many millions who failed to participate because of dissatisfaction with the candidates chosen at the national conventions. The number of "lost" votes may be inferred from the fact that in spite of an increase of 10 million in the eligible voting population between

1940 and 1948, the number of votes cast for congressmen failed to increase; in fact, declined from 47 million in 1940 to 46.3 million in 1948. According to surveys made before and after the 1948 election, a large majority of those who didn't vote were among those groups of the population, such as the young and low-income people, who are predominantly Democratic. Their participation might have given the Democrats about twenty additional seats. If the 10 million "lost" voters can be stimulated to participate this year, they will offset the usual falling off in mid-term elections and will help to maintain at least the present number of Democrats in Congress.

III

WITH these facts at your command, and perhaps a few more, you are ready to predict. You have assumed that the economic situation, industrial and agricultural, may have about the same effect as in 1944; you have observed that the Democrats, in spite of a surprisingly light turnout in 1948, elected 60 per cent of their candidates and might have elected more, had 10 million more voters participated. Now you may predict, cautiously, that even if the Republicans win their usual mid-term 6 to 7 per cent, the Democrats will still control 53 to 54 per cent of the House. Then, more boldly, you can say that the Democrats might retain or even exceed their present 60 per cent, if the political action groups—Democratic, Republican, farmer, and labor—succeed in getting around 46 million voters to the polls.

What about the Senate? The prediction job there is not so easy. You may start by noting that if the Republicans pick up seven seats they will control the Senate; that the Senate too has its long-term and mid-term tides; that every two years thirty-two (a third of the senators) are up for re-election (thirty-four in 1950 because of vacancies); that twenty-one Democrats and thirteen Republicans are running this year; and that those from the South enjoy real job security. Consequently, predicting the senatorial outcome is chiefly a matter of political trends and particular personalities in about a dozen northern and western states.

No one, I trust, will think less of your

"science" and "art" if you do not come out with flat-footed predictions as to the chances of Senators McMahon and Benton in Connecticut, Lehman in New York, Myers in Pennsylvania, Taft in Ohio, Capehart in Indiana, Lucas in Illinois, Wiley in Wisconsin, Donnell in Missouri, Hickenlooper in Iowa, Millikin in Colorado, McCarran in Nevada, Taylor and Dworshak in Idaho, Magnuson in Washington, and Downey or Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas in California.

You may, however, go this far without much danger of losing your friendship with any of the foregoing senators. You may observe that it is fortunate for certain Republican Class III senators (those whose terms expire in 1950) that they can bank, to some extent, on the normal mid-term shift in their favor. It is quite possible that if Taft, Capehart, Hickenlooper, Millikin, and Donnell were to consult an astrologer (who in turn also knew how to read political statistics), they would surely be told of having been born under just the right combination of stars that saved them from running and quite certainly losing in the Democratic sweep of 1948. Three Democratic senators, McCarran, Downey, and Myers, are in a similar position. They, too, would have lost in 1948, and must have strong political action in their behalf to come out victorious in 1950.

You may also try another approach: pointing out that in the past four elections the number of Democratic senators elected varied with the rise and fall in the number of Democratic congressman elected.

<i>Year</i>	<i>Democratic Percentage of House Membership</i>	<i>Number Democratic Senators Elected</i>
1942	51	15
1944	56	21
1946	43	11
1948	60	23

If you have concluded that the House will be 53 to 54 per cent Democratic, then the Republicans (on the basis of this formula) will oust several Democratic senators. If, with

a normal turnout, the House remains about 60 per cent Democratic, the present balance in the Senate also will remain practically unchanged.

Having gone so far, you should then examine the correspondence between the voting for congressmen and senators in the fourteen states listed above. You will find in certain states that the Republican senatorial as well as congressional chances are good, particularly if the usual mid-term slump in turnout is not counteracted by the Democrats. I have in mind especially the senatorial races in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and Iowa.

There is nothing, of course, to guarantee that the political trends and possibilities you see at the beginning of an election year may not shift, as a result of unforeseen local or national events, to the opposite direction at any time before election day. It is for this reason that a political forecast as well as a business forecast is essentially an appraisal of current tendencies, and must be checked and rechecked. At this early stage, before a campaign is on, there are two checks as to what has happened since the last election. One is found in public opinion polls; the other in local elections in 1949.

The polls show that the Democrats are still riding the tide, at least at its 1948 level, for neither economic conditions nor issues have altered materially. Of local congressional and senatorial elections in 1949, only one gives a clear indication of the present and a clue to what may lie ahead—namely, the senatorial race in New York. Lehman won over Dulles in spite of several handicaps: a total vote that was somewhat below normal; an increase in unemployment in 1948; instructions to the Progressive party voters to abstain from voting; and substantial Catholic opposition in two metropolitan counties.

The Lehman election revealed that the New York political balance is today more nearly like that of 1948 and 1944 than like that of 1946 when Ives won over Lehman in an atmosphere of confusion, apathy, and ineffective political action. It may also be taken as an adequate sample and summary of the national political balance and prospects at this moment before the 1950 battle has really begun.

The Blue-Winged Teal

A Story by Wallace Stegner

STILL in waders, with the string of ducks across his shoulder, he stood hesitating on the sidewalk in the cold November wind. His knees were stiff from being cramped up all day in the blind, and his feet were cold. Today, all day, he had been alive; now he was back ready to be dead again.

Lights were on all up and down the street, and there was a rush of traffic and a hurrying of people past and around him, yet the town was not his town, the people passing were strangers, the sounds of evening in this place were no sounds that carried warmth or familiarity. Though he had spent most of his twenty years in the town, knew hundreds of its people, could draw maps of its streets from memory, he wanted to admit familiarity with none of it. He had shut himself off.

Then what was he doing here, in front of this poolhall, loaded down with nine dead ducks? What had possessed him in the first place to borrow gun and waders and car from his father and go hunting? If he had wanted to breathe freely for a change, why hadn't he kept right on going? What was there in this place to draw him back? A hunter had to have a lodge to bring his meat to and people who would be glad of his skill. He had this poolhall and his father, John Lederer, Prop.

He stepped out of a woman's path and leaned against the door. Downstairs, in addition to his father, he would find old Max Schmeckeber, who ran a cheap blackjack game in the room under the sidewalk. He would find Giuseppe Sciutti, the Sicilian bar-

ber, closing his shop or tidying up the rack of *Artists and Models* and *The Nudist* with which he lured trade. He would probably find Billy Hammond, the night clerk from the Windsor Hotel, having his sandwich and beer and pie, or moving alone around a pool table, whistling abstractedly, practicing shots. If the afternoon blackjack game had broken up, there would be Navy Edwards, dealer and bouncer for Schmeckeber. At this time of evening there might be a few counter customers and a cop collecting his tribute of a beer or that other tribute that Schmeckeber paid to keep the cardroom open.

And he would find, sour contrast with the bright sky and the wind of the tule marshes, the cavelike room with its back corners in darkness, would smell that smell compounded of steam heat and cue-chalk dust, of sodden butts in cuspidors, of coffee and meat and beer smells from the counter, of cigarette smoke so unaired that it darkened the walls. From anywhere back of the middle tables there would be the pervasive reek of toilet disinfectant. Back of the lunch counter his father would be presiding, throwing the poolhall light switch to save a few cents when the place was empty, flipping it on to give an air of brilliant and successful use when feet came down the stairs past Sciutti's shop.

The hunter moved his shoulder under the weight of the ducks, his mind full for a moment with the image of his father's face, darkly-pale, fallen in on its bones, and the pouched, restless, suspicious eyes that seemed always looking for someone. Over that image

came the face of his mother, dead now and six weeks buried. His teeth clicked at the thought of how she had held the old man up for thirty years, kept him at a respectable job, kept him from slipping back into the poolroom-Johnny he had been when she married him. Within ten days of her death he had hunted up this old failure of a poolhall.

In anger the hunter turned, thinking of the hotel room he shared with his father. But he had to eat. Broke as he was, a student yanked from his studies, he had no choice but to eat on the old man. Besides, there were the ducks. He felt somehow that the thing would be incomplete unless he brought his game back for his father to see.

His knees unwilling in the stiff waders, he went down the steps, descending into the light shining through Joe Sciutti's door, and into the momentary layer of clean bay rum smell, talcum smell, hair tonic smell, that rose past the still-revolving barber pole in the angle of the stairs.

JOE Sciutti was sweeping wads of hair from his tile floor, and hunched over the counter beyond, their backs to the door, were Schmeckebier, Navy Edwards, Billy Hammond, and an unknown customer. John Lederer was behind the counter, mopping alertly with a rag. The poolroom lights were up bright, but when Lederer saw who was coming he flipped the switch and dropped the big room back into dusk.

As the hunter came to the end of the counter their heads turned toward him. "Well I'm a son of a bee," Navy Edwards said, and scrambled off his stool. Next to him Billy Hammond half stood up so that his pale yellow hair took a halo from the backbar lights. "Say!" Max Schmeckebier said. "Say, dot's goot, dot's pooty goot, Henry!"

But Henry was watching his father so intently he did not turn to them. He slid the string of ducks off his shoulder and swung them up onto the wide walnut bar. They landed solidly—offering or tribute or ransom or whatever they were. For a moment it was as if this little act were private between the two of them. He felt queerly moved, his stomach tightened in suspense or triumph. Then the old man's pouchy eyes slipped from his and the old man came quickly forward along the counter and laid hands on the ducks.

He handled them as if he were petting kittens, his big white hands stringing the heads one by one from the wire.

"Two spoonbill," he said, more to himself than to the others crowding around. "Shovel-ducks. Don't see many of those any more. And two, no three, hen mallards and one drake. Those make good eating."

Schmeckebier jutted his enormous lower lip. Knowing him for a stingy, crooked, suspicious little man, Henry almost laughed at the air he could put on, the air of a man of probity about to make an honest judgment in a dispute between neighbors. "I take a budderball," he said thickly. "A liddle budderball, dot is vot eats goot."

An arm fell across Henry's shoulders, and he turned his head to see the hand with red hairs rising from its pores, the wristband of a gray silk shirt with four pearl buttons. Navy Edwards' red face was close to his. "Come clean now," Navy said. "You shot 'em all sitting, didn't you Henry?"

"I just waited till they stuck their heads out of their holes and let them have it," Henry said.

Navy walloped him on the back and convulsed himself laughing. Then his face got serious again, and he bore down on Henry's shoulder. "By God you could've fooled me," he said. "If I'd been makin' book on what you'd bring in I'd've lost my shirt."

"Such a pretty shirt, too," Billy Hammond said.

Across the counter John Lederer cradled a little drab duck in his hand. Its neck, stretched from the carrier, hung far down, but its body was neat and plump and its feet were waxy. Watching the sallow face of his father, Henry thought it looked oddly soft.

"Ain't that a beauty, though?" the old man said. "There ain't a prettier duck made than a blue-wing teal. You can have all your wood ducks and redheads, all the flashy ones." He spread a wing until the hidden band of bright blue showed. "Pretty?" he said, and shook his head and laughed suddenly, as if he had not expected to. When he laid the duck down beside the others his eyes were bright with sentimental moisture.

So now, Henry thought, you're right in your element. You always did want to be one of the boys from the poolroom pouring out to see the elk on somebody's running board,

or leaning on a bar with a schooner of beer talking baseball or telling the boys about the big German Brown somebody brought in in a cake of ice. We haven't any elk or German Browns right now, but we've got some nice ducks, a fine display along five feet of counter. And who brought them in? The student, the alien son. It must gravel you.

He drew himself a beer. Several other men had come in, and he saw three more stooping to look in the door beyond Sciutti's. Then they too came in. Three tables were going; his father had started to hustle, filling orders. After a few minutes Schmeckeber and Navy went into the card room with four men. The poolroom lights were up bright again, there was an ivory click of balls, a rumble of talk. The smoke-filled air was full of movement.

Still more people dropped in, kids in high school athletic sweaters and bums from the fringes of skid road. They all stopped to look at the ducks, and Henry saw glances at his waders, heard questions and answers. John Lederer's boy. Some of them spoke to him, deriving importance from contact with him. A fellowship was promoted by the ducks strung out along the counter. Henry felt it himself. He was so mellowed by the way they spoke to him that when the players at the first table thumped with their cues, he got off his stool to rack them up and collect their nickels. It occurred to him that he ought to go to the room and get into a bath, but he didn't want to leave yet. Instead he came back to the counter and slid the nickels toward his father and drew himself another beer.

"Pretty good night tonight," he said. The old man nodded and slapped his rag on the counter, his eyes already past Henry and fixed on two youths coming in, his mouth fixing itself for the greeting and the "Well, boys, what'll it be?"

Billy Hammond wandered by, stopped beside Henry a moment. "Well, time for my nightly wrestle with temptation," he said.

"I was just going to challenge you to a game of call-shot."

"Maybe tomorrow," Billy said, and let himself out carefully as if afraid a noise would disturb someone—a mild, gentle, golden-haired boy who looked as if he ought to be in some prep school learning to say "Sir" to grownups instead of clerking in a girlie hotel. **He was the only one of the poolroom crowd**

that Henry half liked. He thought he understood Billy Hammond a little.

He turned back to the counter to hear his father talking with Max Schmeckeber. "I don't see how we could on this rig. That's the hell of it, we need a regular oven."

"In my room in back," Schmeckeber said. "Dot old electric range."

"Does it work?"

"Sure. Vy not? I tink so."

"By God," John Lederer said. "Nine ducks, that ought to give us a real old-fashioned feed." He mopped the counter, refilled a coffee cup, came back to the end and pinched the breast of a duck, pulled out a wing and looked at the band of blue hidden among the drab feathers. "Just like old times, for a change," he said, and his eyes touched Henry's in a look that might have meant anything from a challenge to an apology.

Henry had no desire to ease the strain that had been between them for months. He did not forgive his father the poolhall, or forget the way the old man had sprung back into the old pattern, as if his wife had been a jailer and he was now released. He neither forgot nor forgave the red-haired woman who sometimes came to the poolhall late at night and waited on a bar stool while the old man closed up. Yet now when his father remarked that the ducks ought to be drawn and plucked right away, Henry stood up.

"I could do ten while you were doing one," his father said.

The blood spread hotter in Henry's face, but he bit off what he might have said. "All right," he said. "You do them and I'll take over the counter for you."

So here he was, in the poolhall he had passionately sworn he would never do a lick of work in, dispensing Mrs. Morrison's meat pies and tamales smothered in chile, clumping behind the counter in the waders which had been the sign of his temporary freedom. Leaning back between orders, watching the Saturday night activity of the place, he half understood why he had gone hunting, and why it had seemed to him essential that he bring his trophies back here.

That somewhat disconcerted understanding was still troubling him when his father came back. The old man had put on a clean apron and brushed his hair. His pouched eyes, brighter and less houndlike than usual, darted

along the bar, counting, and darted across the bright tables, counting again. His eyes met Henry's, and both half smiled. Both of them, Henry thought, were a little astonished.

LATER, propped in bed in the hotel room, he put down the magazine he had been reading and stared at the drawn blinds, the sleazy drapes, and asked himself why he was here. The story he had told others, and himself, that his mother's death had interrupted his school term and he was waiting for the new term before going back, he knew to be an evasion. He was staying because he couldn't get away, or wouldn't. He hated his father, hated the poolhall, hated the people he was thrown with. He made no move to hobnob with them, or hadn't until tonight, and yet he deliberately avoided seeing any of the people who had been his friends for years. Why?

He could force his mind to the barrier, but not across it. Within a half minute he found himself reading again, diving deep, and when he made himself look up from the page he stared for a long time at his father's bed, his father's shoes under the bed, his father's soiled shirts hanging in the open closet. All the home he had any more was this little room. He could not pretend that as long as he stayed here the fragments of his home and family were held together. He couldn't fool himself that he had any function in his father's life any more, or his father in his, unless his own hatred and his father's uneasy suspicion were functions. He ought to get out and get a job until he could go back to school. But he didn't.

Thinking made him sleepy, and he knew what that was, too. Sleep was another evasion, like the torpor and monotony of his life. But he let drowsiness drift over him, and drowsily he thought of his father behind the counter tonight, vigorous and jovial, Mine Host, and he saw that the usual fretful petulance had gone from his face.

He snapped off the bed light and dropped the magazine on the floor. Then he heard the rain, the swish and hiss of traffic in the wet street. He felt sad and alone, and he disliked the coldness of his own isolation. Again he thought of his father, of the failing body that had once been tireless and bull-strong, of the face before it had sagged and grown dewlaps

of flesh on the square jaws. He thought of the many failures, the jobs that never quite worked out, the schemes that never quite paid off, and of the eyes that could not quite meet, not quite hold, the eyes of his cold son.

Thinking of this, and remembering when they had been a family and when his mother had been alive to hold them together, he felt pity, and he cried.

His father's entrance awakened him. He heard the fumbling at the door, the creak, the quiet click, the footsteps that groped in darkness, the body that bumped into something and halted, getting its bearings. He heard the sighing weight of his father's body on the other bed, his father's sighing breath as he bent to untie his shoes. Feigning sleep, he lay unmoving, breathing deeply and steadily, but an anguish of fury had leaped in him as sharp and sudden as a sudden fear, for he smelled the smells his father brought with him: wet wool, stale tobacco, liquor; and above all, more penetrating than any, spreading through the room and polluting everything there, the echo of cheap musky perfume.

The control Henry imposed upon his body was like an ecstasy. He raged at himself for the weak sympathy that had troubled him all evening. One good night, he said to himself now, staring furiously upward. One lively Saturday night in the joint and he can't contain himself, he has to go top off the evening with his girl friend. And how? A drink in her room? A walk over to some illegal after-hours bar on Rum Alley? Maybe just a trip to bed, blunt and immediate?

His jaws ached from the tight clamping of his teeth, but his orderly breathing went in and out, in and out, while the old man sighed into bed and creaked a little, rolling over, and lay still. The taint of perfume seemed even stronger now. The sow must slop it on by the cupful. And so cuddly. Such a sugar baby. How's my old sweetie tonight? It's been too long since you came to see your baby. I should be real mad at you. The cheek against the lapel, the unreal hair against the collar, the perfume like some gaseous poison tainting the clothes it touched.

The picture of his mother's bureau drawers came to him, the careless simple collection of handkerchiefs and gloves and lace collars and cuffs, and he saw the dusty blue sachet packets

and smelled the faint fragrance. That was all the scent she had ever used.

My God, he said, how can he stand himself?

After a time his father began to breathe heavily, then to snore. In the little prison of the room his breathing was obscene—loose and bubbling, undisciplined, animal. Henry with an effort relaxed his tense arms and legs, let himself sink. He tried to concentrate on his own breathing, but the other dominated him, burst out and died and whiffled and sighed again. By now he had a resolution in him like an iron bar. Tomorrow, for sure, for good, he would break out of his self-imposed isolation and see Frank, see Welby. They would lend him enough to get to the coast. Not another day in this hateful relationship. Not another night in this room.

He yawned. It must be late, two or three o'clock. He ought to get to sleep. But he lay uneasily, his mind tainted with hatred as the room was tainted with perfume. He tried cunningly to elude his mind, to get to sleep before it could notice, but no matter how he composed himself for blankness and shut his eyes and breathed deeply, his mind was out again in a half minute, bright-eyed, lively as a weasel, and he was helplessly hunted again from hiding place to hiding place.

Eventually he fell back upon his old device.

He went into a big dark room in his mind, a room shadowy with great half-seen tables. He groped and found a string above him and pulled, and light fell suddenly in a bright cone from the darker cone of the shade. Below the light lay an expanse of dark green cloth, and this was the only lighted thing in all that darkness. Carefully he gathered bright balls into a wooden triangle, pushing them forward until the apex lay over a round spot on the cloth. Quietly and thoroughly he chalked a cue: the inlaid handle and the smooth taper of the shaft were very real to his eyes and hands. He lined up the cue ball, aimed, drew the cue back and forth in smooth motions over the bridge of his left hand. He saw the balls run from the spinning shock of the break, and carom, and come to rest, and he hunted up the yellow 1-ball and got a shot at it between two others. He had to cut it very fine, but he saw the shot go true, the 1 angle off cleanly into the side pocket. He saw the cue ball rebound and kiss and stop, and he shot the 2 in a straight shot for the

left corner pocket, putting drawers on the cue ball to get shape for the 3.

Yellow and blue and red, spotted and striped, he shot pool balls into pockets as deep and black and silent as the cellars of his consciousness. He was not now quarry that his mind chased, but an actor, a willer, a doer, a man in command. By an act of will or of flight he focused his whole awareness on the game he played. His mind undertook it with intent concentration. He took pride in little two-cushion banks, little triumphs of accuracy, small successes of foresight. When he had finished one game and the green cloth was bare he dug the balls from the bin under the end of the table and racked them and began another.

Eventually, he knew, nothing would remain in his mind but the clean green cloth traced with running color and bounded by simple problems, and sometime in the middle of an intricately-planned combination shot he would pale off into sleep.

AT NOON, after the rain, the sun seemed very bright. It poured down from a clearing sky, glittered on wet roofs, gleamed in reflection from pavements and sidewalks. On the peaks beyond the city there was a purity of snow.

Coming down the hill Henry noticed the excessive brightness and could not tell whether it was really as it seemed, or whether his plunge out of the dark and isolated hole of his life had restored a lost capacity to see. A slavery, or a paralysis, was ended; he had been for three hours in the company of a friend; he had been eyed with concern; he had been warmed by solicitude and generosity. In his pocket he had fifty dollars, enough to get him to the coast and let him renew his life. It seemed to him incredible that he had alternated between dismal hotel and dismal poolroom so long. He could not understand why he had not before this moved his legs in the direction of the hill. He perceived that he had been sullen and morbid, and he concluded with some surprise that even Schmeckebier and Edwards and the rest might have found him a difficult companion.

His father too. The fury of the night before had passed, but he knew he would not bend again toward companionship. That antipathy was too deep. He would never think

of his father again without getting the whiff of that perfume. Let him have it; it was what he wanted, let him have it. They could part without an open quarrel, maybe, but they would part without love. They could part right now, within an hour.

Two grimy stairways led down into the cellar from the alley he turned into. One went to the furnace room, the other to the poolhall. The iron rail was blockaded with filled ashcans. Descent into Avernus, he said to himself, and went down the left-hand stair.

The door was locked. He knocked, and after some time knocked again. Finally someone pulled on the door from inside. It stuck, and was yanked irritably inward. His father stood there in his shirt sleeves, a cigar in his mouth.

"Oh," he said. "I was wondering what had become of you."

The basement air was foul and heavy, dense with the reek from the toilets. Henry saw as he stepped inside that at the far end only the night light behind the bar was on, but that light was coming from Schmeckebier's door at this end too, the two weak illuminations diffusing in the shadowy poolroom, leaving the middle in almost absolute dark. It was the appropriate time, the appropriate place, the stink of his prison appropriately concentrated. He drew his lungs full of it with a kind of passion, and he said, "I just came down to . . ."

"Who is dot?" Schmeckebier called out. He came to his door, wrapped to the armpits in a bar apron, with a spoon in his hand, and he bent, peering out into the dusk like a disturbed dwarf in an underhill cave. "John? Who? Oh, Henry. Shust in time, shust in time. It is not long now." His lower lip wagged, and he pulled it up, apparently with an effort.

Henry said, "What's not long?"

"Vot?" Schmeckebier said, and thrust his big head far out. "You forgot about it?"

"I must have," Henry said.

"The duck feed," his father said impatiently.

They stood staring at one another in the dusk. The right moment was gone. With a little twitch of the shoulder Henry let it go. He would wait a while, pick his time. When Schmeckebier went back to his cooking, Henry saw through the doorway the lumpy

bed, the big chair with a blanket folded over it, the rolltop desk littered with pots and pans, the green and white enamel of the range. A rich smell of roasting came out and mingled oddly with the chemical stink of toilet disinfectant.

"Are we going to eat in here?" he asked.

His father snorted. "How could we eat in there? Old Maxie lived in the ghetto too damn long. By God I never saw such a boar's nest."

"Vot's duh matter? Vot's duh matter?" Schmeckebier said. His big lip thrust out, he stooped to look into the oven, and John Lederer went shaking his head up between the tables to the counter. Henry followed him, intending to make the break when he got the old man alone. But he saw the three plates set up on the bar, the three glasses of tomato juice, the platter of olives and celery, and he hesitated. His father reached with a salt shaker and shook a little salt into each glass of tomato juice.

"All the fixings," he said. "Soon as Max gets those birds out of the oven we can take her on."

Now it was easy to say, "As soon as the feed's over I'll be shoving off." Henry opened his mouth to say it, but was interrupted this time by a light tapping at the glass door beyond Sciutti's shop. He swung around angrily and saw duskily beyond the glass the smooth blond hair, the even smile.

"It's Billy," he said. "Shall I let him in?"

"Sure," the old man said. "Tell him to come in and have a duck with us."

But Billy Hammond shook his head when Henry asked him. He was shaking his head almost as he came through the door. "No thanks, I just ate. I'm full of chow mein. This is a family dinner anyway. You go on ahead."

"Got plenty," John Lederer said, and made a motion as if to set a fourth place at the counter.

"Who is dot?" Schmeckebier bawled from the back. "Who come in? Is dot Billy Hammond? Set him up a plate."

"By God his nose sticks as far into things as his lip," Lederer said. Still holding the plate, he roared back, "Catch up with the parade, for Christ sake, or else tend to your cooking." He looked at Henry and Billy and chuckled.

Schmeckebier had disappeared, but now his

squat figure blotted the lighted doorway again. "Vot? Vot you say?"

"Vot?" John Lederer said. "Vot, vot, vot? Vot does it matter vot I said? Get the hell back to your kitchen."

He was, Henry saw, in a high humor. The effect of last night was still with him. He was still playing Mine Host. He looked at the two of them and laughed so naturally that Henry almost joined him. "I think old Maxie's head is full of duck dressing," he said, and leaned on the counter. "I ever tell you about the time we came back from Reno together? We stopped off in the desert to look at a mine, and got lost on a little dirt road so we had to camp. I was trying to figure out where we were, and started looking for stars, but it was clouded over, hard to locate anything. So I ask old Maxie if he can see the Big Dipper anywhere. He thinks about that maybe ten minutes with his lip stuck out and then he says, 'I t'ink it's in duh water bucket.'"

He did the grating gutturals of Schmecke-bier's speech so accurately that Henry smiled in spite of himself. His old man made another motion with the plate at Billy Hammond. "Better let me set you up a place."

"Thanks," Billy said. His voice was as polite and soft as his face, and his eyes had the ingenuous liquid softness of a girl's. "Thanks, I really just ate. You go on, I'll shoot a little pool if it's all right."

Now came Schmecke-bier with a big platter held in both hands. He bore it smoking through the gloom of the poolhall and up the steps to the counter, and John Lederer took it from him there and with a flourish speared one after another three tight-skinned brown ducks and slid them onto the plates set side by side for the feast. The one frugal light from the backbar shone on them as they sat down. Henry looked over his shoulder to see Billy Hammond pull the cord and flood a table with a sharp-edged cone of brilliance. Deliberately, already absorbed, he chalked a cue. His lips pursed, and he whistled, and whistling, bent to take aim.

LINED up in a row, they were not placed for conversation, but John Lederer kept attempting it, leaning forward over his plate to see Schmecke-bier or Henry. He filled his mouth with duck and dressing and chewed, shaking his head with pleasure,

and snapped off a bite of celery with a crack like a breaking stick. When his mouth was clear he leaned and said to Schmecke-bier, "Ah, das schmecht gut, hey Maxie?"

"Ja," Schmecke-bier said, and sucked grease off his lip and only then turned in surprise. "Say, you speak German?"

"Sure I speak German," Lederer said. "I worked three weeks once with an old square-head brick mason that taught me the whole language. He taught me about sehr gut and nicht wahr and besser I bleiben right hier, and he always had his frau make me up a lunch full of kalter aufschnitt and gemixte pickeln. I know all about German."

Schmecke-bier stared a moment, grunted, and went back to his eating. He had already stripped the meat from the bones and was gnawing the carcass.

"Anyway," John Lederer said, "es schmecht God damn good." He got up and went around the counter and drew a mug of coffee from the urn. "Coffee?" he said to Henry.

"Please."

His father drew another mug and set it before him. "Maxie?"

Schmecke-bier shook his head, his mouth too full for talk. For a minute, after he had set out two little jugs of cream, Lederer stood as if thinking. He was watching Billy Hammond move quietly around the one lighted table, whistling. "Look at that sucker," Lederer said. "I bet he doesn't even know where he is."



—Drawing by George George

By the time he got around to his stool he was back at the German. "*Schmeckebier*," he said. "What's that mean?"

"Uh?"

"What's your name mean? Tastes beer? Likes beer?"

Schmeckebier rolled his shoulders. The sounds he made eating were like sounds from a sty. Henry was half sickened, sitting next to him, and he wished the old man would let the conversation drop. But apparently it had to be a feast, and a feast called for chatter.

"That's a hell of a name, you know it?" Lederer said, and already he was up again and around the end of the counter. "You couldn't get into any church with a name like that." His eyes fastened on the big drooping greasy lip, and he grinned.

"Schmeckeduck, that ought to be your name," he said. "What's German for duck? Vogel? Old Max Schmeckevogel. How about number two?"

Schmeckebier pushed his plate forward and Lederer forked a duck out of the steam table. Henry did not take a second.

"You ought to have one," his father told him. "You don't get grub like this every day."

"One's my limit," Henry said.

For a while they worked at their plates. Back of him Henry heard the clack of balls hitting, and a moment later the rumble as a ball rolled down the chute from a pocket. The thin, abstracted whistling of Billy Hammond broke off, became words:

Now Annie doesn't live here any more.
So you're the guy that she's been waiting for?
She told me that I'd know you by the blue of
your eyes . . .

"Talk about one being your limit," his father said. "When we lived in Nebraska we used to put on some feeds. You remember anything about Nebraska at all?"

"A little," Henry said. He was irritated at being dragged into reminiscences, and he did not want to hear how many ducks the town hog could eat at a sitting.

"We'd go out, a whole bunch of us," John Lederer said. "The sloughs were black with ducks in those days. We'd come back with a buggyful, and the women-folks'd really put us on a feed. Fifteen, twenty, thirty people. Take a hundred ducks to fill 'em up." He was silent a moment, staring across the counter,

chewing. Henry noticed that he had tacked two wings of a teal up on the frame of the backbar mirror, small, strong bows with a band of bright blue half hidden in them. The old man's eyes slanted over, caught Henry's looking at the wings.

"Doesn't seem as if we'd had a duck feed since we left there," he said. His forehead wrinkled; he rubbed his neck, leaning forward over his plate, and his eyes met Henry's in the backbar mirror. He spoke to the mirror, ignoring the gobbling image of Schmeckebier between his own reflection and Henry's.

"You remember that set of china your mother used to have? The one she painted herself? Just the plain white china with the one design on each plate?"

Henry sat stiffly, angry that his mother's name should even be mentioned between them in this murky hole, and after what had passed. Gabble, gabble, gabble, he said to himself. If you can't think of anything else to gabble about, gabble about your dead wife. Drag her through the poolroom too. Aloud he said, "No, I guess I don't."

"Blue-wing teal," his father said, and nodded at the wings tacked to the mirror frame. "Just the wings, like that. Awful pretty. She thought a teal was about the prettiest little duck there was."

His vaguely rubbing hand came around from the back of his neck and rubbed along the cheek, pulling the slack flesh and distorting the mouth. Henry said nothing, watching the pouched hound eyes in the mirror.

It was a cold, skin-tightening shock to realize that the hound eyes were cloudy with tears. The rubbing hand went over them, shaded them like a hat brim, but the mouth below remained distorted. With a plunging movement his father was off the stool.

"Oh, God damn!" he said in a strangling voice, and went past Henry on hard, heavy feet, down the steps and past Billy Hammond, who neither looked up nor broke the sad thin whistling.

Schmeckebier had swung around. "Vot's duh matter? Now vot's duh matter?"

With a short shake of the head, Henry turned away from him, staring after his father down the dark poolhall. He felt as if orderly things were breaking and flying apart in his mind; he had a moment of white blind terror that this whole scene upon whose reality he

counted was really only a dream, something conjured up out of the bottom of his consciousness where he was accustomed to comfort himself into total sleep. His mind was still full of the anguished look his father had hurled at the mirror before he ran.

The hell with you, the look had said. The hell with you, Schmeckeber, and you, my son Henry. The hell with your ignorance, whether you're stupid or whether you just don't know all you think you know. You don't know enough to kick dirt down a hole. You know nothing at all, you know less than nothing because you know things wrong.

He heard Billy's soft whistling, saw him move around his one lighted table—a well-brought-up boy from some suburban town, a polite soft gentle boy lost and wandering among pimps and prostitutes, burying himself for some reason among people who never even touched his surface. Did he shoot pool in his bed at night, tempting sleep, as Henry did? Did his mind run carefully to angles and banks and englishes, making a reflecting mirror of them to keep from looking through them at other things?

Almost in terror he looked out across the sullen cave, past where the light came down in an intense isolated cone above Billy's table, and heard the lugubrious whistling that went on without intention of audience, a recurrent and deadening and only half-conscious sound. He looked toward the back, where his father had disappeared in the gloom, and wondered if in his bed before sleeping the old man worked through a routine of little jobs: cleaning the steam table, ordering a hundred pounds of coffee, jacking up the janitor about the mess in the hall. He wondered if it was possible to wash yourself to sleep with restaurant crockery, work yourself to sleep with chores, add yourself to sleep with columns of figures, as you could play yourself to sleep with a pool cue and and a green table and fifteen colored balls. For a moment, in the sad old light with the wreckage of the duck feast at his elbow, he wondered if there was anything more to his life, or his father's life, or Billy Hammond's life, or anyone's life, than playing the careful games that deadened you into sleep.

Schmeckeber, beside him, was still groping in the fog of his mind for an explanation of

what had happened. "Vere'd he go?" he said, and nudged Henry fiercely. "Vot's duh matter?"

Henry shook him off irritably, watching Billy Hammond's oblivious bent head under the light. He heard Schmeckeber's big lip flop and heard him sucking his teeth.

"I tell you," the guttural voice said. "I got somet'ing dot fixes him if he feels bum."

He too went down the stairs past the lighted table and into the gloom at the back. The light went on in his room, and after a minute or two his voice was shouting, "John! Say, come here, uh? Say, John!"

Eventually John Lederer came out of the toilet and they walked together between the tables. In his fist Schmeckeber was clutching a square bottle. He waved it in front of Henry's face as they passed, but Henry was watching his father. He saw the crumpled face, oddly rigid, like the face of a man in the grip of a barely controlled rage, but his father avoided his eyes.

"Kümmel," Schmeckeber said. He set four ice cream dishes on the counter and poured three about a third full of clear liquor. His squinted eyes lifted and peered toward Billy Hammond, but Henry said, on an impulse, "Let him alone. He's walking in his sleep."

So there were only the three. They stood together a moment and raised their glasses. "Happy days," John Lederer said automatically. They drank.

Schmeckeber smacked his lips, looked at them one after another, shook his head in admiration of the quality of his kümmel, and waddled back toward his room with the bottle. John Lederer was already drawing hot water to wash the dishes.

In the core of quiet which even the clatter of crockery and the whistling of Billy Hammond did not break into, Henry said what he had to say. "I'll be leaving," he said. "Probably tonight."

But he did not say it in anger, or with the cold command of himself that he had imagined in advance. He said it like a cry, and with the feeling he might have had on letting go the hand of a friend too weak and too exhausted to cling any longer to their inadequate shared driftwood in a wide cold sea.

Hollywood Faces the Fifties

Part I. The Lost Enthusiasm

John Houseman

THROUGH the fall and winter of 1949, the patient was under close observation. Blood count and temperature charts—weekly box-office receipts and quarterly balance sheets—were anxiously scanned and minutely evaluated, revealing a slight but continuing decline in income and a fractional reduction in corporate dividends. Dr. Gallup, one of the specialists attendant on the case, came up with some disquieting figures on weekly motion-picture attendance, but these were not altogether surprising or immediately alarming.

All things considered, Hollywood seemed to be feeling both well and strong; well enough to be turning out films of the highest average quality and the greatest diversity in years; strong enough to be facing, with sanity and courage, the most drastic challenge of its brief, incredible history.

How different from three years ago, when, at the topmost peak of its unprecedented prosperity, Hollywood was seized with a sudden dizzying terror that caught it by the throat. Like most such fears, this one was born in the midst of plenty and fed on the richness of the organism which it attacked. From 1942 to 1946—with national employment at an all-time peak, transportation blocked, and radio converted in large part

to the dissemination of war news—the movies had enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the entertainment business. Hollywood had its own “captive audience.” For the studios, these had been years of interminable runs and fantastic receipts, with every picture a wow and every producer a genius. For the exhibitors, here was a dream come true: an automatic attendance limited only by the hours of the day and the seating capacity of the nation’s eighteen thousand houses.

Since the movies were being loaded with profits and blessed with official congratulations for their beneficent effect upon the nation’s morale, both civilian and military, it was only human of Hollywood to enjoy the wartime bonanza without giving much thought to the morrow. Lacking challenge of any sort, with much of its most creative personnel away at the war, the industry developed no new assets, human or technical. It came out of the boom richer only in lucre.

When the inevitable change in the weather finally arrived, it found Hollywood off guard, soft with easy living—and terribly vulnerable.

THE panic was psychological before it was economic. The first rumble of distant thunder was heard as early as 1945,

John Houseman, who was co-founder of the Mercury Theater in the thirties, has since produced “Lute Song” and other Broadway plays, “They Live by Night” and other movies. He is now producing films for RKO.

when a jurisdictional strike was permitted to rise to so high a pitch of futile bitterness that now—five years later—the echos are not entirely silenced. (You cannot, today, enter a major studio without crossing a picket line of old men idly parading with the signs of LOCAL 946 CARPENTERS' PICKET AF OF L on their backs.)

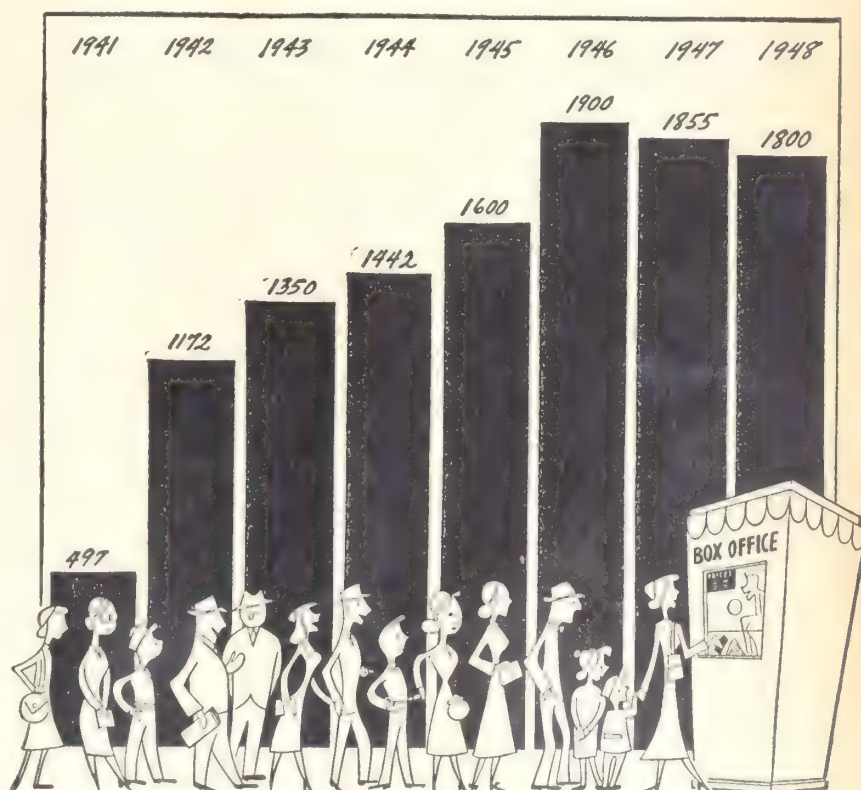
The physical effects of this disturbance were not too serious. Production did not stop and profits were unaffected, though by reducing the available supply of skilled craftsmen the strike did contribute, in some measure, to the rise in physical costs that was soon to plague the industry. The hurt was emotional. Hollywood, which wanted nothing more than to bask in the sun and enjoy the golden harvest, found itself suddenly on the front page of every newspaper in the land, the scene of labor strife and civil violence.

MANY months afterward, still soured by the rancors of the strike, Hollywood stumbled into a deeper trap, the investigation of the Committee on Un-American Activities. In May 1947, members of the Committee appeared in the City of the Angels and held preliminary sessions in a downtown hotel. Their avowed aim was to examine the Red content of American pictures. None was found. But here, day after day, Hollywood's dirty linen was unrolled and washed before the world, while the industry stood idly by, not altogether averse, apparently, to a little blood-letting among those of its employees whom it found disturbing.

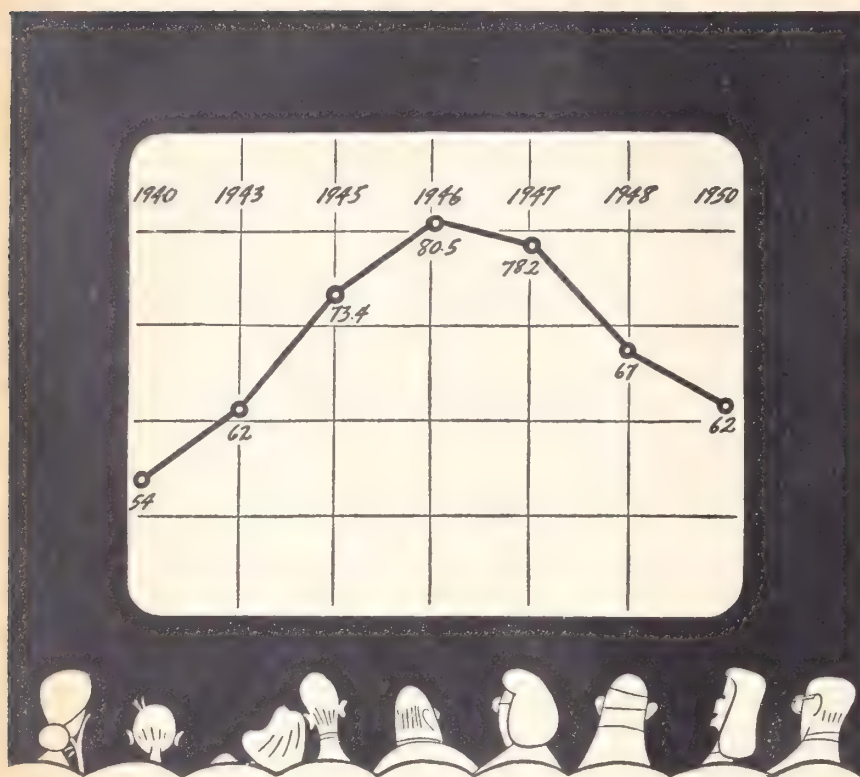
Later, when the action shifted to the limelight of the full-dress Washington hearings, it became clear that in the big game—for which Hollywood was so generously providing the field, the ball, and the opposing players—there could be only one possible loser, picture business. But by then it was too late. Not all the industry's frantic efforts, neither Eric Johnston's tergiversations nor the precipitate purging of "the Ten," could erase the na-

tional headlines, the newsreels, the tape-recordings, or the editorials. Again, as it turned out, the injury was mental rather than material. It was not so much the box office that suffered as Hollywood's morale.

Cause and effect get confused at such times. Looking back, it seems likely that Hollywood would have kept its head and its dignity somewhat better during this unfortunate episode had it not, almost simultaneously, suffered a sudden and quite serious economic jolt. On August 7, 1947, the British Board of Trade announced the application of a 75 per cent ad valorem tax against foreign-film earnings in the United Kingdom. The news was received on this side of the Atlantic with a sense of deep injury and disbelief. But when, in quick succession, one foreign government after another, following the lead of perfidious Albion, announced prohibitive restrictions against the American films for which they could no longer afford to pay, the California air rang with lamentations, mingled with howls of rage. Overnight, the producers found themselves deprived, perhaps forever, of markets upon which the industry, from its earliest days, had counted for its excess profits in good times, and for its safety margin in bad.



Motion Picture Industry Grosses (in million dollars)



Estimated Average Weekly Movie Attendance (in millions)

Then, before Hollywood could catch its breath, fell the bitterest blow of all. For some months, from coast to coast, family cars had been rolling, war plants closing, sports and travel assuming their familiar place in the lives of the American people. Now, gradually, movie grosses began to level off. Though house records continued to be broken in the big cities, business in the country as a whole was becoming spotty, audiences less enthusiastically constant. Though 1947 was, by a very slight margin, the industry's second biggest year, the signs of decline were becoming unmistakable. During the winter of 1947-1948, there reappeared on the books of an American motion-picture company that ghastly relic of the past, that almost-forgotten evil—a movie that actually lost money! And, suddenly, the dream was over, the vision of goblin gold endlessly flowing, culled without effort from ever-longer lines of ever-more-eager customers.

HOLLYWOOD, being part of show business, is given to manic-depressive behavior. Much of the panic of the following months was anticipatory—the fear of a bad time rather than its actual suffering. The reality is that picture business, on

the whole, has continued good.

If the past two years have been tough ones in Hollywood, they have been only comparatively so. It has been a time of change and turnover. There have been shake-ups, retrenchments, adjustments, and reorganizations. One major company has changed hands. Production, choked for a while by a backlog of costly films left over from the boom days, slowed down—and then picked up again. The ratio of independent productions has dropped sharply, but the number of full-length pictures produced yearly by the major companies has not seriously varied in seven years. It remains around four hundred. (This is considerably less than the volume of the thirties; before the rise in the cost of production and the boomtime

prevalence of long runs.)

To meet current market conditions, a serious effort has been made to cut production costs. By the industry's own calculation, the average cost of pictures has been reduced by 33 per cent. Most of this saving is directly reflected in curtailed employment. Among craft unions, according to Thomas Brady of the *New York Times*, it has fallen from 22,100 in 1946 to 13,500 in 1949. In the higher echelons, the scale of salaries has been somewhat reduced, but Hollywood will continue to be well represented in the Treasury reports of the nation's top incomes. Sundry studio economies have been effected, notably in the matter of writing costs. (The day of the \$750,000 story accumulation, with twenty writers working on a script, is over—probably forever.) "Overhead" remains high, from 35 per cent to 50 per cent in major studios, where the average cost of a full-length feature film is still around a million dollars.

As to the foreign markets, it now appears that the fears of 1947 were, to say the least, exaggerated. Last year, according to the president of the Motion Picture Producers of America, Hollywood got more than one hundred million dollars out of foreign countries, more than in any year before the war, and

more than half of it from Britain! Finally, with the capitulation of the British film industry, in the person of that curious showman, J. Arthur Rank, Hollywood finds itself today without serious competition in the international movie field.

From this brief summary, it should be evident that this winter the sky over Hollywood was not uniformly dark. A stranger in town, enjoying the movie capital's Yuletide cheer and following the trade papers' jubilant reports of holiday business—HOLIDAY BIZ BOFFO, NEW YEAR IN SMASH BIZ RESPONSE—might have gone away with the impression that happy days were here again, the gravy boat once more ready to overflow. A more careful observer could not fail to sense a strange tension in the sunny air and a deep feeling of disquiet and anxiety—what Budd Schulberg, who has known the local climate from childhood, calls Earthquake Weather.

II

OF THE great cultural industries that have developed during the present century, only one, the film, came into being and grew to its present stature through direct public patronage. From the peep-show, through the nickelodeon to the present giant theater-circuit, picture business has thrived on no other revenue than the daily purchase of tickets at the box office. This gives it, among the mass media, a unique position of independence and, at the same time, one of utter reliance upon the continuing favor of the public, on its present enormous scale.

Mass entertainment—its nature, its form, its energy—is a fluid thing, subject to the typical sudden shifts of a rapidly changing world. When once a popular appetite falls away—following some deep tide of social custom, or swayed by a swift compulsion of technological novelty, or just out of sheer surfeit—not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men, nor even a giant industry's long-accumulated assets of know-how and good-will, can rekindle the lost enthusiasm or renew the forgotten habit. It is with understandable concern that Hollywood, these days, carefully watches the trends of national taste and uneasily follows the steadily falling curve of weekly movie attendance among the American people.

Shown in the chart on page 52 are the estimated average weekly admissions, according to Audience Research Inc., to the motion-picture theaters of the United States over a period of ten years. In this curve can be read Hollywood's recent history; upon its projection into the future hangs Hollywood's fate in years to come.

The A.R.I. sees two encouraging signs in these otherwise unhappy figures: first, the rate of decline of 1949 compared to 1948 was not so swift as that of 1948 compared to 1947; second, in comparison to 1940, movie attendance has risen faster than population, 17 as opposed to 14 per cent. A.R.I. believes that in another two or three months it should become clear whether or not the downward trend has been checked.

It is worth noting that television—which presents the future's major threat to the movies—seems to have had little effect on those figures; the decline has taken place as much in the areas in which television is not available as in those where it is.

The only statistical rise in recent times, and it is of debatable significance, is in the number of drive-in theaters. It is estimated that not more than half of the patrons of these new outlets were previously regular moviegoers. Their audience is composed largely of couples with children, people too tired to change clothes after work, pet-lovers, and the young of the land, to whom drive-ins are known, for evident reasons, as "passion pits." A drive-in manager, however, put on the defensive, has insisted that nothing happens in a parked car that cannot happen in a balcony.

WHEN *Life*, last summer, in one of its periodic investigations of contemporary culture, turned its attention to the movies—to that \$2,750,000,000 cultural-commercial complex whose inaccurate but convenient name is Hollywood—the problem of the "lost audience" principally engaged its attention: "For the past year, more or less, the national box-office figures have been askew. It was only natural that they should decline from the enormous postwar years of 1946 and 1947. But the figures have not snapped back; the weekly magazine *Variety*, which claims to know all that is knowable about show business, headlined PIX BAFFLED FOR B.O. SOLUTION."

Four preliminary panels were held by *Life*, from which certain general criticisms of Hollywood emerged. These were then used as a basis for discussion at the main symposium. They were so well summarized by Mr. Eric Hodgins, moderator and reporter of the proceedings, that the first three are here quoted verbatim:

(1) Hollywood is trying to comply with thousands of prohibitions and its aim is thus becoming the barren and self-defeating aim of not displeasing anybody.

(2) In so doing Hollywood is neglecting its active audience and catering hardest to the habitual, passive audience which does it least good and will be the first to desert it for television.

(3) The search for the "universal" picture will end in disaster if sufficiently pursued.

Around *Life's* table at Arrowhead Springs were seated a high proportion of Hollywood's most active talent (sometimes referred to as the "militant vanguard"), a few academics to needle them, one financier—no exhibitors. The debate, in the main, seemed to justify *Life's* statement that movie-makers are "earnest and thoughtful men . . . who feel a genuine concern with serving their public as well as possible." To what extent it succeeded in clearing up the current anguish and confusion is another question, and more than once the participants became entangled in the ambiguities that inevitably dog the steps of all those who "tread a tight wire between the pursuit of art and pursuit of profit."

But there was one participant who was not at all ambiguous. Speaking as an artist with a yearly income running into six figures, his remarks were of a most specific and practical kind. They must engage our attention here, together with the reaction they provoked, since they bear very directly upon one of the main causes of Hollywood's current concern: the basic conflict between makers of film and the controllers of film distribution.

"Who controls the movies?" asked Joseph L. Mankiewicz, himself a ranking member of the industry, credited with last year's most successful comedy, "A Letter to Three Wives." "Isn't it true that a real-estate operator whose chief concern should be taking gum off carpets and checking adolescent love-making in

the balcony, isn't it true that this man is in control? Isn't it true that when he gives you 40 per cent of what he takes out of the picture you have made and keeps 60 per cent, he thinks he is giving you a hell of a fine deal? . . . Here is the incredible power of the real under-cover man in the motion-picture industry, the exhibitor. Here is [his] god-given right . . . to make this fantastic profit, just by virtue of the fact that he owns an enormous barn-like structure with seats in it."

The points scored by Mr. Mankiewicz, with insult and injury, have been made before. Concerning the lot of the independent producer, Ellis Arnall, former governor of the state of Georgia, now president of the Independent Motion Picture Producers of America, has spoken even more strongly: "Monopoly controls and illegal trade practices in distribution and exhibition have created a vicious system which has made it virtually impossible for the independent producer to pay off costs."

In cold figures, of every dollar paid by audiences to view his picture, the independent producer, if he is lucky, receives twenty cents. Of all the monies received, the theaters keep around 65 per cent. Of what is left, the distributor gets about one third. Out of his take, the producer must pay for his print costs and his share of the general advertising and promotion expense, amounting to another 5 per cent. When all these, and his financing, are taken care of, he can start paying off his production! No wonder, according to *Variety*, INDIE PROD HEADS FOR ALL TIME LOW. Yet so rich is the market, so generous the American public in paying for its entertainment, that an astute independent has, even under these adverse conditions, a chance to come out ahead. But the mortality is high.

That outside control of movie-making exists, however, is generally recognized. For many years it has been the basic pattern of an industry which, according to a recent paper in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, "is governed by self-perpetuating management groups largely responsible to banking and real-estate powers whose interests, in turn, are interwoven with a complicated network of other monopoly or semi-monopoly groupings having little to do with the movie industry directly. . . . These

interlocking monopoly groupings are able, directly or indirectly, to make the important decisions for all phases of the film industry, from movie-lot to ultimate consumer."

The Department of Justice has long held similar views, which it recently did something about, as we shall see.

SO MUCH for the economics of control. What concerns us here—as it did Mr. Mankiewicz and his fellow-members of the *Life* round-table—is the effect such control must have on production, upon the acts and thoughts of the picture-makers and thus upon the nature and quality of the movies that get made in Hollywood. Is this the force that works for standardization? Is it from this quarter that we may expect to find the main pressure for the "formula" picture? Mr. Mankiewicz thinks it is:

"Take your panel, Mr. Moderator, to the real-estate operators who control and exploit the greatest concentration of talent in the entertainment world and ask them 'What do you want of Hollywood?' The answer, if it is honest, will be in essence, 'We want four hundred items of salable merchandise every year.'"

If this was categorical, so were the replies he received. "Only the libel laws keep me from making it more emphatic—Mr. Mankiewicz is an ass!" wrote the vice president and general manager of a large southwestern theater-circuit to the *Motion Picture Herald*. "We would not be in the 'real-estate' business long," wrote another, "if we had to rely on the likes of Mankiewicz pictures to pay our bills!" But more revealing than the personal vituperation were the impassioned letters and the earnest editorials intended to refute his error.

"What would Mr. Mankiewicz have?" asked one. "It would seem that he would have someone invest in studios, pay the costs, and let *him* produce whatever he wishes The man surely cannot be so ignorant of the prime laws of economics that he thinks the 6 per cent production and distribution tail is going to wag the 94 per cent exhibitor interest in the movie business?" Another carries the argument considerably further: "What is this communism we hear so much about? Isn't it just that private property does not exist or that it receives no return

and that the so-called 'creator' gets all the benefit of the so-called 'creations'? Actually hasn't Hollywood pretty much approached that ideal already? And isn't Mr. Mankiewicz only protesting that the approach is not quite close enough . . . ? Maybe he thinks it would be a good system, but until there is some method of forcing these others to join in it just that way, it may be a hard system to start. And that's perhaps why dictatorships grow out of this interesting theory of communism."

And for the pay-off, in the following communication from Hawkinsville, Georgia, we come, finally, to the passionate fallacy closest to the exhibitor's heart: "Our patrons, those people who lay down their money at the box office, say as simply and clearly as they possibly can these two simple words—'Amuse me!' If we do, they are happy, we are happy, the distributors are happy. But according to Mr. Mankiewicz, it ends there, because the producers are only happy when they have displayed their wonderful genius and knowledge of 'art,' or have righted some great wrong, or have broken down some psychological inhibition that is the personal property of the patron Poor Mr. Mankiewicz! If he lives long enough,* he will know with abundant finality that the people know what they want much, much better than he does!"

THIS is no new fight. It is as old as the movies, it is one of the basic tensions of Hollywood. There is no creative picture-maker who has not, at one time or another, been deeply embroiled in this struggle between the artist and the business man for control of his films. Many, like Griffith and Stroheim, were broken by it and deprived forever of their means of production. Chaplin, alone, has never weakened. Thirty years ago he took his case to the people—and won.

It should not be supposed that the argument is entirely on the side of the artist. In a medium that has flourished so miraculously—"a business that is also an art-form"—how much of the credit for this bewildering

* He has lived long enough, already, to witness the critical and financial success of "Pinky," "Home of the Brave," "Gentleman's Agreement," "Crossfire," and "The Snake-Pit"—to mention only a few of the recent pictures that cheerfully survived the exhibitors' taboo against "controversial" movies.

growth goes to the creators of film? How much to the performers? How much to those who, by boldly exploiting their work, have developed the vast audience which, in turn, conditions their product? The truth is that they were all swept along by waves of technological advance and social change over which they had no control, and from which they all profited. Charlie Chaplin's genius found freer expression and fuller scope before a world audience of a hundred million than he could ever have realized on the stages of a few hundred vaudeville houses. Conversely, how much did Chaplin's immediate and universal popularity contribute to the growth of this new public and to the miraculous rise of the industry as a whole? Today, how much does the general health of the industry depend upon the risky stimulus of genius? How much upon the regular satisfaction of predictable appetites? How is quality to be measured against habit? How does the thrill of novelty rate against the pleasures of repetition?

In an attempt to answer these and similar questions, the industry, some years ago, engaged the services of a troupe of witch-doctors, pollsters, and other self-anointed experts in the realm of public taste. Subject matter was pre-tested, star-ratings assessed, and good money spent on Rube Goldberg devices for measuring audience reaction. Their results were no more impressive than they were in the political field, and for the same reason. To doubt the public's right of free choice is something neither a politician nor a showman can afford. It implies a lack of faith, not so much in his audience, as in himself. "I never know what the public wants and I don't think the public does. I can only give them what I like and hope for the best. If what I liked was consistently rejected by the public, I would get out of the business." The words are Carol Reed's, director of "The Fallen Idol" and "The Third Man," and they are an honest summation of the movie-maker's creed.

During the sellers' market which the war boom created, the industry came closer to producing movies by assembly-line methods than at any other time in its history. The marked improvement in the quality of Hollywood's product recently, coincides with a tendency, in the intelligently run studios, to put pictures back into the hands of the individual, to let scripts be written by writers

and not by story conferences, to have movies made by men instead of by production-boards. "Today we know that the best pictures are dominated by one man's efforts, whether he is the producer or director or writer; that the best pictures usually reflect one man's point of view about that picture and that he must gather about him people who contribute to his concept." That is the opinion of Dore Schary, head of production of Hollywood's biggest studio.

ON JANUARY 1, 1950, moreover, with the separation of Paramount Pictures and Paramount Theaters, "divorcement" formally went into effect. This marks the industry's long-delayed surrender in its bitter fight to prevent enforcement of the anti-trust laws, as they affect the motion-picture business. It calls for the breaking-up of those exhibiting and producing combines whose operation has been briefly described above.

So far only one major separation has occurred. The other companies are still dicker-ing for the precise terms of their capitulation. But, in effect, divorcement has been accepted. No matter how skillfully and persistently the decree may be circumvented, no matter how slow the change, how gradual the unmeshing of interlocking gears, the principle has now been established that movie-making and real-estate shall not be a single flesh. From now on, in theory at least, Hollywood is on its own.

Within the trade, sentiments are now openly expressed which, three years ago, would have been regarded as rank heresy. "There will be a new challenge in this divorcement. . . . The companies which have had their theaters along with their production companies have always given the best break to the theaters. . . . Now it's going to be somewhat different. Starting next Monday, the distributors of our Hollywood product will be out to get and will acquire deals for their product that are a cinch to jump production receipts and will take off some of the huge profits the theaters have been banking all these years." These observations are reprinted not from the *Daily Worker* but from the front page of the *Hollywood Reporter*, which continues: "Theaters will not have the soft going and easy profits of yesterday and our production forces and

their distributors will be relieved of the handcuffs that have tied them down for so long."

A theater-owner is equally enthusiastic, but for different reasons:

The decision may mean a boom for better pictures in this country. . . . I don't say the public is going to start a revolution or go high-brow, but I do think that the companies will have to make better movies, because nobody will have to buy movies they don't want. Bad movies just won't sell.

And from the executive of one of the nation's leading distributing companies we hear that, with the new year, and the changed set-up, the nation's salesmen "have gotten off the seat of their trousers and gone back to work and, just as they did in the good old days, they are really bustling and selling films." And Mr. Robert Mochrie concludes with that venerable Hollywood dictum: There's nothing wrong with picture business that good pictures can't cure!

III

OF THE sixty-odd plays produced in the New York theater every season, how many are good? Of the hundreds of novels printed yearly by established publishers—of the thousands of short stories appearing monthly in national magazines—how many are good? Answer these questions and you may also pronounce yourself upon the number of "good" pictures to be found among the four hundred features put out by Hollywood every twelve months to satisfy the demand for film entertainment of the American people.

As it applies to movies, the word "good" badly needs to be defined. The elements which constitute a "good" picture to Mr. Mochrie as a distributor are not necessarily those that appear "good" to Mr. Bosley Crowther of the *New York Times* or to Miss Iris Barry of the film library of the Museum of Modern Art; nor does the word "good" on Mr. Mochrie's lips carry all the artistic, moral, and social implications with which it was endowed by the gentlemen around *Life's* round-table at Arrowhead Springs. It was said there that "the best pictures are the ones that make money." How true is this?

Take any reputable list of the "best" Amer-

ican pictures. In their day, about half of them were unqualified financial successes. Some (e.g., "The Informer") were adequate. Others were catastrophic failures (e.g., acknowledged masterpieces like Murnau's "Sunrise" and Stroheim's "Greed").

Look at a trade-list of the highest grossing films of all time. Most of them, in one form or another, have the essential cinematic virtue of energy, but how many, by any standards except those of popular success, could possibly qualify as "good" pictures?

Finally consider the ten "best" pictures of 1949, as selected by that eminent body, the National Board of Review. They are, listed in order of preference:

"The Bicycle Thief"
 "The Quiet One"
 "Intruder in the Dust"
 "The Heiress"
 "Devil in the Flesh"
 "Quartet"
 "Germany Year Zero"
 "Home of the Brave"
 "Letter to Three Wives"
 "The Fallen Idol"

No one would seriously dispute the quality of this list, though anyone might feel inclined to make individual substitutions. Every one of these films is exceptional either in texture or in content. Collectively they are exceptional, too, in that any ordinary American theater-circuit which attempted to serve such a diet to its regular customers would go broke within six months. Three of these pictures are in foreign tongues; six contain no star known to the American public; five are "problem" pictures; six are tragic in content; only three, perhaps four, could possibly be counted on for substantial grosses.

By ordinary entertainment standards, the majority of these pictures were unacceptable. By regular commercial standards, their aggregate receipts were calamitous. Yet they *were* seen and appreciated by those audiences for whom they were intended and whose respective tastes they suited. They brought profit, not disaster, to the theaters where they were shown and, with two possible exceptions, to the producers who made them.

"The Quiet One" was made on a shoestring—and love. It was intended for a special audience and that is just what it got, but in

sufficient numbers to pay off. "Home of the Brave" is on a "controversial" subject; without a single recognizable name in the cast, it rang up big-time grosses all over the country. So, with stars, did "Letter to Three Wives" and "The Heiress." The three foreign-language movies played their own circuits, with "Bicycle Thief" doing good business and "Germany Year Zero" only moderate. "Quartet," in one single run in a medium-sized New York theater, took in almost half a million dollars and did equivalent business in selected houses the country over.

There are other recent instances of pictures that have collected substantial receipts from extended runs in small theaters. "Fallen Idol" is one; "Red Shoes" is another. This type of restricted release is the best method discovered, so far, for getting satisfactory returns on pictures that for one reason or another are unsuited to the bulk handling of routine distribution. Theater-managers who show between fifty and two hundred movies a year have neither the time nor the inclination to foster "special product," no matter how "good" it may be.

Consider how the movie career of William Shakespeare was revived. For years the Bard had been poison at the box office. First "Midsummer Night's Dream," then "Romeo and Juliet," though crammed with every goody in the Hollywood larder, were successful neither by critical nor commercial standards. Now, Laurence Olivier's two Shakespearian films have taken in, between them, several million dollars of American money—and this is only a beginning. Introduced with great critical fanfare, "Henry V" and "Hamlet" were shown under Theatre Guild auspices, following careful promotion, in appropriate communities and in specially selected houses. In almost every instance they played extended engagements to enthusiastic audiences and lured into the theaters large numbers of persons not ordinarily given to movie-going.

Though the total income achieved by such methods remains relatively small, its significance is magnified by the high average quality of the films involved and the disproportionate share of critical and conversational attention they have received. It remains marginal to the general flow of business, but it cannot be ignored. Together with the growing number of independent theaters which handle it, this

type of special release has become a minuscule but by no means negligible element of picture business—one that has advanced while the others have receded.

THERE is no inherent virtue in "special product." Not only is it harder to market, but it could be argued, on purely aesthetic grounds, that with the loss of its universality a movie also forfeits a part of its artistic potency. The movies are a medium of mass communication. There may be room for debate over the quality of the communication, but it is unwise to start defining or limiting the size of the mass.

Some of Hollywood's current difficulties are attributed, as we have seen, to its vain search for the "universal" picture. Those who advocate the abandonment of this quest seem to believe that, once rid of the incubus of the "twelve-year-old audience," the picture-maker will be free to create "adult" works of compelling power and iridescent beauty. For all its obvious allurements, this is a dangerous notion.

Just how dangerous it is may be judged from the following passage approvingly reprinted in a Hollywood trade paper. It sets forth the findings of Florence Parry, dramatic editor of the *Pittsburgh Press*, on her return from a recent motor trip through the American hinterland:

Never before had I such occasion to realize the great, important, life-saving place the movies play in the life of the people of these United States. . . . We in the densely populated and metropolitan areas of the East, are offered many diversions with which to fill our increasing "leisure." And it is easy for us to think of the movies in terms of our own tastes and needs. Nothing could work such a hardship upon the population of this country *as a whole* as to withdraw from production and general consumption the motion pictures designed to fit the capacities of the unnumbered millions who, denied the opportunities and benefits vouchsafed the favored minority, are receiving the very kind of entertainment they most enjoy *and need*. . . .

While the movies have improved tremendously since their first nickelodeon days, it must be remembered that the tastes and capacities of those millions for whom they

were originally designed have *not* improved in the same ratio. These human beings, numbering millions upon millions, still need the very kind of entertainment which the more favored elements of our movie population have since outgrown.

This is an ugly program—let the “favored minority” of big-city sophisticates continue to eat cake but go on baking plain bread for the sticks, where they can’t tell the difference—but it is also the *reductio ad absurdum* of all arguments for deliberate specialization within the mass media.

Some fragmentation is inevitable, of course. It is a natural step in the development of a medium which, by twentieth-century standards of growth, is no longer young; which no longer possesses a straightforward “universal” appeal or an audience to whom all movies are alike. The film is a wild, free thing no longer. Like all maturing organisms, it moves through stages of increasing complexity. One may yearn, on many counts, for the happy simplicity of Hollywood’s reckless pioneer days. They cannot be recaptured. The question asked here is whether, as this is

written, we may not already have drifted past the mid-point of the movies’ *second* phase—whether the vast, centrally-controlled mechanism of picture business is still the one best suited to cope with the changing and multiplying problems of the future.

“The overlords of the screen were proven to have lost their sensitivity to the unspoken desires of the mass. Blinded by their own vast empire, by the bricks and mortar of their temple-theaters, by the power of wealth and the adulation of sycophants, the motion-picture pioneers had grown cautious, fearful of endangering the solid position they so comfortably enjoyed.”

The condition so described by Benjamin Hampton is that of 1928, when sound was threatening to disrupt the film industry. In 1950, Hollywood is better prepared, but the challenge it has to meet is far more drastic. Then, it was a new dimension that was being added to an already-existing technique. Today, an entirely new medium is making its long-awaited entrance upon the entertainment scene.

Television, according to the latest advices, is here to stay.

(Next month, in his concluding article, Mr. Houseman will deal with the coming of television and its probable effects on the motion picture industry.—The Editors)

Accused and Accuser in Lilliput

THERE are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and, if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and, out of his goods or lands, the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he hath been at in making his defense. Or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor does also confer on him some public mark of his favor, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

—Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver’s Travels*, London, 1726

Two Boys on a Mountain

William O. Douglas

KLOOCHMAN Rock stands on the southern side of the Tieton Basin in the Cascade Mountains of the state of Washington. It is an oval-shaped lava rock, running lengthwise northwest by southeast a half-mile or more. It rises 3,000 feet above the basin. A third or more of its elevation is gained through gentle slopes of pine and fir. Next are a few hundred yards of tumbled rock. Then there is the cliff rising to the sky, 1,500 feet or more—straight as the Washington Monument and over twice as high.

It was in 1913, when my friend Douglas Corpron was nineteen and I was not quite fifteen, that the two of us climbed Kloochman. Walter Kohagen, Doug, and I were camped in the Tieton Basin at a soda spring. The basin was then in large part a vast rich bottom-land. We were traveling light, one blanket each. The night, I recall, was so bitter cold that we took turns refueling the campfire so that we could keep our backs warm enough to sleep. We rose at the first show of dawn, and cooked frying-pan bread and trout for breakfast. We had not planned to climb Kloochman, but somehow the challenge came to us as the sun touched her crest.

After breakfast we started circling the rock. There are fairly easy routes up Kloochman, but we shunned them. When we came to the southeast face (the one that never has been conquered, I believe) we chose it. Walter

decided not to make the climb, but to wait at the base of the cliff for Doug and me. We started in midmorning. By then the July day was warm and cloudless. Doug led. The beginning was easy. For one hundred feet or so we found ledges six to twelve inches wide we could follow to the left or right. Some ledges ran up the rock ten feet or more at a gentle grade. Others were merely steps to another ledge higher up. Thus by hugging the wall we could either ease ourselves upward or hoist ourselves from one ledge to another.

When we were about one hundred feet up the wall, the ledges became narrower and the footwork more precarious. Doug suggested we take off our shoes. This we did, tying them behind us on our belts. In stocking feet we wormed up the wall, clinging like flies to the dark rock. The pace was slow. We gingerly tested each toehold and fingerhold for loose rock before putting our weight on it. At times we had to inch along sidewise, our stomachs pressed tightly against the rock, in order to gain a point where we could reach the ledge above us. If we got on a ledge that turned out to be a cul-de-sac, the much more dangerous task of going down the rock wall would confront us. So we picked our route with care and weighed the advantages of several choices which frequently were given us. At times we could not climb easily from one ledge to another. The one above might be a

The associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States calls Yakima, Washington, his home town. His lifelong enthusiasm for climbing is recorded in his book to be published in April, Of Men and Mountains.

foot or so high. Then we would have to reach it with one knee, slowly bring the other knee up, and then, delicately balancing on both knees on the upper ledge, come slowly to our feet by pressing close to the wall and getting such purchase with our fingers as the lava rock permitted.

In that tortuous way we made perhaps eight hundred feet in two hours. It was late forenoon when we stopped to appraise our situation. We were in serious trouble. We had reached the feared cul-de-sac. The two-or three-inch ledge on which we stood ended. There seemed none above us within Doug's reach. I was longer-legged than Doug; so perhaps I could have reached some ledge with my fingers if I were ahead. But it was impossible to change positions on the wall. Doug was ahead and there he must stay. The problem was to find a way to get him up.

FEELING along the wall, Doug discovered a tiny groove into which he could press the tips of the fingers of his left hand. It might help him maintain balance as his weight began to shift from the lower ledge to the upper one. But there was within reach not even a lip of rock for his right hand. Just out of reach, however, was a substantial crevasse, one that would hold several men. How could Doug reach it? I could not boost him, for my own balance was insecure. Clearly, Doug would have to jump to reach it—and he would have but one jump. Since he was standing on a ledge only a few inches wide, he could not expect to jump for his handhold, miss it, and land safely. A slip meant he would go hurtling down some eight hundred feet onto the rocks. After much discussion and indecision, Doug decided to take the chance and go up.

He asked me to do him a favor. If he failed and fell, I might still make it, since I was longer-legged; would I give certain messages to his family in that event? I nodded.

"Then listen carefully. Try to remember my exact words," he told me. "Tell Mother that I love her dearly. Tell her I think she is the most wonderful person in the world. Tell her not to worry—that I did not suffer, that God willed it so. Tell Sister that I have been a mean little devil but I had no malice towards her. Tell Dad I was brave and died unafraid. Tell him I have always been very

proud of him, that some day I had planned to be a doctor too. Tell Mother, Sister, and Dad I prayed for them."

Every word burned into me. My heart was sick, my lips quivered. I pressed my face against the rock so that Doug could not see.

All was silent. A pebble fell from the ledge on which I was squeezed. I counted seconds before it hit below with a faint, faraway tinkling sound. Would Doug drop through the same space? Would I follow? When you fall eight hundred feet do you die before you hit the bottom? Closing my eyes, I asked God to help Doug up the wall.

In a second Doug said in a cheery voice, "Well, here goes."

A false bravado took hold of us. I said he could do it. He said he would. He wiped first one hand then the other on his trousers. He placed both palms against the wall, bent his knees slowly, paused a split second, and jumped straight up. It was not much of a jump—only six inches or so. But that jump by one pressed against a cliff eight hundred feet in the air had daredevil proportions. I held my breath; my heart pounded. The suspense was over at once. Doug made the jump, and in a second was hanging by two hands from a strong, wide ledge. There was no toehold; he would have to hoist himself by his arms alone. He did just that. His body went slowly up as if pulled by some unseen winch. Soon he had the weight of his body above the ledge and was resting on the palms of his hands. He then put his left knee on the ledge, rolled over on his side, and chuckled as he said: "Nothing to it."

A GREATER disappointment followed. Doug's exploration of the ledge showed he was in a final cul-de-sac. There was no way up. There was not even a higher ledge he could reach by jumping. We were now faced with the nightmare of going down the sheer rock wall. We could not go down frontwards because the ledges were too narrow and the wall too steep. We needed our toes, not our heels, on the rock; and we needed to have our stomachs pressed tightly against it. Then we could perhaps feel our way. But as every rock expert knows, descent of a cliff without ropes is often much more difficult than ascent.

That difficulty was impressed on us by the

first move. Doug had to leave the ledge he had reached by jumping. He dared not slide blindly to the skimpy ledge he had just left. I must help him. I must move up the wall and stand closer to him. Though I could not possibly hold his weight, I must exert sufficient pressure to slow up his descent and to direct his toe onto the narrow ledge from which he had just jumped.

I was hanging to the rock like a fly, twelve feet or more to Doug's left. So I inched my way toward him, first dropping to a lower ledge and then climbing to a higher one, using such footholds as the rock afforded and edging my way crabwise.

When I reached him I said, "I'll help."

Doug lowered himself and hung by his fingers full length. His feet were about six inches above the ledge from which he had jumped. He was now my responsibility. If he dropped without aid or direction he was gone. He could not catch and hold to the scanty ledge. I had little space for maneuvering. The surface on which I stood was not more than three inches wide. My left hand fortunately found an overhead crevasse that gave a solid anchor in case my feet slipped.

I placed my right hand in the small of Doug's back and pressed upward with all my might. "Now you can come," I said.

He let go gently, and the full weight of his body came against my arm. My arm trembled under the tension. My left hand hung onto the crack in the rock like a grappling hook. My stomach pressed against the wall as if to find mucilage in its pores. My toes dug in as I threw in every ounce of strength.

Down Doug came—a full inch. I couldn't help glancing down and seeing the rocks far below.

Down Doug moved another inch, then a third. My left hand seemed paralyzed. The muscles of my toes were aching. My right arm shook. I could not hold much longer.

Down came Doug a fourth inch. I thought he was headed for destruction. His feet would miss the only foothold within reach. I could not possibly hold him. He would plunge to his death because my arm was not strong enough to hold him. The messages he had given me for his family raced through my mind. And I saw myself, sick and ashamed, standing before them, testifying to my own inadequacy, repeating his last words.

I wanted to pray again but there was no time for it.

"Steady, Doug. The ledge is a foot to your right." He pawed the wall with the toes of his foot, searching.

"I can't find it. Don't let go. The only hold I have is with my left hand and it's not much."

The crisis was on us. Even if I had been safely anchored, my cramped position would have kept me from helping him much more. I felt helpless. In a few seconds I would reach the physical breaking point and Doug would go hurtling off the cliff. I did not see how I could keep him from slipping through and yet maintain my own balance.

I will never know how I did it. But I tapped some reserve and directed his right foot onto the ledge from which he had earlier jumped. I did it by standing for a moment on my left foot alone and then using my right leg as a rod to guide his right foot to the ledge his swinging feet had missed.

His toes grabbed the ledge as if they were the talons of a bird. My right leg swung back to my perch.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

"Yes," said Doug. "Good work."

My right arm fell from him, numb and paralyzed. I shook from exhaustion and for the first time noticed that my face was wet with perspiration. We stood against the rock in silence for several minutes, relaxing and regaining our composure.

Doug said: "Let's throw our shoes down. It will be easier going." So we untied them from our belt and dropped them to Walter Kohagen, who was waiting at the rock field below us.

Our descent was painfully slow but uneventful. We went down backwards, weaving a strange pattern across the face of the cliff as we moved from one side to the other. It was perhaps midafternoon when we reached the bottom, retrieved our shoes, and started around the other side of the rock. We left the southeast wall unconquered.

II

BUT, being young, we were determined to climb the rock. So once more we started to circle. When we came to the northwest wall, we selected it as our route.

Here, too, is a cliff rising 1,500 feet like some unfinished pyramid. But close examination shows numerous toe- and fingerholds that make the start at least fairly easy. So we set out with our shoes on.

When we were part way up the rock, for a while Doug and I were separated. I worked laterally along a ledge to the south, found easier going, and in a short time was two hundred feet or more up the rock wall. I was above Doug, twenty-five feet or more, and fifty feet to his right. We had been extremely careful to test each toe- and fingerhold before putting our trust in it. Kloochman is full of treacherous rock. We often discovered thin ledges that crumbled under pressure and showered handfuls of rock and dust down below. Perhaps I was careless; but whatever the cause, the thin ledge on which I was standing gave way.

As I felt it slip, I grabbed for a hold above me. The crevasse I seized was solid. But there I was, hanging by my hands two hundred feet in the air, my feet pawing the rock. To make matters worse, my camera had swung between me and the cliff when I slipped. It was a crude and clumsy instrument, a box type that I carried on a leather strap across my shoulders. Its hulk was actually pushing me from the cliff. I twisted in an endeavor to get rid of it, but it was firmly lodged between me and the wall.

I yelled to Doug for help. He at once started edging toward me. It seemed hours, though it was probably not over a few minutes. He shouted: "Hang on. I'll be there."

Hang on I did. My fingers ached beyond description. They were frozen to the rock. My exertion in pawing with my feet had added to the fatigue. The ache of my fingers extended to my wrists and then along my arms. I stopped thrashing and hung like a sack, motionless. Every second seemed a minute, every minute an hour. I did not see how I could possibly hold.

I would slip, I thought, slip to sure death. I could not look down because of my position. But in my mind's eye I saw in sharp outline the jagged rocks that seemed to pull me toward them. The camera kept pushing my fingers from the ledge. I felt them move. They began to give way before the pull of a force too great for flesh to resist.

Fright grew in me. The idea of hanging helpless two hundred feet above the abyss brought panic. I cried out to Doug but the words caught in my dry throat. I was like one in a nightmare who struggles to shout—who is then seized with a fear that promises to destroy him.

Then there flashed through my mind a family scene. Mother was sitting in the living room talking to me, telling me what a wonderful man Father was. She told me of his last illness and his death. She told me of his departure from Cleveland, Washington, to Portland, Oregon, for what proved to be a fatal operation. His last words to her were: "If I die, it will be glory. If I live, it will be grace."

The panic passed. The memory of those words restored reason. Glory to die? I could not understand why it would be glory to die. It would be glory to live. But as Father said, it might take grace to live, grace from One more powerful than either Doug or I.

And so again that day I prayed. I asked God to give me guts, to give me power to do the impossible.

My fingers were as numb as flesh that is full of Novocain. They seemed detached from me, as if they belonged to someone else. My wrists, my shoulders, cried out for respite from the pain. It would be such welcome relief if they could be released from the weight that was on them.

Hang on? You can't hang on. You are a weakling—puny. The weaklings die in the woods.

Puny, eh? I'll show you. Weakling? I'll show you. How long must I hang on? All day? Okay, it's all day then. I'll hang on, I'll hang on. By God, I'll hang on. Oh God, dear God, help me hang on!

I felt someone pushing my left foot upwards. It was Doug. As if through a dream his voice was saying, "Your feet are eighteen inches below your toehold." Doug found those toeholds for my feet.

I felt my shoes resting in solid cracks. I pulled myself up and rested on my elbows on the ledge to which my hands had been glued. I flexed my fingers and bent my wrists to bring life back.

Doug came up abreast of me and said, "We're even Stephen now."

"Even Stephen?"

"Today each of us has saved the other's life."

IT WAS shortly above the point where Doug saved my life that we discovered a classic path up Kloochman. It is a three-sided chimney chute, a few feet wide, that leads almost to the top. There are several small chutes on Kloochman. In later years Cragg Gilbert and Louis Ulrich went up Devil's Chimney on the northeast face in a seven-hour, nerve-racking climb with ropes. Clarence Truitt and many others have gone up the chimney chute that Doug and I discovered. Then as now this chute was filled with loose rock that had to be cleared away. To negotiate the chute we took off our shoes and tied them to our belts. We climbed the chute in stocking feet, pressing our hands and feet against the opposing walls as we kept our backs to the abyss below us. This day we went up the chute with ease, stopping every eight feet or so to measure our progress.

The sun was setting when we reached the top. We were gay and buoyant. We talked about the glories of the scene in front of us. We bragged a bit about our skill in rock work—how we must be part mountain goat to have reached the top. We shouted and hallooed to the empty meadows far below us.

On Kloochman Rock that July afternoon both Doug and I valued life more because death had passed so close. It was wonderful to be alive, breathing, using our muscles, shouting, seeing.

We stayed briefly at the top. We went down as we came up, in stocking feet. We raced against darkness, propelled by the thought of spending the night on Kloochman's treacherous wall.

It was deep dusk when we rejoined Walter on the rock fields at the base.

III

I CLIMBED Kloochman again in the summer of 1948. This time my steps were more cautious and measured than they had been in 1913. There was less dash, less abandon in this adult ascent. I took my ease, feeling my way with care. But the memories of the earlier trip were still fresh in my mind as if it had happened only the previous week instead of thirty-five years ago.

As I climbed, I realized how conservative man becomes in his physical endeavors as he passes his thirties. I was not thinking of wind or stamina, for mine were both good. I was thinking of the subtle forces that control the reflexes. It struck home why only young men make good fighter pilots—how it is that age fast takes the daredevil out of man. There was a thrill in this adult climb, but the reckless, carefree attitude of the earlier day had gone.

Yet I relived the experience of 1913. All the sensations of the earlier trip returned to me. There was the trembling excitement of the start. Doug's messages to his family raced once more through my mind, as if he had just uttered them. I saw Doug make his jump up the side of the cliff while he was eight hundred feet in the air. I saw him hanging on the ledge, doomed to die. I felt the weight of his body against my arm. I felt myself slipping slowly from the rock to destruction. It seemed once more that demons were pulling at my feet with a power too great for flesh and blood to resist. Once again little vestiges of the old fear passed through me.

Those, however, were fleeting sensations. When I came to the top a sense of calm came over me, a deep peace. I knew now what a boy could not know, that fear of death was the compound of all other fears. I knew that long years ago I had begun to shed on Kloochman's walls the great, overpowering fear. Kloochman became for me that day a symbol of adversity and challenge—of the forces that have drawn from man his greatest spiritual and physical achievements.

Voltaire said that "History is the sound of heavy boots going upstairs and the rustle of satin slippers coming down." This country fortunately is still in the "heavy boots" stage of history. That is a stage of a nation's life that is often marked by the tramp of the boots of armies bent on conquest. It is usually evidenced by robust attitudes. But those attitudes can be expressed in ways less destructive than war. The growth of society, as Arnold Toynbee shows, is the successful response to challenge. The challenge may be the existence of some form of slavery, the poverty of a desert, the rigors of mountains, or a war. When the challenge is met and the goal achieved, there is a tremendous impetus for growth. A powerful energizing force is let

loose that produces men and ideas that are dynamic.

This country is in that stage of growth. It is not bent on military conquest as were most of the countries which have sent armies across continents and oceans. In the realm of physical forces this nation is bent on the conquest of angry rivers, unproductive wastelands, erosion, the atom. In the realm of human relations it is bent on conquest of poverty and disease, high prices and scarcity, industrial injustice, racial prejudices, and the virus of political ideologies that would corrode and destroy the values of Western civilization.

These are powerful challenges. The issues that challenge this generation call for bold and daring action. They demand men who live dangerously—men who place adventure ahead of security, men who would trade the

comfort of today for the chance of scaling a new peak of progress tomorrow. Men of the plains have had the experience in the trackless blizzards that sweep in from the north. Those who go out in boats from Gloucester have known it in another form. The mountains that traverse this country offer still a different way, and one that for many is the most exciting of all. The mountains can be reached in all seasons. They offer a fighting challenge to heart, soul, and mind, both in summer and winter. A people who climb the ridges and sleep under the stars in high mountain meadows, who enter the forest and scale the peaks, who explore glaciers and walk ridges buried deep in snow—these people will give their country some of the indomitable spirit of the mountains.

I climbed down the cliff, cleared the rocks below, and entered the dark woods.

Justice Douglas—Present Phase



Sketched from life by Oscar Berger

A Cataclysm Threatens California

Alfred M. Cooper

SINCE 1935 a series of events has set the stage for the inundation of three million acres of Southern California's best farm land and the destruction of twenty-five towns and villages in Imperial and Coachella Valleys.

Irresistible forces of nature have joined with titanic man-made formations to make possible a catastrophe compared to which the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906 will be remembered as but a matter of brief inconvenience. Yet the San Francisco disaster continues to rank as the greatest calamity ever to be visited upon any area within these United States. West Coast scientists do not question the likelihood of this impending cataclysm; they differ chiefly in their estimates as to *when* the event will occur.

Here is a résumé of the series of events which has resulted in a threat to the lives of a hundred thousand Californians and the flooding of two great agricultural valleys.

FOR millions of years the Colorado River has accumulated an enormous load of silt during its passage from the Rocky Mountains through seven Western states. Until recently, most of this earth-in-suspension has been deposited at the river's delta in Mexico, where the Colorado empties into the Gulf of California.

Throughout the ages this deposit of billions of tons of silt has contrived to counterbalance the enormous natural erosion in that barren

area south of the border, replacing eroded earth with fresh silt brought down from the north. *In 1930, before Hoover Dam was built, studies carried out at Yuma, Arizona, proved that an average of 500,000 tons of silt passed that city every day of the year, bound for the delta of the Colorado.* The Colorado River, because of the nature of the terrain through which it flows, normally carried six times as much silt as the Mississippi.

In recorded history, the Colorado has maintained a silt barrier between the Gulf of California and the immensely fertile valleys of Southern California. This natural dike at no point ever has exceeded 28 feet in height, and at present measures less than 15 feet above sea level at its lowest and most vulnerable point. Until recently the barrier was 50 miles thick, but today most of its surface is covered with a below-sea-level salt-water lagoon, already larger than California's Salton Sea, and steadily increasing in area.

DURING the 1930's the Colorado River was "harnessed" by man. The great barrier of Hoover Dam was thrown across Boulder Canyon. Then, 200 miles to the southward, Parker Dam was erected, and Colorado River water was brought to the coastal cities of Southern California by means of a great cross-state aqueduct.

Throughout the 1940's the work of taming the Colorado has continued. Additional dams have been built across the river far to the

Trained in the Western Electric Engineering School, Mr. Cooper was a consultant in industrial training at the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power when the Hoover Dam was under construction.

south, close to the Mexican border, and yet further artificial lakes have been developed in which to impound water for irrigation and electric power generation.

3 RECENTLY it has become evident that, in harnessing the Colorado, something vital has been left out of the engineers' careful computations. This something is the effect of all this man-made activity upon that low silt barrier which stands between the head of the Gulf of California and the below-sea-level areas of Imperial and Coachella Valleys in Southern California.

As of today, tests show that only a bare trace of silt passes Yuma in the Colorado, and it thus becomes obvious that the delta of that great river no longer receives reinforcement from any source. The half-million daily tons of silt which were essential to preserve the status quo of the barrier between the great arm of the Pacific Ocean and the Imperial Valley of Southern California are today impounded behind dams to the northward and no longer reach the river's mouth.

4 A FURTHER factor threatening the existence of Imperial and Coachella Valleys is the great tidal bore at the head of the Gulf of California. This tidal bore, the largest and most powerful in the Pacific Ocean, twice daily throws a tidal wave against the silt barrier at the mouth of the Colorado. According to the Hydrographic Office of the Navy, the tidal range at this point averages 33 feet and, with a favorable wind from southward, frequently attains to 50 feet.

Twice each day, then, it has been noted that the incoming tidal wave strikes the silt barrier below the border, bites off vast quantities of terra firma, and retires with this silt into the precipitous depths of the Gulf of California. Almost at once this remarkable Gulf shelves off to a depth of 1,000 feet; at its mouth, 700 miles to southward, it is 11,000 feet deep. Therefore, any silt carried back by the receding tidal wave dis-

appears forever so far as the protective silt barrier is concerned.

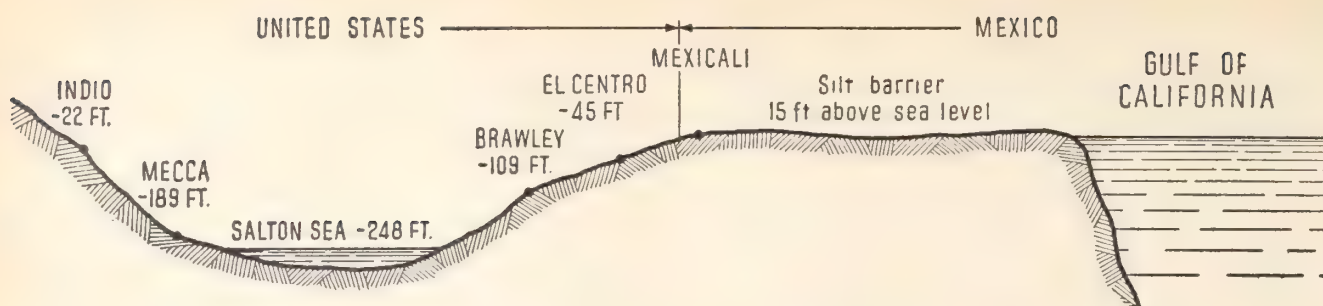
In 1940 the head of the Gulf was found to have moved 18 miles northward of its location at the time Hoover Dam was completed. To-day, nearly a decade later, the silt barrier continues to melt away, and all vegetation along this crumbling natural dike has been destroyed by the action of salt water. The great salt lagoon, known as Laguna Salada, covers each year more of the earth-dike which separates the Gulf of California from Imperial Valley.

Ever since the days of the early Spaniards, the head of the Gulf of California has remained something of a mystery to scientists and explorers alike. The tidal bore, the shifting shoals, the likelihood of sudden storms, have made navigation of the upper waters of this Gulf a hazardous matter. Because of the nature of the desolate, arid terrain and its lack of any passable highway, only rarely have scientists from the United States made the overland trek to the delta of the Colorado. Even today, our Navy Hydrographic Office calls the attention of mariners to the shifting topography of this area, and warns that existing charts of the region may not be accurate.

In 1940, a New York yachtsman (his name was Randolph Leigh) entered the Gulf in his



The delta of the Colorado is on Mexican soil.



Twice each day the incoming tidal wave strikes the silt barrier, bites off vast quantities of terra firma, and retires into the Gulf of California.

schooner and proceeded by easy stages to a point near the mouth of the Colorado, where he anchored. Then, partly as a stunt and partly because he had begun to wonder about the identical matters we are now discussing, Leigh waited for the arrival of the tidal wave, shoved off in his dinghy, and rode just behind its crest, surf-board fashion, for miles into the beach. Here he witnessed the erosive action of the wall of water.

In *Forgotten Waters*, published the following year, Leigh related his experiences in the upper regions of the Gulf of California and, being an intelligent observer, pointed out the catastrophic relationship existing between the silt barrier, the water of the Gulf, and that great area of Southern California which lies below sea level north of the low silt barrier.

During the past year, an additional disturbing factor has received much attention within West Coast scientific circles. Briefly, this new element may be summed up as follows:

5 THE great San Andreas geologic fault, a crack in the rock of the earth's surface, runs northwest to southeast for 600 miles from the San Francisco Bay region toward the neighborhood of the mouth of the Colorado River. Since 1906, no earthquake approaching in violence the San Francisco upheaval of that year has occurred along this fault. In 1925 a fairly severe quake rocked Santa Barbara, and in 1933 an earth-shock at Long Beach was occasioned by movement of a minor fissure not connected with the San Andreas fault. Each of these quakes is estimated to have released but one-thousandth of the energy unleashed by the San Francisco earthquake of 1906.

In 1904 a minor quake in this region permitted sufficient seepage to occur from the

Gulf into Imperial County in Southern California to create the salt sink which has become known as the Salton Sea. The bed of this sink is 248 feet below sea level.

In 1940 the San Andreas fault once more shifted, for the first time since the San Francisco earthquake—this time at its southern extremity. The California towns of Brawley and El Centro suffered great property damage and some loss of life, despite the fact that this earth-shock was not one of major intensity. Nevertheless, in the 1940 earthquake, a section of the silt barrier at the Colorado's delta was shifted horizontally a distance of 15 feet. If this movement had happened to be vertical, the 15-foot silt barrier separating the Gulf of California from the California valleys of Imperial and Coachella could no longer have remained intact.

Ever since any records have been kept (for a period of more than 200 years) a disastrous earthquake has occurred along the great San Andreas fault every thirty or forty years. For more than a decade seismologists have warned that a major earthquake, of the intensity of the San Francisco shock of 1906, may happen at any time. Not one of these authorities will go on record as forecasting an earthquake for any day or year; on the other hand, all agree that such a disastrous movement of the San Andreas fault might occur tomorrow.

Whether or not such an earth movement ever occurs, however, the erosion caused by the great tidal bore, aided by torrential winter rains, rapidly continues. Stripped of protecting vegetation, it is but a question of time until the low earth barrier, no longer reinforced by silt from the harnessed Colorado, must be sufficiently dissipated to permit the waters of the Gulf of California to flood Imperial Valley.

It is also true, as skilled observers have pointed out, that actual inundation of Imperial and Coachella Valleys may occur long before the silt barrier in question is wholly destroyed by erosion. This could happen whenever the waters of the Gulf reach a point at which underground seepage into Imperial Valley would take place on a large scale *and, as of today, nobody knows exactly where that breakdown point is located.*

Any opening, above or below the surface, that would permit the flow of ocean water into the low valleys of California must rapidly widen until, within a matter of hours, the silt barrier will fail to function as a dike. The Gulf of California will then swiftly reclaim all of its ancient bed in the lower region of Southern California. The head of this Gulf will then lie somewhat north of where the town of Indio now stands, 100 miles north of the Mexican border, and its eastern and western shores will extend far into California, bordered by the mountain ranges to the west and the above-sea-level ground around Yuma to the east.

The property loss from such a calamity will result in the certain destruction of more than three million acres (including some of the most valuable farm land in the United States), together with the annihilation of a score of small cities and towns. The extent of the loss of life would depend upon whether or not the inhabitants of the region could be accorded sufficient official advance warning of the imminent inundation—and the degree to which these residents heeded admonitions to evacuate the sub-sea-level areas. Traditionally, it has been found difficult to persuade the residents of any flood-threatened area to abandon their homes.

6 THE divisional headquarters of the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation (the governmental agency in charge of all dams, irrigation projects, and electric power generation activity along the Colorado River) is located at

Las Vegas. In response to a recent query from the writer regarding the present condition of the silt barrier at the mouth of this river, a letter from the head of this divisional office stated: (a) that two government engineers had recently been flown over the barrier and could observe no evidence of seepage; (b) that no works were in progress or contemplated to reinforce this barrier against natural erosion or earthquake shock; and (c) that in any case, the responsibility for any conceivable catastrophe resulting from the carrying away of this silt barrier at the mouth of the Colorado must be borne by the Republic of Mexico, for the reason that the delta of the Colorado River is situated on Mexican soil.

Since the United States built the Colorado dams without consulting Mexico, it is difficult to see how we can place the blame for any catastrophe that may result on our sister republic to the south. Nor is Mexico particularly concerned about this situation. Her immediate interest lies in the practicability of dredging a ship canal that will connect her border town of Mexicali with the Pacific—an engineering feat, incidentally, fraught with great peril to Imperial and Coachella Valleys, since Mexicali is itself north of the silt barrier and below sea level.

Engineers are in accord to this extent: that the erection of an earthquake-proof concrete levee one hundred miles in length is called for if the waters of the Gulf of California are to be permanently contained south of the border. Such a dike must also be capable of withstanding the continuous pounding of the greatest tidal bore in the Pacific. As matters now stand, we have no assurance that Mexico would permit the building of such a wall of masonry on her soil; there also exists doubt that such an elongated dam can be successfully constructed.

At this writing the odds appear to favor the Gulf of California in its race against time. If the Gulf wins, it will claim its old bed 100 miles north from the international border.

Those Lovely Figures

C. Hartley Grattan

OF THE many kinds of madness that afflict our age none is more curious and remarkable than the universal passion for figures. We live in a wilderness of statistical magnitudes, lurching onward from millions to billions to trillions, fortifying our illusions and giving reality to our fears with charts and tables, graphs and equations. The fate of the nation turns upon the correct juxtaposition of figures for this, that, and the other—prices, wages, consumption, investment—and woe betide us if they get too far out of whack and the economic machine fails to grind out a figure for gross national product able readily to contain satisfactory lesser figures in its belly. The world hangs anxiously on the figures for this nation's industrial production, that nation's gold and dollar reserves, the other nation's election returns. Tovarish I. Pisarev sententiously informs us that in the land of the Soviets statistics have become a weapon in the fight for socialism and communism; and in his speech celebrating the thirty-second anniversary of the Russian revolution, Tovarish Malenkov fires off one barrage of figures to celebrate Stalin's greatness and another designed to demonstrate the imminent confusion of his mortal enemies. If once the fate of the world turned on the shape of Cleopatra's nose, now it is believed to depend upon the number and magnitude of the digits at the foot of a mimeographed table handed to the press by an "offi-

cial spokesman" of a bureau in Washington.

We Americans are the greatest figure-mongers of them all. Somehow related to our weakness for glorying in the vastness of our country and its man-made impedimenta, we have had, from the beginning of our history, what Francis A. Walker called six decades ago a "strong passion for statistics." That was and is a notable understatement. We took our first national census as early as 1790 and in 1806 one Samuel Blodgett, Jr., issued a volume in which he included estimates of the national wealth annually back to 1774. Haphazardly, as well as systematically, statistics on an incredibly wide variety of subjects have been collected from time to time down the years; and while the modern statistician with his need for comparable figures in time series stretching as far back as possible into the past may shudder at the crazy discontinuities and be appalled by the technical inadequacy of some of the counting, he nevertheless has a "lot to go on" and he goes a lot on it. Recently an effort was made to put the amazing American statistical gold mine at the disposal of all and sundry in the form of a portable book called *Historical Statistics of the United States 1789-1945*. As O. Henry said of the dictionary, it is very interesting but rather disconnected. From it you can learn profundities and what appear to be wonderful irrelevancies—I say "appear to be" because in statistics one man's

Mr. Grattan's interpretive use of statistics has been demonstrated in some of his books and many of his articles, including that much-quoted piece in Harper's a year ago, "What the War Cost."

nonsense can be another man's saving wisdom
—as for example:

(1) That in 1799 our national wealth was \$2,350,500,000 (or a trifle better than half the value of the assets of the National City Bank on December 31, 1949) and our national income (total private production only) was \$668 millions.

(2) That between 1910 and 1937 the highest tenth of income recipients increased their share of the national income by only one-half of one per cent.

(3) That in 1610 there were exactly 210 people in the continental colonies and in 1940 there were 131,669,275 in the continental United States. (Lately government statisticians forecast there would be 188,500,000 in 1975.)

(4) That in 1820 one lone Chinese and one lone Mexican entered the United States as immigrants. Are their descendants still with us?

(5) That in 1945 the United States killed no whales, which was certainly a break for the whales.

(6) That in 1822, in a burst of reckless extravagance, the federal government spent exactly \$1,000 on public buildings.

(7) That with 1899 as 100, the index of manufacturing production stood in 1939 at 374.

(8) That 8,000 automobiles were registered in 1900 and 4,192 were built.

(9) That with 1913 as 100, general prices stood at 93.6 in 1796 and 154 in 1938.

(10) That merchandise exports were \$20,205,000 in 1790 and \$14,258,702,000 in 1944.

(11) That 189,000,000 shares were sold on the New York Stock Exchange in 1900; 1,125,000,000 in 1929; and 378,000,000 in 1945.

(12) That the largest Communist vote in a presidential election was William Z. Foster's 102,785 in 1932, which puts the current alarums in an odd perspective.

(13) That in the first Congress under President George Washington the administration had a majority of 12 in the House and 8 in the Senate.

(14) That this nation has paid interest on a public debt continuously since 1791, save for the years 1836 and 1837. The smallest annual payment was \$14,997 in 1838. The largest so far is that for the current year, but the future of this item looks very bright.

These citations are of the nature of those "fillers" one finds scattered through some of the small newspapers. The eye idly wandering over the pages of *Historical Statistics* picks them up and the hand sets them down. They are, for a moment of vacancy, interesting, just as it is interesting to know that the latest issue of the Manhattan Telephone Directory would, if lined up that way, fill a bookshelf extending from mid-town to Port Chester, New York, or, if the books were spread out, would cover thirteen acres. But if the statisticians had nothing better to offer than odd items they would be well advised to duck and run. Maybe they ought to anyway.

II

THERE was a time when there were no statisticians—and it was not so very long ago either. To be sure Pythagoras, the ancient Greek reformer and mathematician, is thought to have believed in the supernatural qualities of numbers, but the title of "father of statistics" is usually granted to John Graunt, an Englishman, who was born in 1620 and died in 1674. Son of a London draper, he was apprenticed to a haberdasher, achieved wealth, and then concerned himself with figures. In 1662 he published *Natural and Political Observations Made upon the Bills of Mortality*, and on it his claim to fame is based. For it he was elected to the Royal Society. Graunt's particular contribution was to use the figures for deaths to arrive inductively at valid conclusions about expectations of mortality. Those modern statisticians who work on population problems, or do the work of life insurance companies, are in the purest statistical tradition. This concern with vital statistics was originally called political arithmetic, apparently because governments had a particular interest in the size, composition, and other characteristics of the population they served, and at that time what we now call statistics was what we now call political science. It was concerned, according to a definition of 1770, with "the political arrangement" of states.

The uncertainty as to what was statistics and what political science continued well into the nineteenth century. About the middle of the century, however, the emphasis fell increasingly on numbers and the term statistics

was more and more commonly used to designate a concern with numbers. The Statistical Society of London was formed in 1834 and the American Statistical Society in 1838. But as late as 1869 a German statistician announced that he had collected 180 definitions of what statistics was supposed to be, which implies considerable confusion. However before the century was out it was commonly understood that statistics referred to figures or numbers and that a statistician was a man whose job it was to gather and order figures, especially those valuable in running a government. One then became a statistician, it would appear, less by deliberate choice and systematic training, than by accident. Lemuel Shattuck (1793-1859), an early hero of American statistics, was successively a school teacher, a bookseller, and a publisher before he got into statistics and reformed the registration of births, marriages, and deaths in Massachusetts and went on to run the United States census of 1850.

Most of the early statisticians of fame were famous in some other line. Adolphe Quetelet, the Belgian leader in the field, was an astronomer. Indeed down to our own time it appears to be rare and hard for a man to win renown as a statistician and statistician only. The prodigies of statistical research are performed by economists or astronomers or demographers or what have you. The day-labor in the field is done by skilled or semi-skilled clerks operating calculating or punch-card or other machines or, in the latest refinement, technicians running differential analyzers, automatic sequence-controlled calculators, and other contrivances that can rightly be called giant mechanical brains. These monstrous mechanisms, which provoke even an expert on them like Edmund Callis Berkeley to recall Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and Capek's *R.U.R.*, grew out of the realization that statistics would fray out at the edges if some machine for calculation less limited than the human brain were not quickly brought into the picture. Now that these machines are here the sky is the limit on what can be done with the figures and everybody is very much pleased.

AS REMARKED, the Americans are great on statistics—in fact they lead the world in collecting and publishing figures;

and if the world remains ignorant of the figures about us and our doings, the fault is not ours. No country, in any case, is better supplied with them. The figure fanciers of other nations look at our statistics with envy, a state of emotion that has its ironic twist. For those who envy us most heartily are often those who are dedicated to the idea of a centrally planned economy. In theory, to run such an economy requires that a nation's statistics be exhaustive and first-class. Yet the absence of figures of the requisite quantity and quality does not stop a passionate theoretician from advocating his plan or from making exceedingly dogmatic criticisms of public policies which really should be made only after a careful study of figures. We thus can enjoy the paradox that ardent foreign planners envy the United States its elaborate statistics—which the Americans obstinately do not use for the ends the planners have in mind—meanwhile going right ahead with their plans without the figures they know very well they need.

Take the case of Mr. T. Balogh, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, widely known in the economics trade simply as "Tommy" Balogh. Mr. Balogh is one of the most terrible-tempered planners at large in the world today. In his lately published book, *Dollar Crisis, Causes and Cure*, he bangs away at the Labor government of Britain because its planning is woefully timid, absurdly limited, and in excruciatingly important respects vitiated by too obvious concessions to those dreadful fellows, the non-planners. Mr. Balogh *knows* what should be done to make Britain great by planning, but he knows in the absence of those statistics he and his kind regard as indispensable to national economic management. He looks across the Atlantic at us and says:

... the continued failure [of the United Kingdom government] to secure up-to-date information on a vast range of strategically vital points of the economic system must be regarded as an odd reflection on a government pledged to full employment and a planned maximization of the national effort. . . . A comparison with the Economic Report of the President of the United States to Congress invites comment. The statistical tables accompanying that report occupy more space than the whole of the British Survey. Not only are the figures for

the national income and output as well as its constituent parts available quarterly in the United States, with a lag of less than a month for a preliminary estimate . . . but detailed information was given on productivity, stocks, retail and wholesale trade, of which little is known in Britain.

And so on. But the tribute is, of course, more than slightly tinged with regret that the Americans do not, in spite of all, plan—least of all in Mr. Balogh's sense.

III

THE heartland of the great American statistical empire is the federal government's statistical service. In mid-1948 about 10,385 employees in federal civilian agencies were engaged in statistical work and it was costing about 42 million dollars a year to keep them at it. The armed services also maintain statisticians of unknown number and cost. The trend is upward for workers and expense. The government's statistical agencies fall into three broad groups: "primarily public purpose collection," or agencies that gather figures under direction of law as their primary function; "primarily analysis and service," or agencies that chiefly try to find out what figures already collected mean and aim to supply them to all able to make use of them and the derived meanings; and "primarily administrative and regulatory," or agencies whose statistics are a valuable but incidental by-product.

The three largest (in terms of number of employees) are the Bureau of Census (2,543), the Bureau of Agricultural Economics (1,230), and the Bureau of Labor Statistics (1,006). All these are "public purpose collection agencies."

The "administrative and regulatory" agencies together run up the next largest total of employees, but in this group no single outfit has as many as 1,000 statistical employees and over half of them have less than 100 each. The group includes such well-known organizations as the Bureau of Internal Revenue and the Weather Bureau. The "analysis and service" agencies have less than 1,000 employees altogether but their statistics, or rather the statistics they issue, for they "process" other people's, are among the best known to the consuming public. In this group

we find the Division of Research and Statistics of the Federal Reserve Board (90 statisticians) and the Council of Economic Advisers (42 statisticians). The latter's statistics, so fervently admired by Mr. Balogh, are really other people's statistics "processed" to meet the Council's needs.

Obviously it takes far fewer people to wring meaning from statistics than to gather them in the first place and there is no correspondence between the number of employees of an agency classified as having statistical functions and the significance of its work. A vitally important statistical agency like the National Income Division of the Office of Business Economics has only a handful of employees. Exercising very general supervision over the federal statistical agencies is the Division of Statistical Standards in the Bureau of the Budget (66 employees), and in the National Bureau of Standards there are five persons laboring in a Statistical Engineering Laboratory on statistical methods.

Recently Frederick C. Mills and Clarence D. Long conducted an inquiry into the federal statistical agencies for the Hoover Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government. Among the many fascinating things Messrs. Mills and Long reported, none is more revelatory of American methods than the fact that our wealth in statistics is an utterly unplanned boon. Nobody consciously aimed at any such result. The various statistical agencies usually rest on their own individual statutory authority, which was laid down without regard to authorizations existing or possibly to come. Each gets its money, not as a unit in a carefully planned statistical service, but as part of the department or other agency of which it is a unit. There is no appropriation for federal statistical services as such. In fact, the great statistical apparatus is rarely viewed as a whole. The Mills-Long report, which does just that, is therefore a most important document and if you want to learn the ins-and-outs of the federal statistical service, together with sensible recommendations for improvements, it is the book you should read.

The strong temptation to dwell on its facts here must be resisted. Rather I should like to confine myself to two points of general interest: first, that large as the federal statistical service is, it must draw upon outside private

agencies in an effort to make the figures more nearly comprehensive; and second, that when everything available is corralled, the richest statistical output in the world suffers notable gaps.

THE first point can be dealt with shortly. If you will look at the Bibliography of Sources of Statistical Data in the back of the *Statistical Abstract of the United States* you will find listed the government sources and also the National Fertilizer Association, Dow Jones & Company, McGraw-Hill, the National Bureau of Economic Research, the National Industrial Conference Board, Fairchild Publications, the American Prison Association, Best's Insurance Reports, the Committee on Statistics and Origin of Fires of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, the American Iron and Steel Institute, and a host of other private agencies which assemble statistics within the field of their special interests. The great reservoir of American statistics is fed by many streams other than the federal river.

The reverse of the medal is the matter of gaps, or things of a statistical nature not currently studied or not studied systematically enough. From a fairly long list I select a few:

Distribution of income and of savings available for expenditures by geographic areas and income brackets

Geographic differences in employment trends and unemployment rates

Adequate productivity data

Adequate inventory statistics

Division of wages into union and non-union

Plainly we know something about these things, but various people would find it useful to know more. There never will be a time when it will not be useful to know more—to have more and better figures. As our figure-mindedness increases, more and more gaps will be filled up, to the delight of the nobility and gentry.

The existence of gaps should not cause us to forget that our gaps are narrow indeed compared to those of other people. The richness of the figures freely available to all in the United States is beyond question. Some published figures, to be sure, may inspire legitimate skepticism; Messrs. Mills and Long

admit that not everybody is able to take all the government figures as gospel. Yet by and large the figures are pretty good and there is probably more room to argue over interpretations of figures than over the figures themselves. For, of course, agreement on the figures does not guarantee agreement on what the figures mean, even as between persons of identical social or economic philosophy. No system of interpretation, inductive or deductive, has yet been invented that satisfies everybody and the chances are poor that any ever will. The thing to do is to publish the figures and let the battle over meaning rage. This the United States government and innumerable private agencies are committed to doing; and tomorrow even more figures are pretty certain to be offered to those to whom they are meat and drink.

IV

IN VIVID contrast to the United States there is a country also very well known in the world that systematically conceals the figures about itself. That country is the U. S. S. R. Russian words are in chronic oversupply on the market, but Russian figures are in such short supply that those who must deal in them spend endless time searching for them. Once found and scrutinized for quality they are carefully fitted together with previously gathered figures in an effort to build a meaningful picture of the Russian economy, much as one labors over a jigsaw puzzle. However, there is no model picture on the box and the crucial pieces are invariably missing. Both the model picture and the crucial pieces are purposely withheld. This is deliberately done to confuse "the enemy," a remarkable tribute in reverse to the power of figures in the contemporary world.

The situation gets worse as time passes. Many things the Russians now conceal were once openly reported. The decree of June 9, 1947, issued by the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, entitled "On Responsibility for Divulging Information of Economic Nature Which Is Classified as a Secret of State," widens the scope of secrecy and increases the penalties for violations. Among other things the Russians now classify as state secrets statistics that directly reveal anything concrete about actual production, consumption, cost

of living (including individual and family budgets), health, employment (about which Russian figures oddly enough have long been incomplete in any case), and even population. By failing to provide price indices (which were dropped as long ago as 1931) and then giving out some figures at current prices and others at what are alleged to be 1926-27 prices, the Russians enjoy the appearance of telling the world something when actually they are telling it precious little. Budget figures, for example, are given out at current prices, but national income figures are in 1926-27 prices. In the absence of a price index it is impossible to use these figures to determine what proportion of the national income is being redistributed through the budget, a very important point about Russia. For the same reason it is impossible to take the budget figures and relate them to national income figures with a view to arriving at conclusions about the structure of the national economy.

The Russians, by holding back crucially important figures, while handing out statistics that on first inspection seem to be rather important, aim to hook suckers while preventing astute observers from learning anything worth knowing. That is why so many Russian figures are percentages. These percentages, usually advertised as upward changes in, say, production, are offered without the bases from which they are calculated. Thus if production of automobiles is allegedly up 10 per cent in 1949 over 1948 and the 1948 figure for cars actually made is nowhere to be found, we are really told nothing whatever. The Russians use figures to tell us similar nothings all the time.

Lacking the detailed figures, students of the Russian economy are driven to all kinds of improvisations in their effort to understand what is going on. Clever as they are, they cannot hope to attain anything resembling precision; and it is noticeable that they rarely achieve agreement among themselves. I have lately been reading some studies of the Russian national income, made by foreign students, and I found the disagreements very striking. For example, the Australian scholar Colin Clark recently published an elaborate calculation in his personal journal, *Review of Economic Progress*, covering the Russian national income in recent years, and compared

his results with those of an American, Professor Julius Wyler. Here are the results, expressed in Clark's "International Units" (an I.U. is "the quantity of goods and services exchangeable for one dollar over the average of the years 1929-34"):

	Clark	Wyler
1928	18.3	22.04
1934	16.2	28.4
1937	23.1 (1938)	41.1
1940	27.6	49

Clark also cites Dr. Paul A. Baran as estimating the 1937 Soviet national income as 28.9 billion dollars, or 26.7 billion I.U., thus giving a third figure in that line. Obviously these figures are of limited use to the wayfarer of statistics. The discrepancies are sufficiently great to arouse his skepticism. But understanding Russia is such a vitally important matter that the experts go right on working over the figures the Russians do let slip, hoping that one day they will solve some long-standing puzzle.

IF THE tremendous volume of statistics poured freely out in the United States is one indication of the importance of "the figures" in the contemporary world, Russia's systematic concealment of her figures is another, and the struggle of Western experts to penetrate the statistical iron curtain is still a third. Any way you look at them, statistics are cock of the walk.

"The world today," writes the Englishman George Schwartz, "is an oyster for the man who will vouch for the estimate that the grain consumption of the United Kingdom in 1952 will be 7,674,000 metric tons, and that the tertiary production requirements of the Yugoslavia of 1960 will embrace 2,345 dry-cleaning establishments. These experts pass like night from land to land. Washington, London, Paris, and Geneva are their footstools and the five continents their washpot, while the non-worshipper of Baal decays in his non-priority wilderness." Canning once said, "Nothing is so fallacious as facts, except figures." Canning died in 1827. Today we are all Pythagoreans and Canning's witticism is but an ancient blasphemy, best forgotten. Give us the figures and let the heathen rage.

China in the Long Haul

Nathaniel Peffer

THERE has been no doubt a great deal of unwarranted hysteria about the extension of communism to China and the presumable threat to America, but nevertheless it can be said without melodrama that something historic has happened in Asia and that this is perhaps the most significant and lasting change wrought by the second world war. What cannot be said with any certainty, however, unless one is driven only by the emotions, is just what this will mean for China, for the whole of the Far East, and for America.

Stripped of prejudice, preconception, and special pleading for domestic political advantage, this reduces to three questions:

First, can the communists be any more successful in solving China's fundamental internal social problems than their predecessors over the past hundred years? Can they bring about political stability and an economic order under which livelihood for the impoverished peasant masses of the Chinese people will not be so precarious that there will be periodic eruptions out of despair as in the past?

Second, can the communists make the Chinese people accept communism as idea, as faith, as principle and system of organization not only of the economy but of all other aspects of life, including habits, thought, feeling?

Third, if the communists do succeed in establishing political stability and a high standard of livelihood, and if the Chinese people do come to accept communism as a way of life, will China be an appendage to Russia, a satellite, an echo, speaking and acting as Russia speaks and acts, casting its weight in the Russian scale in world politics for reasons deemed best to Moscow, as most of Eastern Europe does now?

Of these three questions the last is the most important. Indeed, despite all the perfervid rhetoric aired these past few months, some of it ingenuous and some disingenuous, this is the only question of major importance to America. Whether the communists can or cannot establish order, stability, and a lasting regime in China is of no direct consequence to America. If anything, it is better for America if they do, since disorder in China makes for weakness, which makes for foreign intervention, which makes for international friction, which makes for war from which America can no longer abstain. Whether the Chinese people accept communism or not, whether or not they come to believe in dialectical materialism as the governing principle of history and chatter Moscow slogans with customary pietistic fervor, even whether they have state control of the economy, is not in itself vital to America. America's safety and welfare are not de-

Mr. Peffer, professor of international relations at Columbia University, made his latest trip to China for the Department of State; he is the author of many books about the Far East.

cisively affected one way or the other. But if China becomes an integral part of the Russian system for political and military purposes—if China's territory, resources, and man power are at Russia's disposal for Russian purposes—that very definitely does matter to America.

Let us take these three questions.

FIRST, can the communists solve the internal problem, which always has been at the bottom of China's difficulties, including subjection to other powers? They hold the country now and will continue to hold it for years against any internal political challenge. There is no party or group that has the power or the cohesion to raise effective opposition or that has any cause on which to appeal to the people. The Nationalist regime is irreparably discredited. Its tattered remnants now taking refuge in Formosa and safe there only because they have a hundred miles of sea between themselves and the communists probably have more support in the American Congress than among the Chinese people. The liberal, moderate groups were crushed out between the Nationalists and the communists. Failing a world war, in which China's fate will be settled from without, as before, the communists cannot be evicted unless conditions under their sway become so bad that revolt generates from within.

Fundamentally the problem of China is this: there are too many people for the sustenance yielded by the land they inhabit, given the mode of production of an older time. Too many barely subsist or at times cannot even subsist. A fatalistic people, they resign themselves to what has always appeared to be the ordained necessity of a deprived life; but when deprivation passes beyond the point of endurance for too large a proportion of the populace, there are disorders, civil wars, uprisings, revolutions. Solution can come only through a marked decrease in population or a marked increase in production. To reduce a population is a slow process. The alternative is higher productivity of man power and resources, which is possible only by the application of science to production. This means better use of the soil and industrialization, the latter especially. Ultimately the communists will stand or fall according to whether they can succeed with both.

Can they? It will be a prodigious feat if they do. They must make over a society, an old, tough-grained society, one with roots gnarled deep in tradition, habit, resistance to change. History, psychology, and biology are all against them. First there is the agrarian problem, since four-fifths of the Chinese are peasants. Nowhere else is the agrarian problem so nearly insoluble. No device as simple as division of the land offers a solution. In contrast with Poland, Hungary, Rumania, and other East European countries, China has relatively few large landed estates. Parceling out such large holdings as exist, even if done with a mathematical precision of equity, would still leave millions without enough land to grow the food they need.

More equitable taxation, lower crop rents for tenants, relief from gouging by officialdom and gentry—who are usually interchangeable if not identical—and abolition of usury, which now bleeds the poorer peasants—all these would make for considerable amelioration. The communists have already begun to put them into effect, and it can be expected that they will go through with them. The success with which they had already carried them out in the areas under their control when the civil war began won the loyalty of the peasant troops with which they drove the more numerous and better armed Nationalists off the continent. Insofar as these measures can alleviate the agrarian problem, the peasants' lot will be better under the communists. Furthermore, some additional land can be gained by reclamation, although not much. A great deal can be done by way of reorganizing ownership to reduce the number of scattered holdings and even more by co-operative buying and selling and co-operative credit. Co-operative cultivation would help, but it is hard to conceive the Chinese peasant submitting to collective farming on the Russian pattern. He would be far more resistant than the Balkan peasant, and he has had more experience in evading or sabotaging officialdom. Wholesale killing, expulsion, and starvation of obdurate peasants—such as were visited by the Stalin regime upon the kulaks—probably would provide violent resistance and in time lead to the communists' undoing. Perhaps most could be done by introducing into Chinese agriculture better fertilizers, better insecticides, better stock, and seeds that yield more per acre.

Yet there is only one measure that can have any real effect. It is to take millions of people off the land and provide some other means of livelihood for them. This can be done only through industrialization. Indeed, without industrialization there is no solution for China, whether under mandarins, imitation fascists of the kind around Chiang Kai-shek, liberal reformers, or communists. In no other way can the Chinese people be provided with the elemental needs of men. Without it there must be periodic draining off of surplus population in the pre-Malthusian ways—famine, plague, wars, revolutions. The crucial test for the communists will lie in whether they can industrialize the country before the traditional cycle starts to operate again.

THERE are in China no innate obstacles to industrialization, although the difficulties are enormous. It is generally realized now that there is nothing mystical or magical in production by the machine, nothing that cannot be mastered by any people who give themselves to it—primitive peoples excepted, of course. The complacent myth, once widely held, that only West Europeans and Americans can be mechanically efficient (perhaps the contemporary myth is that only Americans have what is now called know-how) has been dispelled by Russians and Japanese and, for that matter, by Indians and Chinese as well. Given a decade or so of widespread technical education and a decade or so of experience, any people can operate a machine industrial system. There are in China certain social and psychological difficulties. The family system makes for a certain amount of nepotism, which militates against efficiency, and the Chinese do not feel at ease in the cold impersonal relationship of corporate activity. But these are not insuperable. There is the more serious matter of natural resources. In reaction against the old exaggeration of China's riches there has developed a belief that China is too lacking in raw materials to industrialize. This also is an exaggeration. By the criterion of America and Russia, China's natural wealth is not large, though it should be pointed out that a great deal more exploration is necessary before conclusions can be drawn. Yet countries even less liberally endowed—Japan, Belgium, Holland, for example—have managed to func-

tion prosperously in an industrial economy, even if not on the American scale. This, too, is not an insuperable obstacle.

The most formidable obstacle is lack of capital. A nation that wants to industrialize can do so only in one of three ways. It can meet the first cost, to cover means of communication and transportation, plant and machinery, out of native accumulations of wealth. Or it can lift itself by its own bootstraps, industrializing slowly, accumulating capital out of profit as it goes and in time setting up a full-scale industrial structure. Or it can borrow from abroad.

The first of these is entirely excluded for China. It never has had much mobile wealth and what it had was dissipated by the wars and the inflation.

Nor can it lift itself by its own bootstraps. There is not time enough. The political state of the world is too dangerous, and internal discontent is too sharp. It cannot expedite the process as Russia did. The great mass of Chinese are too near the ragged edge to permit of any further reduction in consumer goods to lay up surplus for capital costs. And the iron, ruthless regimentation that worked in Russia would not work with the Chinese.

So China must get its capital from without. And here political considerations enter. Russia, to which it might look on account of ideological affiliation, can hardly provide very much, tempting as the political advantage might be; its own need for capital goods is too great, its economy still in a state of austerity because of the prior claim of capital goods. America is the natural source and would no doubt have served as the source if there had not been a communist overturn and American opinion were not so sensitive about anything related to communism, regardless of where it is. (This will be discussed later.) At this point it should be emphasized that here lies the crux of whether China can industrialize in time and perhaps also whether the communist regime can deal with China's problem more effectively than its predecessors.

IT is too early to tell. Any opinion is a guess. The communists' first efforts have been intelligent. For one thing, their leaders have had carefully thought out plans. In the years when they were in exile in the

impoverished northwest, penned there by Chiang Kai-shek's superior force, they had time to deliberate, to analyze China's needs, and to make their plans. As it happens, whether we like it or not, whether it is to our political interest or not, the fact is that the communist leaders are an extraordinarily able group of men. They are well read in political, economic, and social subjects. They have educated themselves. Their education may have the sharpened accents and peculiar twists of Marxian dogma, but it is an education and it offers a basis for something more than capricious, hit-or-miss actions.

I have already said that they have made distinctly successful beginnings with the agrarian problem; but it must be added that until recently they have had the advantage of working in a small area, which they knew well and where they have had time to establish themselves. They now have the whole country to grapple with, a country of semi-continental expanse with continental variations, in most of which they have not had time to win the peasants' confidence. Furthermore, they take it over after thirteen years of devastation by Japanese invasion, civil war, and spoliation by Nationalist carpet-baggers. They also have the handicap of too small an administrative corps. Those who have been in the communist ranks long enough are well trained in both principles and practices to be applied, but they are too few. Much depends on whether the communists keep their balance in success as well as they did when they were striving for power. They have until now been moderate in tempo, giving the peasants time to adjust themselves to changes and meanwhile winning them with favors in the way of tax reduction, rent reduction, grants of land taken from big landlords. If now they become doctrinaire and dogmatic, abandoning—like communists elsewhere—the sweet reasonableness that characterized them before they succeeded to power, and attempt to impose drastic changes that wrench peasants too swiftly out of their centuries-old habits, they will incur resentment at the best and resistance at the worst. But if they proceed as they have done to date, they have a good chance of introducing and consolidating such reforms as will give at least some foundation for rural life, insofar as that can be done without dealing with more than rural life.

AGRARIAN reform is the simpler task. The urban problem is incomparably more complex. Peasants can go on in their immemorial way for a long time no matter what happens, but even unindustrialized cities can be paralyzed when the normal flow of the economy is blocked or diverted. The wars and the inflation prostrated the cities. First of all, communications must be restored, so that food can come in and finished products go out in exchange. A currency must be introduced with enough backing to hold confidence. Production must be set in motion again so that men can earn a livelihood. All this must be done before a foundation can be laid for a new, modern industrial economy.

In this respect the communists have not yet made much progress. Here their lack of administrative personnel with technical qualifications tells. They have, it is true, arrested the catastrophic descent of the last two years under the Nationalists. The urban inhabitants are not completely stunned and helpless. The communists have brought food into the cities—but only, it should be remarked, at the cost of what amount to forced levies on rural stocks, which may have an effect in the countryside if continued. In certain centers production has been resumed but at still too slow a pace.

These are only restorative measures, however. What will be decisive in the long run is the communists' ability to establish and keep going a modern industrial system. Recognizing their lack of technically trained personnel, they have started rapid training courses, which may be dangerously deceptive. There was a time when they used to say that they wanted to turn to this country for technicians to train them in operative large industries, but that was before they became embittered by our outright support of Chiang Kai-shek. Now they have turned to the Russians, and there are numerous Russians serving in North China in an advisory capacity. Whether Russia has enough of such men to spare, whether those that can be spared are capable enough, and—more important—whether they will construe their function to be political as well as technical, remains to be seen. This, incidentally, is one of the unfortunate aspects of America's recent course in China. Economically the field has been left to the Russians; but of this more later.

As already indicated, the greatest need is long-term credits for capital goods—railroads, harbors, shipping, irrigation works, highways, flood control, and, mostly, machinery for industrial plants. For this, too, they once said they were looking to America. They may still get some help from Great Britain, but as things stand at the moment they can count only on Russia. In this respect, too, it is unfortunate that the field should be left to Russia; and for China, whether communistic or not, it is peculiarly unfortunate that the complication of international politics should enter in a sphere in which by any rational calculation international politics should not count. The welfare of the Chinese people may thus become one of the casualties of a cold war. Be that as it may, there is a sharp limit to the help communist China can get toward industrialization, and this will be a heavy handicap. This may in fact be decisive, if it can be assumed that the international situation will not change and that there will be no relief of the strain between China and America.

For as soon as China sets out on reconstruction at all, it can be expected that a steep rise in population will begin. It has been so in every country that has industrialized, and the Chinese have always bred up to food supply. At the best, the increase in numbers will outrun the increase in production for a time, as it has elsewhere, and there will be a serious discrepancy between persons and food before the curve of increase flattens in accordance with the usual population pattern. If the pace of industrialization is fast enough, the interim discrepancy will not be serious. If it is retarded China may be worse off than it is now. It is for this reason that external financial help is so crucial.

Under these circumstances how can communist China's prospects be assessed? Can the communists lay a stable foundation for a new society? Nothing can be said with assurance, but there is ground for the belief that they have a better chance than any regime that has preceded them, certainly better than the mandarin-warlord cliques that have plundered the country for thirty years. Under normal international conditions they would have a better than even chance; as it is they have an even chance; but they would scarcely have that if there should be another war.

II

WE COME now to the second question: Can the communist leaders make the Chinese people accept communism as ideology and way of life? It hardly needs to be said that nine out of ten Chinese were not communists before the communist victory and are not communists now. They did not choose communism as a party or as a social philosophy. They had only washed their hands of the Chiang Kai-shek regime and wanted no more of it; for them anything else was preferable in that it could not be worse and might be better. Dialectical materialism, the labor theory of value, the whole structure of "scientific socialism" do not concern them. Until a few months ago the overwhelming majority had never heard of Karl Marx and did not care. They probably do not care now. What matters to them is a better life, not philosophically but materially—emancipation from the harrying terror of hunger.

An almost frenzied concentration of effort is made now to indoctrinate them. There are special training institutes, classes, courses, demonstrations, mass meetings, street parades, dances, "people's dramas," individual wrestling with souls, and of course the radio and the press. Nothing like it has ever been seen in China.

Will it succeed? At first yes; outwardly, beyond doubt. For one thing, the Chinese take these things in their stride. They have learned from long experience not to argue with the man who has a gun. Also they are psychologically not unprepared for something new. They have been in a vacuum for decades. The moral and spiritual aridity in which they have dwelt since the breakdown of their traditional system has told on them, and there is a natural yearning for something that holds promise.

A "message," combined with tangible, felt tokens, would win their fealty. But that they can ever be true believers in the manner of Occidental communists, ritualistic, pietistic, and fanatical, is highly doubtful. It would have to be seen to be believed. It would be completely contrary to the history, psychology, and spirit of the race.

The Chinese have never been given to dogmas, to rigid, abstract systems of thought. They are more empirical than the Anglo-Sax-

ons. They have no patience with absolutes, whether in idea or act, and have been formally taught to abjure extremes, both in thought and act. For them value inheres in result, pragmatically tested, the standard being humanistic: does something comport with propriety and a good society and does it conduce to happiness and well-being? That they can ever with genuine belief work themselves up for class botany or class symphonies is inconceivable, unless an old race, highly sophisticated, can quickly and completely change its psychology, its way of thought and feeling, its response to human situations.

They are conforming now, it is true. It is the easiest way. More than that, many do so sincerely, especially the intellectual class. They sing, dance the symbolical, allegorical "people's dances," hold self-criticism sessions, and engage in endless group palaverings that ring with the new slogans. It is not strange. It is a grasping at a new hope. In a lower degree there was something of the same spirit during the Japanese invasion, and then came the cruel let-down of Nationalist pillaging. Now there seems to be another hope. Furthermore, since the Chinese have been broken from their traditional moorings, they have been somewhat volatile in their social and other philosophies, carried off on one new vogue or another, usually glibly and superficially.

This, too, is partly attributable to desperation. They once had faith and foundation; they need it again. They see it sometimes too quickly and where it is not. For another thing, the lack of political democracy will not disturb them. As for the intellectual class, it had little prospect of democracy anyway. It had little enough of it under the Chiang Kai-shek regime and would have had less if that regime had been victorious. As for the masses, they will not miss it since they have never had it. For them a decent livelihood—for the first time—is a higher good than representation in government.

Yet already there appear to be signs of disillusion or at least of boredom, especially in the North, where the communists have been established longest. There appears to be a little weariness with eternal meetings, with being dragged out to eternal processions, with shouting the same slogans, with revivalistic confessions of past sins—especially since the

millennium is not yet in sight. The Chinese have a sense of humor, even more of the ridiculous. Sooner or later they will begin to laugh at the sustained heroic pose; their common sense will assert itself. They will know again that all is not black or white, that some people are not always villainous and others always pure. On all that has been Chinese for centuries it is not likely that the Chinese people will be communist in the way of the European votaries. They will take their communism practically, not sacerdotally, judging it by what it offers them of the goods of life—material well-being, relief from continual civil war, public order. It will be a kind of political and economic order, and not a religion, and therefore, if left to the Chinese themselves and without external complications, not so dangerous as European communism, which kills in order to save.

III

ALL this, however, is for America subordinate to the question of whether communist China will become an integral part of the Russian system, formally or as satellite. On the precedent of all European communist parties it should, of course. Also all the first indications are in that direction. Furthermore, if war were to break out in the immediate future China would certainly join on the Russian side. But beyond the immediate period no answer can be given with certainty.

Against all the indications in favor of China's complete adhesion to Russia, there are three fundamental grounds for doubt: its history, its psychology, its experience in world politics.

No people have an older consciousness of kind than the Chinese. This has not until recent years taken the form of patriotism as we know it. It has been rather a feeling of racial, cultural pride, a sense of distinctiveness and pride in the distinction. That they have never lost. At times in their history they may have receded but they have never bent. In recent years the modern form of nationalism has entered, so strong as to bring about uprisings that forced the Great Powers to give up their infringements on Chinese sovereignty and later sustain China in the apparently hopeless struggle against Japan. That they

would merge their identity with another state, just now when it has been sharpened by nationalism and when they have just recovered their independence after a hundred years of subjection—that, too, is hardly conceivable. If they do, then everything in their history will have to be negated.

The Chinese were for more than two thousand years of settled history culturally superior to all those with whom they had contact. Out of this they have developed an inner barrier against other peoples. As the Greeks referred to others as “barbarians,” so the Chinese still call all non-Chinese “outside people.” Over the centuries this has become almost a suspicion of other peoples. The sense of “they and we” is more highly developed than among any other people. That they would cancel out this, too, by merging themselves with another people, is equally hard to conceive. And that they should do so above all with Russians, for whom they have had culturally even less respect than for other Occidentals, and that they should merge themselves in a junior, even inferior position—this, one who knows China will believe only when he sees it.

Above all, there is China's experience with white powers since the nineteenth century. Out of this there has developed a distrust of white powers so deep as to be almost reflex; and no power over the whole period has been more aggressive than Russia, none more dangerous, perhaps not even excepting Japan. That ideological affinity should make China forget all this and plunge into the embrace of a great power, more particularly Russia, and Russia when in its most expansive phase—this is even less credible.

Much depends on how Russia acts, on whether it is more intelligent in Asia than it has been in Europe. The Marshall Plan did much to stem the tide of communism in Europe after 1945; Russia did even more—by its brutalities, its terrorism, its aggressiveness, its egregiousness. Until Chiang Kai-shek was driven to Formosa Russia had been conspicuously correct in China. If it continues to be, if it is not too exigent, if it treats China as an equal, asking no more privileges than one country normally asks of another, it will hold China in fealty. Then China will stand by it in full partnership in world politics, Russia's enemies its enemies.

But if Russia acts in conformity with all its actions wherever communists have assumed power, if it gives orders and demands obedience in accordance with its own interests and regardless of the effect on China, if it demands special privileges and the right of decision on questions internal to China, then on all China's history and experience and psychology, all that is Chinese can be expected to assert itself, ideological affinity or no ideological affinity, and there will be a break. One cannot be sure, but of that there is a better than even chance.

MUCH will depend on how Russia acts; as much will depend on how America acts. Here the auspices are not too favorable. America is paying now for its unfortunate miscalculation, one of the worst in its history. It is paying for failing to realize that communism could not be stopped by Chiang Kai-shek and the crew around him, that they had already been rejected by their own people, and that if America deemed it vital to its own safety to keep the communists at bay it would have to do so by its own armed force. After it was apparent to the whole world that nothing could save the Chiang Kai-shek regime, America continued to give it help, even increased help, accomplishing nothing and only embittering the communists by allying with their enemies.

Four years ago the British realized that there was no hope for the Nationalists and they remained scrupulously neutral. No British consuls have been arrested, no Britons maltreated. Americans are being booted about. The communists are paying us out. It is not entirely unnatural. We were their enemies, and we lost. Losers always pay. Now we have forfeited the initiative. We are wholly dependent on the Russians' making mistakes. And as has been pointed out, we have left the field to them.

After the humiliations imposed on Americans it is, of course, impossible to recognize the communist government unless a basis is laid for a fresh start, although sooner or later recognition must come. And when the time is propitious America must go halfway. Meanwhile America should refrain from further aggravations and provocations. We cannot drive the communists out. It is better then not to continue pin-pricking them.

IV

MEANWHILE we can wait for the opportunity to say "I told you so" and rehabilitate the moral and political position we once held in China. For example, as this is being written (in February), the Chinese communist leaders after negotiating in Moscow for many weeks, have concluded a treaty which on its face is not particularly alarming. It can mean much or little when the time comes to apply it. There have been reports of secret clauses granting Russia bases on China's coast, etc., and on such reports there have been angry outcries here. We ought instead to take heart. Our only regret should be that we have no paid agents in Moscow to induce Stalin to make such demands and, still more, to bribe the Chinese communist leaders to grant them.

For that would be the entering wedge of what would ultimately separate Russia and China. Either the communist leaders would ultimately resolve to continue making a socialist society but to keep Russia at arms' length, or the nationalistic sentiment of the Chinese would begin to assert itself not only against Russia but against the Chinese communist leaders as betrayers. It might also come about that the communist leaders, frightened of the traditional Russian bear's embrace and seeking to elude it, would be in a mood for reconciliation with America in order to play America against Russia—a game America can play, too, and win by. So, too, large numbers of Russian advisers are now in China, and complaints are heard here about them. On the contrary, there is ground for satisfaction. The Chinese have smarted before at the humiliation of foreign advisers putting them under tutelage, and they are more sensitive now than they used to be. It is a pity we have

no paid agents in China to induce the Russian advisers to be arrogant, overbearing, and supercilious as the other foreign advisers once were. Then the Chinese would first be rasped and then embittered by indications of the return of the old imperialistic days, the memory of which still rankles. And in the mood of Russians now wherever they have power, the advisers may need no inducements to be arrogant, overbearing, and inclined to press the Chinese to do what Russia wants, not what China wants.

That is our hope, our only hope now, the penalty of the wrong course we followed for four years. It is not too slender a hope; it may very well be realized. Indeed, if lessons can be drawn from the past, it is more likely to be realized than not. For us the only thing to do now is take no precipitate actions, no actions out of irritation or outraged pride—the Chinese communists will continue to pay us out for a while—and to wait for opportunity.

Meanwhile no disaster hangs over us. There has been a ludicrous amount of sensational melodrama about the imminent menace that hangs over us with the communist gains in Asia, the menace of Red Asian millions arising in wrath and lust for conquest to walk the waters of the Pacific and storm the cliffs of San Francisco. This is nonsense. It will take years, decades even, for Russia to transmute the undernourished, untrained masses of Asia and the impoverished, technologically primitive economies of the various Asian lands into military power at its disposal against a country as strong as America. Before that time comes, in one way or another, we shall have arrived at decision with Russia, whether by war or by accommodation or by agreement to live and let live, each in his own way. Meanwhile there is no cause for hysteria, for spinsters' midnight alarms.



Death of the Zulu

A Story by Uys Krige

Drawings by Edward Melcarth

IT WAS about two hours after our capture. We were marching from Figtree toward Tobruk port. It was midsummer, the sun well up, but, thank God, I thought, not too hot yet—though I knew by the brittle cobalt look of the sky that it would not be long before the heat would become unbearable, beating down upon that bone-dry earth in shimmering, scorching waves . . . We weren't doing anything, not even thinking, it seemed, just trudging along, dragging our heavy feet through the sand, raising the dust in yellowish-gray clouds in the dips and in little lingering puffs round our boots on the straight.

I appeared to have two minds: the one stunned, the other perfectly conscious, taking in coolly and dispassionately our surroundings. Only one sight was clear-cut, vivid: that silent mob of men streaming toward Tobruk. And only one sound audible: the click or scrunch of desert boots when we struck a rock vein or a loose surface of grit across our path.

Those boots, that everlasting dragging, clogged tramp, tramp, tramp . . . Like a drum . . . Like the slow, dull, monotonous beat of a drum. And with a single monotonous refrain: out of nothing, through nothing, toward

nothing . . . Out of nothing: the thunderous vacuum of the battle. Through nothing: this strange, unreal scene, as if flickering in a film. Toward nothing: the huge inconceivable emptiness of our life of captivity and exile to come . . .

It would be more accurate to say I seemed to have, not two minds, but three, the third listening to a monologue by the conscious mind. "Yes, before it often seemed to you," it was saying, "that you were living only in the past or the future, never, never in the present. The present was always escaping you, slipping like sand through your fingers. Now you have your present, my boy, and a fine present it is too! Very present, very real . . . And you can't barricade yourself against it by drawing on your memories. They've been washed out. Nor can you throw up a rampart against it with hopes, plans for the future. For your future, too, has gone down the drain. There is no past. There is no future. There's only the present . . ."

There were bodies lying beside or near the road, some singly, some in batches. Dead or wounded, I didn't look, I wasn't interested. My eyes slid over them as if they were so many pieces of old motor junk scattered about

a disused yard somewhere. "They're dead and they've a wife like you . . .," I heard a faint voice whispering somewhere far off. "They're dead and they've a mother like you . . ." The voice was taking shape, getting stronger. "They're dead and they've a child like you . . ." The voice, now, was quite loud. It was my unconscious mind awaking; and the monologue had become a dialogue.

"I don't care a damn . . .," I heard the objective mind say, but it was fast losing its imperturbability. "Let them all go to hell . . . Let them all go plumb to hell! I don't care a damn!"

BELOW the escarpment the track we were following made a curve. I was on the left-hand side of the curve when I heard a shout. Mechanically I looked up. To the right, in the curve's bulge, about fifty yards away, a German officer was standing over someone stretched out on the ground. He shouted again, beckoned with his arm. Though there must have been at least a dozen men in our little bunch, numbly, apathetically, I thought: "It's me he wants, he's looking straight at me, I can see the blue of his eyes . . ."

Automatically I stepped off the track. There were two other South Africans beside me also walking toward the German. I did not know who they were, had never seen them before. They must have been beside me—or just behind me—during that long, weary trek from Figtree, but I hadn't noticed them. It was only now as, one on each side of me, they too moved forward toward the officer and the figure at his feet, that their presence began impinging upon my consciousness. And though I was to spend a full half-an-hour in their company I cannot, to this day, recollect a single feature or physical characteristic of either of them.

The next minute I was standing beside the man lying on the ground. It was one of our native soldiers, a young Zulu. That much I could see at a glance, for as a government official in Natal I had long been acquainted with this Bantu race and had got to know them, their language, and customs well. A shell must have burst near him. His left arm was off at the elbow. A large splinter must have snapped it off as one snaps crisply and cleanly between one's fingers a sun-dried

mealie-stalk. One side of his face had been hit by grit torn up from this stony bit of desert surface by the force of the explosion, and was now all bloody—and where not flecked with blood, more a sickly grayish color than black. His shirt, too, was full of little craters, stiff with caked blood.

Then I saw his eyes. They were a luminous jet-black, stricken with pain; yet they seemed, somehow, detached. They had focused on me, but gave forth no answering gleam; the man appeared unaware of my presence.

"*Kuyini umfana?* (What is it, young Zulu?)" I asked, bending over him and hearing my voice go trailing over the sand with a gruff undertone as if this were yet another imbecility for which I wasn't in the least responsible and I resented being implicated in it; as if what that droning voice really wanted to say was: "I'm out of it, do you hear? . . . Out of it . . . Leave me alone! Why drag me back? Why . . ."

Hearing his own language, the young Zulu raised his head slightly. His eyes were, if anything, brighter, but their expression had changed; it was no longer remote, had become intimate. Then his head fell back, his eyes, however, never leaving my face. "*Hau . . . umlungu . . .*" he groaned. "*Kuhi . . . Insimbingshayili . . .* (O . . . white man . . . It is not a good thing . . . The iron has hit me . . .)"

Suddenly I realized that by now I was normal again, with my mind no longer split into segments, but an integrated whole with perfectly logical perceptions and reactions.

I had come erect, was looking round. The German officer had gone. About four hundred yards away I saw him, driving away in his truck. I turned to the Zulu again. He was in a half-sitting position with one of the two men who had stepped out of our lines with me, crouched down behind him, holding him up.

"How do you feel, *umfana?*" I asked going down on my right knee. A hard glitter came into his eyes, then he said slowly, clearly: "*Umlungu, ngihulale . . .* (White man, shoot me . . .)" There was no doubting it, he was pleading with me—apparently unaware that I, like him, was now a prisoner no longer carrying a weapon and therefore as powerless as he against his fate.

"Don't talk like that, *umfana,*" I said peremptorily, more to get a grip on myself than

to rebuke him. "You've only lost an arm. Many men have lost an arm, and they're walking about now, laughing, with their heads in the sun . . ."

"*Ca . . . ca . . .* (No . . . no . . .)" he muttered, almost angrily, through tightly clenched teeth.

"Yes, yes . . .," I continued, speaking fast. "We'll get a doctor for you and we'll take you to the hospital"—we, we, who the hell's we, I thought, we're nothing, less than nothing—"and they'll be good to you there, soon you'll be a whole man again and it won't be many moons before you'll be going about your work, watching the pumpkins filling out, the maize swelling in the cob, and the cattle waxing fat in the fields back in Zululand . . ."

I do not know what made me say this. I knew it wasn't true. My own words, with a hollow false sound, echoed back on my ears.

"*Ca, umlungu . . . Ngidubule! Ngidubule!* (No, white man . . . Shoot me! Shoot me!)" How strong the man's voice is, I thought, out of all proportion to his strength.

"Soon," I repeated, "you'll be a whole man again . . ."

"No, no, white man . . ." He was shaking his head in exactly the way I have often seen old Zulu indunas shake theirs, when in tribal councils or deliberations they would, by their whole expression and attitude, gently but firmly convey to the European that the sum of all his knowledge is as nothing compared with their ancient African wisdom. "*Ngipelile . . .* (I am finished . . .)"

A LITTLE desert car drew up twenty yards away. A tall, thin, wiry German officer with sharp features jumped out followed by another German, short and squat, also an officer, and was beside us in a few quick darting steps. The next moment he was bending over the native, feeling his chest beneath the blood-stiffened shirt. Noticing his stars and the snake of Aesculapius in his badge, I felt at once greatly relieved.

I looked at the Zulu's arm again. Most of the stump's end was caked over with dry, hardened blood. It still bled, but very little, only a trickle oozing through the shattered flesh.

"*Ngidubule!*" His voice was no longer supplicating but had a fierce, ringing quality as if raised in protest that this was no extravagant

demand but a fitting and just claim upon me. My gaze traveled over his magnificent body. The broad torso bulged beneath the large army shirt. The thighs, curving into sight under the dirty bloodstained shorts, were of a classic symmetry, the calves and legs as harmoniously proportionate.

Then the thought struck me that the Zulus, physically, are one of the most beautiful races in the world; that Zulu males have an extraordinary pride in their physique; that they consider any deformity of the body—and particularly disfigurement—as something unnatural, even monstrous; and that formerly they killed all children unfortunate enough to have been born cripples. Naturally this Zulu, descended from generations of warriors, wanted to die now, no, clamored for death; for this cracked useless body, this stump of an arm, were they not a shame and a disgrace, a crying offense against both man and the gods?

Did he guess my thought? My eyes slipped over his chest again, met his. I knew they had never left my face even though the German doctor was still bending over him, examining him, feeling tentatively for his wounds. Now, quite simply, as if perfectly confident that his wish would be granted, he said slowly: "*Ngidubule, umlungu . . .*"

"No, you speak foolish things . . ."

"*Ngidubule!*" The short spell of calm had broken, the voice was again urgent. Did it contain a note of reproach?

"*Ngidubule, umlungu, ngidubule!*" Yes, certainly, it was reproachful. God, would that eternal cry of "*Ngidubule . . .*" never end?

The doctor had pulled out his hand, had turned, and was now looking at me.

"What does he say?" he asked me in German.

"It is his request that we shoot him . . .," I answered, realizing at once that I was giving a stiff literal German translation not of what the Zulu had said but of what his headman would have said in slow solemn tone to the other assembled members of the tribe were they here now, squatting in a half circle round the dying man, deliberating his case.

Whether the Zulu finally understood that I could not, would not do it, or whether he recognized the German doctor as his enemy who, according to his subconscious reasoning, would be less averse to such an action, I do

not know; but as soon as he had heard this new, foreign voice intruding upon our dialogue, he was no longer looking at me but at the German.

LEANING up against the South African supporting him from behind, he had until now had his right hand on the ground. But now, in a great effort, only his lips twitching in pain—there were foam flecks on them, spotted with blood—he brought his hand to his shirt front and slowly, gropingly, uncovered his chest. Next, straining himself forward, he said in a deep resonant voice to the German captain: "*Wena aungidubule!* (You shoot me!)" Strange, but at that moment it sounded to me almost like a command.

"He wants *you* to shoot him . . .," I told the doctor. Standing stiff beside me, the German made no reply.

"What chance has he of living?" I asked.

"None," came the incisive answer. "He must have been wounded yesterday afternoon, has lain here all night. He's lost so much blood, he can't have much more to lose. Had he been a European he would have been dead long ago . . ." His voice was jerky as his movements. Though speaking German, we had instinctively moved a few paces away as if afraid the wounded man would understand.

"And he still speaks," the voice staccatoed on, "with all that shrapnel inside him! He'll probably die when we move him. Then again, he's so strong he might live for hours . . ."

I turned to the native. "The doctor says you are badly hurt, but that you must bear yourself in a manly fashion. We're going to carry you to that truck . . . take you to the hospital . . ."

"No, no . . . I am done for . . . Shoot me . . . I cannot live any more. The pain is too deep . . . *umlungu* . . ." He was groaning again, his voice getting weaker, and for the first time he closed his eyes for more than a second. His hand, too, had fallen back on the ground, black against the pale yellow earth.

The doctor touched me on the arm. "Perhaps it would be the easiest way out," he said, and motioned to the young lieutenant standing a few paces away. An order from the captain, and the lieutenant had pulled out his pistol and handed it to me. I stood there, as if petrified, with the pistol in my right hand.

"*Umlungu . . . umlungu . . .*" were the only two words now uttered by the Zulu lying at my feet with closed eyes and quivering lips. He kept on muttering them, his voice never rising above a whisper. Yet the repeated "*umlungu . . . umlungu . . .*" seemed to contain a certain indefinite note of awe, almost of reverence—by no means, I reasoned vaguely, because I was an officer and he a private, but because at that moment I must have appeared to his bewildered mind, half crazed with pain, the great benefactor bearing in my hands the supreme gift of peace and the healing oblivion of death.

I looked from the pistol to the captain, from the captain back to the pistol, then at the Zulu. He, in the meanwhile, had opened his eyes, lifted his arm again; once more his breast was exposed.

"*Ngidubule!*" His voice rang in my ears, as strong as ever.

I shook my head. "No," I said to the captain handing him the pistol, "I do not shoot my friends . . ."

It was at least two seconds before I realized I had addressed the German in Zulu.

The Zulu's gaze had followed the motion of the pistol; he now stared at the captain. The German stood, irresolute, as if embarrassed by the pistol. He seemed to be debating a point. Then, turning to me, he said:

"My business is to preserve life not to destroy it."

"And not to lessen pain?"

"Yes, to lessen pain . . ." He was speaking much more slowly; the bark had gone out of his voice. "But that would be contrary to Red Cross regulations . . . I'm not even allowed to carry firearms . . ." This typical German respect for rules and regulations, I thought, how incongruous!

The next moment the captain had handed the pistol back to its owner. "Herr Oberleutnant Müller," he rapped out in military tone: "Shoot this man!"

Then I noticed the Zulu's hand come creeping up his chest again and I forgot everything, watching it, fascinated. It was a broad compact hand with a fair-sized wart on the index finger and at that moment it seemed to pulse with life, to be one of the most living things I had ever seen. The big strong fingers felt for the rim of the shirt-front where the V-opening ends, closed over it in a firm grip,

there was the quick, sharp rip of khaki drill tearing, and the shirt fell apart, revealing the entire chest. The right side had hardly been touched but the left, until now concealed by the shirt, was a mass of twisted flesh.

I looked away. The lieutenant had taken a couple of steps forward, was standing a few feet from the Zulu. He had a set look on his face, holding the weapon stiffly in front of him, pointing it at the dying man.

The Zulu's hand was buried deep in the sand, gripping the earth, supporting his body. To me, at that moment, it seemed that in a last superhuman effort he wanted to lift himself, rise, and so, with both feet planted firmly on the ground, meet his death face to face. He had squared his shoulders, throwing them back and was straining his chest out and up, as if to present a better target to the enemy or to shove it up against the very muzzle of the pistol.

And his eyes, now, were ablaze as if all the fierce passionate life that remained to him were concentrated in their jet-black depths. "*Ngidubule! Ngidubule!*" It broke from his dry, cracked lips in a crescendo, like a shout of joy, a triumphant roar; and I was suddenly reminded of the Zulu battle cry I had so often heard, sonorous and barbaric, bursting from a thousand throats when the war dance reaches its frenzied, crashing climax.

"*Ngidubule! Ngidubule!*" Yes, he was roaring at his body, roaring at his pain, roaring at death.

I stood looking down at him, rooted to the spot. I wanted to tear myself away, but

couldn't. Carefully, methodically, the lieutenant took aim along the pistol barrel.

I felt a hand touch my shoulder. For a second it lay there, immobile. Then it tightened over my collarbone. I half turned. It was the captain. Slowly he turned me completely around. He took a step forward, I followed. He continued walking and I kept pace with him. I was waiting, it seemed, for yet another "*Ngidubule!*" rather than for the pistol's report. When a snail-shell (one of those countless bone-white shells scattered like so many little skulls about the desert) popped under my feet, I shuddered.

We were about fifteen yards away when the pistol cracked. It did not go off again.

I HAVE a very hazy recollection of what happened after that. I remember the German captain saying, "*Auf Wiedersehen*"; the two officers driving off in a small car; and that for a long time I sat on a flat stone beside the road. Legs, many legs, milled past, kept slipping in and out of my vision. But they made no impression on me; in a dull, disconnected way I was more interested in the little wisps of sand that kept spiraling, circling round my boots, and then settling in a thin, filmy, pale-yellow dust on the broad, square toe-caps.

How long I sat there, staring at my boots, I do not know. Someone shouted in Afrikaans: "*Come along, Du Toit! Come along!*" and when I found myself again, I was once more among that crowd of prisoners tramping slowly, wearily, toward Tobruk.



Rebop, Bebop, and Bop

Marshall W. Stearns

WHEN an eager undergraduate once demanded, "What is jazz, Mr. Waller?" the great pianist is said to have growled: "Man, if you don't know what it is, don't mess with it!" And the land that gave birth to jazz has followed Fats Waller's advice. During the twenties, when famous European musicians were writing enthusiastically about this new American music, the hostile attitude of our own composers and critics was typified by Gilbert Seldes' comment: "I am on the side of civilization." It is a matter of record that the first reasonably competent book on jazz was published in Belgium in 1932; the first good book by an American did not appear until seven years later.

Yet during the forties, the moralists of the lunatic fringe who periodically announce that jazz is the cause of juvenile delinquency and the common cold were not having the same success in hitting the headlines. Somewhere along the line a battle had been won and jazz had become an accepted sound, if not yet accepted music, in America. There was even scattered talk of jazz as a native art-form, to be classed with chewing gum, Mickey Mouse, and the skyscraper. In fact, even the most confirmed critics of jazz seemed to be adjusting successfully to the new environment, when suddenly jazz itself erupted into a civil war which split its own ranks and

gave new hope to those who had said it would never last. The center of attention seemed to be a new kind of jazz, successively known as "Rebop," "Bebop," and finally just plain "Bop." When this volcano eventually subsided, the landscape of jazz had completely changed. What had happened?

FORTUNATELY, the brief but busy history of jazz music gives us a clue to Bop. The most recent material comes from an unexpected source: the anthropologists who have investigated the music of the West African coast. It is from this area that a large number of Americans of Negro ancestry trace their descent. Although the anthropologists are waging their own private wars over the question of how much African culture has survived in the United States, it is clear that many of the communal, improvisational, expressive, and rhythmic qualities of African music can be found today in jazz.

We can now safely say that as far as rhythm is concerned African music, far from being crude or barbarous, is actually the most sophisticated in the world. There is some harmony and quite a bit of melody in this music, but its use of complex rhythms is outstanding. Indeed, as the German scholar with the improbable name, Erich M. von Hornbostel, has stated: "The syncope, an African commonplace, is a European achieve-

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ment." (By the word "syncope," Hornbostel probably meant what the jazz musician calls "off-beats.") Perhaps it should be added that Hornbostel is the grand-daddy of the musicological anthropologists and/or anthropological musicologists—the terms seem to be interchangeable—who helped make it possible for us to place jazz in its proper context musically. The work is being ably carried on in this country by Professor Melville J. Herskovits and his department at Northwestern University.

The "drum choir," or trio of drums, supplies the rhythmic heart of African music. These drums are of very different sizes; the biggest drum with the deepest voice is always called the "Mama" drum, while the smaller drums are known as the "Papa" and the "Baby" drums. The most amazing feature of the drum choir, however, is its use of mixed meters, or polyrhythms, in which two or more separate rhythms occur at the same time. On top of this, the melody frequently adds a few rhythms of its own.

To the European or American ear, accustomed to two simple rhythms, played one at a time—the 4/4 of the march or the 3/4 of the waltz—African music sounds like static during a thunderstorm. We have been so completely conditioned by European music that our ears reduce the steady and undifferentiated beat of a clock, for example, to the 2/4 rhythm of "tick-tock, tick-tock," and we tend to reduce everything we hear in the same way, from the clicking of the wheels of a train to the complicated tempos of modern compositions. Yet the average West Coast African thinks nothing of matching a 5/4 beat with an already established combination of 6/8, 4/4, and 3/4 rhythms. There is probably some truth to the story that when a one-cylinder gasoline engine, with its intermittent explosions, was imported into the Belgian Congo, the natives crowded around in pure ecstasy, fascinated by the unending rhythmic complexity.

Many top-notch symphony musicians, rehearsing a score in which the tempo shifts back and forth from 4/4 to 7/4, will furrow their brows with concentration and move their lips as they count to themselves. Some of them have told me afterward that they had no idea of how the music sounded as a whole. On the other hand, African drummers have

been known on occasion to accent every fifteenth beat simply because they felt it that way at the time—and they certainly do not count on their fingers. Again, I have seen the facial expression of a modern composer, famous for his scoring of intricate rhythms, change from pleasure to amazement and finally to something like helplessness as he listened to a record of African drumming.

Of course, the musics of the world are many, and African music is by no means the only one with rhythmic complexity. Yet it is difficult for us to realize, since we are hardly aware of any other, how highly specialized our Western music really is. Classical music has developed harmony (among other things) to the highest degree but it has very rarely made use of the complex polyrhythms we find in Africa—the classical music of the late nineteenth century, for example, has rhythm but comparatively speaking little or no rhythmic variety. My point is simply that, viewed in true perspective, African music not only can stand securely upon its own merits but also, because of its relationship to jazz, can be regarded as an important influence in American music.

II

Jazz did not spring full-blown from the head of Jelly-Roll Morton in 1902, as that masterful pianist loudly proclaimed, but its birth is still something of a puzzle. We do know that wherever the Negro migrated—North America, Cuba, Central America, the Caribbean, or South America—he influenced the music of the region deeply and more or less uniformly, according to the receptiveness of the culture in which he found himself.

The Negro's celebrated sense of rhythm, it should be remembered, is not instinctive but rather an unconscious pattern handed down from generation to generation by means of examples, attitudes, and points of view. When Baby Dodds, the New Orleans drummer, recalls that his great-grandfather "talked" on the drums in the African manner and when he actually remembers some of the rhythms his great-grandfather played, we have a significant though rare example of the African heritage being handed down explicitly from person to person.

African music adapted itself quite easily

to the Latin-American countries and today is found nearly intact in some areas. The special drum rhythms for various gods which existed in Africa were transferred to Catholic saints in Cuba, Haiti, and Brazil. The African snake god, Damballa, was in certain localities identified for better or worse with St. Patrick. And the entire process was aided by the rhythmic flair of Latin Americans and their generally tolerant attitude toward questions of skin color.

In the United States, on the other hand, African music hit a series of high hurdles. The Protestant religion had no saints to whom the ritual drums of Africa could be readapted. Again, the Negro was surrounded by music in which polyrhythms were practically unknown, where there was no syncopation to speak of, and where the melodic accent fell monotonously on the same beat, in the trudging manner of the widely-used Moody and Sankey hymnal. And finally, it was forcibly impressed upon the Negro that he was inferior and that all things African were worthless.

In part because of these very obstacles, and perhaps because Catholicism was the official religion in New Orleans until the Louisiana Purchase of 1803, it was in that city, around 1885, that a new music was forged, far greater than any of its component parts. For New Orleans, with its Latin colonial background, was a musical melting pot *par excellence*. Combined with the surviving elements of African music were the melodies of French, Italian, Central European, and Spanish music (both popular and classical), the simple rhythms of Scotch-Irish folk music and German brass bands, and the elementary harmony of Protestant hymns. (To this mixture, some hardy theorists have added the music of the American Indian and the Chinese laborer.) An echo of almost any European music can be found in jazz—yet the combination is unique.

The question is, of course, how and to what extent did the specifically African heritage survive? Although New Orleans was notorious for racial intermixture, social distinctions along economic lines (except for a small group of Creole aristocrats) tended to be hard and fast. Poor people were virtually thrown together in a ghetto, although a line of musical communication ran to the wealthy

Creoles of Color, and an intense feeling for the common interest sprang up. A great number of fraternal and benevolent organizations were founded, similar in many ways to the African secret societies, and the Negro became a lively contributor with an established audience.

Social life revolved around these organizations and many of them had their own bands, without which no picnic, river-boat excursion, parade, or funeral was complete. Music offered one of the few paths for the individual to fame and fortune, but it also mirrored the life of the entire group. It is probably no accident that as this music matured it was characterized by an ensemble style of collective improvisation, in which each player followed his own bent within the limits of an established rhythmic and harmonic pattern—the musical equivalent of a fact in the life of its creators, as well as a definite part of its African heritage.

THERE were other, more specific influences at work. Although holiday celebrations by the slaves were frowned upon and the manufacture and sale of drums discouraged, the slave-owners sometimes permitted dancing—after work. We now know that the slave-owners had reason to fear revolt, and they sometimes considered dancing an effective safety-valve. In time, dancing became a pathway to white approval, though it never abandoned the complex rhythms of the African dance.

Certain historical accidents helped too. After the Civil War, the pawnshops were flooded with brass instruments discarded by returning Confederate bands, and these instruments became readily available to the Negro at low cost. The fact that he could not afford orthodox instruction led him to develop his own vocalized style, with an African quality of expressiveness. And there was Storyville, the world-famous red-light district of New Orleans (created by ordinance in 1897), which symbolized the easy ferment of the times and which lent a sympathetic ear to any man's musical invention.

Instead of dying out, the African musical heritage in New Orleans went underground. European melody, harmony, and even instrumentation prevailed, but the elementary rhythms of Europe slowly suffered a sea

change. Although the prevailing tempo was the simple 4/4 of the hymn or march, poly-rhythms kept popping up—especially in the improvised melodies. Combined with other less tangible factors, a gradual readjustment took place until today we take the rhythmic suspensions of jazz for granted in our dance music.

From the turn of the century to about 1940, however, jazz assimilated more and more of the European musical tradition. There were temporary exceptions when jazz dipped back into the reservoir of Afro-American vitality for inspiration, but in the main line of development the ensemble style of New Orleans gave way to a succession of solos which, in turn, gave way to written arrangements. During the prosperous twenties, the size of the bands increased and with it, the importance of the arranger. As musicians acquired an improved technique, the emphasis tended to be put on written composition and not on improvisation.

Rhythmically speaking, jazz almost stood still for forty years, though it gradually won wide acceptance and became a part of the giant entertainment industry. A few of the big bands did not abandon the sources of their music, however. Duke Ellington and Count Basie, for example, developed a kind of rhythmic streamlining which managed to make clean and satisfying music out of some of Tin Pan Alley's worst tunes. Basie's rhythmic amortization of that miserly piece of pie-in-the-sky, "Pennies from Heaven," released in 1937, testifies to the sham-destroying humor and basic healthiness of jazz. His orchestra is the nearest thing we have to a big-band ancestor of Bop.

By 1940, jazz—then renamed "swing"—had achieved a comparative equilibrium and a large public (peace to the bobby-soxers) which enjoyed, understood, and supported what it heard. Among the extreme enthusiasts which jazz seems to attract, there were antiquarians who wanted to go backward and revolutionists who wanted to go forward. The antiquarians had the advantage, for their objectives had long ago been achieved. Yet the musical sky was clear and serene and gave no indication that storm clouds were gathering—or that the greatest musical revolution since the birth of jazz itself was about to take place.

III

THE public really heard about Bop too late in the day, when the Bop costume—heavily-rimmed glasses, goatee, long cigarette holder, and beret—had become over-publicized and treated as a joke. This new form of jazz—based on comparatively complex rhythms and dissonant harmonies, and rejecting many of the hallowed customs of jam-session etiquette—was nearly buried in bewildered press releases. Even the fad among Negroes for adopting Mohammedan names, which had the practical value of making discrimination more difficult (and may have begun with the small number of West Africans who had been converted by the Arabs long before they were brought to this country), was linked indiscriminately with Bop. These symptoms of revolt, however, served only to obscure radical experimentation in the music itself.

Although the seeds of Bop had been planted long ago, they blossomed during the second world war. Because of the enormous demand for music, dance bands were able to experiment and make a living at the same time; because of the scarcity of musicians, boys in their teens landed good jobs with first-rate bands. These youngsters were eager, flexible, and bent upon developing a style of their own. During the same period, in an atmosphere of restless rebellion, a great migration to the North was taking place and time itself seemed to be speeded up. In the jazz jargon, "Things were groovy, man!"

After the war, some of the older idols of jazz, having spent the intervening years in the Army unhappily wedded to military bands—or sometimes in the guardhouse—returned to find a music they never blew. Jazz musicians were already split into warring camps. From the early days in 1940 at Minton's up in Harlem, when a small group of pioneers had dreamed up weird modulations just to scare the uninitiated musicians off the stand during a jam-session, the breach had widened. Today, the split is almost a matter of age alone: musicians over thirty are inclined to criticize Bop, and musicians under thirty tend to praise it enthusiastically.

The current state of affairs is indicated by the harsh comments of Louis Armstrong, the acknowledged king of *pre-bop* jazz. Louis

makes it a rule to speak no evil of any music or musician, but the day arrived when he could no longer restrain himself on the subject of Bop. Referring to "boppers," Armstrong swung from the ground up: "They want to carve everyone because they're so full of malice, and all they want to do is show you up, and any old way will do as long as it's different from the way you played it before. So you get all them weird chords which don't mean nothing, and first people get curious about it just because it's new, but soon they get tired of it because it's really no good and you got no melody to remember and no beat to dance to. So they're all poor again and nobody is working, and that's what that modern malice done for you."

Since Louis Armstrong is endowed with a fine musical intelligence, his objections deserve to be taken seriously. Take his last point first: there is no doubt that Bop, which made good money for a while, cut down on the earning power of the older musicians. There is also some truth in Armstrong's charge that Bop is merely a novelty. Boiling over with revolt against tradition in general and musical convention in particular, Bop is often dominated by the desire to be different. A trifling shift in the musical amenities illustrates the point: ten years ago, a musician at a jam-session would nod his head as he neared the end of his solo to forewarn the man who was to follow him; more recently, the bopper starts a new chorus and stops short, leaving his successor to pick up the pieces. I have seen this trick unnerve an oldtimer.

Other more technical innovations seem, and perhaps are intended to seem, maliciously wrong-headed to the older generation. The bopper often remains silent precisely where the traditionalist would be blowing his heart out, only to fill the customary pause with a cascade of notes executed at breakneck speed. Another reversal of the usual jazz procedure, paralleled by the Bop musician's use of "cool" instead of "hot" as a word of highest praise, is the tendency while taking a solo to lag tantalizingly a fraction of a second behind the beat. To a devotee of the older Dixieland style, who is accustomed to having most of the melody fall on top of the beat, the effect is nerve-racking, but to the initiate the result can be one of relaxation and even restraint. The point, of course, is that these surface

symptoms indicate something that has taken place deep in the heart of Bop.

WHEN Louis Armstrong complains of "them weird chords which don't mean nothing" he has put his finger on the most obvious innovation of Bop. In terms of harmony, jazz has developed along the same lines as classical music, but more recently and rapidly. It still lags behind. Today Bop roughly parallels the period in classical music which followed Wagner and Debussy, and ninths and the augmented fourths (jazz musicians call them flatted fifths) appear over and over again in the solos as well as the accompaniments. Bix Beiderbecke, the legendary "young man with a horn," whose preoccupation with Debussy was echoed by the unusual intervals in his solos, may be a remote ancestor of Bop. The effect on the ear of the older generation today, however, is not altogether delightful, and for years Dizzie Gillespie, the dean of bop trumpeters, was forced to clown and pretend to be playing "screwy notes" in order to obtain any hearing at all.

Melody, in the sense of a tune meant to be whistled, has disappeared from Bop, and Armstrong's objection here is well taken. Yet Bop is paradoxically traditional insofar as most of its numbers are based upon the chord progressions of standard and familiar tunes (with "I've Got Rhythm" and the "Blues" especially favored). The original melody, however, cannot be heard; Bop consists of variations upon themes which are never stated, although the performers are well aware of them. A complex melody played in unison in the first and last choruses is substituted for the original tune, with which it would harmonize if you could manage to whistle the original at the same time. Often the new melody attains a limited popularity of its own.

Armstrong's criticism that Bop has "no beat," or rhythmic drive, also goes straight to the heart of the problem, and it affords a clue as to why older musicians are often unable to play Bop. The rhythm has become much more subtle and complex. The late Dave Tough, one of the few older drummers who survived the transition, remarked ruefully: "I had to forget everything I ever learned before I could put on that new

musical look." He admired Max Roach, one of the foremost drummers of Bop, and pointed out that he could never anticipate when Max was going to "drop a bomb," although it always seemed right afterward.

On first hearing Bop, the traditionalist usually objects, "If that drummer would quit banging that cymbal, I'd be able to hear the bass drum." As a matter of fact, there isn't any regular bass-drum beat to hear. The heavy "chugg-chugg" of the rhythm that Armstrong knew, with its incessant floor-shaking "boom, boom, boom, boom," has disappeared. The 4/4 beat is heard in the flexible and melodic accents of the string-bass alone. This is the reason for the mistaken notion that you can't dance to Bop. You can, but it takes a rhythmically educated ear.

The key percussion instrument in Bop is the cymbal, which dominates the rhythm with a continuous, flowing accent that changes phase to fit the counter-rhythms suggested by the soloist, while the bass-drum marks special accents and contributes "explosions" to punctuate the performance as a whole. When the off-beat interpolations of the guitar and piano are added, the result in the best of Bop is a light and delicate rhythm, closely integrated with the improvisation of the soloist.

The bewilderment of first-rate jazz musicians when they first heard Bop is illustrated by Dave Tough's story of how he and a gang from Woody Herman's band dropped in on the Gillespie-Pettiford group on 52nd Street in 1944. "As we walked in," said Tough more in wonder than anger, "these cats snatched up their horns and blew. One would stop all of a sudden and another would start for no reason at all. We never could tell when a chorus was supposed to begin or end. Then they quit all at once and walked off the stand. It scared us." A year later, the Herman band was blowing its own version of Bop.

The process of assimilation makes a fascinating study, and its conflicts are most dramatically illustrated in the solos of the great musicians of the thirties—like Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, or Benny Goodman—who have had the courage to attempt the new idiom under the critical scrutiny of a younger generation. For example, after flatly condemning Bop in print, Benny Goodman admitted that he couldn't play it, and finally

had a change of heart and organized a Bop band. To judge from his playing, he doesn't seem to like it.

Meanwhile, the clichés of Bop, watered down almost past recognition, are beginning to appear in the arrangements of dance bands all over the country. And one thing is certain: jazz will never be the same. Many years hence, a few of the more simple melodic twists of yesterday's Bop will turn up in the accompaniment to a hit-parade tune played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. As of that moment, Bop will be revolving in its grave.

IV

AS THE shouting and the dissonances die, it may be that Bop's greatest contribution to jazz is rhythm. Why it should have happened is as difficult to explain as the birth of jazz in New Orleans, but one major source can be documented: Afro-Cuban music. In a literal sense, jazz went back to the good African earth for rhythmic inspiration when Dizzie Gillespie, the pace-setter in Bop, borrowed a conga-drummer from another orchestra and featured him in his own band. It was the beginning of a trend.

As early as 1940, Gillespie had listened carefully to the rhythms of Mario Bauza's Afro-Cuban band. (It is worth noting that Bauza was one of the first musicians who understood what Dizzie was trying to play. Bauza had been with various jazz bands, and it was Bauza who got Dizzie his early job with Cab Calloway.) Later, when the legendary Chano Pozo arrived from Cuba, already famous as a composer and virtuoso drummer, Dizzie heard him and hired him on the spot for his Town Hall concert of 1947. Pozo broke up the concert.

Chano Pozo was born in Cuba, though the musicians who grew up with him there say that his grandparents were born in West Africa. In Cuba, Pozo belonged to the Nañigo Secret Society, an African cult whose members speak only in a West African dialect. He never learned English, but that did not interfere with his inspired drumming. Backed by the Gillespie band, he could hold a large audience entranced for half an hour, while he sang in a dialect full of African phrases and played incredible rhythms on a many-

voiced conga drum. The impact was so tremendous that at one such concert at Cornell a woman literally screamed and fainted.

Pozo helped bring the Gillespie band to the peak of its performance, made a few records that are now hard to get, and a year or so ago stepped in front of several slugs from an automatic pistol in a bar on 111th Street and Lenox Avenue. The murderer was brought to justice; it was the third and last time that Pozo was shot at. With a rhythmic background that he had dreamed up himself, Pozo made one record before he was killed which, when slowed down to half-speed, closely resembles a recording of the Bini tribe made in West Africa by the Straus Expedition and dramatically illustrates the origin of his music.

Pozo's influence on jazz drummers was direct and electric. Max Roach, for example, goes out of his way to say that he was fascinated by Pozo. Teddy Stewart, the regular drummer with Dizzy Gillespie, who had to take a back seat while Pozo was in the limelight, admits it gave him an inferiority complex but insists nevertheless that "Pozo was the most!" Apparently, Pozo's African rhythms had something in common with the experiments of the Bop drummers and, what is more, showed them the way to new and limitless possibilities.

Pozo was by no means an isolated phenomenon. Later, when Stan Kenton decided that jazz rhythms were too monotonous, he borrowed the entire drum choir from Machito's orchestra to furnish a background for his great recording of "The Peanut Vendor." Thereafter, Kenton used the Afro-Cuban drummer, Carlo Vidal. At one time or another, Gene Krupa, Woody Herman, Jerry Wald, and the King Cole Trio employed Afro-Cuban drummers.

On the other hand, Bop musicians have played with Afro-Cuban bands. Machito and his orchestra performed at the Royal Roost on Broadway, also known as the Metropolitan Opera House, along with jazz musicians like Howard McGhee, Charlie Ventura, and Brew Moore as soloists. For years, of course, jazz musicians have played in Afro-Cuban bands and jazz drummers have played dates with various "Spanish" bands in Harlem, but here the two streams met and merged.

The most successful blending of this kind

took place in a recording of "Mango Mangué" by Machito, featuring the solo saxophone work of the greatest bopper of them all, Charlie Parker. The harmony of Machito's accompaniment is elementary, but the rhythmic background is superb and plays a fascinating counterpoint to the rhythmic suspensions in Parker's solo. Parker heard the tune exactly twice in the studio before he made the record. When asked about it, his eyes lit up with pleasure and he exclaimed: "That Afro-Cuban rhythm is real gone! I like to play with those drummers—man, it's so relaxed." Where Parker, who was born in Kansas City, picked up his superb sense of timing and his affinity for African rhythms is another unanswered question among the many which concern the specifically American elements in jazz.

THE fashion of featuring Afro-Cuban drummers with jazz bands is on the decline. In fact, the entire band business is on the skids at the moment, and band leaders, in an attempt to please everybody, are holding their bands down to rhythms that even the visiting firemen can follow. As Machito says of the crowds who come to dance to his music at the Palladium on Broadway, and there is no audience with more rhythmic sophistication, "We cannot play that Afro stuff so many; the dancers, they get lost."

At the same time, Bop developed harmonic as well as rhythmic complexity, and a conflict arose between the two. It became increasingly difficult to improvise along the new harmonic lines without stumbling over the intricate rhythms, and *vice versa*. The emphasis is thus upon technique, and there are very few musicians who are able to relax and allow their invention to flow freely while playing Bop. This fact alone would account for the scarcity of first-rate exponents of the style.

The musical revolution is practically over. A lot of bad music—unorganized, meaningless, and exhibitionistic—has been played and recorded under the banner of Bop. That was inevitable, yet the total effect was not unhealthy. Bop established a precedent for open-minded experimentation and led jazz musicians toward a better technique, a broader understanding of musical theory, and, above all, a keener appreciation of rhythm.

V

THE reasons why jazz is still a neglected art in the land of its birth are many and mysterious. The hostility of the classical music-lover, since he is in the same general field, constitutes one of the most serious problems. Carefully conditioned in a different idiom and unacquainted with the best parts of jazz, the classical musician often fails to realize that jazz is a separate and distinct art-form and must be judged by separate and distinct standards. Jazz should not be likened to musical architecture, as classical music quite rightly is, but rather to the projection of sound *in time*. The mistaken notion that jazz is a perversion of classical music is of course the sheerest nonsense.

There are other, less tangible factors blocking an appreciation of jazz. One is a kind of snobbery, or worse. Before the Army and Navy forced the closing of Storyville, New Orleans' red-light district, on November 12, 1917, the famous madam, Willie V. Piazza, observed: "The country club girls are ruining my business." The country club girls have done much—by accepting it only in its most watered-down forms—to ruin jazz. Actually, the milieu in which jazz was born is quite humble, frequently disreputable. Jazz originated as a music of, by, and for the people, and as a dynamic art it is continually returning to the people who make it and dance to it.

Further, jazz is a potent force in debunking the myths of Fine Art and the social pretensions of the Concert Hall. To allow that jazz should be granted a role in the world of art leads to disconcerting questions about who is really cultured in our society, and to admit that a persecuted minority is able to produce a real art is to imply that the individuals in this group are gifted enough to play a more important part than that of second-class citizens.

When the great Swiss conductor, Ernst-Alexandre Ansermet, heard the clarinetist Sidney Bechet at London in 1919, he wrote with admiration and wonder: "What a moving thing it is to meet this very black, fat boy with white teeth and that narrow forehead, who is very glad one likes what he does, but who can say nothing of his art, save that he follows his 'own way,' and when one thinks that his 'own way' is perhaps the highway the whole world will swing along tomorrow."

Today the *avant-garde* of jazz is still very much alive, even though it flourishes for a time under the far from flattering name of Bop. This music is the sharply outlined reflection of the musicians who play it and, especially, of the environment in which it is played. Born in protest, both social and artistic, and cradled in contradiction, Bop mirrors the pace, complexity, and confusion of the times—frequently with too much accuracy for comfort.

Aunt Alice in April

WILLIAM H. MATCHETT

BY MID-DAY it was warm enough; she climbed
The path up through the orchard, stopping twice
To catch her breath and give her heart a rest.
Just to the left there somewhere, past the rock
Shaped like a sugar-loaf, the child had found
The bloodroot blooming and had stained her hands.

It was no use; her eyesight was too weak.
She could not find them and she dared not kneel
With no one there to help her up. She sighed
And peered around her at the feathering leaves.

Yes, it was truly spring once more.

She turned
And made her slow way back down to the house.

The Easy Chair

The Christopherson Papers

Bernard DeVoto

AS PART of the program of its annual meeting this year the American Historical Association scheduled a symposium of particular interest to me. The historians were going to discuss "Writing for the Larger Audience," under the direction of a man outside the fold who has written history for about the largest audience in the United States. He could not keep the engagement, however, and the discussion had to be canceled. There has been no outcry in the streets for me to take up the topic, but I'm going to. I don't know whether the credentials committee will certify me as a historian but that doesn't matter. I am a member of the Association (my dues are paid up—are yours?). I have done historical research for many years, and probably I read as much of the work published by my fellow-members as any of them do. If that last item does not qualify me to speak, what would?

And I share the distress which the profession feels because "the larger audience" does not read enough history. The historians hold a good many such discussions as the one that was scheduled for the trade convention, usually in an unhappy mood. They appoint committees to go on junkets to attractive places like Williamsburg and inquire what is wrong. They have been trying for more than ten years to establish a popular magazine of history, one that someone besides themselves will read. And they are right. The ultimate purpose of all their professional activity is to increase public knowledge of history. Their job is to spread understanding among our citizens by communicating what they have learned about the past. "Writing for the larger audience" merely means writing history—writing for people who are not his-

torians. Their inquiries and committees attest that they know they are not doing the job as well as they might. Some time ago I talked here about some of the technical and literary reasons why they aren't. This month I want to suggest that there are other reasons too and that some of them are psychological. Some of the professional values, attitudes, and states of mind that have developed stand in the way of historians who want to serve their cultural function. They are implicit and usually intangible, and I do not allege that any one of them is very important in itself. But you run into them so regularly that it is reasonable to call them common risks and they add up to a tolerably formidable sum. I am sure that they help to explain why "the larger audience" isn't being served as well as it ought to be, and that they harass some historians who try to serve it and deter others from trying.

ONE of them is a simple ambivalence. For three generations the profession has been married to the universities and has so turned inward on itself that it has developed pride in *not* exercising an influence outside its own cloister. If we simply changed "the larger audience" to read "the popular audience" we would wake a reflex of repudiation in a good many historians, for a good many of them believe that "popular" necessarily implies lowered standards, cheap and untrustworthy or even dishonest work, and betrayal of the austere ideals of the profession. Some of them feel this at the very moment when they are most distressed because only fellow-professionals read them. A year or so ago one of the breast-beating committees I have mentioned invited a woman outside the

fold who has had a striking popular success to listen to its deliberations, though it didn't ask for an expression of her ideas till the serious analyses of professionals were finished and they could indulge in some relaxation. During a recess one of the committeemen asked her how much money she had made from her last book. It is a good round sum and means a large audience. He was surprised and he was also, well, not so much shocked as inspired. "Sometime," he said, "I'm going to take a year off and write a popular history."

He isn't because he can't; this writer reaches a large audience because she is an accomplished literary artist. But the point is one historian's involuntarily revealed contempt of another one's popularity. He seemed to assume that he needed less, not more, than he had, that haste and superficiality were the avenue to her achievement. Actually, she has all the qualifications he has, and more too. Though I know scores of historians I know none who works his field more exhaustively, more scrupulously, or more critically than she. And she has something which for a long time the profession forgot is essential to good history and which it is even now too slowly acknowledging, wide general culture. It is idle and foolish to approach the problem of writing for the larger audience in belief that a historian must begin by compromising his professional standards and condescending to his audience. The profession has got to begin instead by realizing an unpleasant fact, that it is harder, it is a damned sight harder, to write for lay readers than for one's colleagues.

VARIOUS forces, most of which, I think, originate in graduate training, work out as a confusion of values that may slow up, intimidate, or completely frustrate a historian. There are, in fact, professional timidities, anxieties, and inhibitions that can be called neurotic. One of them is compulsiveness about unimportant errors. Let no one understand me to say that the greatest accuracy possible to the fallible human intelligence is not essential, for it is. In this longest of the arts everyone's effort must be to make no mistakes whatever, and the unremitting possibility of making them with every sentence is a wholesomely protective nightmare. But it is a nightmare. Nobody has ever written a history that did not contain a number

of small, peripheral errors, and no one ever will. There will always be small errors of fact, small misstatements, small misconceptions; some of them will result from the author's inadvertence and others from his blithe ignorance—and they do not matter in the least. What does matter is that there be no important errors, and it is folly to waste care that might be spent on preventing them in the illusory hope of preventing marginal ones.

Let's have a single example. I pick up a book by an established historian in a field which I claim to know fairly well and turn to a chapter on the Lewis and Clark expedition. I read there that the expedition started up the Missouri River with "one large square-rigged flatboat and two keelboats drawn by horses on the embankments." Well, it had no flatboat and though it did have one keelboat it was never pulled an inch by horses; it couldn't be, there were no "embankments" or towpaths on the Missouri, and when the keelboat could not be sailed it was either poled or cordelled by hand. The expedition had several horses when it started but they were used only by the hunters, they soon dwindled to one, and that one was presently stolen. So what? We have here one of those mortifying but only too common occasions when a man writes that the Declaration of Independence was signed at Monticello on Washington's Birthday in 1812 and then passes his eye over the statement a hundred times in his revisions and galleys without catching it. And that is all we have. It is a small mistake on the farthest margin of his field and it has no importance whatever. The question is how sound he is about the Lewis and Clark expedition, its historical meaning, purposes, conduct, and results, not whether he has misstated a peripheral fact. But there is a professional tendency to make both equally important, and in fact to penalize the peripheral error more than a cardinal and central misconception. The professional vision is trained to be so microscopic that it sometimes ceases to be binocular.

You can always see the tendency illustrated in the reviews published by the trade press—which in general are bad, worse than the equivalent in literary journals where the standard is sufficiently humble, and in general worse in the big quarterlies than in the

smaller ones. Too often what a 500-word or 800-word review says is that on page 90 the author asserts that a bill passed the Senate on March 21, whereas it should read March 22, page 180 demonstrates that he has not consulted the Christopherson Papers, and there is a reversed *a* on page 270. That reversed *a* scores twenty-five in the curious game historical reviewers play but the rest of us can read the word correctly without his help. If the date really is wrong, then the author should be told so in case he hasn't caught it himself, but he should be told so by mail, for the reviewer is wasting his space and our time. And ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the sole relevance of the Christopherson Papers is that the reviewer has done some work in them or at least knows they exist. The Christopherson Papers are one of the cruxes of the profession, they ride it with quirt and spur. An unknown quantity, they have a mystical importance as such, per se, and of themselves, and it may be serious professional misconduct not to use them even if they have only a peripheral relevance or none at all. Too few reviewers take the trouble to consider their relevance; they merely score twenty-five additional points for catching the culprit out. But, of course, a review is altogether worthless, no matter how many unimportant errors or omissions it may list, unless it passes an informed critical judgment on the book—and such a judgment is saddeningly rare in the quarterlies.

THIS is one aspect of a tendency to assign the same value to all facts, whereas the indispensable and culminating skill of a historian is to determine their relative values. On a mean plane it develops a fear of being shown up before one's peers, a politic and evasive caution; on a dignified but eventually tragic plane it may work out as an obsessive fear of having missed something vital. We all remember some definitive books that never got written. Their authors were notable men who marked off great fields for themselves and set about mastering them. As the years passed they kept on mastering them but they died with the books unwritten. Instead of reinterpreting a whole sequence of history or shining a bright light into areas that had always been dark, they wrote a handful of monographs which cleared up a lot of small matters

in small fragments of a great field. There was always something more to be investigated, and as it got smaller and farther toward the margin, the historian's anxiety about it increased. True, he had finished his study of trading across the lines in Kentucky but he had not studied the cultural background, economic interests, and political experience of certain agitators in western Missouri, so he remained unqualified to write about Lincoln's policy in regard to the Border States. Moreover, unexplored or perhaps not yet located, there were always the Christopherson Papers.

The historian in training has to learn to work with sources and must make what is called a contribution to knowledge. But the requirements develop an uneasy tendency to level off sources and contributions till they too all count ten, regardless. In fact, that does not put the case strongly enough. Contributions to knowledge sometimes work out as research merely for the sake of research; and to unearth previously unused historical data of no importance whatever is sometimes regarded as more virtuous than to make use of historical data by writing history. Better to find some laundry lists in the Christopherson Papers and publish them than to chart some hitherto unperceived relationship among great historical events whose principal sources are already in print. And the laundry lists become less important on the day of publication; true virtue reverts to the unpublished. An archivist does his back-breaking labor to the sole end that a historian may use the documents he brings together, but a historian who uses them is under some reproach—he should have turned up others himself. All the journeyman work of history, the assembly of facts, the publication of documents, the composition of monographs is supposed to be done for use, for the syntheses that those of higher rank than journeyman will some day make of them. But many a good man is uneasy because he has not found the documents on his own. The multiplication of historical data, together with the very wholesome widening of the boundaries of history, has progressed to the point where he cannot possibly cover everything at first-hand. But diffidence and self-distrust acquired from these professional values oppress him. Pressure to deal only with what he can cover at first-hand may end by driving him to the smaller field, the less im-

portant subject, where he can do all the work. But this is implicit distrust of his colleagues' work, which is irrational. And also it turns him away from history and back toward its journeyman work, so that he ends by writing for the profession, not the public.

A certain fatalism, courage, or resolution is called for, and historians have to accept a hard condition under which all writers work. There can never be an end to inquiry, there must always be something more to learn, nobody will ever learn enough. But also there is no such thing as absolute knowledge. If the book is to be written there must come a day when the historian takes the plunge. All right, up to here I have done my best, this is what I think I know, this is what I have found out and what I make of it; my researches extend up to Point A; beyond that, I rely on those of others; and on this I stand. Unquestionably the waters are icy but historians seem to find the plunge we must all make harder than the facts justify. They are dodging the truth which the public they want to write for knows quite well, that there is no such thing as final history, either.

AND there are other professional pressures. The man who has chosen the whole story or the big subject is forever out at the end of a limb. On every page he must settle some question which his colleagues have not settled to their satisfaction, about which the evidence is incomplete or there is a conflict of authoritative opinion. A paragraph may require him to make more final judgments than a monographer has to in fifty pages. For long stretches at a time every sentence he writes may be in dispute. So the self-protective illusions of the profession collapse round him, for he must constantly face not only his own limitations but those of historical method, the sources, the evidence, the sacred documents themselves—the fog of history. He is the man who cannot evade the hard reality that historical facts are mixed, impure, insufficient, and frequently indeterminable. He cannot evade an even harder reality, that history is an art. He has to form judgments about facts as needs must, offhand, and in his stride—but what is much worse, he has to pass judgment on things that he need never consider in a monograph, things that there is a strong professional pressure to avoid. He has

to express ethical and moral judgments; he has to say that people or their actions were good or bad, intelligent or stupid; he has to explore the subjective content of events and bring in findings. He has to import philosophy and criticism into a study whose journeymen believe it to be objective and impersonal. If there are warring schools and big controversies in his path, he has to take sides. There is never a moment when he is not vulnerable.

In the most favorable circumstances it would take considerable intrepidity to write history on this scale, but the unhappy truth is that some professional habits of mind, and therefore some of the values of an academic career, tend to work against it. The more comfortable way, frequently the more respected way, is to avoid the big subject. But “the larger audience,” the nonprofessional public, wants only this kind of history, and the way to reach the audience, the way to give the public the knowledge of history we all know it needs, is to write the kind of history it wants. It wants history in the round, not fragmented; the whole story, not parts of it; personalities recreated, events dramatized, the sweep and sequences made clear. And it wants the instruction that can be got from only this kind of history; it wants critical judgment passed on events, the people who took part in them, motives, values, and results—was this right or wrong, did it work out well or badly, what did it mean, what did it prove? To the public a historian is a man who is qualified to express such judgments and who therefore must. He is a man who interprets the past and he is nothing else. There is no other reason why the public should read him: there is simply no way of making it read the journeyman work and there never will be.

Obviously most historians will always be engaged solely with the journeyman work, the professional monograph, the limited subject, the small theme, the accumulation of inquiries into minor matters on which historical progress rests. But the restlessness and self-consciousness of the profession is sufficient evidence that the big history, the important project, should be commoner than it is. The first step in making it commoner would seem to be to encourage rather than penalize it—to make it as respectable in the profession as it is to the public.

Marquand of Newburyport

Granville Hicks

JOHAN P. MARQUAND, whom *Life* has called "the most successful novelist in the United States," is today easily the leading resident of the city of Newburyport, Massachusetts. Although he was born in Delaware and has lived in Boston and New York, strong ties have always held Marquand to the city of his ancestors. He spent much of his boyhood there, and it was from Newburyport High School that he entered Harvard in 1911. He has always had Newburyport relatives, and since 1936 he has had a Newburyport farm and summer home. He used Newburyport as a background for more than one of his magazine serials, and the city has figured in his later novels, most recently and with least disguise in *Point of No Return*.

Marquand's Newburyport has thus become familiar to hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of Americans. But there is another Newburyport: the one that W. Lloyd Warner and his team of sociologists and social anthropologists chose to call Yankee City. Working under the auspices of the Committee of Industrial Physiology at Harvard University, Dr. Warner and his associates selected Newburyport for study because it was a well-integrated, reasonably autonomous community with a number of ethnic groups and a population under 20,000. From 1930 to 1934, Dr. Warner and his staff of thirty men and women collected data on virtually all of the 17,000 inhabitants of the city, and there were confirma-

tory researches at a later date. In 1941 Dr. Warner and Paul S. Lunt published *The Social Life of a Modern Community*, and by now four volumes have appeared of the six that are to compose the "Yankee City Series." No other city in the world has been so exhaustively scrutinized.

In the course of his Newburyport researches, Dr. Warner evolved a theory about the class structure of American society, a theory he later tested in studies of various Middle Western communities, as described in his most recent book, *Democracy in Jonesville*. "By class," he explained in *The Social Life of a Modern Community*, "is meant two or more orders of people who are believed to be, and are accordingly ranked by the members of the community, in socially superior and inferior positions. . . . A class society distributes rights and privileges, duties and obligations, unequally among its inferior and superior grades. A system of classes, unlike a system of castes, provides by its own values for movement up and down the social ladder. In common parlance, this is social climbing, or in technical terms, social mobility. The social system of Yankee City, we found, was dominated by a class order."

ALL this will have a familiar sound to readers of *Point of No Return*. For they will remember that in the spring of 1947 the hero, Charles Gray, accidentally

Mr. Hicks, who last appeared in these pages with a striking analysis of Arnold Toynbee, here examines the works of J. P. Marquand from the point of view of a social historian, literary critic, and New Englander.

encounters an anthropologist named Malcolm Bryant, whom he had known nearly twenty years earlier when the latter was making a social study of Charley's home town, Clyde. The results of this study have been published in a book called *Yankee Persepolis*, a copy of which Malcolm gives to Charley when they have lunch together. "Mr. Bryant," he reads on the jacket, "fresh from the study of the Zambesis of Central Africa, has applied, in broad principle, the methods of research which he developed and perfected there." ("The methods of this research," reads the jacket copy for *The Social Life of a Modern Community*, "were developed by Professor Warner during a three-year study of a Stone Age people in Australia.") Charles has difficulty with the jargon in a chapter called "The Concepts Behind This Study"—Warner's title is "The Conceptual Framework"—and is shocked to find himself and his family in the book. (The passage is an artful parody of what Warner calls "Yankee City Profiles.")

The reader may recall one particular paragraph that is quoted from *Yankee Persepolis*: "For the purposes of distinction, it will be well arbitrarily to define the very definite and crystallized social strata of Yankee Persepolis as upper, middle, and lower. These will be subdivided into upper-upper, middle-upper, and lower-upper, and the same subdivisions will be used for middle and lower classes." I am told that Professor Warner originally planned a ninefold division of this kind, but actually there are only six divisions in the Yankee City scheme—upper-upper, lower-upper, upper-middle, and so on. Almost everyone, the researchers concluded, could be fitted into one of the six categories: "All of the types of social structure and each of the thousands of families, thousands of cliques, and hundreds of associations were, member by member, interrelated in our research. With the use of all structural participation, and with the aid of such additional testimony as the area lived in, the type of house, kind of education, manners, and other symbols of class, it was possible to determine very quickly the approximate place of any individual in the society."

In *Point of No Return*, Charles Gray says to Malcolm Bryant, "Your categories and groupings bother me. I like individuals, not groupings. It doesn't make any difference

where anyone comes from, it seems to me." And again: "There weren't so many classes. Clyde's a pretty democratic place." But earlier—earlier in time though further on in the novel—Charles said to Malcolm, on just this point of class structure, "I don't see why it's so remarkable. I could have told you that myself." And, as he shows on the day of his luncheon with Bryant—that afternoon at the Park Avenue apartment of customers of his bank, and that evening at a country club dance—he can still draw a realistic map of the society in which he lives. After the dance, when he annoys his wife by sitting up to read *Yankee Persepolis*, he admits to himself that Bryant is largely right: "He could see the Grays on Spruce Street and the Lovells on Johnson Street through Malcolm Bryant's eyes, and it was hard to believe that he could ever have lived in this arbitrary frame, illustrated by curves and diagrams, and now he was living in another. He could almost see the Stuyvesant Bank and that evening at Oak Knoll in a new and revealing light—almost, but not entirely."

If, however, Charles concedes that such researches have a certain validity, he does not think well of Malcolm Bryant, and neither does Mr. Marquand. Academicians have almost always fared badly in Marquand's novels—"pampered, preposterous creatures who lived an artificial life, who did not understand or want to be like other people." Bryant is supposed to be an expert in human relations, but in dealing with the people around him he displays "the unskillful ignorance of most dwellers in academic ivory towers."

Marquand, needless to say, is talking about a character of his called Malcolm Bryant, not about an eminent social anthropologist named W. Lloyd Warner. Yet he can scarcely disclaim an intention of satirizing the Yankee City study, and there is no reason why he should. He has a right to satirize the study since he has demonstrated again and again that he has a better understanding of the class structure of contemporary American society than Lloyd Warner and all his advisers, colleagues, and assistants put together. "The way to learn about Clyde," Charles Gray reflects at one point, "was to be brought up there." Marquand was, literally, brought up in the Newburyport that Warner happened to select as a subject for sociological study. What

matters, however, is his ability to see and understand—and communicate.

II

AS EVERYONE knows, John Phillips Marquand came to the writing of serious fiction by what is generally regarded as the servants' entrance. After Harvard and the Boston *Transcript* and the first world war and a term with J. Walter Thompson's advertising agency, he wrote a historical romance, *The Unspeakable Gentleman*, which he sold to the *Ladies' Home Journal*. (Marquand has always insisted that the editor took it because it lent itself to illustrations in the magazine's new five-color process.) That was in 1922, and in the next twenty-two years, according to Roger Butterfield, he wrote and sold 125 stories and serials. In the twenty-seven years of his writing career, *Time* says, "he has finished every book and story he ever started, has sold everything he has written except one short story."

From 1922 to 1937, most of what Marquand wrote was sold to the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, or the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and he was known simply as a slick writer. It is true that *Lord Timothy Dexter* (1925), his biography of Newburyport's eminent eccentric, was praised by many critics, and Elmer Davis had some kind things to say about *Haven's End* (1933), a series of related short stories with a Newburyport background. It was not, however, until he published *The Late George Apley* in 1937, and won a Pulitzer prize with it, that he had anything that could be called a literary reputation. Since then, he has presumably made more money from his serious novels than he ever made from slick writing, but for quite a while he kept one eye on the slick market: the last Mr. Moto story wasn't published until 1942, and he did a *Collier's* serial after that. (As far as that goes, it may be recalled that part of *Point of No Return* was serialized in the *Ladies' Home Journal*; another part appeared in the *Atlantic*.)

In addition to *Haven's End* and a wartime novelette called *Repent in Haste*, the flyleaf of *Point of No Return* lists six novels, the six books that must be taken into account when Marquand is being considered as a literary figure. They constitute a remarkably homo-

geneous body of work. Two of them are laid in Boston, and one in a city near Boston that bears a strong resemblance to Newburyport. Two of them are located in the New York City area, with some of the action in each taking place in a small Massachusetts city. The sixth is divided between New York and Washington. All are concerned with the upper class—either the upper-uppers, according to Dr. Warner's definition, or the lower-uppers.

THE upper-upper class in one of its purest forms—as it flourished in Boston between the Civil War and the New Deal—is the subject of *The Late George Apley*. The Apleys, it will be recalled, are an old New England family, respected rather than rich to begin with, then moderately prosperous as merchants, and finally well-to-do as manufacturers. The family has achieved real wealth and has firmly consolidated its social position in the two generations before George Apley's.

No apology need be made for the use of Warner's terminology, for it fits. "In the upper-upper," he writes, "the children are definitely subordinated to the older group and their position is one of great subordination to the parental generation in comparison to that of the young generation within the families of classes beneath this group." That says, in a rather clumsy way, what *The Late George Apley* is about. It is, among other things, a very knowing study of the mechanisms by which a social class enforces its standards and achieves the conformity of its members.

If George Apley were a born conformist, there would be no drama; it is his ineffectual rebelliousness that gives the character its interest and the novel its pathos. But conform he does, and in time is pinned into position by that famous Boston device, the trust fund. It is in his attempt to find a function to match his position that he sometimes makes himself ridiculous and provides the opportunity for the more boisterous part of Marquand's satire.

Much of the second half of the novel is concerned with George Apley's efforts to keep his son John in line. Because of the first world war, John escapes for a time, and he distresses his father by marrying a divorced

woman, but he has not strayed very far from the standards of his class, and in the end he returns to Boston and the Apley heritage. It was to John's generation, a generation over which it was more difficult to maintain class controls, that Marquand turned in his next novel but one, *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*. Harry Pulham is almost an exact contemporary of John Apley, and like John he escapes from Boston by way of the first world war. Unlike John, however, he does not marry the girl he falls in love with in New York, but is married to the girl his family has selected, and the book explores the cost of conformity, not only for Harry but also for his wife.

BETWEEN *The Late George Apley* and *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, Marquand wrote *Wickford Point*, which, in spite of his denials, has always been regarded as a portrayal of his Newburyport cousins, the Hales.

It is the story of an upper-upper family that has gone downhill. Related to the intellectual aristocracy of nineteenth-century New England, maintained in tarnished elegance by a trust fund and the leniency of their creditors, the Brills go their erratic way, confident of their distinction, arrogant, indolent, and rapacious. Although Marquand, like his narrator, seems to find in some of the Brills a charm that is likely to elude the reader, he makes them out, on the whole, to be a pretty bad lot.

The character of the Brills emerges most clearly in their relations with persons who do not belong to their own class. The problem of relationships between members of different classes, and particularly the marital relationship, gives a novelist material for dramatic situations, just as it provides the sociologist with an opportunity for generalizations.

"Members of a class," Dr. Warner says, "tend to marry within their own order, but the values of the society permit marriage up and down." Marriage is, indeed, one of the principal ways in which social mobility operates. "In class, unlike caste," as Warner carefully puts it, "there are three possibilities of marriage instead of the one in caste. As Chart V demonstrates, a person may marry above, below, or evenly." Mr. Marquand has taken all these possibilities into account.

George Apley and Harry Pulham, against their own inclinations, marry evenly. Jeff Wilson, in *So Little Time*, has married into a class above his own. In earlier novels Marquand had introduced the Harvard boy from the wrong side of the tracks, and now he did a full-length portrait of him, with a Harvard the Apleys and Pulhams had never known in the background. Jeff is supporting his wife and their children according to his wife's standards by doctoring plays and movies instead of writing plays of his own. ("My wife had lived in a style to which I was not accustomed," Marquand once said, speaking of his first marriage. "And ever since then I've been over a barrel.") The novel is principally concerned with the mood of America just before Pearl Harbor, but everything is seen through the troubled eyes of a man who is paying a price for his social mobility.

In *B. F.'s Daughter* an unequal marriage is portrayed from the other side of the barrier. B. F.—Burton Fulton—is a man with a gift for making money who has landed in the lower-upper class without knowing how he got there. Polly, the daughter of the title, would naturally marry into the upper-uppers, thus confirming the family's social success. However, because she is her father's daughter, she wants to dominate the man she marries, and, not being able to dominate the upper-upper who is in love with her, she takes on one of Marquand's incompetent college professors. He, far from feeling any obligation to support Polly in her accustomed style, is quite willing to adopt that style for himself at her expense, but he compensates for his subordination by infidelity, and Polly regrets her choice.

The extraordinary thing about Marquand's handling of class relationships is his ability to suggest the elusiveness of class lines. Charles Gray, in *Point of No Return*, is not only characteristically American but perfectly sensible in his rejection of Malcolm Bryant's wordy generalizations. This scheme of Bryant's approximates only in the roughest way the social pattern that Charles has experienced. But in practice Charles knows that there *are* lines, even though they aren't quite where Bryant thinks they are, and are drawn with a delicacy Bryant could never perceive. Marquand knows this, too, and his awareness accounts for some of his happiest touches.

IN TERMS of Dr. Warner's marital possibilities *Point of No Return* is the story of a man who might have married out of his class but didn't. Look at the structure of the novel. In Part I we see Charley Gray in 1947, a member of the lower-upper class in the New York-Westchester sector who is fighting tooth and nail to maintain his social position, spurred on by an ambitious wife. The question is whether Charles is going to become vice president of the bank in which he works, and it is a vital question to Charles and, even more, to Nancy. Then, by one of Marquand's more ingenious contrivances, we are back in Clyde in Charles's young manhood, when he was in love with Jessica Lovell, an upper-upper. The Grays were lower-upper, and precariously so, in spite of ancestors and connections, for Charley's father had a talent for losing money. We know that Charley isn't going to marry Jessica, who is in a position of "great subordination to the parental generation," and we know that he is going to marry Nancy, whom we have seen to be something of a nagger. It all happens: Mr. Lovell breaks the engagement; Charley leaves Clyde and goes to work in New York; he meets Nancy. But then it turns out that Nancy "really was a Spruce Street girl." (The Grays live on Spruce Street, in Clyde, not on the Lovells' upper-upper Johnson Street.) She is, in short, the right kind of wife for Charley, good for him in a way that Jessica could never have been. The Grays, we realize, are representative Americans, fighting their way upward together, doing their best in the world as they find it.

By means of this reversal, Marquand makes the reader—even this reader—care whether Charles Gray gets to be a vice president of the Stuyvesant Bank.

In *Point of No Return*, Marquand not only has a lot of fun with the sociologists; he beats them at their own game, for the chapters on Clyde tell us more about a well-integrated, reasonably autonomous community with a population under 20,000 than we are likely to learn from the Yankee City series. If, like Charley Gray, he scoffs at the sociologists' generalizations, he knows what he sees with his own eyes. If the social structure of Newburyport, to say nothing of New York City, is too complex and too subtly defined to be reduced to a diagram, it has its own kind of reality.

Marquand's understanding of that reality is an important element in his success as a novelist of manners.

III

LIKE most novelists of manners, Marquand is often satirical, though satire is less prominent in his work than some critics, probably misled by *The Late George Apley*, have assumed. He has satirized advertising agencies, the slick magazines, omniscient correspondents and commentators. He has polished off the country club set, the Fairfield County intelligentsia, the hangers-on of the New Deal, the soft professors. No one can do a better job with the small talk of the conjugal breakfast table or bedroom, and some of his funniest scenes, such as the account of the Pulham family's return from a summer in Maine—"I had always believed in assuming that a motor trip with the children would be pretty bad, but actually that trip was worse"—grow out of the trivia of domestic life.

As a rule, he aims at fair and not very difficult game. His great gift is for accurate reporting—his eye is as good as Sinclair Lewis's at its best, and his ear is more dependable than Lewis's ever was—and he achieves his finest results with only a slight heightening of effect. He is not a crusader, has no great store of indignation, is likely to temper his roughest blast with pity.

Towards persons of established social position—the upper-uppers, as Warner would say—he has an attitude of amused respect. It is true that he hasn't much to say for the Brills in *Wickford Point*, but they are aristocrats gone to seed. For the Apleys, on the other hand, diverting as he finds their behavior on occasion, he has a warm regard—even for George and certainly for his father and uncle. As a person who knows the system and yet stands outside it, he can render the comedy in the shaping of a George Apley, but he has no desire to repudiate all the Apley standards.

If anything, Marquand has a bias in favor of upper-class values. Harry Pulham, with all his limitations, is obviously a better person, more honorable, more useful, happier, than Bill King, the Harvard boy from the wrong side of the tracks who becomes a successful advertising man. Bob Tasmin, the upper-class

lawyer whom B. F.'s daughter almost married, turns out to be vastly more admirable than the middle-class college professor whom Polly does marry. And in *So Little Time*, Jeff Wilson, knowing that he is going to be a hack the rest of his life, looks up, not to some dramatist who has succeeded where he has failed, but to Minot Roberts, the first upper-upper he ever knew.

Born into one of the old Newburyport families and into a good deal of luxury, Marquand was headed for Groton, but his father lost heavily in the panic of 1907, and he went to Newburyport High School instead. (He lived with his Newburyport aunts while his father was working on the Panama Canal.) He did get to Harvard, but only by virtue of scholarships and with very little money in his pockets. He learned to make money with his typewriter, and, as he has observed, he needed to, since he was married to a Sedgwick. They were divorced in 1935, and two years later he married Adelaide Hooker, a connection of the Rockefellers.

All this may explain the ambivalence of his attitude towards the values of the upper class. He has never forgotten, however, that the values of the upper-uppers, like everyone else's, are subject to the corrosive influence of time. The Apleys must change or perish. Jeff Wilson, much as he admires Minot Roberts, knows that his type is "a little outmoded, a little dry and sterile." Even for a Bob Tasmin, the most Marquand can say is that his values may be as good as any we can find in this confused world. "We're like fish being moved from one aquarium to another," one of the characters in *B.F.'s Daughter* says. "We were in one body of water, and now we're in another, but everything is moving so fast I can't remember what it used to be like." Tasmin writes his wife from the Pacific theater of war: "We were all taught to expect something different—I don't know exactly what and I wish I did." Many of Marquand's characters are nostalgic for times and places in which values were fixed, but, as Harry and his wife say at the end of *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, and as someone is always implying in Marquand's novels, "We can't go back."

IT is because Marquand is so acutely conscious of the changes time brings not merely to people but also to their values

that all of his major novels move back and forth between present and past. He is wonderfully adroit in the use of the flashback, and, especially in *H. M. Pulham, Esquire* and *Point of No Return*, has solved with great ingenuity the problem of bringing the past into the present. His sense of time is even more precise than his sense of place or his sense of class. He knows the past thirty-five years—on the social planes and in the places with which he is concerned—as unerringly as one of Mark Twain's pilots knew the Mississippi River. A serious anachronism in one of his books is almost unthinkable, not because he is a pedantic researcher but because his feeling for time approaches infallibility.

Marquand's heroes are always confused and usually conscious of their confusion. He once defined his typical hero as "the badgered American male—and that includes me—fighting for a little happiness and always crushed by the problems of his environment." The inclusion of himself is significant. Marquand has never pretended that he was any clearer on the problem of values than the people he is writing about. (That is why he cannot be in any fundamental sense a satirist.) He sees that the people who have clear-cut standards often make mistakes, but so do those who haven't, and the mistakes of the latter are often worse. There are a few fools in Marquand's novels, but there are no wise men.

In *Point of No Return* Marquand suggests that perhaps the only thing to do is to accept things as they are. Charles Gray says to Nancy, "We're part of a system where there's always someone waiting to kick you in the teeth in a nice way," and Nancy replies, "It's a rotten system." But what, Mr. Marquand asks, is better? Not anything, certainly, that Clyde might have offered. And are the Grays so badly off? They have each other, and, like most Marquand couples, get along together much better than appearances indicate. They have their children, their home, their social position. They have their fight for success, and, as it turns out, they have their victory. Marquand barely alludes to what the Grays would have if they lost the fight, but he does admit with complete candor that what they have won is an ample distance this side of Paradise. But, he asks again, is there anything better? If there is, he has not shown it in this novel or in any other.

IV

I TAKE a dim view of all serious critics," Marquand has said. "I don't know any who've had a kind word to say for me, ever since I was a little boy." This, of course, is exaggeration. Elmer Davis suggested, way back in 1933, that John P. Marquand was a man to be reckoned with. In 1941 Herschel Brickell wrote a laudatory article about Marquand and Ellen Glasgow in the *Virginia Quarterly Review*. That same year Joseph Warren Beach of the University of Minnesota included Marquand, though not without some apologies, among the eight major novelists he discussed in *American Fiction, 1920-1940*.

Other respectable critics have spoken warmly of Marquand, but he has reason for feeling that he has been shabbily treated. In last year's *Literary History of the United States*, a large-scale venture in co-operative scholarship, he was not given an individual bibliography, although the works of Erskine Caldwell, Zona Gale, William Saroyan, and Upton Sinclair, to mention but a few, were duly listed; and he was not even mentioned in the principal chapter on contemporary fiction. Nobody writes articles about him in the highbrow magazines, and the more esoteric critics of fiction rarely bother to review his books. He has not even the satisfaction of being lambasted by the highbrows, as Faulkner and Hemingway and Dos Passos perennially are; he is ignored.

The reasons for this neglect are obvious: academic critics are shocked because he has written so much for the slicks, and highbrow critics distrust him because his novels sell by the hundreds of thousands. He is useless to the academicians—I mean, to be sure, the bad academicians—because he fits no category and illustrates no trend. The highbrows cannot damn him to the greater glory of Henry James, or praise him in disparagement of Ernest Hemingway. There is a feeling that Mr. Marquand has his reward, and may be left to *Life*, *Time*, and the Book-of-the-Month Club *Bulletin*.

Yet the serious critics ought at least to recognize the efficiency with which Marquand does the things he wants to do. I have spoken, for instance, of the skill with which he moves backward and forward in time, never better exhibited than in the preparation for Charles

Gray's revisitation of Clyde in *Point of No Return*. One sees, on close examination, that the thing is contrived, but one is scarcely aware of the contrivance on first reading and can find nothing wrong with it on second or third. Or, as an example of his economy, take the first chapter of *B. F.'s Daughter*, in which Polly Brett travels to her country home, hears that her father is ill, and makes a precipitate return to New York. In eighteen pages of apparently offhand narrative, we come to know that Polly is rich, that she has intellectual pretensions, that her husband is a heel, that she is deeply attached to her father, and that she is a good deal like him. Those pages could be used anywhere as a model of painless exposition.

It is sometimes said that Marquand's range is narrow, but actually he works in as spacious a territory as most of his contemporaries; it merely happens to be different. The upper-uppers and even the lower-uppers have been largely neglected in current literature, partly at any rate because most of our novelists have come from the middle segments of our society. Marquand has had excellent opportunities for observation of the upper groups, being identified with them and yet detached from them both by elements in his early experience and by professional interests. Many Americans deny the existence of class stratification, adhering either to the myth of perfect equality or accepting the Marxist theory of a two-sided struggle; but Marquand knows how complex our social structure is, and his mastery of the subtler gradations has provided the basis not only for comedy but also for a good deal of drama. American society, even in Boston, is too mobile to lend itself to the particular kind of drama that was Anthony Trollope's stock in trade, but Marquand gets some of the same effects. He has a world of his own, and it is an important world.

EACH of Marquand's six serious novels has been a best seller, and *Point of No Return* stood at the top of the list for month after month. Why? His books have none of the conventional attributes of the best seller—no sensational sex, no burning social issues, no harrowing adventures, no religious message. They deal with lawyers, stock-brokers, bankers, manufacturers, and writers. His heroes are not in the least heroic; they

are badgered American males, often inarticulate and sometimes ineffectual. No murders take place, and the bedroom scenes are more often concerned with the bickerings of married couples than they are with the ecstasies of lovers. The people are everyday people, and they live in an everyday world, which Marquand describes in painstaking detail.

To say all this is not to suggest that Marquand is one of those writers who are obdurately indifferent to the demands of the reading public. He has always known what the customers want, and he still is ready to give it to them whenever he can. Since he does not choose to capitalize on the demand for sensational sex, he is quite willing to make the most of the demand for propriety: he cleans up the language of his characters, and he skirts situations that a bolder kind of realist would feel obliged to confront. If he cannot supply happy endings, he falls back on his worldliness and his literary skill to make resignation palatable. And if he has no solution to offer to his reader's problems, he knows how to make the reader feel that the lack of a solution is a mark of the reader's wisdom and his own.

These concessions, however, if that is what they should be called, do not measurably lessen the value of his work, nor do they explain its popularity. Obviously there must be a powerful demand for what Marquand gives—an intimate, detailed, credible account of the way in which the upper classes of the northeastern United States live. It is not enough to say that Marquand's readers have risen or hope to rise into the ranks of the prosperous and socially accepted. One has to take into account the revolution in social relationships and moral values that is, in one way or another, the theme of all Marquand's novels. As a result of this revolution, fewer and fewer people acquire clearly defined standards in childhood, and those who do are more and more likely to find their standards irrelevant. Increasingly our patterns of conduct are determined by observation of the way other people behave—often by vicarious observation, through movies, plays, and novels. There is not much help for us in the novels of Hemingway and Faulkner and Farrell, any more than there is in the cleavage-and-dagger romances, to which we turn for something else anyway, but there is a good deal of help

in Marquand. Here we can discover what the values are for which there is a current market demand.

THIS hypothesis should not be regarded as disparaging to either Mr. Marquand or his readers. It is merely an attempt to explain why hundreds of thousands of people are intensely interested in novels that, according to most theories about the publishing business, ought to leave them cold. That other readers read Marquand for other reasons, that these readers find other values in him, ought not to need saying.

Moreover, it is precisely Marquand's human insight that makes him useful as a guide to behavior, if that is what he is. As I have been trying to say, he is a social novelist of great talent, and neither his slick past nor his successful present should blind us to that fact. It is true that he keeps close to the surface, in contrast to the more ambitious and more interesting of our younger writers, who plunge deeper and deeper into the mysteries of the human personality. On the surface, however, he has a mastery that is not to be underestimated.

The world that Marquand gives us in his novels is one in which the rules are enormously important, and yet one no sooner learns them than they change. It is a world in which there are few spectacular tragedies and a good deal of quiet desperation, in which there are few ecstasies but many little satisfactions. It is a world so full of confusion that only stupid people like Malcolm Bryant and Tom Brett and Walter Newcome believe they understand it, and they fool themselves only part of the time.

One may argue that Marquand has been all too ready to give in to confusion, to say that problems are insoluble, to abandon the search for better values than those that inhere in things as they are. Like most of his characters, though not the characters he most admires, he has been governed by the theory of the half-loaf, and he—and we—will never know whether or not he could have had a whole loaf if he had tried. Such reservations, however, may be left to time, that element whose power he has so often acknowledged. For his own era, he speaks with genuine authority, and he speaks to it, as his millions of readers demonstrate, with singular persuasiveness.

After Hours

THE art of letter writing is commonly thought to be one of the casualties of our time. The telephone and telegraph and more particularly the rapid pace of our life, which we assume to be so much more precipitous than in our grandfathers' day, have presumably taken the fine edge off the letter as a means of communication. Actually the art has changed surprisingly little in the past thirty-five hundred years, as even a cursory examination of an exhibition of letters now being held at the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York displays.

The first recorded letter in our literature is a succinct and distasteful one. In the second book of *Samuel David* is reported to have written to Joab: "Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him that he may be smitten and die." This bit of economical prose disposed of Bathsheba's husband. The earliest letters in the exhibition, clay tablets in cuneiform from Babylon, are, however, personal and not official, for example:

. . . The cow which I bought for ten shekels of silver—you know that it means a hardship for me to pay the silver for her. I wrote you repeatedly concerning that cow. . . . But you did not even write me your refusal.

There are all sorts of letters in the show, from the most official—a Papal bull—to the most personal love letters. Queen Elizabeth writes a page in her own waspish and spiky hand to the King of France; Savonarola writes in small cramped lines to his brother ("In the life I have chosen you must think of me as dead for all purposes"); at the age of fifteen Amerigo Vespucci writes to his father; Machiavelli sends orders to the Florentine army that attacks Pisa; Titian sends an en-

graving of his *Trinity* to a patron. But most interesting are those letters that might have been written in our own day, the family and friendly correspondence that even the telephone has not eliminated. Some are touching, others funny, and still others are devastatingly revealing of character.

Napoleon writing to his mother about what he considered the disgraceful behavior of his brother Jerome, who took up with a woman from Baltimore, sounds like any military moralist:

Mr. Jerome Bonaparte has arrived at Lisbon with the woman with whom he is living. . . . I will treat this young man severely, if . . . he shows himself unworthy of the name he bears, if he persists in wishing to continue his liaison. . . . I will abandon him forever. Speak to his sisters, so that they also may write to him, for when I have pronounced sentence I shall be inflexible and his life will be ruined forever.

Younger children writing to their parents are more sympathetic. Lord Byron's illegitimate daughter, whom he had assigned to the care of nuns, wrote her father shortly before her fifth birthday in a large hand on ruled paper:

My dear Pappa—Since it is Fair time, I should like very much a visit from my pappa. . . . Will not he wish to please his little Allegra who loves him so much.

On the back of the note Byron wrote "note from my daughter . . . which is sincere enough but not very flattering—she wants to see me because it 'is the fair' to get some paternal gingerbread—I suppose."

He did not visit her, and the next year she was dead.

Ebullient young Wolfgang Mozart wrote

to his mother while visiting in Italy when he was thirteen:

My heart is completely enchanted with all these pleasures, because it is so jolly on this journey, because it is so warm in the carriage, and because our coachman is a fine fellow, who, when the road gives him the slightest chance, drives so fast. . . .

Another letter from a son to his mother was written by Thoreau when he was job-hunting in New York in 1843:

I have tried sundry methods of raising money in the city of late but without success, have rambled into every bookseller's or publisher's house and discussed their affairs with them. Some propose to me to do what an honest man cannot. Among others I conversed with the Harpers—to see if they might not find me useful to them—but they say they are making fifty thousand dollars annually, and their motto is to let well alone.

Jonathan Swift evidently had his troubles with publishers as Thoreau did. In 1726 he wrote to Benjamin Motte, offering him *Gulliver's Travels* for publication and sending him a sample. He gave Motte just three days to make up his mind, and if his decision should be in the manuscript's favor, he demanded two hundred pounds in cash. "If you chuse rather to send the Papers [instead of the cash]," he wrote, "make no other Proposal of your own but just barely write on a piece of paper that you do not accept my offer." He was not going to bicker.

There are a few love letters in the collection, principally husbands writing to their wives. Oliver Cromwell, who had evidently been chided by Mrs. Cromwell for not being demonstrative in his correspondence writes: "... Thou art dearer to me than any creature. Lett that suffice."

And William Penn wrote from Philadelphia in 1684 to his first wife when he was about to set out on a sea voyage: "Live spareing, have little cumber, teach the children love and humility to the people, and that my promesses to you be in all fulfilled."

There are one hundred and fifty letters in the exhibition, all of them interesting but not all of them "great letters," as Mr. George K. Boyce who arranged the show says in his excellent introduction. To me the most mov-

ing of them is a statement so simple, so free of histrionics, and so completely self-contained that it seems impossible that it could have been written by a woman awaiting execution. It is a simple note asking a favor of a friend, and was written by Nurse Edith Cavell the day before she was shot by the Germans as a spy. It is quoted here in full.

Dear Miss Butcher,

Would it be troubling you too much to ask you to take charge of this letter & send it to England later on. I am enclosing [space left blank] of Pauline's money, the rest to be paid thro' my Mother in England as she requires it—I am asking you to do this as it seems wrong to let her have it on account of her family etc. She is now chez Mme. Francois, 1 rue Van Campenhont, N.E. and seems to be happy. Please watch over her a little, she is so young—I think something can be made of her tho' she is difficult at times. My very kind regards to you and Miss Dine & goodbye.

Yours sincerely,

10th Oct. 1915

Edith Cavell

If you see Miss Rowney at any time will you remember ~~her to~~ me to her very kindly.

Young Man with a Piano

THE advantage of having film-making conducted by entrepreneurs rather than artists is that only through accident can anything get into a movie that is not generally believed. This makes it possible to guess, with a greater accuracy than could be achieved in any other way, what progress a given notion has made in the market of ideas. For example, in the summer of 1931 Leon Bismarck Beiderbecke, a jazz musician of a talent that has never been surpassed, died of pneumonia at the age of twenty-six. He had driven in an open car to Princeton, New Jersey, with a temperature and a bad cold, to play in a dance band (they said "it was Bix or no date"). Later, on his way to a train and a further engagement, dressed in a tuxedo with a shining trumpet under his arm, he collapsed, and in a few days it was over. Seven years later a book was published called *Young Man with a Horn*, by Dorothy Baker, who acknowledged her debt to "the music, but not the life, of a great musician, Leon 'Bix' Beiderbecke. . . ." Nineteen years later a

movie has been made from the book. As the lights came on in the theater, a know-it-all voice a few seats away from me said, "He died of a brain tumor, in very degraded circumstances." Well, he didn't—that was another American musician who died—but the details evaporate and the film fairly summarizes what little seems to be remembered about Bix in 1950.

Let's rewind the reel. Begin with a young man in a high collar and a belted jacket named Hoagland Carmichael. He lived in Bloomington, Indiana, on a "quiet tree-lined street" in a house with a "cold parlor where stood the upright golden-oak piano." It was an Armstrong: "All there was of the Carmichael family was stored in that piano." His mother played the accompaniment to the local picture show, and, aware that he was "the most important kid in town," he got in free. His idea was to become a lawyer—"Hoagland," he told himself, "you seem to be like Huckleberry Finn, wanting to be Oliver Wendell Holmes and sit on the Supreme Court"—but first there had to come years at college in Bloomington, the golden years when "leaping legions" from New Orleans to Chicago were discovering a new music and an entire generation in the central valley was trying to make itself over in the image of jazz. A band called the Wolverines came to Indiana University for fraternity dances, and in it there was "a slight, extremely young kid" from Lake Forrest Academy who played the cornet.

"Hoagy, meet Bix Beiderbecke."

He never did make much of a lawyer. Today the lean, alert, and friendly face on the screen can unhesitatingly be identified as Hoagy Carmichael by a generation that connects him sooner with "Hong Kong Blues" and Lauren Bacall than with "Rocking Chair Blues" and a college campus in the twenties. Both Mr. Carmichael and Miss Bacall figure largely in "Young Man with a Horn," but her presence in the cast will have to be explained by someone who understands better than I do what she is there for. Mr. Carmichael's presence I take to be a tribute. He has written much about Bix, and anyone who wants to check the quotes I have stolen from him will find them in *Jazzbender*, *A Rhapsody in Mud* or in *The Stardust Road*. The latter is a source book in contemporary history, and it

almost answers the question suggested by Marshall W. Stearns' article elsewhere in this issue: what is generically Midwestern about jazz?

Go back a few more frames. When Hoagland Carmichael was even younger his family lived in Indianapolis. There was an old gentleman who used to take him on his shoulder, walk him down to the corner store for candy, and whenever the fire engines came by invariably count their total number as fifty—James Whitcomb Riley. Bloomington, to which the Carmichaels eventually returned, is six miles from the home county of Kin Hubbard's crackerbarrel philosopher, "Abe Martin," who said, among other memorable things, that "now an' then an innocent man is sent t' th' legislature," and who is quoted in Indiana newspapers today, the contrived rustic character that goes on delighting Hoosiers who have come a long way from rusticity. Within earshot in Bloomington was a fraternity house from which "banshee whoops and yells" could be heard; two young men then resident there were Wendell Willkie and Paul V. McNutt. "Gentlemen from Indiana" is the phrase Hoagy Carmichael uses to describe himself and his intimates; he and Bix were "just a couple of average boys."

The opening shots of "Young Man with a Horn" show a New York slum street, the visual motif that has become a cliché for jazz music and parallels the assumption that its moods may be captured only in a run-down cabaret at the small hours. But listen to Mr. Carmichael: "Have you ever seen the big maples? The trunks are sometimes three feet in diameter and they shoot straight up, barren of branches, for some forty or fifty feet, and then they spread out into a huge umbrella of limbs and foliage." Other local influences: his was a "screaming youth which knew no distinction between blacks and whites." A Negro pianist told him, "Never play anything that ain't right. You may not make any money, but you'll never get hostile with yourself." And so here in Bloomington, one evening, he wrote a song. "It was a hot night, sweet with the death of summer and the hint and promise of fall. A waiting night, a night marking time, the end of a season. The stars were bright, close to me, and the North Star hung low over the trees. . . . Never be twenty-

one again, so in love again. Never feel the things I'd felt. . . . I looked up at the sky and whistled 'Stardust.'"

How did it happen? Mr. Carmichael describes his music, in a way that will some day confound the sociologists, as though it were only a component of the loony behavior by the college students in his day. They were in revolt, he says, and when the revolt died the music died with it. It was the same revolution which took Americans abroad, but it worked at home in ways that have hardly been charted. Hoagy Carmichael had a friend named Bill Moenkhaus, the son of a professor and "the surrealist of the campus," who founded a student cult called the Bent Eagles. They cultivated oddities, shouted meaningless words at each other, like "faucet" and "buskirk"—it was "a means of escape from boredom." They had a 1915 Ford* called the Open Job; its upholstery suffered from chetherweg, "a dread disease that causes a slightly nervous lifting of the forefinger, and, in its latter stages, is given to causing its victim to snatch up a telephone and scream: 'I don't remember you, but I remember your father.'" These Indianians adopted jazz as though they had been born for it. "Hogwash," Bill Moenkhaus said to Hoagy Carmichael one day, "there are other things in the world besides hot music. I forget what they are, at the moment, but they are around."

Remember that this was at a time when the mid-basin of the continent was understood to be a barren waste. "Stardust" on some scales may not yet qualify as culture, but a list of the songs Hoagy Carmichael has written will stand up against the Babbitts, both Irving and George Folansbee, and be remembered long after the literature of disdain has been forgotten: "Lazy Bones," "Georgia on My Mind," "Washboard Blues," "Two Sleepy People," "Lazy River," "Small Fry," and a hundred others you can whistle in your sleep. Stephen Foster earned himself permanence with less, and if we someday get around to putting Hoagy Carmichael as high as he belongs in the list of American composers we might better remember that his friends in Bloomington, Indiana, put him there long

before we did. "Hoagy," one of them told him, "they say ashes to ashes and dust to dust—but maybe you fooled them."

NONE of this is to be found in "Young Man with a Horn," and perhaps it shouldn't be. There is as much resemblance between the film and the people it is supposed to be about as there is between the serene clarity of Bix Beiderbecke's cornet and the mellow overripe tones that have been dubbed into the sound track by Mr. Harry James, the "musical adviser" listed in the screen credits. Unfortunately the film, like the book, runs head on into the difficulty of making a dramatic incident out of a trumpet player's attempt to play the unplayable ("And then he reached the top," says Hoagy, "and heard things in his head he *couldn't* do. And I think that killed him.") It is a good try, as the book was, but if you want to know what it is about go to the records.

There aren't many, and most of the best are in the two Columbia Beiderbecke albums that are still available—"Singing the Blues," "I'm Coming, Virginia," "Riverboat Shuffle," "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans," "Sweet Sue," "China Boy"; Mr. Carmichael says that if you have these "you've got the lot." He wrote, many years ago, a description of the way Bix's playing affected him. One spring day in 1924, at the Kappa Sigma house in Bloomington, a band was warming up on "Dipper Mouth Blues" to show how they intended to play that evening for a dance, and in the middle Bix picked up his trumpet. "Bix just played four notes," Mr. Carmichael wrote, "and that wound up the afternoon party. . . . The notes weren't blown, they were hit, [the way] a mallet hits a chime. . . . I've heard Wagner's music and all the rest, but those four notes that Bix played meant more to me than everything else in the books. . . ." You can't blame him for still wanting to tell people how it felt, even if today the notes echo only through an inept movie, muffled and behind the beat. The important thing is that Hoagy Carmichael has survived, since it renews the hope he may have been wrong in supposing that the music will not survive. "A lot of people listened to us and were dubious," he says, "and we knew it. But they never *proved* we were nuts."

—Mr. Harper

* See page 12.

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American Politics: "Iss Diss a System?"

Richard H. Rovere

THE mid-century stock-takers are out in full force, and they will no doubt be at it for the rest of the year. The fact that so many people read the calendar and find it an arresting document makes this a good time to Sum Up. Henry Steele Commager, in *The American Mind* (Yale, \$5), a kind of Parrington-down-to-yesterday, surveys main currents since 1880 and is, though generally hopeful, somewhat distressed because he discerns a slackening of inventiveness, of independence, and of moral integrity. He might be less worried about the decline if he were able to see the trends in thought and literature which many people regard as the principal evidence of contemporary inventiveness, independence, and integrity as something more than a retreat into calculated irrationality. *The American Mind* is in most ways an enormously useful book and is almost unfailingly shrewd and sensible, but it is a bit too Parringtonian, as well as a bit too encyclopedic, to be as exciting as it might be. In *Incredible Tale** (Harper, \$3.50), Gerald W. Johnson lightly and amiably spins out "the Odyssey of the Average American in the last Half-Century." It is a history, mostly political, of the taxpayer born in 1900 or thereabouts in terms of his traffic with the strong men of the half-century—Wilson, Roosevelt, Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, Tojo. Johnson sees the cold war as "a device to break the spirit of the average man" and doesn't think it likely to succeed. Herbert Agar's *The Price of Union* (Houghton Mif-

flin, \$5) is a history and reappraisal of the American political system, which Agar, who used to think badly of it, now regards as a magnificent contrivance. The shortest, though not for that reason or any other the least pretentious, summing-up is H. Stuart Hughes' *An Essay for Our Times* (Knopf, \$2.75), which examines, with decisive assistance from Toynbee, Spengler, Marx, Mann, Proust, Kafka, Camus, Sartre, Auden, Eliot, and several more, "the crisis of our culture," which is acute. Hughes, a young Harvard historian, seems to me less notable for his ideas, though some of them are pointed and intelligent, about the crisis of our culture than for what he inadvertently reveals about the culture of our crisis, in which a man can be at once a Wallaceite and an intellectual snob of a truly formidable snobbery. In *An Essays for Our Times* he gravely deplores the influence of the rabble in American life and simultaneously talks about the "values" which entitle the Soviet Union "to a place in the roster of civilized societies." He thinks that what we ought to do in 1950 is to cultivate "a good temper and a broad appreciation of the ultimate humanistic goals that unite and transcend the competing ideologies of our era."

THE most interesting and passionate of these books is Agar's, which is the issue of a spectacular conversion. It is an unwavering defense of the American party system as it has developed since the Jacksonian revolution. Twenty years ago, Agar, a historian, journalist, and sometime poet, was a member of the school of Tennessee dis-

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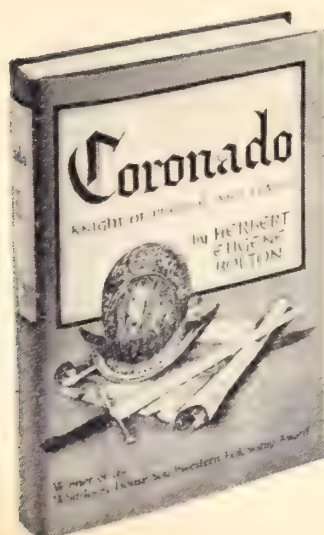
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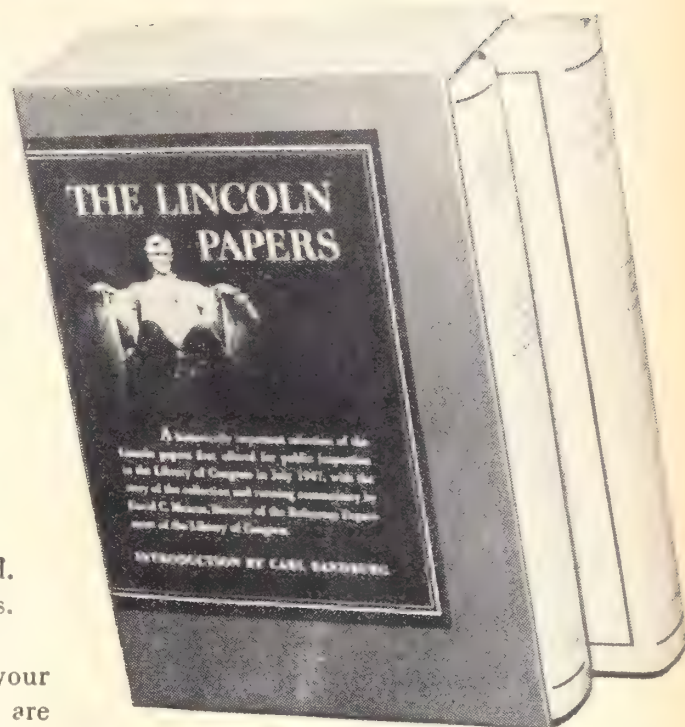
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tributists, often heard from in the early thirties, who had no use for modern democracy and deeply regretted Jackson's local connections. In 1934, he drew a Pulitzer Prize for *The People's Choice*, a study of the presidency from Washington through Harding. Upon reviewing the people's choices, he concluded that they were, as a rule, frightful—and inevitably so since the political machinery was as perfectly designed to turn out fourth-raters as a sausage machine is to turn out sausages. Could anything be done about it? "With a century of experience for warning, is it possible to cancel the Jacksonian revolution and go back to the days before the excesses of democracy instead of pushing forward to communism or some alternative tyrant?" He was not exactly sanguine. "History suggests that once the franchise has been given, it can be withdrawn only by revolution." A traditionalist and not a fascist, he found the prospect of revolution as unenchanted as that of excessive democracy. Still, means had to be sought for achieving "the well-bred, well-nurtured America of J. Q. Adams' dream," for surely "the day is coming when no man can be so shameless as to defend the present system."

Here is a real record of the road we have traveled, for the day has now come when a man named Agar will defend the present system not just shamelessly but jubilantly. *The Price of Union* is an epic of which Jackson and Van Buren are the unacknowledged heroes. In it, universal suffrage is a thing of beauty. By implication at least, mediocrity itself is found to be not entirely bad; good can be found on the side of it that suggests not incompetence but "middleness" and has more than etymological affinities with the idea of the median, with the processes of mediation. Quick responsiveness to pressure groups, seen in *The People's Choice* as proof of built-in venality and irresoluteness, is, in *The Price of Union*, admissible evidence of our capacity for what Professor Horace Kallen calls social orchestration. The argument now is that our party system, because it rests on no perceptible philosophic foundations, has in fact the soundest foundations imaginable. Doctrinally uncommitted, free of the mean virtue of consistency, our parties, those at least that are effective in their day, are able to provide the moment with the doctrine the moment needs

—and to stow it away in the attic the instant it is no longer needed. As instruments of compromise and adaptation, they reduce and absorb the tensions in American life by giving them relatively free play at a level—the party level—at which they are powerless to disrupt the orderly processes of government. By this means, also, the government is alerted by the parties to the existence of conflict and forced to see remedies. In a heterogeneous society, two heterogeneous parties with constantly shifting class and ideological bases, constantly forming new concurrent majorities, guarantee the integrity of representative government. Our political life may lack intellectual rigor, but European experience shows that in politics intellectual rigor is often symptomatic of approaching rigor mortis. Jerry-built and wobble-jawed, our parties, like the loose-hung carriage that is best for the rocky road, thrive and freedom survives.

This, in what I hope is reasonable paraphrase, is Agar's point of view today. It is not, of course, an original one. Over a century ago, Calhoun, observing the fact of the concurrent majority, gave it a name and a doctrine. Agar's over-all argument has been developed in many parts by many hands in the past century, and it has been stated and restated with increasing frequency in the past decade. Some of the most forceful expressions, as it happens, have appeared in the pages of this magazine, notably in the work of John Fischer and John Chamberlain. What Agar has done, by patient scholarship, careful thought, and a sustained crispness of style, is to set a large and handsome capstone on this body of writing. As a pragmatic defense of the system, *The Price of Union* will not soon be superseded. Neither, it should be noted, will the system. The idea of independent political action is dead in this country. Labor and the Democratic party are very happy together. The liberals in the Americans for Democratic Action are being listened to, apparently with respect, by men who wield state power. The Socialist party could hold its conventions in a small cafeteria.

With Agar's view that all this is as it should be I am in general but uneasy agreement. I think that he, like the other enthusiasts, is a little too much inclined to attribute the apparent efficacy of our political arrangements to superior design and philosophy, when in fact

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The world of fiction is not the world of books — and not a world of dreams or nightmares come true that

never quite come true in the sometimes more comfortable world of fact. The world of fiction is a world belonging neither to reader nor to writer but where both may meet; a world in which imagined life becomes for both actual experience; a world from which each party will withdraw changed by what has not happened. It is the art of gaining entrance to this world and the art of gaining most from it that is the subject of **THE WORLD OF FICTION**. It will be published April 11. It is written by the author of *The Easy Chair*, **Bernard DeVoto**.

Bernard DeVoto belongs to that group of American scholars and historians whose main concern is not past publications but the living stuff of scholarship and history; not footnotes but footpaths. He knows what dream, what hope, what discontent, private or public, shaped the people, great and small, who made history; what rivers opened, what mountains barred, their way. For him, the eighteenth and nineteenth century west are still alive, still glowing and strange, hostile and challenging. Names of places are to him forever colored with the intensity of those who first saw them, of those who fought to wrest them from Indian, from Spaniard, from cattle man, from sagebrush. Child, as he says, of two apostasies — his mother was born a Mormon and his father a Catholic — he nevertheless inherited the fervor of both of these faiths, and concentrated it all in his passion for the new world.

But this passionate devotion is constantly corrected by the other great passion of his life — a stubborn dedication to fact. No one so enjoys an extolling legend as a revelation of some need of the human heart, and no one so enjoys puncturing one, as a revelation of some human evasion. He takes his gingerbread without gilding or whipped cream.

Besides that of historian, he has played many other parts. As editor, as novelist, as essayist, as teacher of literature, as newspaperman, he has mastered almost all the literary ropes. Those who think of him as the winner of Pulitzer prizes for his work in American history may not know him as a writer of psychological novels; those who

have shivered under some icily logical attack of fraud or corruption may not know him as a brilliant and sympathetic teacher. Many who thought they knew his work well, and believed that for him writing began and ended with Mark Twain, will be amazed by the knowledge of the European novel he shows in **THE WORLD OF FICTION**.

Last year a first novelist appeared on our list with a book — **THE STORM AND THE SILENCE**. It was a man-hunt book by means of which this young writer wrenched the reader's heart with the professional exactness of a veteran of a thousand literary operations. The press has since established his footing so firmly that further protestation from the publisher borders on impertinence. Now **David Walker's** second book, **GEORDIE**, is a novel to be read on the first day of Spring, whatever the date, there's not a murder in it and the man-hunt is carried out by a very competent blonde. An excellent chance for the reader of **THE WORLD OF FICTION** to exercise his newly informed understanding of the workings of imagination upon his heart and soul.

Also on the fiction list is **FIRST FAMILY** by **Richard Scowcroft**. Here are the people who lived in the big house in your home town, the object of friendship, gossip, and an occasional bit of rationalization. The book is better than your memory because now at last you can find how the family turned out, and here we understand that, as fact may be stranger than fiction, so fiction may be truer than fact.

Finally we present the strange workings of fact, in an analysis of our unwritten constitution — **THE PRICE OF UNION** by Pulitzer Prize winner **Herbert Agar**. Robert Sherwood says of it, "A tremendous achievement, with qualities of judgment and wisdom and even Olympian perspective. He gives a record, and (so far as I know) an unprecedented one, of the temper of the American people and the influences of that temper on the course of history."



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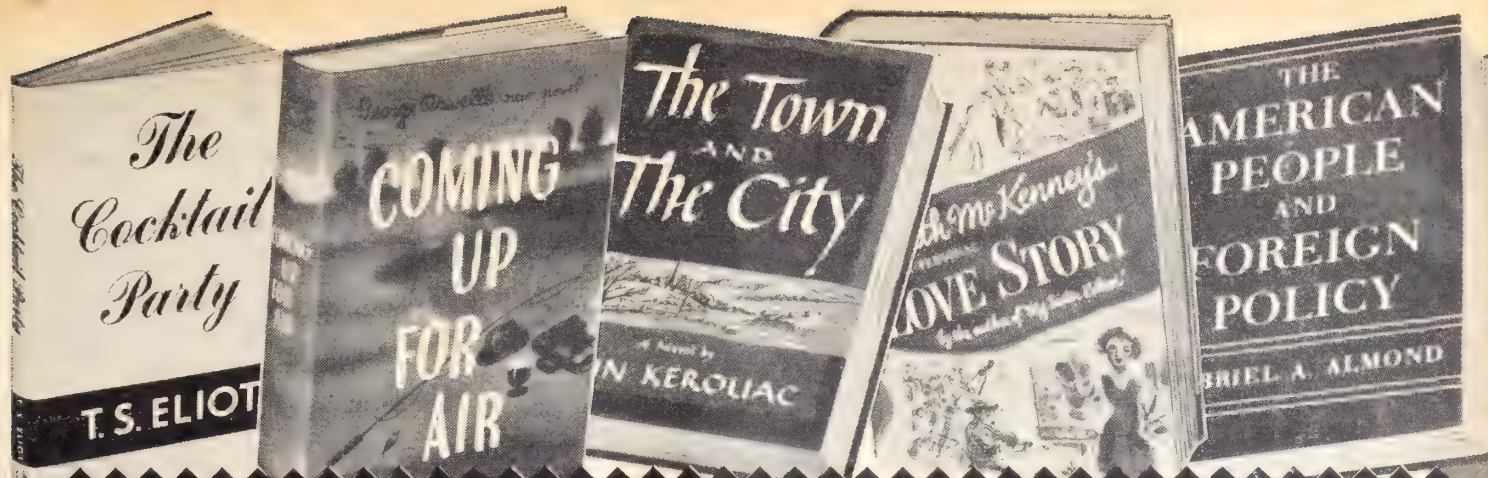
the structure was never built but merely grew and is today, as Grover Cleveland said in another connection, a condition, not a theory. In *The American Mind*, Commager attributes the success of the system to the fact that the people made it work. One need not lament the passing of the minor parties, but one can lament the fact that the independent spirit is passing also. Liberalism today no longer has what David Riesman calls the nerve of failure. It seems to me, furthermore, that to make a final peace with the two-party system is to accept a view of American life that puts a premium on moral and intellectual flabbiness. To accept it permanently is to accept a permanent failure of verve. Still and all, the two-party system is an inescapable condition, and the fact will not down that, as Gerald Johnson points out, mediocrity has often served us quite as well as genius: a stunning contemporary example suggests itself almost automatically. Besides, we have it on the excellent word of Croce that while it is most desirable that politics be as moral as possible, it is fatuous to try to force politics ("which has its own laws and which cannot be exorcised or driven from the world by holy water") into moral categories that were never made to contain it. It is one thing proudly to eschew all mediocrity in art and literature and science; in democratic politics, the problem is more complicated, for here the goal isn't to achieve any ideal excellence, except in the event that the democracy issued a mandate to this effect, but to interpret ideas, even if they happen to be mean ones, and translate them into policies. It may be a citizen's duty to confront and challenge the democracy with noble visions, but the task in politics is to accept the popular ideas and to make them operative within the limits set by constitutions, which lay down the convictions of a society.

It is relevant right now, however, to note that Agar's defense of the system is made principally in terms of internal affairs. We have, he says, reliable tools for building a good society in the United States. This piece of intelligence would be a good deal more cheering if it were accompanied by acceptable assurances that the political system is as well

adapted to preserving our way of life as it is to improving it. After all, the really exigent problem today isn't low-cost housing or the potato surplus or a just labor law. The problem is how to live with Russia and the hydrogen isotopes. Anyone but Vishinsky, and perhaps even he, can see that, granted our failures, we Americans have things pretty well under control in our own house. All our fires are banked, and we could, if we dared, go off for a weekend and know that the place isn't going to burn down or blow up while we're away—unless, that is, someone armed with matches breaks in.

SO THE question now is: how does the system serve us in our dealings with the world? A certain amount of light is unintentionally shed here by James Burnham's *The Coming Defeat of Communism* (John Day, \$3.50) and by Marshall Andrews' *Disaster Through Air Power* (Rinehart, \$2). Both books are fire alarms. Burnham's confident title is just a come-on: the defeat of communism is inevitable if we bring it about in the fashion recommended by James Burnham. This is quite an order, as we shall see. Andrews' book is simpler. He takes up at some length the controversy that raged in Washington last summer over the value of the B-36 bomber and of long-range strategic bombing in general. Andrews, military editor for the *Washington Post*, thinks that the victory won by the friends of the B-36 was a first-class tragedy. He says that the big bombers aren't as good as they're said to be; that even if they were, they couldn't destroy an enemy whose territory is more than a sixth of the world's land area; that with the development of guided missiles, the B-36's will be just a lot of expensive junk; that reliance upon them will force us to abandon our Atlantic Pact allies to the Red Army; that reliance upon them will make us, on this side of the Atlantic, prey to the Russian schnorkels, against which the B-36, apparently like everything else, is powerless. He makes these arguments and many more. When he says disaster through air power, he means just that: disaster.

Whether Andrews is right or wrong is a matter upon which this reviewer's opinion, if he were foolish



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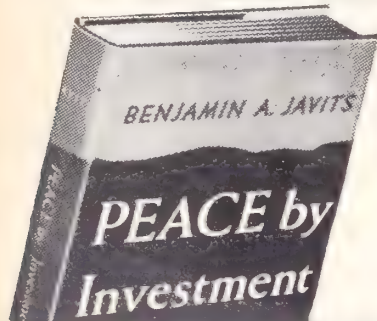
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enough to give one, would be about as valuable as a pigeon's opinion of Plato. But let us assume Andrews to be right. Why is it, then, that we are relying so heavily on the B-36? Andrews doesn't go very deeply into this question. Like any military expert worth his keep, he can cite at least sixteen Prussian sages to the effect that war is only bloody politics and that foreign policy is domestic policy for export. But it doesn't occur to him to apply this wisdom to the matter at hand. He speaks only of an "air-power priesthood," which gains its ends by an undescribed sorcery. But the place where it gains its ends is in that great representative body, Congress. Now it is well known in Washington that the average congressman favors air power because he sees it as a kind of compromise between American anti-militarism and the need for strong American defenses. When he votes, as he habitually does, for appropriation bills heavily weighted in favor of the Air Force, he is demonstrating what a fine instrument of adaptation and accommodation our system of representative government is. On the one hand, the people want the country to be strong; on the other hand, they don't want universal military service. Here is precisely the kind of situation which in less fortunate countries, according to the defenders of our way in politics, might bring about a bitter, costly wrangle between a militarist party and a pacifist party. We solve it by compromise. The "air-power priesthood" tells Congress that if we have enough B-36's, we can forget universal service. All we'll need are a few pilots and some mechanical personnel. These are easily recruited on a volunteer basis. On the one hand, the people want the country to be strong; on the other, they want their tax burdens eased. Air power is cheap. True, Andrews says it is terribly expensive, but that is because he reckons in terms of what he thinks an air-power dollar will buy, which isn't much. As the air-power people figure it, however, it is incomparably the cheapest means to victory. In voting for air power the congressman is resolving conflicts and clashes of principle by exactly the means which Agar takes to be the expression of the American

genius in politics. The trouble is that in thus resolving this particular internal conflict, we may, if Andrews is right, be sinking to our knees in the external one.

BURNHAM's book provides more and better examples. It is a cold-blooded, hot-headed polemic on our foreign policy by a man who can undermine platitudes and pieties at a brisker clip than any polemicist now operating. He too draws on the Prussian wise men for proof that war is politics and politics is war. He is outraged by the President's "containment" policy, which he says is Maginot-mindedness applied to political warfare and is particularly absurd in a case where the enemy to be contained is not a national army but an international conspiracy. He is full of contempt for the "third force" idea in Europe, which attempts to strike a balance between the two world forces. "You cannot balance," Burnham says, "unless there is something to balance on." But what really gives Burnham goose pimples is the inconsistency of American policy, its lack of cohesiveness and singleness of purpose. He wants to know what possible kind of sense it makes "to condemn communism in Czechoslovakia by denouncing the persecution of the church and at the same time accept overtures to ourselves and our allies for increased trade with Czechoslovakia of a kind which is certain to aid the communist rule of that country." We berate and penalize the Dutch for trying to control communists in the East Indies while we denounce the French government as "hopeless because it fails to suppress the communists in Indo-China." "We help Tito against Stalin by making economic deals with Tito and at the same time solidarize ourselves with Stalin against Tito by signing a joint agreement in Carinthia."

Burnham asks the old comic strip question: "Iss diss a system?" Of course it is. It is the foreign policy of the concurrent majority. In fact, being bi-partisan, it is even better than that, since it also has the support of most of the concurrent minority. But it is inevitably a patchwork, in which, for example, the interests of two large elements in American life are fused in a policy

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which seeks business deals with a country while it condemns the country's persecutions of the church. The ideas of balance, of mediation, of adaptation may be meaningless in a world conflict with Stalinism, but they are ideas from which we have never wholly escaped, even in wartime. For us to recognize, as Burnham implores us to do, what Stalin has long recognized—that a state of war exists—and to act accordingly might be greatly in the interests of humanity at this moment, but the very use of the word "recognize" points to a process which in any democratic society, and in ours more than any other, is one of almost infinite complexity. Actually, Stalin himself doesn't "recognize" the existence of hostilities; he himself "wills" hostilities, and he could "un-will" or "de-recognize" at the drop of a hat, upon which hostilities would cease to exist, at least in their present irreducible form. The very fact that in this country a man sits and writes a book—how many nations might fall while a book is being written and published?—in which he tries to persuade liberals and conservatives, Democrats and Republicans, Catholics and Protestants and Jews, business men and politicians, farmers and workers, Asia-minded Westerners and Europe-minded Easterners of the need for a unified foreign policy suggests the scope of the problems our system poses.

Our system, so flexible an implement for the will of a vast, heterogeneous people building a vast, heterogeneous civilization, is clearly less effective as an implement for dealing with other sovereignties. Short of war, it cannot make the quick, single response to a situation which, ideally, it should be able to make if it is to meet the challenge of totalitarian adversaries. Even when the battle is joined, the national unity we achieve is never really complete and never really beyond peril. But to say that our system does not serve us as well in foreign as in domestic affairs is to make a rather limited judgment of it, for the real conflict in the world at large is not between one part of ourselves and another but between the American democracy and the Russian Politbureau. Naturally, the higher an estimate we put on the power and

intelligence behind the Russian policy the less highly we will rate our own capacities for resistance. Burnham thinks the Russian power militarily and industrially, is highly vulnerable, but the Russian political intelligence great. He says the Russians always know exactly where their interests lie, that they pursue them relentlessly, that they are hardly ever deceived by appearances. One wonders. Russia let herself as well as the world in for incalculable misery by her 1939 pact with Hitler. In the serialized versions of his most recent memoirs, soon to be published as *The Grand Alliance* (Houghton Mifflin, \$6), Winston Churchill has recorded case after case in which the Russian political intelligence seemed either inoperative or non-existent. He proves conclusively that the Russians failed entirely to anticipate the Nazi attack in 1941. Churchill knew what was impending months in advance and warned Stalin repeatedly, naming even the day of the attack, but Stalin, fortified by his realistic view of the political process, would not do so much as investigate the rumor. In this country, in the past five years, we have seen the communists whittle away at their own strength with far greater industry and application than the FBI has shown. Don't the "firmness" and doctrinaire stupidity of Russian policy account for the defection of Yugoslavia? If the improvisers who have pieced together American policy fail fully to understand the nature of the Russian threat, as Burnham says they do, how much greater has been the Russian failure to understand the nature of the American threat?

To understand a threat—there is the intellectual task that time and again has been forced on this half-century, and it is perhaps in the performance of it that we as a free society may seek to compensate for whatever advantages they may have over us. Of course, if the Politbureau's misunderstanding should be so great that it fully believes its own propaganda, then it may precipitate a disaster which no quality of mind or spirit, no political or diplomatic system, could render less tragic. But if, as Burnham seems to think, the struggle can be kept on the level of political policies, which is the

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

level on which comprehension counts for most, then the advantage passes back to us, since, whatever the shortcomings of our policies, we are free to attempt to improve upon them. If we fail to understand a threat today, we can be apprised of it and try to understand it tomorrow, whereas the weaknesses and misunderstandings in totalitarian policy are likely to be irremediable. "Society and the state," Carlo Levi writes in *Of Fear and Freedom* (Farrar, Straus, \$2.75), a book of poetic and philosophical reflections that is sometimes luminously aphoristic and sometimes altogether opaque to the unmythical mind, "to those men who do not perceive them as embodiments of their own freedom, must appear as towering giants above understanding." In a contest in which understanding counts for anything, the advantage must lie with freedom. If it doesn't, then freedom is useless, since the highest use we can conceive for it is to open up the road to comprehension.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Feast, by Margaret Kennedy. It is a joy to read a novel so sure of its story, so sure of its craft. In the very first chapter we learn that part of the cliffs of Pendizack Cove on the Cornish coast of England have fallen, burying a large private house, turned boarding house since the war, and all the occupants have been killed. Then the story reverts and we learn to know all the people who have been spending the summer there, and a delightful lot they are, too, good, bad, medium, rich, poor, stupid, bright, and the most enchanting lot of children to appear in fiction since Miss Kennedy's *The Constant Nymph*. But we never know till the last chapter who is saved and who is lost, and the suspense is handled with delicacy and precision. Miss Kennedy has a lovely time (and so does the reader) playing with ideas through her various characters, and she seems to find most worth playing with the notion that perhaps it is the innocent who save the

world. In the words of one ne'er-do-well husband, a charming conversationalist: "If any community of people were to be purely evil, were to have no element of innocence among them at all, the earth would probably open and swallow them up. Such a community would split the moral atom." That comment appears on page 81 but the mind returns to it constantly throughout the book and it is in those terms of reference that reading about a disaster becomes such a thoroughly light-hearted and satisfying experience. Rinehart, \$3

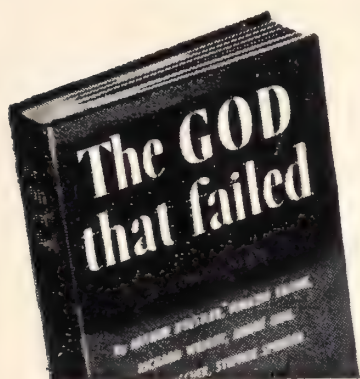
The Vintage, by Anthony West.

Young Colonel J. M. Wallis was one of those British officers who worked as lawyers on the British War Crimes Commission in Germany. He was largely responsible for the hanging of one notorious Nazi war criminal. When the hanging was over, he put a bullet through his own head. The book tells the story of his journey—and that of the hanged Nazi—through Hell and Purgatory to Eternity, which begins at that moment when the last person who remembers him thinks of him the last time. The geography of the nebulous land of the hereafter is often very confused to this reader and so are some of the moral choices involved. But the remarkable thing about the book is the sustained narrative excitement, even when all is not clear, and the brilliance of some of the throw-backs into young Colonel Wallis's past life—about which there is no confusion. It's a splendid succession of relationships with women. A most original and intellectually exciting first novel. Houghton Mifflin, \$3

Son of the Giant, by Stuart Engstrand.

This is a novel of the Oedipus complex gone berserk. It is the unpleasant story of a weak and odd young man who hates his father because he loved his mother too much and lost her at the age of four. Thereafter, with steadily increasing intensity, the presence of the father, and later even the thought of him, strips the son of all will, courage, and power. When the father brings in an attractive woman to take the mother's place (the boy is now about twenty)

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all hell breaks loose, complicated by the "trouble" the boy has got a young girl into. It's as sordid as it sounds and in spite of some sharp writing is so full of fancy symbols and preposterous situations—preposterous anyhow outside a psychiatric case history—that the story becomes wholly incredible. By the author of *The Sling and the Arrow*.
Creative Age, \$3

Tiger in the Garden, by Speed Lamkin.

We assume that it is not Mr. Lamkin's fault that he was heralded, before his book appeared, as the new Truman Capote. Wherever the idea originated it is no service to Mr. Lamkin. He is a competent young writer with a gift for phrase-turning and story-telling, but his tale of a Southern family in dissolution, of Negro-white relationships, is so familiar in fiction as to be wearisome even in the hands of a master, which Mr. Lamkin, at twenty, obviously wasn't. And his writing has none of the poetic or symbolic overtones which make the work of Mr. Capote so challenging to the imagination.
Houghton Mifflin, \$3

Weeping Bay, by Joy Davidman.

The extraordinary success the co-operatives of the Maritime Provinces (New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton) have had in freeing the Scotch-descended fishermen from their absentee-owners and from poverty and ignorance makes this story of an abortive attempt at union organization in the French Gaspé Peninsula doubly tragic. In the Gaspé as in the Provinces there is beautiful country, there are towns and bays with the sad names the fisherman inhabitants have given them. Weeping Bay has its counterpart in Baie de Chaleur and Malignant Cove—places that will never be forgotten by anyone who has once seen their wild and beautiful desolation. But whereas in Antigonish in Nova Scotia it is the Catholic fathers who are largely responsible for the success of the co-operative movement, in this novel the Church is definitely the villain of the piece. "The church was brightly lighted, both electrically and by candles; it smelt of its own wealth and the poverty of the congregation." But let

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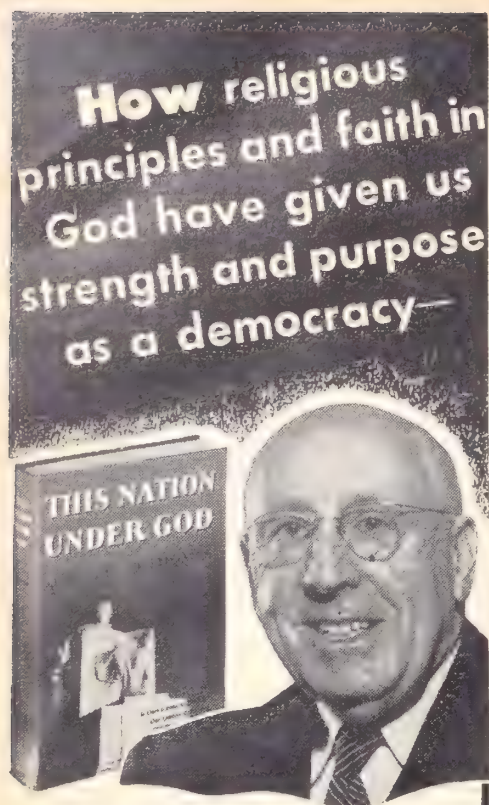
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no one think this is a cold novel of ideas. Its people are as alive as any met in the pages of a book for a long while, and Hervé Kirouac, the rebellious fisherman-factory worker, is a hero any woman would willingly follow anywhere. What a movie it will make! In the meantime, with the beautiful force of the writing, with its large cast of major and minor characters, more real than most of one's friends, its great excitement and compassion, it makes a wonderfully readable and likable novel.

Macmillan, \$3

Men of Stones, by Rex Warner.

In this book *King Lear* and the modern world of dictators are mixed together to make a novel of the most horrifying physical violence treated with icy cold intellectuality. It is for those who can get excitement and warmth from the brilliance of ideas brilliantly expressed. There is none to be got from the characters. A remarkable tour de force.

Lippincott, \$2.75

Non-Fiction

Decision in Germany, by General Lucius D. Clay.

This is a must book for anybody who wants to understand future developments in Germany. It covers American activities there from the time the war ended, when General Clay was appointed Deputy Military Governor, till he left in 1949. It is anything but a simple story and he doesn't try to make it one. To understand the problems—material, military, and political—requires real study of the documentation amply provided in the book. But General Clay's generosity of mind and unaffected courage make the reader's job easier, and of course the story of the airlift by the man who was mainly responsible for the decision to try it as well as for carrying it out approaches the epic.

Doubleday, \$4.50

Science is a Sacred Cow, by Anthony Standen.

As the title indicates, this is a gaily irreverent document dealing with the poses and presumptions affected by scientists of all sorts. Biologists, psychologists, physicists (they come off best), mathematicians, and the social

scientists all take their share of good-natured but precisely pointed ribbing. (Mr. Standen is a chemist.) Perhaps he is at his most amusing, when, in a chapter called "How They Dish It Out," he starts sticking verbal pins into those who advocate Survey Courses. It's all most readable and clever though one has a feeling that it's a little too easy. Mr. Standen himself says: "One of the great sophistries of the world is the over-extension of the scientific method into realms where it does not belong. To expose sophists is the aim of my book, but it's a tricky business." Since he has acknowledged the limitations we can have the fun. And it is really good fun.

Dutton, \$2.75

Humanity and Happiness, by Georg Brockmann.

"Happiness is the release of instinctive energy in the direction of a dominant ideal," says Mr. Brockmann, a Norwegian man of letters who wrote this book during the German occupation of Norway when his son was in a concentration camp and he himself was being watched by the Gestapo. The paradox of the growth of the people's capacity for happiness at a time when they were being deprived of most of their freedom, some even suffering torture, obsessed him. He began to study the nature of happiness—as experience, as capacity. In this book he studies it under many headings: Daydreams; Sin and Atonement; Culture, Civilization, and Happiness; the Humanistic Ideal; Love; Youth; Maturity; Death; Heroism. Pick it up and read where your interests lie. You will be rewarded. Introduction by Lewis Mumford.

Viking, \$3

The Art of Real Happiness, by Norman Vincent Peale, D. D., and Smiley Blanton, M. D.

Our preoccupation with happiness is apparently boundless. This book is less concerned with the philosophy of happiness—though obviously it is to some extent—than the more profound and thoughtful book mentioned above. It is more a "how to" book, by a wise psychiatrist and a wise minister combining their fields of wisdom to outline techniques for happiness for a troubled and nervous postwar world. Prentice Hall, \$2.75

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Wooden Horse, by Eric Williams.

Three British officers in 1943 contrived a novel idea for escape from their escape-proof prison camp in Germany. They built a box-like wooden exercise horse which they could carry out of their hut every day and place within 110 feet of freedom outside the wire. The inside of the horse was large enough to hold a man, his tools, and as much sand as he could dig out from under the horse during the daily exercise period. The vaulting of his companions would ruin any seismographic record of the digging. This fictionalized but true account of the digging and subsequent escape through Germany is a vivid tribute to human courage and ingenuity, and as a pure adventure story it has everything—suspense, constant excitement, final success. By the time this reader had come to the end of their four-month ordeal in digging the 110-foot tunnel she was exhausted. It was too hard even to think of the endless time spent lying full-length and naked in a stifling tunnel so narrow that raising the hands over the head was an impossibility, digging feverishly with sand in hair, eyes, nose, mouth, in constant danger of cave-ins, hoping for, yet working against, the end of the daily two-hour exercise period. The movie version of the book should bring the same vicarious exhaustion to thousands more. A superhuman enterprise; a very human book. Harpers, \$2.75

Lyrics, by Oscar Hammerstein. "Show Boat," "Oklahoma," "South Pacific"—do you sometimes go crazy with the tune in your head that refuses to deliver up the words right under the surface? Here you are, then: twenty-one lyrics from these shows and from "State Fair," "Carousel," "Allegro," "Music in the Air," and "Carmen Jones." How inevitable a part of music the lyrics are becomes evident when one tries to read the one or two that are unfamiliar, and Mr. Hammerstein's forty-eight pages of introduction, "Notes on Lyrics," show why this is so. The "Notes" and Mr. Richard Rogers' preface are, alone, worth the price of admission. Simon and Schuster, \$2.50

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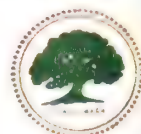


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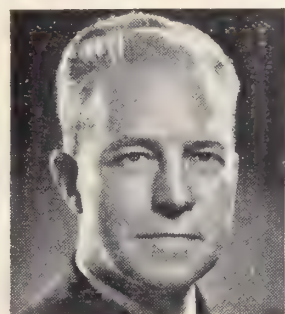
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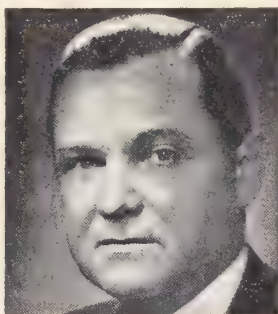
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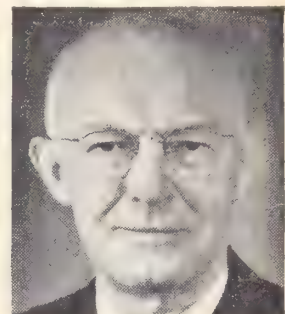
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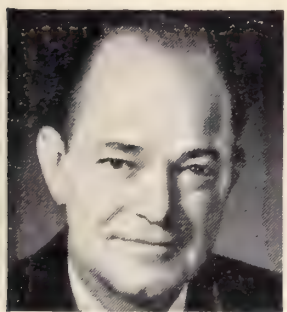
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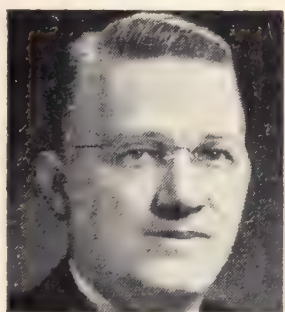
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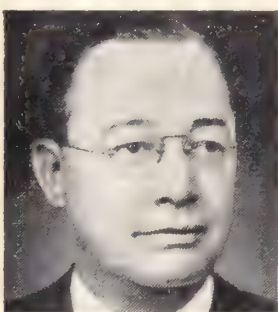
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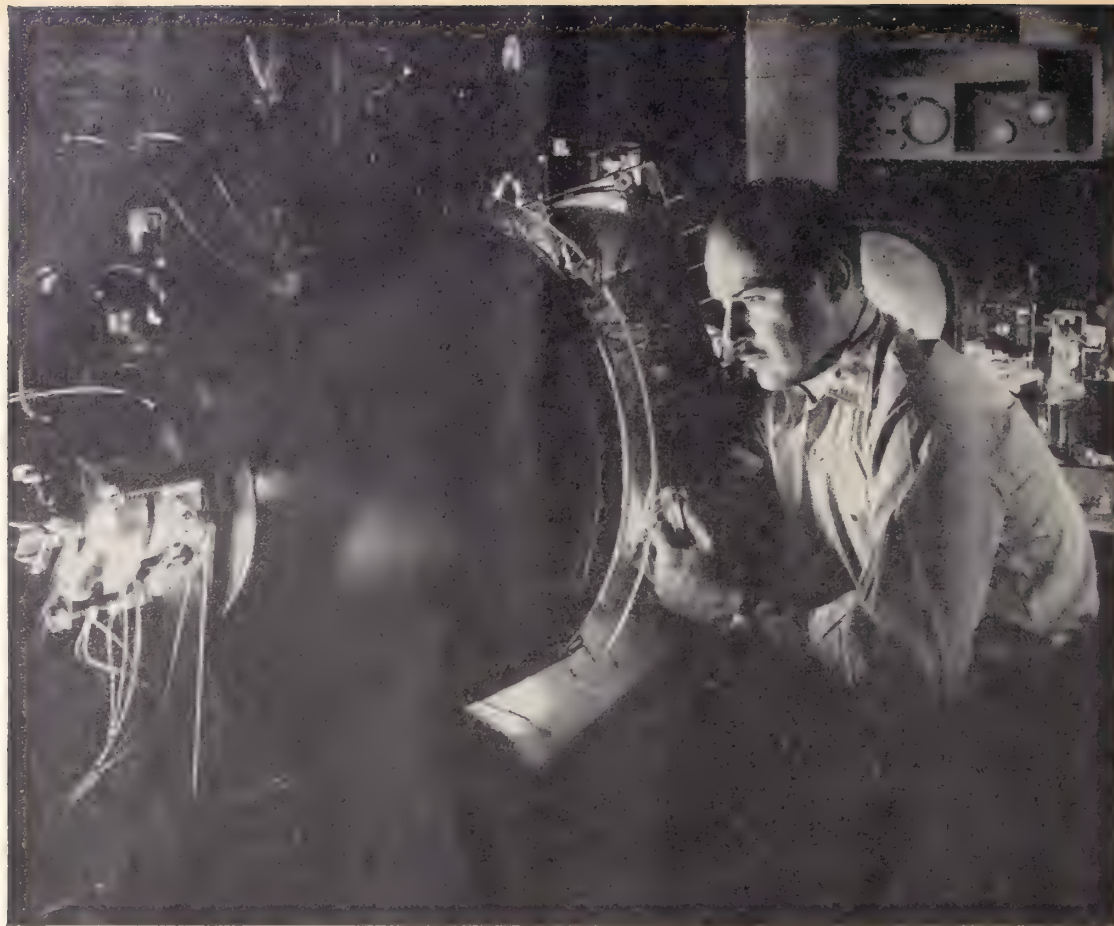
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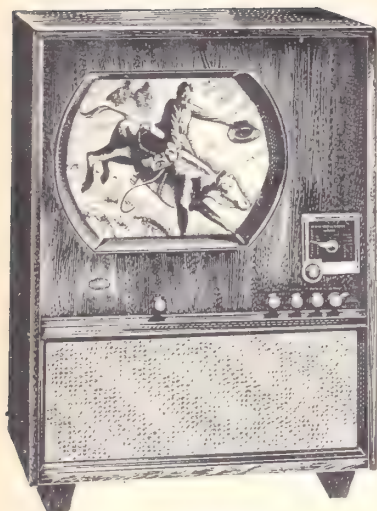
of thing Du Mont does that makes Du Mont receivers the standard of excellence in television.

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MAGAZINE

Vol. 200

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in next month's

Harper's

MAGAZINE

IF you read D. W. Brogan's article on "The Catholic Church in America" in this issue, you may find yourself considering the whole question of tolerance in a new light. Should there be any limitations to tolerance in a free society? If so, what should they be? If not, how great is the potential danger? Next month, **Horace M. Kallen** carries this subject further in a thoughtful and challenging discussion of "The Dilemma of Tolerance," with concrete illustrations drawn from many fields.

TURNING to what is sometimes called the "practical" side of existence, there's **Robert L. Heilbroner's** "The Facts of Life," a revealing study of the poor in America today which explains who our economically underprivileged groups now are, what keeps them that way, and what might be done to help them help themselves.

THERE are also a dramatic illustration of the often-discussed relationship between good nutrition and efficiency in **Myron Stearns'** "The Road That Food Built" (a more literal title than you might imagine); a documented description of how far we have got with building atomic engines for peacetime uses and what problems lie ahead, by **Louis Cassels**; **Wolfgang Lange-wiesche's** brisk explanation of "What the Wrights Really Invented"; and two short stories by **Nigel Kneale**, a new, young writer from the Isle of Man, which we think you'll find delightfully different from anything you've been reading. And, in either June or July, **C. Hartley Grattan** will sum up "The Economics of Vacations."

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Personal & Otherwise

WE HAD a letter the other day from Peter Drucker, one of our contributors, reminding us of the book program which CARE is operating. Everyone knows about CARE's food and clothing parcels, but the book program is new. So we are passing on to you part of Mr. Drucker's letter.

The idea is to supply public institutions, schools and colleges predominately, with three types of books: first, technical and scientific books—in English—to fill the ten years' gap in publication that exists in Europe and in the Far East, and also, to a small extent, to make good some of the destruction. Second, scientific and technical books for high schools, again in English; the disciplines needed most are biology, agriculture, physics, and chemistry. Third, grammars and text books of English for high school and college use.

This is the kind of American propaganda abroad of which I am very much in favor. The need is tremendous. In the Philippines alone five million books are needed to bring the country back to its prewar standard, that is, to a very low standard. And I think that it is very much better to have this kind of a job done by voluntary contributions from private citizens and companies than to have it done by the government.

The program itself will be run very much like the other CARE programs. That is, on the basis of private contributions—except that the CARE people expect to get more corporate lump-sum donations than they got for the food program. Anyone who donates \$10 or

more can direct where the money should be spent, saying in what field or in what geographic area, and can have his name inscribed as a donor on the book or books bought by his funds.

Contributions for the book program should be made payable to CARE and be sent to CARE, 50 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y. You are urged not to be too specific in indicating how your contribution should be used. If you wish to specify a particular school or university, for example, please do not *also* specify the kind of books to be bought. If you choose to specify books in a certain field (chemistry, civil engineering, or whatnot), please do not specify which institution is to receive them.

The Pop Heard Round the World

LAST fall a group of Philadelphians organized themselves as "Americans for the Competitive Enterprise System." Unlike other outfits engaged in praising free enterprise, the ACES announced that it would not direct its message to the big shots of labor and business, but would train volunteers to ring doorbells in their own communities and make their appeal on a grass-roots level. "We plan," said the organization president, "to make them the 'Fuller Brush men' for our American enterprise system."

At first glance this may seem to be a posterous approach to the problem of confirming the American people's confidence in their commercial and industrial habits. It reminds one, somehow, of the attempt made by

Admiral

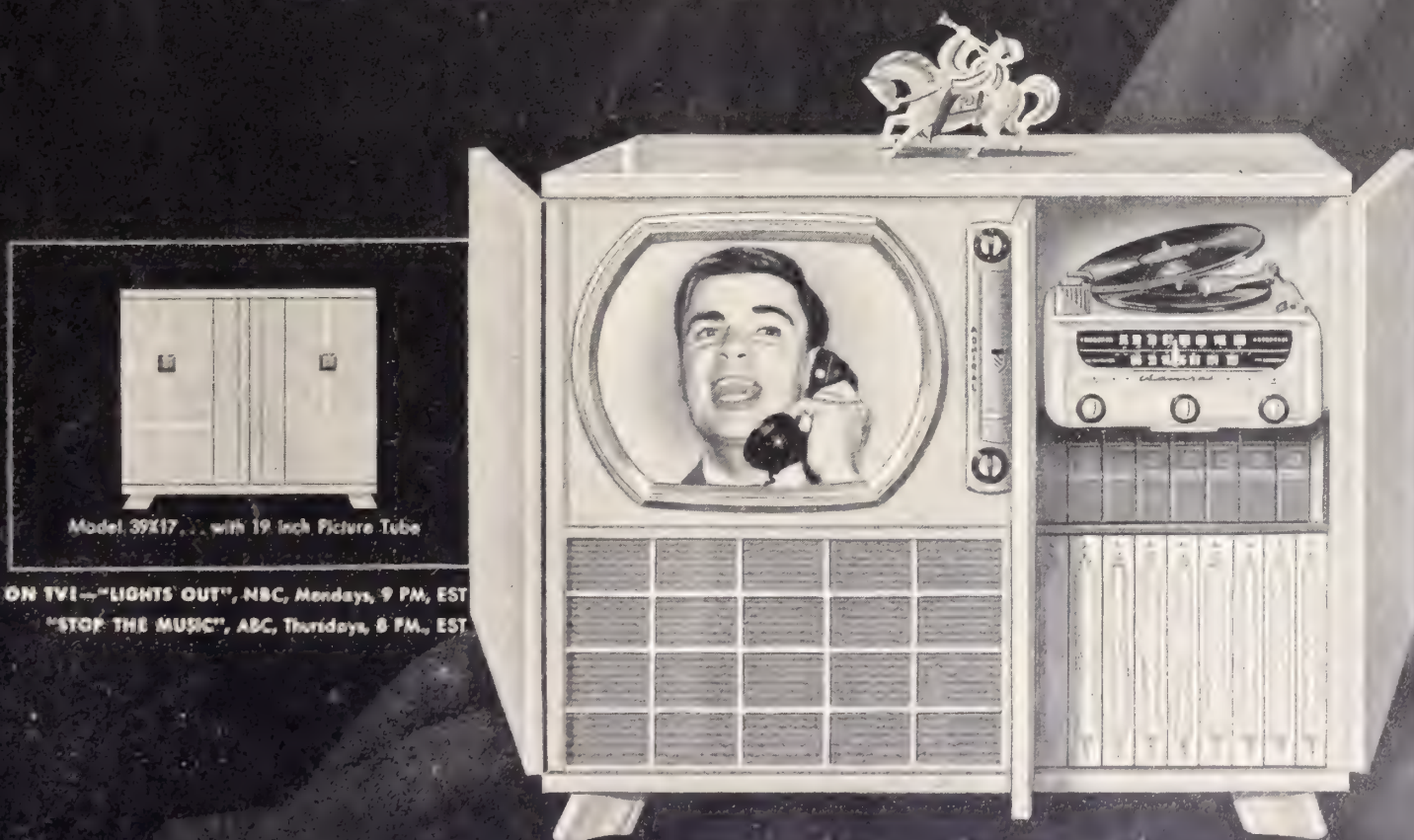
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a latter-day Barnum in the Coolidge era to "sell" Christ as if Christianity were a sort of breakfast food. But, on second thought, perhaps it is not quite the same thing. People do not, after all, "buy" religion for the same reasons that they buy Shredded Wheat. But maybe they do "buy" free enterprise for the same reason they buy Fuller Brushes—that is, because they want Fuller Brushes.

The point involved here is a nice one, and P & O is well aware that it is beclouded with innumerable prejudices. Yet we may be able to clarify it a bit if we leave Philadelphia out of this for a while and have a look instead at Paris, where there have recently been developments of a most illuminating sort.

The French, whose contempt for our whimsical experiment with Prohibition in the twenties seemed such a civilized attitude to the expatriated Americans on the Left Bank, have just passed a law designed to prohibit the sale of Coca-Cola. The National Assembly, which can hardly agree on anything else these days, passed the bill with a thumping majority; both the Communists and Premier Bidault's Catholic Popular Republicans agreed that nobody should drink Cokes anywhere in France, Algeria, or the colonies.

The reactions in America to this peculiar piece of legislation have been various. Mr. Jim Farley, who is now chairman of the board of Coke's Export Corporation, said it was "the weirdest bit of political shenanigans" he had ever encountered (which is saying a good deal, we imagine), and referred piously to Coke as "an American living tradition of refreshment" which had been politically slandered. Representative Preston of Georgia elegantly said that if the French would drink Coke it would give them just what they have needed since the war ended, "and that is a good belch." The State Department in Washington has begun reviewing Franco-American trade agreements, and Billy Rose has stopped selling French champagne at the Diamond Horseshoe.

IT is all very amusing, to be sure. But underneath all the absurd hoorah there is a fact worth noting. The opposition of the French Communists and Catholic Popular Republicans was aimed not at Coke itself but at the civilization which produces it. Or, to be more accurate, at the civilization which

accompanies it. One Frenchman wrote to the *Paris Herald* that he liked Coca-Cola but didn't like the way its advertising was corrupting the French language. The newspaper *Le Monde*, a conservative journal, had something to say about the "dangers that Coca-Cola represents for the health"; but its chief objection was to "the civilization, the style of life of which it is a symbol," and it warned its readers that "the moral landscape of France is at stake." The Communist press, likewise, has for months been denouncing "the Coca-colonization of France" and exhorting the faithful to beware of this bottled version of "American imperialism."

It is true, of course, that a good deal of the anti-Coke sentiment has been encouraged by the French wine-growers, who know a competitor when they see one. And it may also be that some of the Communists really do believe that the Coke salesmen are agents of the U. S. State Department and of the OSS. But beneath these immediate economic and political fears there is a deeper one: the fear that the French people may like Coke so well that they will accept "the style of life of which it is a symbol."

A year and a half ago (in December 1948) we published in *Harper's* an article by Isabel Cary Lundberg called "World Revolution, American Plan," in which the point was made that most Americans "have not the slightest conception of the revolutionary potential hidden in our national products," such as wrist watches, fountain pens, cigarettes, flashlights, chewing gum, jeeps, and white (even if tasteless) bread. We have not been able to realize that the millions of Americans who have taken such things into the remotest corners of the world, in war and in peace, have been the unwitting instigators of social revolution.

But, as Mrs. Lundberg remarked, the more intelligent Europeans have known (or suspected) for years what we were doing by distributing our machines and gadgets (or the movies which showed them) to the people of the rest of the world. It is not the "Voice of America," but the machines the Americans use, the things they wear and eat and drink, that are the most insidious vehicles of American propaganda, the inanimate but far from inert fifth column which threatens to "Americanize" Europe and its colonies. Why the Communists and the conservatives in



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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

France ganged up on Coke, particularly, is hard to imagine. Maybe they like Coke better than P & O does. Maybe the red Coke trucks on the boulevards were too conspicuous. But the principle of the thing was undoubtedly sound. If you want the French to be content with things as they are, or with things as the Communists want them to be, don't let them cultivate a taste for things like Coke. It's heady brew.

AS FOR our Philadelphia friends of the "Americans for the Competitive Enterprise System," when they have finished their domestic "Fuller Brush men" campaign they may want to invade overseas territory. If so, P & O suggests they parachute their envoys into France waving banners with the strange device: "*In Hoc Coke Vinces.*"

TV, Eh?

Television, as *John Houseman* points out at the beginning of his article titled "Battle over Television" (p. 51), is dominating the mass-entertainment field even more rapidly and decisively than was generally anticipated. This does not by any means imply that the young giant has grown up. It is still a gangling adolescent, at best. One of the biggest television shows, for example, is nothing but a visible version of the old-time radio *Amateur Hour*. It's even known as *Major Bowes'* program, though the lucrative and somewhat unctuous *Major* departed this life four years ago.

Watching the show put on at New York's station WNBC, from the makeshift studio in the old International Theater up on Columbus Circle, would be a disillusioning experience to anyone who thought of television as a new and fresh medium for entertainment. An electronic camera, mounted on a wheeled truck, advances on, and retreats from, the stage along a runway up the theater's center aisle, just the way the beef chorus advanced and retreated up the old runway at Minsky's. The cameraman astride the electronic miracle wears the same disenchanted expression long familiar on the faces of the gents who trained the spots on the Irish tenor in vaudeville's dying days. The powerful television flood-

lights—bulbs as big as cantaloupes in octagonal bowls covered with chicken wire—hang high on the walls amid gilded plaster-of-Paris cherubs, side by side with crystal-dripping wall-sconces. Over the loudspeaker, just before the program goes on the air, comes a hopeless voice like one which could have been heard in Proctors twenty years ago, saying, "Johnny, would you check the script and see if the trio is a quartet now?"

Any way you look at it, or don't look at it, television is a fascinating phenomenon. In a matter of months, for instance, it has become so much "the thing" that someone not long ago tried to patent a dummy TV antenna you could display on your roof so that people would think you had a television set even if you hadn't. But these sociological eddies are not Mr. Houseman's concern at the moment. He is heading down the main stream of mass entertainment, looking for the best channel.

Actually, Mr. Houseman is one of the few people who have been regularly engaged for the past fifteen years in all three major fields of mass entertainment: theater, radio-television, and movies. And it is his belief that "in the union of these three—not on the level of investment, but on the creative level—lies the hope of the people who make their living in the mass media." The Mercury Theater, which he and Orson Welles founded in 1937, was one attempt to achieve such a creative union, as is his more recent "Media" Productions company in New York. In addition to all this, as you will find in last month's P & O in connection with the first part of "Hollywood Faces the Fifties," he has had a distinguished career as a producer and director in the theater, in radio, and in the movies, and has made experimental films for television. He is at present working for RKO.

Tom Funk's drawings illustrate the television craze. Mr. Funk, who has drawn for *Harper's* before, also does art work for the *New Yorker*, *Life*, and the Condé Nast publications. He graduated from Amherst and is married to the artist, Edna Eicke.

Main Line and Side Tours

●●●In publishing "The Second Eisenhower Boom" (p. 31) by *Rich-*

Public Opinion—
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...given the facts
NOTHING IS WISER

On Small Business

In this country, about 2,000 new businesses start up every day. The Secretary of Commerce recently stated: "The growth in number of small businesses since the war has been one of the healthiest characteristics of our economy."

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Ten years ago, there were only half a dozen manufacturers of television sets. Today, after millions spent on research and mass production, there are 104 separate companies making TV sets. Four companies manufacture telecasting equipment. Thirty-five make television picture tubes. And hundreds of companies make television parts. More of these are small businesses than large.

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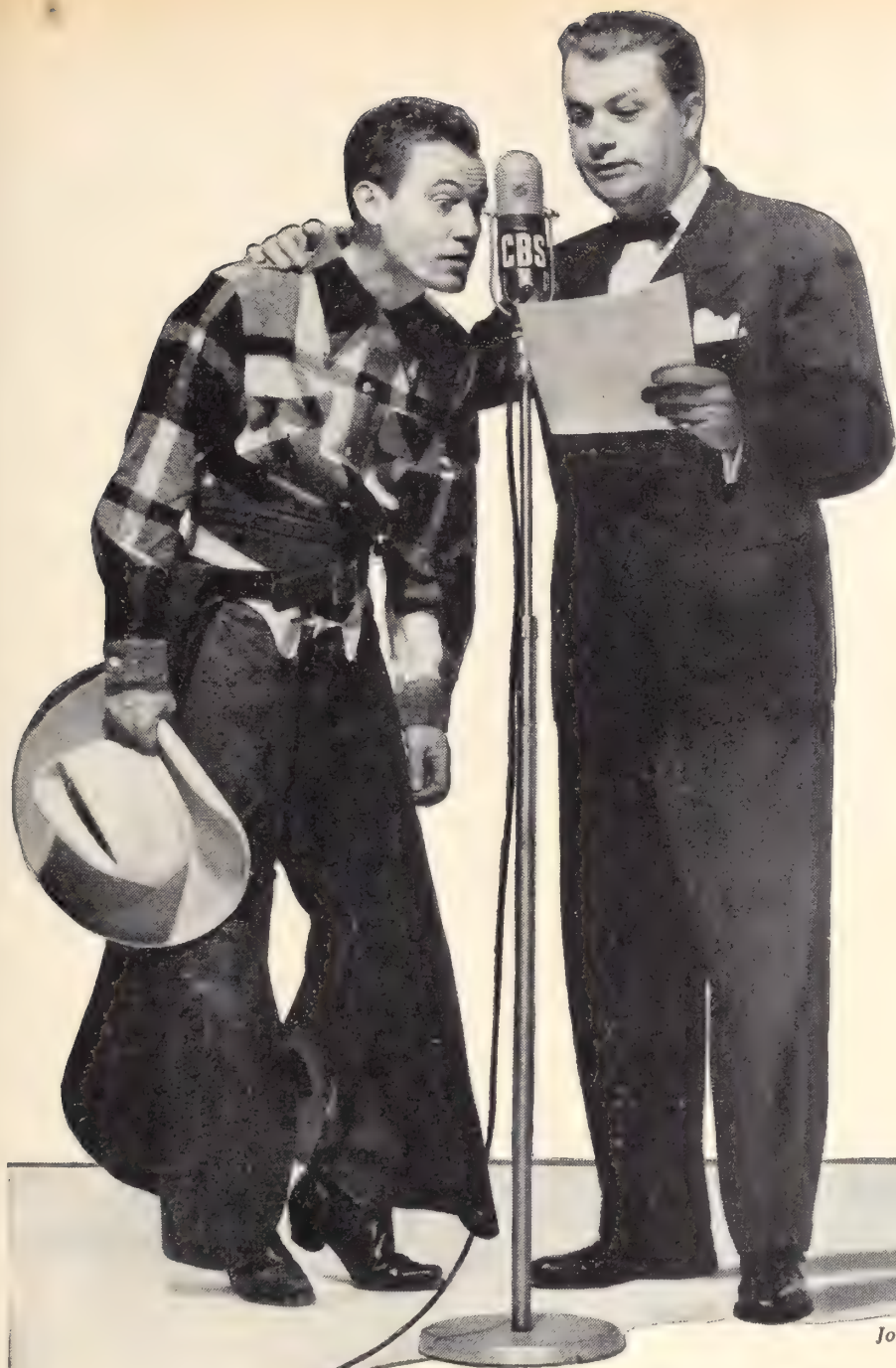
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ard H. Rovere, we are fulfilling a promise which we made to ourselves two years ago. In the spring and summer of 1948, Mr. Rovere wrote for us a series of political portraits which included "Taft: Is This the Best We've Got?", "The Unassailable Vandenberg," and "President Harry." (He had sketched "Dewey: The Man in the Blue Serge Suit" in 1944.) The series was to have led off with General Dwight D. Eisenhower, who had just moved into the president's chair at Columbia University, but, when the piece was ready, we discovered we had been fooled by our own forehandedness. We had the article, but Eisenhower declined to be nominated. The portrait was scrapped; not so the General-President. Happily, here we are again; it's spring; the prospects for '52 are young; and Mr. Rovere has provided a new and up-to-date picture of one of the likeliest blossoms of the season.

To P & O back in July 1948, Mr. Truman looked just like ourselves; General Eisenhower looked like "the only man for whom there has been anything like whole-hearted enthusiasm. . . the one man who has made it quite clear that he doesn't want and won't take 'the job.'" In this glorified state, he was, as Mr. Rovere points out in this issue, a "personage." And after two more years in office, Mr. Truman still looks strangely like ourselves. Maybe the General looks just a little more like us than he did then but still a "personage." Which reminds us that last month in this magazine, Herbert Agar, giving advice on "How to Elect a Republican," wrote: "No matter how weary we grow of Mr. Truman's cronies we will not elect a Superior Person."

Mr. Rovere, as you can tell by turning to "New Books" (p. 114), is *Harper's* chief book reviewer. He has held this job since July 1949. He is also a staff writer—he does the "Washington Letter"—for the *New Yorker*, and the author of *Howe & Hummel*, published in 1947 by Farrar, Straus. Since his graduation from Bard College in 1937, he has tried his hand (for a living) at many jobs in the writing field, from editing political magazines to concocting fact-detective stories and working briefly for the book clubs. His writ-



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ing now takes him regularly from his farm at Hyde Park, New York, to Washington, with stops in New York. Between times, on the go and at rest, he reads books.

...In "The Catholic Church in America" (p. 40), **D. W. Brogan** takes up the problem posed last November in *Harper's* by George N. Shuster: how can the Catholics and Protestants live together in harmony in this country? Underlying both articles are the facts that we all do live here, for better or for worse, and we all intend to stay, on the whole finding our lot rather better than worse. One group has the advantages of being a minority; the other has the advantages of being a majority. There is always some discomfort in the house, because the members of the family have different ideas of how the household should be run and who is "right." The question is, not how much of this sort of thing can the family put up with, but how can we get along more happily?

Professor Brogan is something more than one of the neighbors who are beginning to "talk" about our family quarrels. As the author of *The American Political System* (1938), *The American Problem* (1944), and *American Themes* (1949), he is known in this country as a keen observer of life in the United States and of the development of American institutions. He is professor of political science at Cambridge University and a fellow of Peterhouse College. Born in Glasgow, he was educated in both Catholic and Protestant schools, attended Glasgow University and Balliol College, Oxford, and received an M.A. degree in American history from Harvard.

From childhood, Professor Brogan has been acquainted with the United States. His father, who had lived in California for two years, brought home stories of this country, and American books and periodicals were always plentiful. During his twenties, Mr. Brogan lived here for two years, and he has traveled widely and frequently in this country since then.

... "The Beautiful Mō" (p. 64) is the first story we have published by **George Howe**, who is known widely as the author of *Call It Treason*. This novel, which Mr. Howe wrote

while recovering from a motor accident, won the first \$15,000 Christopher Award and was published by the Viking Press in 1949. Its author is an architect, practicing in Washington. (The George Howe, architect of Philadelphia, who has recently been made Dean of Fine Art at Yale, is someone else.)

Mr. Howe comes from Bristol, Rhode Island, and went to Harvard College and Architectural School. In the first world war, he served in the Navy; in the second, he served with the OSS, attached to the Seventh Army, in Algeria, France, and Germany. Out of this experience, no doubt, comes the sketch of French provincial life which makes our story. Mr. Howe's home is a 250-acre farm between Washington and Baltimore; he is married, has four children.

Drawings for "The Beautiful Mō" were made by **Arthur Marokvia**, a European painter who has recently come to the United States. He studied art in Italy and France and traveled throughout Europe; his painting is best known in Paris, where he lived for more than fifteen years.

... **Albert A. Woldman**, author of "Lincoln Never Said That" (p. 70), is nationally known for his writings on Lincoln, and his book, *Lawyer Lincoln*, is recognized as one of the standard Lincoln biographies. Mr. Woldman is himself a lawyer, and is at present serving in the cabinet of Governor Lausche of Ohio as director of the state's Department of Industrial Relations.

His article in this issue grew out of his well-known interest in everything that concerns Lincoln. As he described it to us:

In January 1943, a member of the editorial staff of the Railroad Trainmen, official magazine of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, with national headquarters in Cleveland, phoned me to verify a Lincoln quotation dealing with labor. He told me that they wanted to feature in the February 1943 issue the quotation: "All that serves labor serves the nation. All that harms labor is treason to America. No line can be drawn between these two. If any man tells you he loves America yet hates labor, he is a liar. If any man tells you he trusts America yet fears labor, he is a fool.



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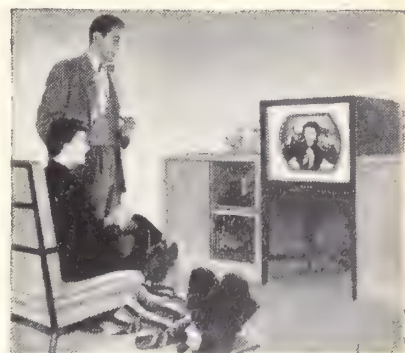
Now television pictures gain still greater contrast and definition—through research originally initiated by scientists at RCA Laboratories.

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* * *

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There is no America without labor."

I told him that Lincoln never said that. But despite my advice the magazine of February 1943 published that quotation under the front cover photograph of Lincoln. I set about to fortify my contention that it was a spurious Lincoln quotation, and in the process of this research, I ran across all the other misquotations commonly attributed to Lincoln, and about which I write in the article.

I decided to write "Lincoln Never Said That" when nation-wide publicity was given to the spurious quotation starting with, "You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift." Newspapers, radio broadcasters, and speakers all over the nation were using it. Perhaps my article may put a stop to some of these misquotations.

...Herbert Askwith is a resident of that "Suburbia" which Phyllis McGinley described lovingly in *Harper's* last December. Two or three years ago, he discovered when the New York, New Haven, and Hartford boosted its rates that, in this respect at least, the commuter's lot is not a happy one. Mr. Askwith is a public-relations counsel in New York City, so he knew where to go in order to pitch into his one-man battle in defense of the commuter *versus* the railroads. When he appeared in Washington before the august, eleven-man Interstate Commerce Commission, neither the Commissioners nor the press could quite believe there was no hidden interest backing him.

"Railroads on the Wrong Track" (p. 75) is the outgrowth of Mr. Askwith's crusade. He may not have brought down railroad fares for the run-of-the-mill commuter, but he has gathered together an impressive report on the unhappy rate-raising policy of railroads in the East, which may be the writing on the wall for the railroad managements and stockholders.

As a public-relations counsel, Mr. Askwith has often represented large corporations; rather than promote the success of individuals, however (see "Reputation by Sonnenberg," *Harper's*, February 1950), he usually works on large-scale projects for industries and causes. On behalf of the Dutch government and tulip-growers, for example, he originated the idea of the garden of a million tulips for the World's Fair. And he started the National Home Safety

Awards granted annually in April.

The roads to public relations are varied. Mr. Askwith taught English and comparative literature at Harvard after his graduation from that college. He has edited Boswell's *Johnson* for the Modern Library Giants and *This Way to Unity* for the Oxford Book Company.

... "Measures for Song and Dance" (p. 80) by *Katherine Anne Porter*, author of *Noon Wine*, *The Leaning Tower*, and other books, is about a dimly known character. At our request, Miss Porter sent us this note about Lilith:

"Demons and bogeys," writes Robert Graves in his brilliant study of ancient myths, *The White Goddess*, "are invariably the reduced gods or priests of a superseded religion . . . the Lilim, or children of Lilith, the Hebrew Owl-goddess, who was Adam's first wife, were ass-haunched." What share Adam had in this peculiar malformation on his first wife's children, myth does not say. Still another legend, obviously of later date, explains that Adam's sons did not marry their sisters, but strayed off and married their half-sisters, the daughters of Lilith. Again there is a tantalizing blank in the narrative: Who then married Adam's daughters—the sons of Lilith?

Without prying further into these ancient scandals, it is apparent that Lilith had fallen from great heights by the time she was reduced to being the wife of Adam, and a Demon-wife, besides. For she had been worshipped as the Great Goddess, under many names in all countries; it was she who in the primeval myth created man from a little lump of clay. She then enjoyed a career as goddess of wisdom, whose symbol was always the owl. At just what point in his career man began to suspect that his mind was the seat of bedevilment, we do not know, but in Jewish myth the Owl-goddess became a demon, Lilith, with special malign powers over children. (Do you suppose she said to them, "Think, child, think"?)

In Western myth, in certain cults, she symbolized the female principle of evil created by the Prince of Darkness to oppose the male principle of light which was from God. My little poem affords a glimpse of a comparatively domesticated interlude of her tempestuous and disreputable existence. I cannot explain her presence in the Garden except to suggest that, not having found another man, she had returned to visit her former husband,

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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

and had found him the same old Adam—greedy, timorous, and a natural liar.

Giving him up as a bad job, she turns her attentions to the young Cain, and so it is not surprising that he came to no good end.

•••There is a fair chance that you may go to England this summer; anyway, one out of three *Harper's* readers have traveled abroad in the past three years. If you do, the odds have it that you will encounter something to remind you of "Tourist in England" (p. 82). The artist, *Osbert Lancaster*, is one of those multiple-handed gentlemen whom you may also happily encounter in Britain. An editor of *Architectural Review*, he also writes and draws delightfully. Some titles of his books hint at the subjects: *Pillar to Post*, *Homes*, *Sweet Homes*, *Classical Landscape with Figures*, and—to be published in June by Houghton Mifflin—*Drayneflete Revisited*. He has been a cartoonist for the *Daily Express* since 1939; he worked for the Foreign Office in 1940, and was in Athens for the British Embassy from 1944 to 1946.

Anne L. Goodman, one of our editors, contributed the captions.

The drawings for "Tourist in England" will appear with many others by Mr. Lancaster in *Here's England*, to be published by Harper & Brothers this summer. The authors of this "Highly Informal Guide," as the subtitle has it, are Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten.

•••*Bentz Plagemann* tells us that he put into his new story, "Full Circle" (p. 86), "the living of several years and I don't know if I could do anything like it very soon again." This story has the same reflective quality which may account for the success of his last *Harper's* story, "The Best Bread," which we published in February 1949 and which was included in the O. Henry volume of Prize Stories.

A native of Ohio, Mr. Plagemann worked in bookstores in Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and New York, until the war took him to serve as a pharmacist's mate for three years in the Navy's hospital corps. Invalided out with poliomyelitis, he went to Warm Springs for convalescence. He has since combined writing with

spells of teaching (all the way from creative writing at New York University for a year and at the Fiction Writers' Conference at Marlboro, Vermont, last summer, to a Sunday School class for children in the New York suburb where he lives). His novel, *Into the Labyrinth*, published by Farrar and Straus in 1948, was his third; *My Place to Stand*, which came out last year, was a record of his polio experience and an account of Warm Springs, where, he wrote, "by learning to laugh, by learning the value of form, I had learned again to live."

•••One might imagine the silver issue in this country to be a dying horse, were it not so difficult to get the nag to lie down. Recently revived by the Senate Banking Committee's hearings on the Silver Purchase Act, it stands before our door despite all lambasting. Why this strange animal is among us still is the subject of *Morris E. Garnsey's* article, "Heigh Ho, Silver" (p. 96). He says:

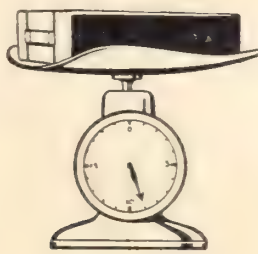
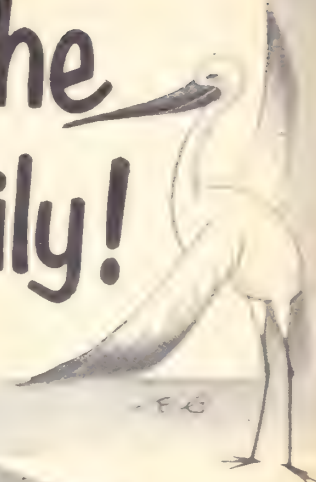
I imagine every student of elementary economics has had our silver policy held up to him as a horrible example of irrational economic behavior. As an economist, who is also a Westerner, I have been interested in looking beneath the surface to discover how the silver bloc has been able to perpetuate its control of our monetary system long after the historical reasons for having silver money have completely disappeared. I have watched their behavior and attended their conventions. Some of them are completely unconvinced by the economists' position on silver, and the majority even refuse to listen.

Mr. Garnsey's study of the Silver Bloc and his proposal for a compromise solution to the problem will be part of a book dealing with the economy and politics of the Mountain West, to be published in May by Alfred A. Knopf and called *America's New Frontier*.

The author is professor of economics at the University of Colorado, where he has taught since 1937, with time out for wartime service in Washington with the National Resources Planning Board and other special assignments involving economic analysis.

•••"Any resemblance there may

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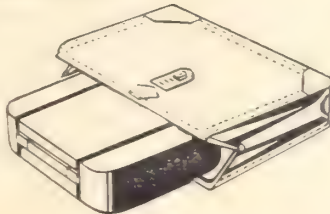


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P & O

seem to be between persons living or dead and the characters that appear in these pages has been achieved by hard and careful work." This is the confiding note with which **Fred Schwed, Jr.**, will open the book from which "At My Wit's Beginning" (p. 101) is taken. *The Pleasure Was All Mine*, to be published by Simon and Schuster next fall, is Mr. Schwed's third book: *Wacky, the Small Boy* was the first (1939); *Where Are the Customers' Yachts?* or, *A Good Hard Look at Wall Street* was the second (1940).

The new volume will be an autobiography that will concern itself "with the people and events that have amused, beguiled, or charmed me," Mr. Schwed writes; the hard work of which he boasts was expended to record the friendships he now believes were his *raison d'être*.

Mr. Schwed makes the events of his life seem few and simple: after college, he went into Wall Street because "in those days one always seemed to get out of the subway there." But when he got married, he began to write because that was what he had wanted to do for a long time and because "it is easy to write when your wife sits there with a shotgun."

Though he has written for many of the leading magazines, "At My Wit's Beginning" is Mr. Schwed's first contribution to *Harper's*. During the war he worked for the OWI. Now, "well up to his hips in his forties," the time he spends in devotion to his minor religions of bridge and golf seems not to have been wasted, he reports, for they make a thick chapter in the new book.

Flowers for May

This month appropriately to the season the magazine includes more verse than usual. In addition to Katherine Anne Porter's "Measures for Song and Dance" mentioned above, we present works by three other poets.

"Wordsworth Revisited" (p. 39) is the first poem we have published by **Cecil C. Eckles**, young veteran of the Intelligence Department of the Army Air Forces, now a patient in a V.A. hospital. Before the war, he studied at the University of Kansas City and did some private teaching. He continued his education, after four years

P & O

in the Army, at Vassar College.

"Remembering a Red Brick Wall in Rensselaer" (p. 100) is by **Thomas Hornsby Ferril**, who used to write a bimonthly column for *Harper's* called "Western Half-Acre." It is hard to say whether Mr. Ferril is full-time poet or full-time industrialist, for although he is employed strenuously by the Great Western Sugar Company in Denver, he regularly turns out poetry, has three published volumes to his credit and another one in preparation for Harper & Brothers.

Among many honors which he has received are some verses about him by Robert Frost. The lines go like this:

A man is as tall as his height,
Plus the height of his home town,
I know a Denverite
Who, measured from sea to
crown,
Is one mile five-foot-ten,
And he swings a commensurate
pen.

Mr. Ferril recently added a new honorary degree, this time from Colorado College (his alma mater), to his already impressive list. One sonnet and eight couplets of his making are inscribed in the main rotunda of the Colorado State Capitol Building. If you like the red brick wall in Rensselaer, you may want to look up his poem in our issue of July 1948, "Out in the Stovepipe Mountains."

Peter DeVries, who has written a number of delightful stories for *Harper's*, branches out in a new direction this month with some light verse, "A Middle-Aged Man's Garden of Verses" (p. 108). When he learned that we planned to print them on two facing pages, he queried: "Why not just call it 'Middle-Aged Spread' and be done with it?"

Though Mr. DeVries is better known in these parts for his fiction—he has written three novels as well as stories in the *New Yorker* and other magazines—he used to help edit *Poetry* magazine in Chicago, and so did his wife. For supplementary income, he tried operating a candy-vending machine, acting on the radio, and constructing a monthly rhymed table of contents for an advertising digest. The DeVries family now number five and live in Connecticut.



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L E T T E R S

Reputation by—

To the Editors:

In the article entitled "Reputation by Sonnenberg" in your February issue, there appears this statement: "During the first few months Sonnenberg worked for Goldwyn, two articles appeared in the *New York Times* magazine section under Goldwyn's by-line."

The implication is that Mr. Sonnenberg was instrumental in attaining the publication of those articles in the *Times* magazine. These are the facts:

(1) The *New York Times* magazine has published in the past five years three articles by Mr. Goldwyn, one in 1945, one in 1947, and one in 1949. Thus, no two articles appeared in any "few months."

(2) Mr. Sonnenberg had nothing to do with the publication of those articles in the *Times* magazine. Mr. Goldwyn discussed them directly with me.

I do not know what goes on behind Mr. Sonnenberg's silken curtain, but I want to make it clear that I have never had any part in that activity, whatever it may be.

LESTER MARKEL
Sunday Editor
New York Times
New York City

Beyond Belief—

To the Editors:

... My wife and I lived in a studio (garage) apartment next door to the Robie house for four years. ["After Hours," March 1950, discusses this house by Frank Lloyd Wright.] I doubt that we ever looked out the window, walked down the street, or stepped out the door without letting our eyes wander over the vast planes of that building. . . . If you could see those outlines, those sweeping planes that defy barriers and confinement . . . if you could see them

through the seasons, capped with snow in winter moonlight, flowing eerily in rain and fog, lovely beyond belief in summer sun and foliage! . . .

The students think of it as a peculiar place—no, they don't see the bare bulbs. The tourists call it the "boat house" and tell you that it was designed for the wife of a man who couldn't travel. The business staff tell you (confidentially) that it is very impractical. *The trustees plan to tear it down* as soon as sufficient funds have been raised to build a dormitory and commons on that and adjacent sites—and the contractors say that it will take blasting to break it up, due to specially fired bricks and concrete mortar.

Yes, people are both preoccupied and indifferent. . . . Many a man thinks he loves God and yet manages to hate a thousand things that speak to him of creativity and power. . . . A building like the Robie house should have no decadence. It is unthinkable that it should be destroyed. No one has really experienced that for which it was designed.

What shall we do?

DONALD IRVING BARTHOLOMEW
Lisle Congregational Church
Lisle, Illinois

The Robie house is not owned by the University of Chicago, as Mr. Harper said, but by the Chicago Theological Seminary, affiliated with the University.

Stuff or Staff?—

To the Editors:

Re: "Bread, and the Stuff We Eat" by James Rorty, March 1950. There have been several attempts to make a complete food out of the bread we eat by using substantial amounts of soya flour, brewer's yeast, milk, or other nutritious ingredients, and the fact that the resulting bread is a complete food has been demonstrated by maintaining rats on a diet consist-

ing solely of the improved bread. Dr. McCay has demonstrated that his "yardstick" bread furnishes all the food essentials required by the rat and is therefore a well-balanced rat food.

In the developing of a feed for animals, it is necessary to incorporate in the feed all of the nutrients essential to the animal for which the feed is intended. Domesticated animals have no opportunity to select and eat a variety of foods and, therefore, the single food developed for them must constitute a complete diet. No food eaten by humans, including the more expensive foods such as milk and meat, will by themselves fulfill the nutritive needs of the people. People choose a variety of foods which complement one another. If wisely chosen, this process assures an adequate diet. Neither milk nor bread need be made a complete food except for those cases in which milk or bread must be the sole article of diet because of some individual's physical disability, or because extreme poverty would make it impossible to obtain an adequate diet through the selection of a variety of foodstuffs.

Commercial enriched bread may hold its head high in any discussion on nutritive value. Bread has increased in nutritive value through the years because of increased use of milk, because of the use of calcium salts as yeast foods or dough improvers, and because of enrichment.

Modern bread formulas contain on the average 4 per cent non-fat milk solids, substantially more milk than grandma used, and more than was used by the commercial baker before the war. At the present time the baker uses 65 per cent of the non-fat milk solids produced.

Should the population become conditioned to the flavor of the products made from soya flour, the baking industry undoubtedly will ask for permission to include soya flour in its enriched bread formula. Until

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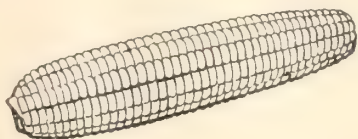
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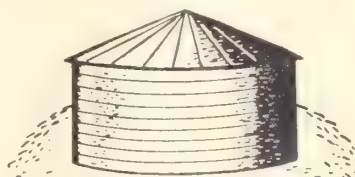
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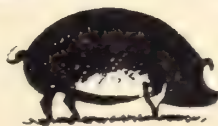


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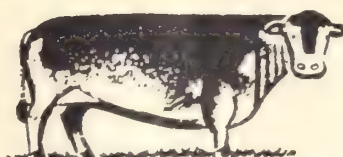


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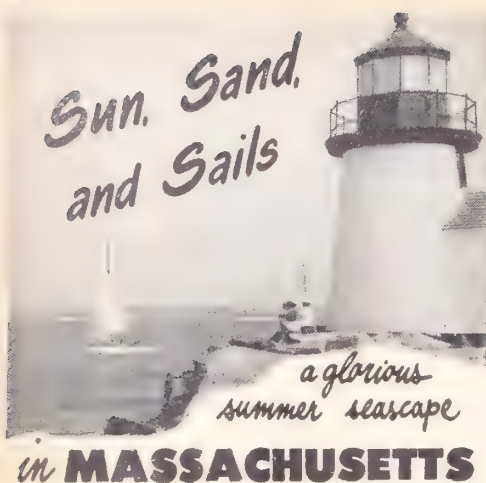
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that time, however, it would be impossible for the baking industry to exist manufacturing a product that the consumer does not like and will not eat. . . .

The competition within commercial bread is not between the chemical industries and the farmer, but between groups within agriculture itself. The dairy interests, the shortening interests, the farmers who grow corn, and the farmers who grow soya bean vie with one another for a substantial part of the bakers' patronage, because the commercial production of 15 billion pounds of bread per year represents a substantial market for agricultural products.

If all of the chemicals that have been discussed in the Bread Standards Hearings were to be permitted in the bread standards, the products of the chemical industry (except salt) would amount at most to 1 per cent of the weight of the loaf, and in 100 pounds of bread would replace only 1 per cent of the farmers' products. However, when a bread formula containing no milk is changed to include 6 per cent milk, the milk in actuality replaces about 7 per cent of the flour and other agricultural ingredients from which bread is made.

It is visualized that the use of milk in commercial bread, which has increased with the years, will continue to increase. It is also visualized that as the people become conditioned to the newer food products, such as soya flour, more of them will find their way into the bakers' formulae. In the meantime, enriched bread with its high nutritive value will continue to serve as one of America's most economical sources of many of the food essentials and in a variety of forms to satisfy the tastes of the American people.

HOWARD O. HUNTER
Executive Vice President
American Institute of Baking
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors:

The argument with which Mr. Hunter attempts to defend his stage bread was abandoned even by his own industry over a decade ago, when American white bread was "enriched" to restore, but only in part, its acknowledged vitamin and mineral deficiencies. It is true, of course, that human beings eat a more

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LETTERS

varied diet than rats. But the "staff of life" is what the phrase implies—the foundation of the American diet, especially for poor people who can't afford to buy all the protective foods they need.

Testifying last fall before the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, Hazel K. Stiebeling, Chief of the Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, declared that "... efforts should be made to prevent reduction of milk solids in bread; indeed it would be advantageous nutritionally to increase the proportion of non-fat milk solids in bread in this country to about double the quantity now used."

How much is now used? Mr. Hunter says 4 per cent, more than before the war. What makes him think he knows? Miss Stiebeling told the same committee: "We think there is less skim milk, non-fat milk solids, and less fat in breads today than prior to the war, but I do not have satisfactory figures on that."

The reason that neither Miss Stiebeling nor anybody else, including Mr. Hunter, has satisfactory figures is that the present law doesn't require open-formula labeling as it should. If it did, and bakers were required to state on the label the amount of milk solids contained in their bread, competition would quickly force them to absorb the 140,000,000 pounds of dry skim milk the USDA is now thinking of dumping in England at a cent a pound. Which would make more sense: to feed that milk, via bread, to American children, millions of whom are not now getting enough milk, or to feed it to British pigs?

As a reading of my article will show, Mr. Hunter chooses to by-pass most of my charges. Interested readers will find them fully documented in my *Tomorrow's Food* (with N. Philip Norman, M.D.) and also in the recent Senate hearings above referred to.

JAMES RORTY
New York, N. Y.

P.S. I erred in my article in saying that Miss Katharine Flack is with the New York State Department of Health. She is dietician for the Department of Mental Hygiene.

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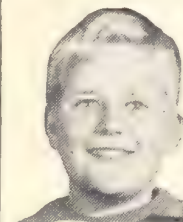
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MAGAZINE

The Second Eisenhower Boom

Richard H. Rovere

THERE is again much talk of General Eisenhower for President. In fact, what might be called the second Eisenhower boom is under way. As a political movement, it is less formidable than the one the General put a stop to on January 22, 1948, when he announced that he was "not available for and could not accept nomination to high political office." It is not only natural that this boom should be quieter than the first but highly desirable from the point of view of those who favor the present movement. We are now almost midway between elections, and public interest in Presidential politics is about as low as it ever gets in the four-year cycle. If the second Eisenhower boom were more formidable now, it would be less formidable in 1952. When water is brought to a boil too early, much of it passes away in steam.

Still, the boom is on in a small, promising way. It is reported in New York that Eisenhower may be the state's entry at the 1952 Republican convention. He is said to have been seeing a good deal of Governor Dewey,

and the Governor is said to be favorably impressed with the General. It is reported in the Middle West that Roy Roberts, the president of the Kansas City *Star* and a prairie king-maker who had a lot to do with the earlier boom, stands ready to line up Eisenhower delegates when the proper time comes. Governor Warren of California is said to have the case of Eisenhower under advisement. The movers and shakers are thinking things over, and occasional feelers are put out to the public. Dr. Gallup has been around interviewing again—"successfully applying," he says, "the lessons learned in 1948"—and he finds that Eisenhower would be easily the most popular figure the Republicans could nominate. Eisenhower, Dr. Gallup says, is way out ahead among both independent voters and registered Republicans. His nearest rival is his fellow educator Harold Stassen, and Stassen isn't very near.

To cite the polls in support of anything nowadays is to invite hooting and jeering. Yet even in their greatest failure, they were only

Having sketched for Harper's the leading Presidential candidates of the 1948 campaign, Mr. Rovere now highlights a potential 1952 nominee. Mr. Rovere is author of Howe & Hummel and regularly reviews "New Books" for this magazine.

a few percentage points out of the way; and if we apply the 1948 margin of error to Eisenhower's 1950 rating and reduce his advantage accordingly (it might as reasonably be increased), his following is still impressive. All the claims of the poll-takers are borne out by the shrewdest judges of political sentiment. Five years after V-E Day, no other public figure comes anywhere near Eisenhower in the admiration of the country as a whole. The people not only like him and respect him, as we have always known they do; they think it would be a fine idea to make him President. That any politicians at all look with favor on Eisenhower is in itself proof that the people do. Politicians are as a rule happier with a weak regular than with a strong irregular. But in this season of Republican desperation, Eisenhower's chances seem excellent.

NOTHING is easier than to apply simple logic to the Eisenhower phenomenon and to prove that it reveals the democratic electorate as an essentially frivolous body which worships success for its own sake and wretchedly confuses categories. But there is a factor in the popular enthusiasm that largely redeems it and makes it more supportable and dignified. Eisenhower is not just the victor in great battles; he is, in the public view, a great personage. To the American people, a general in politics is never a mere personality but always a personage. By serving the country as a whole, he assumes a status above partisanship, above self, above all merely passing issues and concerns. "To a greater or lesser extent," Dorothy and Julius Goebel, Jr., have written in *Generals in the White House*, an uncommonly cogent essay on the American character, "every general who ever became President owed something to the public anxiety that the place be filled by a personage." The Goebels run through our history to prove that we violate our anti-militarist political traditions not in orgies of gratitude and hero-worship but in a search for men of vision. We have chosen generals to lead us only when the political scene was so dominated by party and faction that the ancient ideal of the Chief Executive as a man "pre-eminent for virtue and ability" seems to have been lost sight of and we have been offered nothing but men pre-eminent for the stripes of factional warfare they have earned.

When a big man is wanted and the parties have none to offer, the people may turn to the military, which is one of our few institutions that stand, or seem to stand, above mean partisanship. Not every general we have chosen has turned out to be what the people wanted, but that is another story.

Eisenhower is, in the public view, a personage, and we are today in the midst of a crisis without any crisis leadership. Would Eisenhower run? No one who knows him seems to doubt it, and there are many who think he is running hard right now. He is no longer bound by his eloquent strictures on military men in politics, for he is no longer a military man but the head of a great university. In his two years at Columbia, he has discussed and debated public matters with relish. "Eisenhower is chafing under his academic robes," *Look* magazine reports. "He itches to get into the political fight." The article is called "Eisenhower is Open to a G.O.P. Draft." Its author assures us that he is able to make these assertions on the basis of interviews he has held with himself. "This is my opinion," he writes; "it's not based on anything Eisenhower has said." Perhaps so, but no halfway responsible periodical reports that a man itches unless someone has seen him scratch. *Look* is owned by an influential Republican family which once did much to advance the public careers of Wendell Willkie and Harold Stassen. It now finds that "a crucial problem lies ahead for the next President of the United States, for which Ike is singularly qualified. This is bringing unity to the now disunited Western nations facing Russia." It is not entirely clear from this whether *Look* regards Eisenhower as singularly qualified for the Presidency or singularly qualified for solving the crucial problem, but the chances are that it would stand behind either interpretation.

II

WHAT sort of President would Eisenhower make? We know surprisingly little about him, really. No less than five books about him have appeared since 1944, but all of them were written in tenderly patriotic moods by men who couldn't get at all the facts even if they wanted to. His own book, *Crusade in Europe*, is a document that sometimes comes close to splendor, but it is,

like most battle chronicles written by battle commanders, a rather austere, chilly book that seldom deals in personalities and therefore tells us little about its author except that he is capable of producing such a book, which is a curious and paradoxical fact, since he is customarily anything but austere or chilly. On the controversial military-political decisions that were made in Europe, it is informative but not notably enlightening, for it is necessarily a defense of those decisions by the man who either made them himself or participated with others in making them.

Ordinarily, a candidate, or a candidate for candidacy, is offered to the voters in three parts: personality, record, and program. The people are told what he is like, what he has done, and what he thinks he might do. In Eisenhower's case, only his personality can be discussed with any real assurance. His record is mostly irrelevant, and he has no program. True, one can, after a fashion, project a program from his recent statements of principle, but that is not wholly fair either to him or to the principle. There is today, however, less mystery about where he stands than there was two years ago. In 1948, no one knew whether he was a Democrat or a Republican. For all anyone knew, he might have been a Greenbacker or a Social Credit crank. No one knew whether *he* knew what he was. All that was known, or at any rate believed, was that he could win an election. It was, indeed, the mystery of his beliefs that made the first boom the vast popular-front movement it was—a movement embracing Chester Bowles and Alf M. Landon, the Americans for Democratic Action and the remnants of the Liberty League. A cynical but unstated assumption of the first boom was that the General would adopt whatever kind of politics paid off best; that if he were interested in running at all, he would run with the hounds, once he learned who the hounds were.

The present boom is a strictly Republican affair. The Democrats aren't having any. In the past two years, Eisenhower has said a lot. He has said that too much government intervention will turn "the American Dream into an American Nightmare." He opposes deficit financing. He believes that free enterprise is the underpinning of all freedom. He thinks we worry too much about security and too little about liberty. He is, then, a conserva-

tive. But conservatism covers a lot of ground nowadays, and has its own right and left wings, just as liberalism does. It is impossible to determine just where on conservative ground Eisenhower stands. In the bales of speeches he has made since 1948, he has not once addressed himself to a specific non-military issue. How much government intervention does he consider too much? Is he opposed to deficit financing in all circumstances? Is he a Taft conservative, a Kenneth Wherry conservative, a Wayne Morse conservative? It is impossible to tell.

THE one thing that is perfectly clear is his personality. It is not a vivid personality, but it is a distinct one. To borrow a term from linguistics, it is a standard-American personality. Eisenhower is forthright, pragmatic, gregarious, alert, even-tempered, calmly energetic, more shrewd than wise, generous, courteous but neither courtly nor grand, modest but never humble. He is unintellectual and probably anti-intellectual, but he is enormously respectful of learning and knowledge when he encounters them in large quantities. He likes poker and bridge, bourbon, dialect jokes, vegetable gardening, moralities based on the adventures of Mama Skunk and Papa Skunk, and singing "Abdul Abulbul Amir" to the thirty-eighth verse. When he talks about the formative years, all the standard elements of song, story, and myth are there: the mother influence, gentling and purifying; the father influence, hardening; the life of the large, poor family that destroys selfishness, builds self-reliance, and encourages a decent acquisitiveness; the inevitable paper route and all the other part-time jobs. There is even a Jack Armstrong in the Eisenhower story—a town bully with the fine bullying name of Wes Merrifield, bigger and faster than our man, whom Dwight fought to a bloody standstill in a vacant lot at Broadway and Third in Abilene, Kansas, almost the dead center of the country, in the summer of 1903, almost the dead center of American experience.

Now that he is out of uniform, Eisenhower's personality comes through a good deal more clearly than it formerly did. If we cast about for a familiar example of the same type, we come upon one almost instantly: Harry Truman. They are strikingly alike in

all the essentials of taste, behavior, and outlook. The reason Eisenhower has seemed singular rather than typical is that he is a general. His type is common enough in the country as a whole, but it has been a half-century at least since it flourished in the top ranks of the Army. It stood out refreshingly in the recent war. Perhaps its most fitting symbol is the garment known as "the Eisenhower jacket." While MacArthur in the Orient moved around under a heavy load of braid and metals, or else walked truculently through palaces in a limp open-collared shirt, achieving great conspicuousness in either dress, and while Patton's tank helmet of lacquered plastic, his pearl-handled pistols, and his boots of burnished leather glistened so brightly in the sun that they could light up half-tone engravings on wartime newsprint, Eisenhower, with nothing to glisten but his smile, made a neat and unpretentious appearance before the high and mighty of Europe in the kind of jacket worn here at home by fastidious gas-station attendants. It was in its way a brave thing to do, because it was a risky one for a man whose success depended so largely on the kind of impression he made. Eisenhower is not, physically, a very imposing man. Unlike Winston Churchill, who can somehow look even more martially resplendent in a grease-monkey's suit than a commodore's, Eisenhower might have seemed merely drab in his sawed-off jacket and might have been mistaken, in news pictures, for an orderly instead of a Supreme Commander, but he carried it off superbly, and the jacket became a kind of symbol of democracy fighting its war in simple, tidy, utilitarian, unmartial dress.

EISENHOWER was well thought of by the troops who fought under him. This can be said with absolute certainty. Censorship could have covered up almost anything but attitudes toward him as a human being; dislike of him, if it had existed in any large measure, could not possibly have been concealed. No one today could hope to wither the Eisenhower boom with the kind of remark with which Heywood Broun, almost single-handedly, withered the mild Pershing boom of 1920. "It would seem rather foolish to me," Broun wrote, "for any party that hopes to win an election to nominate a man who would go to the polls with the votes of four

million veterans solidly against him." The veteran vote would not be against Eisenhower; it might even favor him somewhat more strongly than the non-veteran vote. His troops knew him only at a distance, of course, but the point is that the distance was not resented. Although Eisenhower was a hotel general, the safest and most walled-in commander outside Washington, his troops seem never to have found it in their hearts to despise or ridicule him. They never decorated him with any of the mockingly felicitous sobriquets (Patton: the Green Hornet; MacArthur: Flash Gordon) they so easily found for anyone they suspected of phoniness. Eisenhower was always either Eisenhower or Ike, and if he made capital of his famous greeting, "My name's Eisenhower," because John Gunther had told him it would make a good story, being so refreshingly out of military character, the fact must be put down as simply another example of the genuine and the synthetic being wrapped together in the same package. In his personal conduct, Eisenhower emerged from the war with everything to his credit.

III

EISENHOWER's record consists of twenty-seven years as an obscure Army officer and eight years as a figure of international repute and importance. The eight years break down into four as director of the American and Allied military effort in Europe, two as Chief of Staff, and two as president of Columbia University. The twenty-seven years are almost entirely unexaminable, and many of the examinable later years reveal nothing that has any serious bearing on any political career he may later enjoy. There are huge gaps in the record. There are, for example, no satisfactory accounts of what Eisenhower did between the two wars or of the steps immediately preceding his sudden rise to the heights in 1942. The version the Roosevelt administration gave, and the version he gives in *Crusade in Europe*, is that he commended himself to the President and to General Marshall by his performance in some make-believe battles in Louisiana in 1941; but that is not a very likely explanation of how and why a decision of global significance was reached. The facts, if we could get at them,

would certainly be more complicated and possibly more to Eisenhower's credit.

If the first boom had succeeded, Eisenhower would have been the tenth general to have become President, but he would have been only the second—Zachary Taylor was the first—to have won the office on the strength of a career spent entirely in uniform. Washington was a delegate to the Continental Congress before he was a general, and he was president of the Constitutional Convention that created the nation whose first President he became. Jackson had been a celebrated lawyer, a Senator, and a judge. The first Harrison was Governor of Indiana, the second a Senator from that state. Pierce served in both houses of Congress before his Presidency, as did Garfield. Grant's civilian experience was slight—six unsuccessful years in business and farming and an interim period in Johnson's cabinet—but his successor, Hayes, had been a congressman and a governor.

Eisenhower's career has now been enriched by two years in mufti, and we can learn a few things about him from them, but we are still faced with twenty-seven unquestionably important years that lay between his graduation from West Point in 1915 and the massive job he undertook in 1942. In all the biographies, they are made to appear as years of steady ripening, years filled with accomplishments each more stunning than the last. "Almost from the day he left West Point," one biographer has written, "he [was] marked by his superiors as one of the dozen best bets among the younger officers to win a high command." From then on, the story goes, he grew steadily in intellectual stature, allied himself with the men of broadest vision in the Army, and improved every hour of leisure by studying military history and acquainting himself with the complexities of life beyond the reservation.

IT is possible that all of this is true, but none of it squares with what can be verified. On the basis of the record as we have it, the period can be accounted for only as one in which Eisenhower was constantly moving about on routine assignments—now to a small command, now to coach football, now to teach—from one post to another—Fort Leavenworth, Fort Lewis, Fort Oglethorpe, Camp Colt in Panama, Washington, the Philippines.

The one assignment that was not routine took him to France to write a guidebook on American war monuments there. If these were years of preparation and ripening, he himself could not always have known about it. One of the few revealing things he has said about the period is that there were times when sheer ennui and the pariah complex which most peacetime officers develop drove him almost to the point of resigning his commission and going into private business or newspaper work. He may have spent his peacetime leisure with Clausewitz, but it is known that in the war years, before he knew he was going to become an educator or a man considered for the Presidency, he spent what little leisure he had reading cowboy magazines. "His wife sends over regular shipments of Western pulps which he consumes with astonishing speed and intemperance," it was reported in 1943. There is, to be sure, nothing delinquent in spending one's years the way Eisenhower spent that quarter century. We might all be in the soup today if he and hundreds of others had not endured their pariah complexes, and in truth Eisenhower's boredom and despair do him more credit than his pious biographers do. Still and all, twenty-seven years spent this way and unexplained except by official exegesis tell us very little about a man who, in the view of many, may soon be telling us and the world a great deal.

IN CONSIDERING the four great years of Eisenhower's life, we come on a disconcerting paradox. If we accept the very highest appraisal of what he did in Europe—that is, if we take the view of a man like Drew Middleton, who covered Eisenhower's headquarters for the *New York Times*, that "Eisenhower was the principal architect of victory in the West, the principal planner and Chief Executive of the battles which broke the German Army"—then it is impossible to accept his greatest achievement as any sort of political recommendation. If, on the other hand, we accept the very meanest estimate of Eisenhower—that of a man like A. J. Liebling, who watched him in North Africa and France and has written of him as a political general, a fixer, a chairman-of-the-board sort of commander—then the military record may offer some very serious recommendations. A bum-

bling incompetent of a strategist would be no less qualified for the Presidency than a military genius, and Eisenhower's case is neither strengthened nor weakened by the results of inquiries into his apportionment of gasoline and other sinews of battle or by trying to determine whether he, Bradley, or Montgomery was right about this campaign or that. To be gifted in the reconciliation of conflicts, however, to handle men as creatures of passion and prejudice rather than simply as deployable forces, and to be responsible for the political decisions that are part of the conduct of every modern war—these things, obviously, should carry weight in any political evaluation.

It is in the large political matters, however, that it is still hardest to tell what was what and who was who. In matters of pure strategy, this is not the case. There, Eisenhower's place in the chain of command is clear. The American plan for invading the Continent across the English Channel had been worked out by the President and General Marshall, and Eisenhower's main job, in the beginning, was to urge the American case, in which he personally concurred, on the British, who were against it. Once it was agreed upon, Eisenhower became responsible for its planning and execution, and all on-the-spot decisions were either in his hands or in the hands of men answerable to him. But in the case of the North African and Italian campaigns he was personally opposed to the plans, and he was ordered by Washington to go ahead with them, which he did, subsequently commanding the operations he had originally thought ill-advised. In short, he did not have a determining voice in American grand strategy, but below that level all military decisions were up to him.

No such clear formulation can be made for his part in the political decisions. It is hardly likely that his political power would have exceeded his military power, but it is still unclear how much responsibility he bore for the decisions made on the lower levels. In political affairs, three forces were operating—Eisenhower, Roosevelt, and the State Department—and though the last two should have acted as one, we know that they frequently did not. Eisenhower has often been made to take the rap for the Darlan-Giraud affair, for the succession of unhappy arrangements in

Italy, for the rejection of Churchill's many proposals to limit the areas of Russian occupation, and for a good many bungled matters in the administration of defeated Germany; but it would be logical as well as charitable to suppose that even where he accepted responsibility, he had in fact yielded to superior wisdom and experience, generally in the person of Robert Murphy of the State Department. In that case, however, he cannot be given credit for the more fortunate political decisions, of which there were more than a few.

THERE is one clearly dismaying aspect of Eisenhower's part in the Darlan-Giraud and Badoglio affairs. This was his inability to understand what the criticism of them was all about. For the accommodation with Darlan there were many defenses, not the least compelling of which was Eisenhower's estimate that the early casualties in the North African fighting might easily have been 18,000 instead of the actual number of 1,800 if we had not softened French resistance by making the deal. Certainly the long-term consequences of our Vichy policy do not seem to have been nearly as bad as it was once predicted they would be. Yet to have been utterly unprepared for criticism of the deal and not to have understood the point of the criticism when it came seems like evidence of an alarming political innocence and military insularity. Eisenhower was deeply offended, according to his Boswell, Harry Butcher, when the first reactions, which came from London, were cool; but he was, Butcher's diary says, sustained by his knowledge that his countrymen would be behind him. "The American acceptance was not explicitly given," Butcher wrote on November 15, 1942, a week after the first Allied landings in Africa, "but we knew we were all right with the homefolk when a swell message of congratulations for Ike and for the forces of TORCH was received from the President." (The President's congratulations happened to be for the military operation, not the political one. When the flood of criticism broke on Roosevelt, he disclaimed responsibility, saying that he had not been consulted in advance. But it wasn't Eisenhower who had failed to consult him; it was Roosevelt's deputy, Robert Murphy, who had turned up at Eisen-

hower's London headquarters two months earlier to explain how "under certain conditions, French resistance would fade.") This record contains little assurance that Eisenhower is "singularly qualified" for "bringing unity to the now disunited Western nations facing Russia."

IV

EISENHOWER returned to this country late in 1945 to become Army Chief of Staff, a position he held until 1948, when he moved to Columbia. There has never been any public accounting of his brief stewardship in the Pentagon. He served in a difficult period of demobilization, attempted unification, and the beginnings of remobilization. He appears to have been a reasonably competent Chief of Staff, but his performance is never spoken of as enthusiastically as that of General Marshall or of Eisenhower's successor, General Bradley. His two years at Columbia are open to inspection, and there is a good deal to be learned about him and his cast of mind from what he has said and done in this period. As a university president, he has been, in the view of most of those working and studying under him, anything but a success. Some strong alumni groups appear to like him, but there is intense hostility toward him on the part of the majority of both faculty and student body. Whether or not there are elements of unreasonableness in the hostility, it exists and it is a measure of failure.

Responsibility for the failure, it must be added, rests only partially on Eisenhower. If ever anyone demonstrated a confusion of values and categories, it was the trustees who made Eisenhower president of Columbia in the first place. He himself pointed out that his knowledge of education was negligible, that his own education had been inadequate, and that education was not his primary interest. He had often said, it is true, that when he was under the greatest pressure in Europe, he filled his mind with pleasant visions of keeping busy in his later years by administering the affairs of a small men's college in a small town somewhere. Such an environment and such a job might have been well suited to him if the fates could have arranged for him to enjoy an obscure semi-retirement. But

they didn't. He became a world figure and a man upon whom a mighty nation was eager to bestow any gift he might ask. To expect a man in this exhilarating position, and a man with little background in general ideas and even less interest than background, to feel himself at home in the highly-charged intellectual atmosphere of an institution like Columbia and to find a satisfactory release for his energies in administering its affairs was absurd in the first place and never anything but absurd. Columbia's disappointment in Eisenhower, which is probably no greater than his disappointment in Columbia, stems not so much from any administrative ineptitude he has displayed as from his inattentiveness to the problems of administration. It isn't so much that he is a bad president as that he hardly ever functions as president. The only thing he has shown any real interest in is rebuilding Columbia's lost prestige in athletics. When he is expected to be attending an important faculty convocation, he is downtown in the railroad station giving the throttle of the New Broadway Limited its first pull. When he should be worrying over where to find a good man for Seventeenth Century French Literature, he is off addressing Moose or Elks in Denver. Eisenhower, knowing that his interest in education was not very serious, was at fault in accepting the appointment at the start, but by far the greater responsibility rests with those who, knowing both his limitations and the responsibilities of the job, invited him to accept the presidency.

V

EISENHOWER's mind is, like his personality, standard-American. It is unschematic, distrustful of fine distinctions, given to overstatement, impatient with theory, eager to make translations into the realm of matter and things, concerned with the effect of ideas rather than with their validity. At Columbia, he has taken with great ease to the theory that the goal of education is social improvement. In his one statement on academic freedom, he has made the point that the colleges must be free to discuss communism in order to show how fraudulent it is. The conservatism he has been espousing lately does not appear to be the outgrowth of any rigorous search for wisdom on his part, and it

has not been expressed with any great urgency or moral conviction. It does, though, appear to be the result of a fairly recent conversion. Although we still know little about the views he held before 1948, there seems to be a clear contradiction between some of the things he felt several years back and some that he now feels.

In 1945, for example, he addressed a national CIO convention in Atlantic City, and in the course of praising labor for its wartime production had a few things to say about labor's achievements in its own behalf. "Men of my generation," he said, "familiar in their youth with the specter of insecurity that haunted many a family whose meager shelter and clothing and food depended on the father's prolonged hours of toil and sometimes miserably small pay are living witnesses of what has been accomplished." No commitment is involved here, and the sentiment is perhaps just a ghost-writer's pleasantry for a labor meeting, but the sentence contrasts oddly and rather pleasantly in mood and feeling with the following excerpt from a speech delivered a short while back: "We seek the illusion called security. We want to wear fine shirts and have caviar and champagne when we should be eating hot dogs and beer. I have seen all around the world many people lying beneath white crosses. They are there because they believed in something more than trying to be sure they would not be hungry when they were sixty-seven." A good case can be made against the current preoccupation with mere security, and security is certainly not the most exalted ideal to which a creative society may aspire, but Eisenhower's statement of the case betrays a disturbing coarseness of taste and expression. Moreover, the case against security as a goal in life comes with exceedingly poor grace from a man who spent thirty-three years in the United States Army, which makes security its most tempting bait for recruitment and whose officers are more preoccupied with early retirement and the future's grocery bills than any other class in the country.

EVER since Eisenhower has been in the public eye, it has been said of him that he has remarkable gifts of self-expression, that he handles the English language with grace and dexterity. "A master of precise

and lucid prose," *Life* has called him—citing as a sample a battle speech ending, "Don't act like this was a boudoir!" Ordinarily, prose style should not influence us strongly. We have, God knows, put up with doughy rhetoric from our leaders in the past, and we could do it again without too much discomfort. But the way a man handles words is sometimes an index to the clarity of his thought. Eisenhower's principal claims as a stylist now rest on *Crusade in Europe*, which would be impressive evidence if we could be certain that most of it came from his hands, but would not be final evidence, since clarity in dealing with the materials of one's profession is hardly a fair test. No one can excel a good mechanic in using words economically and to good effect when a good mechanic talks about machinery, or a good farmer when he talks about crops. If *Crusade in Europe* did come from Eisenhower's hands, it is difficult to explain his choice of words or his taste in ghosts for his other postwar writings. There is no evidence of freshness or succinctness of language in any of the addresses he has been making in recent years. He is as dependent on the political tautology and the battered ornament as the next man: "The United States must stand forever in the forefront of those that strive for the common objective. Nothing must deter us from advancing the day when mutual respect will replace mutual prejudice in international relations; when mutual confidence will replace mutual fear. When that day comes the soldier's task will be completed. Until that day, his readiness to discharge his obligations is a matter of deepest concern to us all."

IF EISENHOWER'S mind and talents rise above the commonplace in any field but his own, the fact has not been demonstrated. None of the people who have supported him as a Presidential candidate has ever given acceptable evidence that the man is suited for the job or that he could develop the gifts the job requires. To say this much, however, is to say very little. Many men with no apparent qualifications have made excellent Presidents. Either they had hidden capacities for leadership or they developed capacities in office.

In 1932, Walter Lippmann characterized Franklin D. Roosevelt in a sentence that has

become one of the most celebrated of our time. He said that the Democratic candidate was a pleasant man who, without having any important qualifications for the office, would very much like to be President. Poor Lippmann has had the line flung back in his face a thousand times. He has been brayed at, pitied, and taunted for making so unperceptive a remark about so towering a figure. Yet for those who are able to disengage their mental images of the post-1932 Roosevelt and frame in their mind's eye only the brash candidate of that year, it is clear that Lippmann's characterization was at the time about as acute a summary of the facts as anyone could hope to make in a sentence. The Roosevelt of 1932, the isolationist and the man who thought that Herbert Hoover was being improvident with federal funds, had a passable but quite undistinguished record. His intellectual equipment was not then especially prepossessing, if in fact it ever was.

Lippmann's error was not in failing to see a child of destiny when one stood before him but in failing to accompany his observation with a necessary caveat. He should have said that men of destiny are often hard to tell from other men. The possibility that Eisen-

hower would make a good or even a great President is by no means to be discounted. If he either knew his business or could give the illusion of knowing it, his personality, dignified but approachable, would grace the office in one of the best of our traditions. If by the mere fact of his high standing with the people he could create an atmosphere of confidence and unity, he might be able to do the country an immense service. It is conceivable that he could do these things, but the question is whether it is wise to bank on the merely conceivable. It is a whole lot more than conceivable that Eisenhower as President might find himself in the same state of unpreparedness in which he found himself when he was made president of Columbia.

It gives one a rather unsettling and queasy feeling to imagine him confiding to White House reporters the sentiments he confided to reporters a few months after he had been appointed Dr. Butler's successor. "I hope," he told newspapermen at the time, "to talk with various officials while I am here and possibly get some advance inkling of what a college president is up against. I know nothing about it."

Wordsworth Refuted

CECIL C. ECKLES

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy"—
 But I have seen
 Calmbreathing elders fast asleep at noon,
 Serene,
 Their bed a mat
 Of living green;
 And I have known
 Children who struggled wildly in the night
 Alone,
 Terror their nurse,
 Their pillow
 Stone.

The Catholic Church in America

D. W. Brogan

IN THE year 1948, the people of North Dakota, in a referendum, voted to prohibit teachers engaged by local school boards from dressing as they chose. This piece of sumptuary legislation was directed at the nuns employed in some overwhelmingly Catholic areas of that state. A month or two later, Hollywood issued its latest travesty of *The Three Musketeers* in which the villain, the Duc de Richelieu, was also deprived of his customary dress which would have revealed to possibly indignant Catholics the fact that he was a cardinal. (It would not necessarily have revealed that he was also a priest and bishop, theologically more important facts.) These two scraps of news illustrate the ambiguous position of the Catholic Church in America. It is highly suspect; it may at any moment be the victim of hysterical legislation and it is, at the same time, a very powerful lobby whose real or assumed interests and feelings are to be cultivated to absurd lengths by any body, political or commercial, that has to do business in those areas where the Catholics are numerically strong—that is, in every big city of the United States outside the South.

Looked at from one point of view, the Catholic Church is in danger of as much repression as the Constitution allows; looked at from another, it is a danger to the Constitution and the American way of life. Neither picture is true. No essential Catholic rights are, so far, in danger; neither is the Constitution nor the American way of life. But that such illusions should be widespread, that

Catholics and Protestants should each be busy looking under the bed for murderously inclined enemies, is proof that there is something odd if not wrong in the position of the most numerous body of American Christians.

And the first cause of this ambiguity can be stated simply. The United States is a Protestant country; this seems a platitude but it is much more than that. It is not that the majority of Americans are adherents, more or less active, of Protestant churches, it is that the historical background, the historical traditions, the folkways, the whole national idea of the "right thing" is deeply and almost exclusively Protestant. There are exceptions to this rule but they are not important. Saint Augustine, the Catholic survivals in Maryland, fragments of New Spain in the Southwest, these are merely specks in a vast landscape where, at all times since white settlement, the religious tone has been set by Protestantism. That the Catholic Church in the United States is the largest organized denomination or that it is the richest and most important branch of the Catholic Church are important but, in this context, irrelevant facts. What is the relevant fact is that the Catholic tradition is new, exotic, suspect. André Siegfried a long time ago advised French Protestants and Jews to leave anti-clerical campaigns to the French "Catholics" and always to remember that for those anti-clericals "the curé is part of the furniture." The Catholic Church in America is much richer, has more members, and, in many ways, is more powerful than the Church of France,

Professor D. W. Brogan of Cambridge University, a learned student of American institutions, describes himself as "an agnostic, brought up as a Catholic in Scotland, where I attended both Catholic and Protestant schools."

but the priest is most certainly not a part of the American furniture.

The consequences are important and often neglected. It means that, despite their numbers, American Catholics in public controversy suffer from two handicaps. They use the language of American controversy clumsily and their non-Catholic audience does not often make much effort to discover what they are saying.

THEN the absence of a Catholic past in America has quite important social and political results. It is possible for millions of Americans to have the most naïve ideas about Catholics, when they have not absurd and hostile ideas. Even in a statistically overwhelmingly Protestant country like Norway, there is a Catholic past which is part of the national inheritance and a writer like Sigrid Undset found a natural audience that Willa Cather had not got for her tales of the American Catholic past. Catholic life in New Mexico and Quebec was not quite as foreign as the rituals of the Indians so admirably described by Edmund Wilson, but it was very foreign. In Scotland, there are the Catholic heroes of the national past. In divided countries like Germany and Holland, it is necessary for both parties to accept, in some degree, the religious heroes of the other side. But in America this is not necessary and so it is not done.

There is, for example, comparatively little curiosity about Catholic doctrine and Catholic organization. (The success of Thomas Merton's books may mark a change, but may mark no more than the appeal of the totally exotic.) Despite Hollywood, a priest is a strange and possibly sinister figure; monks and nuns are even more suspect. I remember a leading Chicago educationalist expressing his horror at the discovery made at the funeral of a Catholic high school principal that he had been a "secret monk" all those years. It was obvious that the deceased had been a "tertiary of St. Francis," which no more made him a monk than being a member of the Epworth League made a Methodist layman a bishop. And it is worth remembering that, for millions of American Catholics, the critics of monks and nuns, the objectors to their robes and religious names, are liable to be regarded as the spiritual and possibly fleshly

descendants of those Americans who burned down the Charlestown convent and made Maria Monk a best seller. True, the mendacious Miss Monk got most of her readers, I suspect, from people who read her confessions instead of *Fanny Hill*, as they drank highly alcoholic medicines instead of whiskey, to combine sanctification with pleasure. But a Catholic layman, or even a bishop or priest, may suppress his irritation with some activities of the religious orders of men and women when he recalls the earlier American Protestant obsession with the sins of the sisterhoods.

ANOTHER result of the newness of Catholicism in America is the sense of superiority on one side and inferiority on the other that it breeds. Just as Thomas Sancton has rightly said, "every white man is at heart a sahib," there is a sense in which every American Protestant tends to regard American Catholics as intellectually, socially, and religiously inferior—and the American Catholic as a rule is not sure enough of himself to be indifferent. Sometimes this may take merely social forms—but in a country with fluid social movement like America, the "merely" is out of place. It is with genuine surprise that many Americans (Catholic and Protestant) learn that in England, for instance, being a Catholic can be very smart. I can remember the indignation of a Boston friend of mine who was startled that the late Marquess of Hartington had married a daughter of Joseph Kennedy, when I pointed out to her that, from the point of view of English people who cared for such things, the difference between a Cavendish and a Cabot was so great that the difference between a Cabot and a Kennedy was invisible. And one reason, I am convinced, why the serious character of *Brideshead Revisited* was not appreciated in America was the double difficulty of taking seriously the religious scruples of fashionable people and of finding them to be Catholics. So that much less convincing *cas de conscience*, *The Heart of the Matter*, was much more what a Catholic novel ought to be.

The average American is very familiar with the idea of a Catholic cop (though not with such sensitive ones as the hero of Graham Greene's novel), but not with Catholic noble-

men. Of course, this social distinction is not absolutely universal. A member of an old Maryland Catholic family is at home in Rome in a way that Henry James might have envied and studied. But by and large, American Catholics are neither accepted nor feel themselves accepted as Americans whom other Americans treat as being totally equal. And that the distinction is religious is, I think, made manifest by the acceptance of very bogus "Scotch-Irish" pedigrees proffered by people whose Protestantism (sometimes fairly recent) saves them from being classified as "Micks."

In practically every part of the United States, the Catholics are newcomers, what Charles Maurras used to call "*métèques*," and so there is a constant strain caused by their growing strength (for if they are no longer growing in relative numerical strength, they are growing in wealth, political and social power, intellectual stature, and pretensions). Inevitably, the majority more or less consciously resent this growth, both on simple grounds of human dislike of what is strange and on the more defensible ground that American society would be more united if all these Catholics would "Americanize" themselves—an idea which, when examined, means cease to be Catholics or become really *American* Catholics—and that in turn means, again, cease to be Catholics, for the word and the institution mean that there is something wider and more important than being an American: being a member of the Church Universal where there is neither Jew nor Gentile nor even American and non-American. The tension is natural; it will last. At times it seems to increase in force, at others it diminishes, but it never disappears.

THE prosperous and prospering American Catholic has often a chip on his shoulder as has the prosperous and prospering American Jew. Each thinks and thinks rightly (the Jew with more reason as a rule than the Catholic) that it is likely that he will, from time to time, suffer social slights and exclusions because of his origin, that at best he will get kindness, not justice.

More important is the intellectual touchiness of the American Catholic. If the intellectual weakness of the educated European Catholic is conceit, the weakness of the Amer-

ican Catholic is a defensive feeling that while, of course, he is right, he can't quite make the other side take that claim seriously, much less accept it. Thus in Paul Blanshard's book, a great deal of his argument for changing American Catholicism is simply a plea for resuming the Reformation, for converting the benighted Catholics from their superstitions. In Europe, it would be recognized that whatever other possibilities of religious change are open, a resumption of the Reformation, the acceptance of Protestantism even in its most "enlightened" forms (in fact least of all in its enlightened forms) is not one of them. Having survived the sixteenth century, the Catholic Church will not go over to the heirs of Calvin or Luther now, nor will its members—whatever triumphs the heirs of Voltaire and Marx may have before them. There is in the American Protestant attitude to Catholicism the old assumption that "there is a religion of all sensible men," which mere mental laziness, ignorance, false pride keep Catholics from accepting. Here American Protestants are merely human; there is an admirable comic description of that attitude on the other side in Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*; but the simple denizen of the French abbey had behind him all the prestige of sixteen hundred years. In America, the Protestant has behind him all the local equivalents of papal prestige and power. The Catholic feels it and is touchy.

But he is touchy for another reason. When he is asked to be tolerant, to accept advice from friendly exterior critics, a good many ancestral ghosts walk. The dominant group in the American Church is the Irish and when they are lectured on the beneficent results of the Reformation, they reflect that the results weren't beneficent for them. They are (if provoked) likely to ask that Protestant massacres in Ireland as well as Catholic massacres in Europe be remembered. They may recall that the Catholics, the Quakers, and, some would hold, the Mormons are the only denominations in America who have produced religious martyrs *in America*—and they don't mean martyrs at the hands of the Iroquois, but at the hands of the triumphant Puritans of Maryland.

In more modern times, too, the American Catholic, of Irish or German origin, is not necessarily impressed by the rebukes offered

by liberalism. If religious intolerance is absolutely wrong (which is what the *liberals* say), then it is wrong as an accompaniment of revolution in Mexico and Russia; and when that persecution was going on in Mexico, or when it is going on now in Lithuania, one might expect (if one were naïve enough) impassioned protests from the run-of-the-mill liberal. If they have been made, they have been *sotto voce*; at any rate, few American Catholics seem to have heard them. The liberal, lay or cleric, does not seem to this American minority to come into court with clean hands. There may be doubts and ambiguities as to the Catholic position, but there are or should be none as to the liberal or modern Protestant position. Their duty was and is to affirm their faith in religious liberty in Lithuania and Vera Cruz, as well as in Spain or Italy. That no doubt means quarreling with allies and defending enemies, but what of it? Nor has the consistency of the liberals been surpassed by their foresight or understanding of the modern world. Indeed, looked at from the outside, the readiness with which the American liberals have followed their hearts, not their heads, with tragic or comic results, would suggest that modesty or even timidity would become them better than the naïve assumption in 1950 of the old justifiable complacency of the youth of John Dewey or H. G. Wells.

II

THE most important result of the Protestant character of American life is the general failure to understand the parochial system. The characteristic of the parochial system in Europe has been, for many centuries, the existence in each community of one officially or popularly recognized ordinary representative of religion, the parish priest, the parson, the minister. The recognition of this representative was normally a joint decision of church and state. But it was not always so. The state might give official recognition to one representative of religion, while the population gave recognition to another. Thus in Ireland, the "Church of Ireland" rector was hardly ever the uncontested representative of divine things for the great majority of the people of his parish. In most cases he was an unsuc-

cessful rival of the Catholic priest, in some, of the Presbyterian minister. So in Scotland the parish minister recognized by law was often the head of a small group of people in a community whose real spiritual chief was a Free Church minister or, in some parts of the Highlands and the northeast, a Catholic priest. The same thing was and is true of parts of France, Holland, Germany, etc. But in most European countries, the parochial system represented a condition as well as a theory. In Norway, Pastor Manders had no rivals who needed to cause him worry. In nearly every community there was a church officer who was as much part of the pattern of life as the local doctor, postmaster, or schoolmaster. You might not like him or respect him, but there he was. If you wanted the comforts of religion, you went to him as you went to the local doctor to be vaccinated or to the local postmaster to buy stamps.

In parts of the United States this system has existed; in smaller areas it exists still. In Virginia, in South Carolina, the Anglican parson played this role in Colonial times. In other places the Dutch Reformed minister played the part. More important, all over New England the minister filled this role. But in by far the greater part of the present United States—and in nearly all parts of the present United States even where there has been in the past a parochial system—the mere idea of the parish system is unknown. There are places in Louisiana where the priest plays the role of a parish priest; there are areas in Indiana, for example, where the priest plays among the German settlers there much the role that a priest does in the Rhineland. There are places like Lawrenceville where the Presbyterian church has the position of the Presbyterian church in a small Scottish town. But by and large, the American unit of church organization is the congregation, that is a group of people united in wanting a special type of religious aid and comfort, not a group of people resorting to a territorially determined agency of religious services. And alone among important American religious bodies, the Catholics cling to the parochial system, with consequences often ignored by Catholics and nearly always ignored by their neighbors—and by their ecclesiastical competitors.

There is, of course, nothing especially sacred or immutable in the parish system.

French Catholics are even now discussing, with a good deal of passion, the proposition that in great industrial areas at any rate, the parish has seen its best days and that a Christian "cell," which may be in fact a congregation in the American sense, alone can win back the pagan masses of Paris to Christ and the Church. But in America the Catholic parish is the unit, and in most areas it is the only unit of its kind.

How does this affect the relationship of American Catholics with their fellow countrymen, especially with that minority of Americans who are active members of organized religious bodies? It leads to a great over-estimation of the power of the American Catholic clergy, to a political temptation to cultivate their good will, to delusions of grandeur among the clergy and episcopate, and to a grossly exaggerated fear of Catholic clerical power among politicians and among hostile and, sometimes, envious Protestant ministers. It is easy to see why this mistake is made. The politician or the minister sees crowds pouring into the local Catholic church, crowds going to a series of "services" on a Sunday morning when the ministers of the community are each fighting an often losing battle with the attractions of golf or the inertia bred by a hangover. If the Catholic church were a Protestant church, such crowds would be proof positive of the personal weight and power of attraction of the minister. Sometimes that attraction is much to the credit of the minister and the congregation; sometimes as in, say, Fort Worth, Los Angeles, and Minneapolis in fairly recent times, it was to nobody's credit—from a "liberal" point of view. The Protestant church may be full because the minister is Harry Emerson Fosdick; it may be full because he is Elmer Gantry. But the Catholic church may be and, usually, is full because it is the only Catholic church in a defined territory and its crowds prove no more about the abilities, the character, or the popularity of the parish priest than do crowds in a post office.

Of course, in a big city, it is not quite so simple. Many people may go to mass at a smart church run by the Jesuits or Paulists or Dominicans rather than to the local parish church, but that is an exception. The parish

system is the norm and it underlines the fact that the Catholic priest is a *priest* and not a preacher. He is a professional man carrying out functions that he alone can carry out. He is not a performer building up an audience. Of course, certain well organized Protestant churches, especially the Methodists, have a modified version of the parish system, but they cannot impose the monopoly position of the Catholic parish priest. (I know one southern hamlet, too small to be called a village, in which there are two Methodist churches, as well as one Presbyterian church.) But the average American does not see that the priest is a professional man with the local "franchise"; he sees him as a preacher making friends and influencing people by preaching, visiting, by all the arts winning men to God or the Devil. So the priest is given credit for far more influence than he need possess and is compared with a popular and really influential minister, when often a closer parallel is with the local manager of Bell Telephone system.

THE functional, impersonal, official character of the parish priest is seen at a higher and more baffling level (for the Protestant) in the Catholic bishop. For the priest has to please the bishop, while the bishop, roughly speaking, has to please nobody. No doubt he has important, *i.e.* rich, laymen to coax for funds; he has to obey, in final matters, the Pope; but by and large he is his own boss. This is so well known that there is (I am told) an English Catholic joke according to which his priestly friends tell a new-made bishop, "You'll never eat a bad meal or hear the truth again." The last is probably an exaggeration, but what is certain is that a bishop does not have to justify his authority often enough. No doubt (I am not privy to the secret discussions of any hierarchy) his brethren on the episcopal bench tell him home truths, but that is about all they can do. In his own diocese he isn't arguing, he is telling them, them being his priests. But he has, in practice, also to tell his laity, over whom he has far less control, and non-Catholics over whom he has none, directly at least. But the habits of uncontested command are not really suitable for public discussion—as is made only too obvious by many episcopal pronouncements from Cardinal Spellman downward. Of

course, some of the lapses in episcopal tact and manners are due to the American habit of conducting delicate controversies at the top of one's voice. And the public manners of Bishop Oxnam and Monsignor Sheen suggest that among bishops the habit isn't confined to Catholics and that among Catholics it is not confined to bishops. If Cardinal Griffin and Monsignor Knox, Dr. Newton Flew and Dr. Donald Soper don't feel the need to shout, it is not their Catholicism or Methodism that explains their conversational tone, but their life in England, where even religious shouting is thought to be bad form.

Manners apart, it is a pity that Catholic bishops, singly or collectively, have not learned that more moderation in the use of adjectives would secure a better hearing, or even a hearing. For, whether they know it or not, a great deal of what they say goes with the wind as fast as they say it, as far as the average Protestant is concerned and, sometimes, as far as the average Catholic is concerned, too. Cardinals and bishops don't realize this, for like prominent ministers and rabbis they are favored people, newspapers give them space, automatically, though sermons and other ecclesiastical pronouncements must outrank editorials for the place of the least read section of newspapers.

III

IT is a pity, for it means that there is far less *discussion* of religious questions in America than is desirable *if* there is to be public discussion, a question not to be settled out of hand, as Dr. George N. Shuster has pointed out. As he said, the "pot will bubble if the fire is fed" and whatever the motives of the feeders, the result is not likely to aid Americanism, or to do more than create toil and trouble.

Look, for example, at the controversy over banning the *Nation* because of Mr. Blanshard's articles. Nothing could, at first sight, seem more obvious than that the New York school authorities are wrong and that the *Nation* and the embattled liberals are right. But important questions should not, even in the atomic age, be settled at first sight. And second sight provokes second thoughts. The *Nation* has not been suppressed; Mr. Blanshard's book did not meet, in publication,

anything like the difficulties that, for so long, prevented discussion of Christian Science. But the New York school authorities decided that the taxpayer's money should not be used in circulating a magazine which so deeply offended the parents of so many tens of thousands of school children and, of course, so many hundreds of thousands of voters. It is no adequate answer to say that Catholics should not be offended, that Mr. Blanshard is honest, careful, and public-spirited. I have no doubt he is all these things. I have no doubt that he is innocent of any conscious desire to hurt or shock, but he hurt and he shocked and I don't see how any reader, with any power of sympathetic imagination, can fail to see that he must hurt and shock. Many of the points made by Mr. Blanshard seem to me valid, others, at any rate, well worth discussion; others reveal a curious conviction, more fitting for a congressional committee than for a serious controversialist. that when a thing has been described as un-American, the case is settled. (It would be pardonable for instance to think that it was in Canada, that priest-ridden country with its church schools paid for out of taxes, that the Ku Klux Klan, the Dies Committee, Murder Incorporated, and other odd features of modern life flourished.)

But even if Mr. Blanshard never made any mistakes, or if he revealed a passionate desire to reform Catholicism in Catholic terms, even if he were a Lamennais or a Bernanos, there is a good case against circulating articles like his through the public school system—and a good reason provided by the main claim made by the defenders of that system like Dr. Conant. The claim is that the public school system is the main maker of American unity (and the parochial school system an enemy of American unity). The first claim is, I think, undoubtedly true, the second highly plausible. It is as makers of a national ethos, as the creators of an American attitude, that the public schools, at all grades, make their best contribution; and that contribution is so great that it more than makes up for their notorious weaknesses as educational institutions in the old and, possibly, obsolete European sense.

But if they are to fulfill this function, then certain other functions of a complete educational system must be abandoned; they must not raise questions that destroy the unity.

Thus, in France, no defender of the lay school in theory (the practice was somewhat different) justified critical discussion of Catholic doctrine in the public schools; to have done so would have totally justified the setting up of a rival school system by the Catholics. I think the New York school authorities were right, as they would be right in refusing to circulate a magazine giving a correct but hostile account of the ritual practices of orthodox Jews in the Bronx (or of Mormons in Utah). *Toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire*, a wise maxim most certainly applicable in a system whose main business is to find the common denominator on which, alone, a people so diverse in origin as the American can unite. And if Mr. Blanshard or his friends believe that they are really contributing to American unity by polemics of this kind, well, as the Duke of Wellington said to the man who said he believed he was Mr. Smith, "If you can believe that, you can believe anything."

THERE is another point. One of the most important sections of Mr. Blanshard's book deals with medico-legal questions on which official Catholic teaching is different from that of most non-Catholic doctors. I think that Mr. Blanshard has made one or two very important and valid points, but he also raises some questions about which it would be gross impertinence to say that he has not thought deeply, but on which it is, I think, fair criticism to say that the deep thought is not visible in the book.

For instance, it is easy to push a Catholic on to the defensive by asking what rational defense there can be for a doctrine that forces a doctor (and a husband) to let a woman die when she could be saved by killing a fetus that, in no possible way, could live. The Catholic defense, if it is to be made, will have to be made at a much higher level, that this life is unimportant and that in the sight of God the mother and the fetus are of equal value. The effectiveness of this defense will depend on how deeply the Catholic believes this and I am sure Mr. Blanshard is right in asserting that many young American Catholic women do not at all accept this view of their unimportance in this world. But there are other questions involved; should a mother be saved at the cost of a fetus that could live? If so, why? Because the mother is more valu-

able? How do you know? Because the mother and father have the right to decide? One could go on; one could recall the notorious fact that many abortions are performed to save trouble, not life, that one of the makers of the modern liberal mind defended infanticide, the killing of fully delivered children whose presence embarrassed their (unmarried) mothers. But it will be objected that these are absurd projections of a humane attitude. Maybe, but Catholics are not rationalists. They agree with Cardinal Newman that it is not "a slight benefit to know what is needed for the proof of a point, what is wanting in a theory, how a theory hangs together, and what will follow if it be admitted." There's the rub, what could follow might be Auschwitz, the extermination of Jews and Gypsies. And on the principles of what may be called statistical morality: if that is what the majority wants, it is all right. If it isn't, again, why not?

These are questions that should be raised if controversies of the type started by the *Nation* are to be encouraged in schools. Does anyone think that boys and girls of the dating age need no guidance (I mean intellectual, not dogmatic) on these points? Does anyone doubt that if these controversies are to be fostered in the educational system, a Catholic parent is fully justified in keeping his children away from the public schools and that he has a real grievance if he is taxed to support a school system in which things he feels most sacred are open to teen-age discussion, with no more leadership than the teachers are trained to give in these matters—which is none?

I have said that Mr. Blanshard makes some valid points. I think, for example, that it is scandalous (as far as it is true) that Catholic nurses should be encouraged to dodge their duty of getting patients the religious comfort they want. If a Catholic nurse is to behave in this way, she has no more place in a public tax-supported hospital system than a zealous Quaker has in West Point.

THERE is another question that is implicitly raised and which is of considerable political importance. This is the degree to which clerical authority is effective in these matters. It is far less effective than it looks on paper, which, I am sure, is not a secret from the clergy. And there are two

reasons for that. One is that Catholic moral theology is much more rigorous than the modern world will really stand. Problems like those raised by Mr. Blanshard were not important in the old days when the mothers couldn't be saved anyway—and when their opinions were not asked. But we live in a world of feminism and of science. Many women's lives can be saved and women are now well out (in America) of their old docile acceptance of masculine authority (perhaps they were never in it anywhere).

Then the Church, in its official organization, is a masculine body. The most popular saint of modern times is a woman but Sainte Thérèse of Lisieux could be a saint but not a priest. The woman's point of view is not, in fact, automatically present in the minds of the bishops or of the Roman congregations. (And final decisions are made in Rome, where women have not yet attained the freedom of American women.) In addition, the questions raised by abortion, birth control, etc., are questions in which clerical opinion is necessarily exterior. Priests or nuns dedicated to perpetual continence are in a strong position in preaching to boys and girls the beauty and propriety of pre-marital chastity. But they are in a weak position preaching to married couples about problems of which they know nothing at first hand. The priest gets less help from his professional textbooks than is often thought, for they are written from the outside in a curious rabbinical spirit of mechanical regulation. When one considers that a main charge against the Catholic Church has been its readiness to be all things to all men, the way in which it insists on asking for trouble over questions like these suggests deep conviction—and the passion with which the campaign against the legalization of birth-control in Massachusetts was conducted suggests both passion and panic. For it is impossible to believe that the bishops of Massachusetts do not know that contraception is as widely practiced in that state as in any other, or that the Bishop of Hartford does not know that (so I am told) it is perfectly easy to buy contraceptives in Connecticut.

Why then do they fight for such formal victories? For the same reason as the Methodists of Oklahoma defend formal prohibition of alcohol in that state: not that it does much to cut down the consumption of booze but

that it is a public testimony against sin. So, too, it is unlikely that the Catholic leaders in France and Italy who have campaigned against public brothels think that their disappearance will notably increase morality; but the state will not be an open partner in it. This is a respectable attitude but when it leads to such excesses of political pressure as have been seen in Massachusetts, it is an expensive attitude, breeding that lay dislike of too much clerical interference which has cost the Church so much, especially in Catholic countries.*

Catholic zeal over the suppression of indecent books, opposition to easy divorce, the importation of Irish sexual prudery and Puritanism may, in the not very long run, do the Church as much harm as the antics of Bishop Cannon and his kin did American Protestantism. People may laugh at an official who believes that a man who has committed fornication is unfit to be an American citizen (page Dr. Kinsey), but they may cease to laugh if the Church really manages to impose its standards on the average sensual man and woman.

THERE is a danger here of worldly hypocrisy. A great many books, plays, films are, in fact, designed to stimulate sexual desire and give sexual pleasure, activities that, on good New Testament authority, are gravely sinful. A great deal of anti-clericalism in all countries comes from men whose pleasure is interfered with. "Don't forget," said that wise man, Élie Halévy, "that Molière would have disliked Tartuffe even more if he had been sincere." It is not clerical hypocrisy that annoys, it is clerical sincerity, if you like, clerical fanaticism.

What the Catholic bishops are fighting is the growth of forces in American life that make the maintenance of the old Christian standards of sexual morality increasingly difficult. The formal increase in the membership of all churches, the support given to organized church activities by business, by the press, cannot conceal the fact that in one most important field of human conduct, the standards defended and imposed by all orthodox

* Two recent investigations (both made by Catholics) have shown that although the Catholic birth rate in England and Scotland is higher than the average, it is not much higher and it is lower than the general birth rate of a generation ago.

Christians for two thousand years are on a losing defensive in America (and of course elsewhere). So the Catholic bishops try to call in the secular arm, but the secular society does more harm than any amount of censorship and moral policing can do good. After all, it is not the movies, the burlesques, the sexy historical novels that do most to weaken the old folkways; it is advertising. But advertising is business and so sacred. I am convinced that if the manufacture of contraceptives were economically as important in Connecticut as divorce is in Nevada, the Catholic leaders of the state would be as impotent to destroy the business as Senator McCarran is to shut down the divorce mills of Reno. It is not unnatural that the bishops should lunge about wildly, doing their cause more harm than good, but they are discussing or, at any rate, talking about an important problem which few people really want discussed candidly. They make nuisances of themselves, and, as censors, are often markedly naïve, but Christians should not worry about the sneers of the world. "To the Greeks foolishness" is a living text today. And though one might never think it, Bishop Oxnam and Cardinal Spellman have more in common than either has with the most enlightened agnostic liberal. Cardinal Spellman at least knows this.

IV

WHAT separates them? Partly an old Protestant tradition, partly an older Catholic tradition. Protestants naturally regard the Church of Rome with some of the feelings with which a good American regards England. It is his mother or it is the pit from which he was dugged or it is both, even at the same time. And quite apart from theological principles, the Catholic regards the Protestant as a truant. If he comes home all will be forgiven, but he must come home first.

Then the richest and most important branch of the Catholic Church is, as I have said, forced to exist in the most Protestant country in the world. And its high command is in a country where it is quite natural to think of Protestantism as a passing fad. It is difficult to go to Rome and not to feel that, or not to recall, with more amusement than anything else, the fantastic project to erect a

vast Methodist building on the Janiculum (I think) that would have put St. Peter's in the shade, a dream of the days when American Methodism was riding high, wide, and handsome to political disaster, as American Catholicism may be doing now. It is another ground of friction that the effectiveness of papal authority is exaggerated, like the extent of the infallibility claimed for the Pope. The centralization and uniformity of Catholic authority is more on paper than in reality. The central bureaucracy is muscle-bound and the belief that the Vatican is preternaturally shrewd in its estimates of world affairs is a romantic dream. The record of the nineteenth century shows that. Yet Catholics in America have to take the rap for bigotry or folly in Spain or Latin America, while northern Protestants need accept no responsibility for southern serpent handlers, or American Protestants in general for the latest news of barbaric race pride plus vaunting Protestant orthodoxy in South Africa.

There is not, perhaps, a great deal that American Catholics (or anybody else) can do to induce a sense of proportion and decency in Spanish bishops, but they could do something. They are so important to the Church that a firm explanation to the Vatican of the harm done in America by Spanish intolerance might do good. And it might be made, *if* reproaches to American Catholics for their palliation of intolerance were made as candidly and as charitably as they have recently been made in England by Dr. H. G. Wood.* But, alas, they are not likely to be made in that tone as long as the fact that friction is natural and incurable is not accepted, on both sides, with more clarity; or until it is accepted that no Christian church can give unconditional allegiance to any state, and that no state, however Catholic—Ireland or Portugal or the France of St. Louis—will ever give, or should ever give, the clergy all they claim. The outsider may laugh or be surprised (though he should not be surprised; it is a long time since it was said, "How these Christians love one another"). But even the outsider, the pagan, if he is a patriotic American, or a foreign well-wisher like myself, should regret that so much American time and temper are being spent in sterile controversy,

* *Religious Liberty Today.*

that the need for tolerance—and its high price—are not yet fully accepted in Jefferson's country.

It is right however to point out that one kind of tension is sometimes confused with another. For not only is there a permanent tension over the Catholic question, there is an old American anti-clerical tradition which, at any given moment, comes into play against the body of clerics that seems to be making most of a nuisance of itself. It is an old tradition; it goes back to colonial Virginia and colonial Massachusetts. It is represented by some of the greatest names in American history. Patrick Henry against the parsons; Benjamin Franklin against the Quakers (yes, there can be Quaker clericalism); Jefferson against the "priests," by which he meant the orthodox ministers of New England. Twenty-five years ago, it was the Protestant evangelical clergy, especially in the South. Then "liberals" sought allies among the Catholics to fight the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. Now, though not quite so clearly, the animus of the anti-clericals is directed against the Catholic hierarchy. But it could be directed against any clerical interference that really riles the average man. It is not to be confused with the anti-Catholic animus as such though, at this moment, they may be hard to distinguish.

V

IT WAS, I believe, Robert Louis Stevenson who said that Carlyle talked as if telling the truth were as easy as playing blind hookey. Many people talk as if religious tolerance were as easy, in theory and practice, as playing gin rummy. It isn't. It is, of course, easy to tolerate beliefs and practices that do not interest or affect you at all. At this distance, few of us are upset about oddities of religious practice in Tibet. It is easy, too, to be tolerant of beliefs that differ in minor ways from your own. Modern Presbyterians can tolerate, with ease, modern Congregationalists. You may even put up with eccentricities of people formally in union with you, though you may doubt their sanity or loyalty. (The history of the Church of England in modern times suggests that this is a strain, too.) But the real test of your devotion to tolerance comes when you tolerate beliefs and practices

that you think imbecile, dangerous, immoral, disgusting, or disloyal. If you do not tolerate such beliefs and practices, then you are not being tolerant. If you do tolerate them, but resentfully and reluctantly because you have to, you may practice toleration but you don't feel tolerant.

But that means that many people, perhaps most people, don't really believe in toleration? Of course it does; most people don't. As Justice Holmes pointed out, there is nothing unnatural in suppressing beliefs that you think you know to be wrong and dangerous—if you have the power. A great deal of toleration has grown up in the modern world just because people hadn't the power. You may refuse to persecute because the cost of even successful persecution to the winners would be too great; it would cause a civil war which, even if you were sure of winning it, would be a political disaster (the argument that led to Catholic Emancipation in the British Isles in 1829). You can abandon persecuting measures because they are a source of national disunion, as Bismarck did when he accepted defeat in the *Kulturkampf*, not because he thought it was wrong, but because he thought it was proving politically too costly. You may, when the whole question is rather academic, abandon formal legislation against a small religious minority in deference to world opinion and to the irrelevance of the legislation, as Sweden has recently abandoned its anti-Catholic legislation. (I have deliberately chosen examples of Catholics benefiting by these courses of conduct since they will be more of a novelty to the average reader.) You may, as the French *politiques* probably thought in the sixteenth century, regard both sides and all the questions involved as irrelevant to the problem of ruling the state well. These are pragmatic reasons for being tolerant and are probably the reasons that, in fact, animate most people who are tolerant as a result of reflection and not as a result of mere authoritative teaching of national slogans without any corresponding reflection, the kind of teaching given in many American public schools.

But even if you are convinced that you are right, if you think that, in your case, Holmes's reference to the once fighting creeds that have lost their power has no relevance, you may still be tolerant on another and higher

ground, that to coerce a man into denying his most important convictions about the nature of the universe is the most odious crime a state can commit. (Normally this means forcing a man to adopt one religion and abjure another, but I have chosen different words to cover the case of atheist martyrs, of whom there have been some.)

It is only the last doctrine that really fortifies you against all the temptations that assail the man of good will at the sight of human folly. For, of course, orthodox Protestantism is no guarantee for and orthodox Catholicism is a guarantee against the complete toleration of the religious or the anti-religious follies of our neighbors. It must be a very convinced devotee of the doctrine of private judgment who has not had doubts when he has contemplated the religious pages of the Los Angeles press on Sunday mornings! It must be a very trusting believer in the good sense of the common man who does not occasionally share Renan's doubts about the right of the average man, brought up in a Catholic society, to reject so admirably articulated a system of doctrine as that provided by the Church. (I hasten to add that I know that Renan also said that the typical anti-clerical, M. Homais, was right all the same.)

Toleration is difficult, much more difficult than the average writer about it thinks. Was it for example intolerant for the East India Company to suppress *suttee* and *thuggee*, two religious customs treasured by Hindu orthodoxy, but regarded by Westerners like Bentinck and Macaulay as forms of murder? It might be argued that all the English rulers of India were doing was to prevent Indians murdering other Indians under cover of religion. But what of a widow who desired to be burned alive on her husband's pyre? Macaulay had no doubts. Toleration or no toleration, it was not allowed. A Christian who thinks that suicide should be penalized can agree with Macaulay. But a believer in complete religious freedom or in the complete freedom of moral choice is in no such simple position.

Is it intolerance to ban Christian Scientists from exercising authority in universities with medical schools? The late Lord Lothian, a great public servant with all the normal qualifications, was not elected chancellor of the University of Edinburgh because he was a Christian Scientist and therefore, it was said,

would be out of place as formal head of a university whose greatest glory was its medical school. Had Lord Lothian remained a Catholic, he might also have been defeated, since it might have been held that his religion disqualified him from being head of so eminently Protestant an institution as the University of Edinburgh. But that argument could not be used in barring a great learned Catholic nobleman from the lord rectorship of Glasgow University whose founders, a pope, a king, a bishop, were all Catholics. Nevertheless the third Marquess of Bute who, in addition to all his other qualifications, was a great benefactor of that university, was not elected lord rector because he was a Catholic. That was, I think, intolerance of a kind that Catholics are more inclined to remember than are the members of the dominant sects in the English-speaking world.

Orthodox Judaism, orthodox Calvinism, orthodox Catholicism, orthodox Liberalism (there is such a thing), all involve spectators in considerable pain, moral or intellectual. But tolerance involves submitting to these exhibitions of human weakness; humor involves suspecting that you, in turn, are a cause of tears, temper, or laughter, in other people. It involves Mr. Blanshard's putting up with scapulars (although it does not involve preventing critically-minded Catholic laymen or clerics from pointing out to the marketers of scapulars the dangers of scandal). It involves Gentiles' controlling their astonishment or irritation at certain aspects of Jewish ritual. It involves Catholics' controlling their impatience at what they think is often the betrayal of the Christian cause by Protestant divines barely recovered from fellow-traveling. It involves, in fact, that very difficult art or attitude, tolerance. A parable from a most acute critic of America and of American Catholic life, the late Mr. Dooley, may make the point. He was asked why there were so few divorces in his part of Chicago. He replied that in the Archey Road, when a husband and wife found that they simply couldn't go on living together, they went on living together. No political union is a marriage of totally true minds, but it is a marriage all the same. Americans, of all religions or none, will have to go on living together and they had better begin by learning the minor social arts that make it possible.



Battle over Television

Hollywood Faces the Fifties, Part II

John Houseman

Drawings by Tom Funk

IT is said of television that every household goes through two stages: first, wanting it; then, complaining about it. This year the Eastern seaboard finds itself predominantly in the latter stage: "Out of the wizardry of the television tube has come such an assault against the human mind, such a mobilized attack on the imagination, such an invasion against good taste as no other communications medium has known." Thus the *Saturday Review of Literature*, from the eminence of its editorial page, inveighs against the current vices of television programming, most of which, as it happens, were directly inherited from radio.

It is TV's misfortune to have been delivered, at birth, into the hands of those same powers—the advertisers and their harassed and nervous agents—whose "grinding lack of imagination and originality" long ago reduced radio to its present melancholy state. But, just as this lack of quality and poverty of content do not seem, until the arrival of tele-

vision, seriously to have reduced the number of radio listeners, so TV's ultimate supremacy among the mass media will be due not at all to the virtues of its programming but almost entirely to its incontestible technical superiority over all other existing means of communication.

Television is not just the latest and most miraculous of these media. It is a synthesis of them all. It is radio with eyes; it is the press without the travail of printing; it is movies without the physical limitations of mechanical reproduction and projection.

If recent samplings are to be believed, TV's triumph may be even more decisive and immediate than is generally anticipated. Already, according to Charles Alldredge and a staff of research workers in the city of Washington, "television has cut into movie-going, reading, radio-listening, card-playing, knitting, and ironing." Four hundred families interviewed reported that before they bought their sets, the adults went to the movies on an

Last month, in "The Lost Enthusiasm," Mr. Houseman, a producer of plays, motion pictures, and radio programs, surveyed the economic health of the Hollywood industry, which is now staggering away from the biggest boom in its fantastic life.

average of 4.51 times a month. After buying the sets, they went 1.27 times—a *reduction of 72 per cent*. For the children of the families, movie-going dropped from 5.13 times a month to 2.75 times, a 46 per cent reduction.

Other forms of entertainment were found to be similarly affected. Among adults who had owned sets more than two years, football and baseball attendance was down 30 per cent; magazine reading was down 18.9 per cent; book reading was down 33.7 per cent; and newspapers 4.7 per cent. Hardest hit was radio, where listening declined from two and one-half hours during the day and three and one-half hours at night to less than two hours during the day and *fifteen minutes at night*.

The report categorically disproves the familiar argument that TV enthusiasm is the result of novelty and will fade with habit. On the contrary, "wives and husbands and children in the families that had owned sets more than two years reported that they stayed home *more* than the members of families that had owned sets for less than two years."

A recent test made among high school students in Stamford, Connecticut, reveals, among other alarming things, that children in households owning TV sets *spend as much time looking at video as they do in school*. In the eleven to fifteen age range, "they spend 27 hours and 55 minutes a week in school and another 27 hours, almost four hours a day, parked in front of tele-screens."

These findings are the result of local polls in cities of limited size. Figures which purport to be derived from national samplings show similar, though slightly less extreme tendencies. According to Audience Research

Inc., residents of homes with television sets recently listed their entertainment preferences as follows:* 37 per cent favored television; 28 per cent movies; and 4 per cent radio.

As between TV and movies, "studies by various agencies including Audience Research have shown that the frequency of television set owners' motion-picture attendance is anywhere from 20 to 30 per cent below what it was before they acquired a set. . . . Unless the industry can win many of these television owners back to greater frequencies of movie attendance by the excellence of the entertainment offered, the effect will be a serious one."

IF THE Audience Research figures are correct, then the conclusion is an understatement. It takes more than "excellence" to recapture a lost audience. Hollywood knows this from experience, having weathered a similar though lesser crisis twenty years ago, with the coming of sound. The case is worth examining briefly, for it throws an instructive light upon the mutations of the mass media, as they occur within the structure of democratic-capitalistic society. It shows how majestic and irresistible is the march of technological progress, but it also reveals how very closely this movement is related to the profit motive—which, in turn, is geared to certain unpredictable urgencies of appetite and fashion among the masses for whose entertainment such media exist and upon whose favor such profits depend.

"The Jazz Singer" was made in 1927. Within a year there was not a silent picture in production in Hollywood.

It can be said, without reopening the old debate over the aesthetic merits of silent *versus* sound film, that the first talkies of the late twenties were inferior, in every respect but novelty, to the full-fledged silents which they supplanted. Yet the issue between them was never seriously in doubt.

Looking back, it is clear that the determining factor in this sweeping victory of sound film was not quality; it was the sudden, overwhelming excitement stirred up by the new



TV cuts into ironing.

* There are more than 75,000,000 radio sets in use in the United States and less than 4,000,000 TV sets. Since entertainment habits are cumulative, the trend of public taste, as TV set ownership increases, is likely to turn more drastically in favor of the new medium.

dimension of sound. For the gratification of this added sense, audiences were willing, nay eager, to forego the cinematic delights of speed and scope for whose sake, only a few years before, they had deserted the theater for the movies.

But here is the most striking thing of all: This "revolutionary" invention of sound that altered the face of picture business *contained no single element, theoretical or practical, that had not been known and available to the industry for a generation or more.* Because there seemed to be no profit in it, financial or artistic, Hollywood ignored it; the public, unaware of its existence, remained uninterested. It took drastic economic pressure—months of steadily falling receipts, sagging audiences, and, finally, the sheer desperation of certain weak elements in the industry—to spur Hollywood into adopting this innovation, which the public then so instantly embraced.

Hollywood, in the main, accepted the change with reluctance. "If the motion-picture industry as a whole had had the power to decide this vital question of sound, the chances are that talkies would still be in their infancy, or, if perfected at all, would be held back from popular consumption in order to prevent wrecking the business as it was in 1928," wrote William De Mille, a decade later. On the artistic side, the resistance was even more desperate. Said D. W. Griffith: "These chattering horrors will destroy all we have achieved in twenty years of hard work." Charles Chaplin expressed the belief that though talkies were having a great vogue, their popularity was waning. George Jean Nathan announced the imminent demise of the talking picture, adding that it appealed to the more "ignorant" segment of the public. And one contemporary film critic summed up the achievements of the new technique as "All-Talking, All-Singing, All-Nothing!"

These opinions were assembled by Ezra Goodman, in the *Los Angeles News*, for the purpose of comparing them with recently recorded utterances by leaders of the industry on the subject of television. One big theater-owner allowed that TV could be developed into a superb medium for advertising and publicizing the Hollywood product. "Television hasn't hurt the box office," declared another. "Good pictures do business as always." A prominent distributor expressed the opin-



Twenty-seven hours a week.

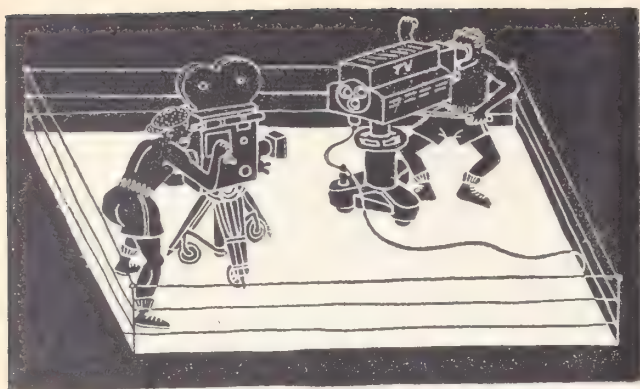
ion that TV was just "another way of selling soap, cigarettes, or Mad Man Muntz."*

In contrast to these gay expressions of wishful thinking, here is another point of view—also out of Hollywood. "Motion pictures are entering their third major era. First there was the silent period. Then the sound era. Now we are on the threshold of the television age. . . . I predict that within just a few years a great many Hollywood producers, directors, writers, and actors who are still coasting on reputations built up in the past are going to wonder what hit them. . . . This will be hard on a great many people who have been enjoying a free ride on the Hollywood carousel, but it will be a fine thing for motion pictures as a whole."

So speaks the dean and *enfant terrible* of independent production, Samuel Goldwyn. Unencumbered by commitments, with no massive equity in bricks and mortar to obscure his vision, he is in a happy position to say of the threatening cohorts of television, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em!"

IT is startling to discover how closely, and in how many respects, the parallel holds between the first months of talkies and the first years of television. The best of TV, as viewed in the American home today, is inferior in technical and artistic quality to the average movie being shown in the nation's twenty thousand theaters. Its image is unsteady and blurred in texture, diminutive in size, and lacking balance or perspective be-

* Muntz, the Automotive Madman—a Los Angeles second-hand car dealer and a familiar figure on the Southern California air waves.



Variants of the same medium at war.

tween the visual and auditory elements presented. TV's general run of production, even by "B" picture standards, is poor, hurried, and inept, with the millstone of radio-thinking still heavy about its neck. In its choice and preparation of dramatic material, TV remains seriously limited by considerations of expense and copyright.

Yet we have seen that television's popularity as a form of entertainment, at the most conservative estimate, exceeds that of movies by one third and that of radio, for all its accumulation of stars and habit and good will, by almost 1,000 per cent!

As in the case of the first talkies, the nature of this public enthusiasm is obvious. To American audiences, TV offers the lure of a new dimension. To one hundred million radio listeners, it brings the irresistible gift of sight. For fifty million movie-goers it means an end to the limitations of time and space; what formerly the patron had to go out and seek and pay for is now brought into his home by an obedient electrical genie, at the instant of its occurrence and absolutely free.*

With one last item, the parallel is complete: This Magic Box that is now setting the communications world afire has been available, in roughly its present form, since the middle thirties. It has been held back for more than a dozen years, for the excellent reason that no one stood to profit by it and, therefore, nobody wanted it. The movie industry didn't, and still doesn't. Radio didn't. Why should it? Networks, advertising agencies, line-lessors, patent controllers, equipment manufacturers—why should any of these willingly disrupt

the happy status quo which was capable of yielding an annual two billion dollars in radio billings and the profits from the sale of seventeen million radio sets a year?

It was not until the saturation point for equipment finally seemed to have been reached, and business as a whole began to show definite signs of sagging, that the radio industry and the financial interests that control it, at long last, gave the go-ahead to the new medium, and opened the floodgates of a public enthusiasm that now threatens to modify the entire structure of the entertainment business.

II

WITH faith in our still expanding economy and in the miraculous powers of applied science, we may assume that, within a decade, TV will be a technically perfect instrument with almost universal coverage. This will make it, automatically, the dominant medium of mass communication in the world. As such, what will be its relationship to those other, older forms of communication and entertainment which it is destined to supplement or replace? (Its effect on the present system of publication does not concern us here, but it seems likely that many of the functions of the press will be taken over in due course by the Magic Box.)

The *theater* has nothing to fear from the new competition—movies and radio having already done all the harm there is to be done in that department. Artistically, because home-viewed television is a more intimate and probably more articulate dramatic form than the full-screen movie, TV, whether it is produced "live" or "canned," is likely to have a closer and more constructive association with the living theater than any of the other mass media have had to date.

Radio was never more than a transitional stage, a step towards television. It is likely to continue fulfilling a useful, though minor, function as a carrier of music and a disseminator of cultural items not appreciably enhanced by the addition of sight. In the major fields of entertainment, including news and drama, radio is almost certainly a dead duck.

Motion pictures and television are the great and bitter rivals of the future, according to general belief. Actually, they are not com-

* Or so it seems. It gets paid for, of course, just as surely as if the money were clicking through a till.

petitors at all but variants of the same medium. (In both, an action or the imitation of an action is electrically projected upon a luminous screen—directly, in one case; in the other, remotely.) The coming struggle for power is not between movies and TV as forms of entertainment and communication, but between the rival systems already set up for their exploitation.

In this struggle, two great empires stand opposed. On the one side is picture business, with its \$2,500,000,000 investment in theaters, its tributary production industry, and its seventy million weekly patrons. On the other is radio—a \$4,500,000,000 structure of four major networks, two thousand stations, seventy-five million receiving-sets and an estimated 150 million listening hours a day.

These are the giants locked in combat for the favor of the public. They are fighting to retain, and if possible increase, the huge profits they have been making for so many years by such radically different methods: movies, by direct levy, at the box-office; radio, through commercial advertising, by indirect levy upon the American people.*

ASK a radio man about TV. You will find that he regards it as his own legitimate territory, by right of direct succession. He is convinced that television, in its general lines, will follow the existing pattern of commercial radio, with certain inevitable changes in production methods to suit the new medium.

Ask a motion-picture man, an exhibitor. Unless he is deluding himself, he will not try to minimize the technical wonders of television. He will tell you that while home-viewing has its place in the family life of the future, the gregarious instinct which from time immemorial has driven men to gather in crowds in a common meeting place will insure the continued patronage of the nation's twenty thousand theaters—whose air-conditioning plants, as one observer puts it, "can be credited with attracting almost as many people as the pictures on the screen." The

* Between them, movies and radio account for an average direct expenditure by the American family of about \$40 per year. Radio, besides, collects a fair share of the national investment in advertising, estimated at \$29.27 per member of the total population.

local Pleasure Palace will remain, according to this view, the favorite haunt and focal point of the community. Here, finer entertainment will be offered than ever before. In countless theaters equipped with TV projection, the audience of the future will be treated to the best of the Hollywood product spiced with sports, news events, and famous vaudeville acts televised at the instant of their occurrence.

One enterprising showman in the state of California has made his own original contribution to the debate. He has hired a small, abandoned movie theater, moved the seats around, installed TV, and opened his doors for business. When it was pointed out to him that he could not legally charge the public for admission to an entertainment which he, himself, was receiving free, he replied that such was not his intention. His profits would be made, he declared, from the sale of popcorn, soft drinks, and candy!

From barroom to soft-drink parlor is a natural step; the free public enjoyment of televised entertainment is likely to play an ever-increasing part in the crowd habits of



The Pleasure Palace will remain.

the future. But, as a practical matter, it is between home-viewing and theater exhibition, as the dominant method of picture exploitation, that the heat of the battle rages and will continue to rage for some time to come. To predict at this time the decisive triumph of one or the other would obviously be absurd; though, even now, evidence exists which suggests that the attractions of home-viewing definitely outweigh the gregarious urge among the mass of the population. (High on the list of statements least-likely-to-please-the-boss was that recently uttered by one of our most glamorous and most married movie stars. Asked by a fan magazine what were her favorites among recent movies, she replied she hadn't seen any—she and her new husband had been too busy watching TV at home.)

This is not to say that tall grass will shortly be growing amidst the ruins of Rialtos, Critterions, Granadas, and other abandoned Main Street landmarks from coast to coast. It does suggest, quite emphatically, that in seeking customers for his product, the picture-maker of the future cannot afford to overlook the vast new home audience suddenly made available through the technical wonders of television. It is not generally realized how very limited was the maximum coverage of the movie theaters even at the peak of their prosperity. Today, out of 110 million potential customers in the United States, not more than 13 per cent ever get to see the average picture. Is it any wonder that the movie industry (that section of it that is not primarily concerned with protecting its investments in theatrical real estate) is greatly excited at the idea of such a possible expansion in distribution? Is it surprising that Hollywood should look forward, eagerly, to the day when its creations will be available to the public, no longer in the comparative restriction of twenty thousand theaters, but on the private screens of fifty million American homes?

III

THIS is a thrilling prospect—one that will probably be realized in our time. But there are obvious obstacles to be overcome and one very vexing question, to which, at the moment, there is no easy answer: *Who pays?* We have no merchandising method in this country that even suggests a solution;

there is no available mechanism by which a home audience may, at present, pay for its chosen entertainment.

It goes even deeper than that. The very notion of a paying audience runs counter to the established principles of the radio industry, over whose existing facilities this entertainment is going to travel. For twenty years, the radio audience has been receiving its shows *absolutely free*; the theory being that, in due course, it will purchase, or cause others to purchase, the products which it has heard advertised, in sufficient quantity to justify a continuation of the free show. The system has worked, apparently, to the general satisfaction. Whenever payment for radio entertainment has been suggested, in the form of license fees or through direct charges, it has been violently rejected by the industry and the public alike.

But now things are changing. As radio emerges from its blindness, through television, and enters into direct competition with the current motion-picture product, it is unlikely that audiences will long be satisfied with a double standard of entertainment quality. Today, the ratio of production cost, as between one minute of Hollywood feature film and one minute of top dramatic TV, is roughly twenty to one. Expanding television markets may modify this proportion, but there is a ceiling of cost beyond which the advertiser, for obvious reasons, cannot be expected to go. While money does not necessarily spell quality, audiences have learned to expect, and will not lightly surrender, certain standards of luxury in their visual entertainment which the radio industry, as presently constituted, simply cannot afford to supply.

There are two alternatives: either the standards of entertainment must be lowered, or new methods must be found to exploit, through the medium of television, not only "the greatest concentration of talent in the entertainment world" but also the American public's demonstrated willingness, under the right conditions, to pay for the product of this talent to the tune of billions of dollars a year.

Our social and economic structure is not so rigid that such a mutually desirable alliance cannot be arranged. It is a matter of finding means, technical and economic, whereby two such radically different types—the sponsor-selected show that comes free and

the freely-selected show that must be paid for—can be married and live in harmony on the American air waves.

An experiment will be made this autumn that may throw some light in this darkness. The Federal Communications Commission, after considerable hesitation, has authorized a ninety-day test, in the state of Illinois, of a "pay-as-you-see" device for presenting film over television, known as Phonevision. This is normal television "with the additional feature that it can be seen on the Phonevision-television combination set only when certain electrical signals are fed into the set over telephone wires. No television set without the Phonevision addition is capable of picking up Phonevision programs, and no Phonevision set can pick up such programs without those electrical signals supplied over the telephone wires on specific order. . . . The fee paid by the set owner will presumably be divided between the television transmitter, the picture producer, and the telephone company. The range of possibilities which this prospect opens to motion-picture producers is almost limitless, for every television owner becomes just as much a box-office prospect inside his home as outside it."

One member of the Commission which authorized the test said it was "anxious to encourage new techniques as possible instruments for battling monopoly in the TV patent picture." Another saw in Phonevision a first step toward introduction of subscription TV.

If successful and authorized on a continuing basis, [he said] I do not believe very much vision is required to see that . . . the best evening hours, every day of the week, will be devoted to subscription television rather than to free television programing. Every television station licensee will be clamoring for a subscription television franchise . . . and television receiver owners will expect the Commission to promulgate rules which will provide to each listener a choice of some free television programs during the best listening hours and which will insure that the listener be charged a reasonable and non-discriminatory fee for viewing television programs.

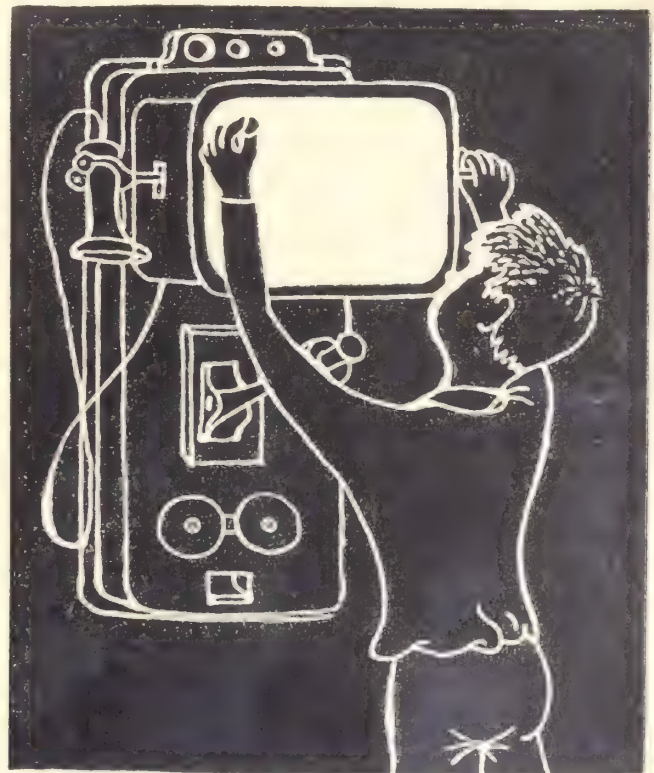
Only a small number of sets is involved in the current Chicago experiment and there has been trouble obtaining film of a high

enough quality to test the critical question: will the public pay for good movies shown via television in their own homes? And more specifically, how often and how much will they pay for such movie service?

These and similar problems will not be solved as the result of this one isolated trial. Phonevision may or may not supply the definitive answer. Yet its implications, for the picture business, are inescapable. The chairman of the TV committee of the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Executives holds it to be "the greatest threat to exhibition conceived to date." Conversely, it has been estimated that with the regular home-showing of feature pictures, the demand for Hollywood product would, automatically, be *four times* as great as it is today.

IV

FROM here on in, it is mostly guesswork. But already two things are evident. First, barring some major disturbance in our national economy, the next few years are likely to witness a substantial and constant growth in the volume and variety of entertainment supplied, by one means or another, to the American people. (Out of this



Box-office prospect inside his own home.

diversity of complementary media and overlapping programs may come a solution to some of the problems that vexed us earlier, notably that of the "universal" versus the "special" audience.) Second, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em!" applies no less to the radio industry than it does to picture business.

One network president has predicted that television will require 5,000 hours of film a year—96 full hours a week. Who is going to supply all this? Radio, through the networks and the advertising agencies, could in time, no doubt, develop production facilities to compete with those of Hollywood, just as the picture industry could probably buy its way, eventually, into the transmission business—but at calamitous cost.

Between the two giants, radio and movies, some form of early marriage seems inevitable. Picture business, being the more dynamic, is likely to take the initiative. For some time now, on the investment level, movie interests have had a stake in radio-television; for many months negotiations have been reported on-again-off-again between a leading film-company and one of the networks. It is worth noting that major stockholders and executives of motion-picture companies, faced with the necessity of surrendering either one or the other of their divided interests under divorce, have chosen to identify themselves, almost without exception, with their studios rather than with their theater-chains.

It is too early yet to define the exact shape of things to come among the mass media. Whatever happens, it will not be without blood, sweat, and tears. These will be shed, respectively, by the business men struggling to control this expansion and harness it for profit; by the engineers, for whom the conquest of the horizon through the coaxial cable and the practical transmission of a colored image are only the first of many obstacles to be overcome; and finally, I suspect, by the psychologists and the sociologists, concerned with the mental health of a generation that is living ever less in the realities of personal experience, more and more by remote observation and through vicarious emotion.*

* The Catholic Church, with its quick awareness of such problems, never fails to remind the faithful on high holidays that viewing the Mass over a TV-set does *not* constitute participation.

But there is one group in our society that has nothing to fear. For the makers of entertainment—that hybrid crew of artists, craftsmen, and operators who earn their bread by filling the leisure hours of the modern world—the future looks altogether rosy. They, too, will have problems to face, as they seek to adapt themselves, technically and aesthetically, to the media they serve. (If television becomes the prevalent habit, the home screen will call for values far different from those of the giant theater frame. Against the loss of speed and power and the empathy of a massed audience, there will be the energy of close, private communication, and a new intimacy simultaneously effected with millions of individuals.) But these are the normal challenges of their exhilarating profession. On the whole, theirs is a happy lot; they are more or less indispensable.

V

A HIGH percentage of these lucky men and women—"the greatest concentration of talent in the entertainment world"—currently resides within the limits of a sandy strip inaccurately known to the world as Hollywood. This brings us back, full circle, to our starting point. We set out to diagnose the health of a community; we wandered far afield into the realms of high finance, sociology, electronics, and pure conjecture. Now we are back in Hollywood. And the time has come, better late than never, to essay a precise definition of a word which we, like everyone else, have been using far too loosely.

What is Hollywood? It is a place-name; it is a trade-mark; it is a glamor symbol; it is, above all, the convenient title for a vast industry, of which it may be the creative heart but of which it is, statistically, so small a part that it has been contemptuously called the tail of the dog.

Let us accept this metaphor and pursue it a step further. Cut off from the \$2,500,000,000 dog, can the tail continue to wag? Can Hollywood exist, sundered from that efficiently organized and centrally controlled empire of which it has long been a rebellious but essential part and in whose profits, all these years, it has been only too glad to share?

Here follows a little simple bookkeeping. Below, not necessarily in the order of their

importance, are listed the assets with which Hollywood faces the uncertain future:

(1) *A considerable national and international renown.* This has a problematic value since it consists, in about equal parts, of accumulated good and bad will. As a glamor-center, Hollywood's fame is somewhat tarnished.

(2) *Motion-picture production facilities greater than those of the rest of the world combined.* Their value is considerable, but they face sharp depreciation through obsolescence in the near future.

(3) *An enormous accumulation of literary properties.* A high percentage of the Western world's copyrighted dramatic and narrative material is under the permanent control of Hollywood's major studios. This gives them a strong bargaining point vis-à-vis the powers of television, desperately searching for material with which to fill their ever-expanding air-time.

(4) Not least, but last—because of the very moot question of how it can be realized—there is the asset that puts on its hat and coat every evening, gets into its car or bus, and goes home: *Hollywood's human element.*

There are less than twenty-five thousand of them, with incomes that range from two thousand to a quarter of a million dollars a year—messengers, directors, secretaries, writers, producers, film-cutters, cameramen, animators, publicity men, grips, and actors—to mention only a few of the miscellaneous elements which, collectively, represent the skill, the experience, and the occasional inspiration that are the real assets of Hollywood.

They are gathered here, these picture-makers, from the four corners of the earth. Only a few are bound by contract. The rest could have left at any time in the past; they can leave tomorrow. What has kept them here, besides the doubtful advantages of the sub-tropical climate? One reason for their staying has been their unanimous and passionate conviction that they were engaged in the most exciting activity in the world—turning out movies. The other has been economic. Skilled and unskilled, they have earned, on the whole, higher wages under pleasanter working conditions than they could have

earned anywhere else. These benefits have multiplied as they moved upward till, on the higher levels of production, they have attained a plateau of affluence and apparent power unequaled in any other legitimate occupation known to man.

Now all this is in jeopardy. There are earthquake signs in the air. The recorded 20 per cent drop in Hollywood employment figures, followed by further, more recent cuts, reflects the changing conditions of an industry that is threatened with a double shock: internally, through divorcement; externally, from the direct competition of a new and conflicting medium.

If the present decline goes much further, what is to prevent the whole structure from falling apart? What will hold together the great local concentration of talent and production-machinery called Hollywood?

Again, before answering, we must define our terms. If we are describing the existing set-up of a few captive companies manufacturing a fixed type of product for an established market of twenty thousand theaters, then Hollywood's future is no less shrouded in doubt than the future of theatrical exhibition as a whole—and we have seen how uncertain that is. If, on the other hand, we refer to the sum of the creative, interpretative, and technical talent assembled here—a body of picture-makers with the freedom, the vitality, and the ability to navigate the shifting and troubled waters of show business—then, the answer is that Hollywood is sitting pretty.

The transition may be painful; it may take from five to ten years and it may be made within the present structure or it may not. It would not be the first time in history that elements assembled in the service of one particular interest have evolved into an organism that ultimately surpassed and survived the forces that created it and fostered its growth.

For Hollywood, within *this* meaning of the word, the years to come are filled with promises of excitement and profit. Whichever way the chips may fall, in the coming struggle for power among the mass media, Hollywood will continue to play a leading part in the entertainment of the world. Dog or no dog, the tail will wag.

The Easy Chair

Wanted, an Umpire

Bernard DeVoto

THE psychoanalytical study of literature, which slacked off for some years, is hotting up again. Several books have been published recently, several more have been announced, there has been a flurry of articles in the trade periodicals. A new approach to literature seems to be under construction, different from the one with which we have become familiar, which was based on obiter dicta scattered through Freud's works and on extensive formulations by Rank, Sachs, Ernest Jones, and other pioneers. It is too early to be sure but I think I make out something of a trend. A number of analysts are annoyed with literature; it isn't what they think it ought to be and, accepting their obligation, they are saying why and wherein. Occasionally this annoyance, which they would find suggestive in a patient, intensifies to contempt.

I observe other things too. Freud and his circle were men of wide general culture who knew literature thoroughly. Some of the analysts who are now instructing us are less widely read than a lay critic feels he has to be, and the literature which they approve of, not much all told, is seldom what lay readers consider first-rate. This bothers me less, however, than the fact that the faculty are at odds with one another. Their theses and findings show considerable confusion and the layman does not know whom to follow. There is so much contradiction, in fact, that it would be a public service if some well-regarded analyst would survey the excursions of his colleagues, criticize them professionally, and then tell us what ideas about literature his science is willing to stand on. I nominate Dr. Theodor Reik, whose wise and witty book of last year, *Listening with the Third Ear* (published by

Farrar, Straus), only occasionally touched on literature but had a good deal to say when it did. No doubt this is wishfulness on my part, for Dr. Reik respects a lot of writers and considers literature a valid approach to experience, whereas some analysts who are now instructing us decidedly do not.

There ought to be some tentative working agreement between writers and analysts, some set of definitions plus principles, which they could both use in the study of literature. Analysts willingly tell us what ideas and mental habits of writers stand in the way of one. On behalf of my calling, I point out that certain ideas and habits of mind of some analysts who discuss literature stand in the way too. One of these is a habit of proclaiming objectivity a one-way street; of assuming that what the analyst says about writers or writing is objective, empirical, and free from dictation by his unconscious processes, but what a writer says—when he disagrees with the analyst—is a screen or cover for some unconscious need or feeling. It must be disregarded because it is self-protective, or because what the analyst said has made him angry, or because actually he is expressing his desire to murder his father. He is wrong because the analyst whose ideas he is trying to criticize is right. This gives the analyst's ideas about literature an immunity to criticism that a writer is not asked to accord the ideas about literature of, say, physicists or biologists or indeed any other ideas. He is accustomed to hold ideas to the tests of common sense, experience, and logical analysis. But—when he disagrees with the analyst—the analyst tells him that his common sense is unconscious self-deception, his unconscious drives prevent him from understanding experience, and his

logical analysis is an irrational defense mechanism.

I SEE no easy way out of this dilemma but there is a worse one. We have learned, in other fields of thought, to be skeptical of finalities and absolutes, of theories that explain everything, and of assertions made on the basis of authority alone. What some analysts have recently been saying about literature has a flatness, absoluteness, and universality of application that arouse skepticism; but they tell us that skepticism too is a symptom of unconscious, personally protective resistance to the truth. Well, what about this resistance? I wonder if infallibility may not be an occupational hazard of analysts. Hour by hour in his consulting room the analyst as a therapist plays a role in his patients' phantasies which is compounded of terror, hatred, love, superstition, and religious awe. It confers omnipotence on him and makes every word he speaks momentous. I wonder if he may not therefore sometimes be led to speak about matters outside therapy with more authority than in fact he has. At any rate, some analysts who would patiently spend three or four hundred hours uncovering the emotional pattern of a patient seem willing to understand everything about a literary masterpiece at sight and to construct an all-embracing theory of literature before their first morning appointment. The layman, who has to do it the hard way, admires their facility but wishes they would show cause.

One thing that makes me skeptical of Dr. Edmund Bergler's recently published *The Writer and Psychoanalysis* (brought out by Doubleday) is the sweeping and absolute finality of what he says. He keeps making unqualified statements about "all writers," "every case," "every artist," "all artistic stimulus." When he is uncovering a cause or announcing a finding he repeatedly says "exclusively," "solely," "only," "entirely." In general he allows for no deviations, variations, or other possible explanations, and he feels no uncertainty about anything. But I doubt if the entire knowledge which psychoanalysis has piled up so far entitles him to be so certain about either writers or writing. I cannot pass judgment on his book from an analytical point of view, which is why I should like to hear from his colleagues about it, or from

Dr. Reik speaking for them. Will psychoanalysis commit itself to Dr. Bergler's theses and conclusions about literature? Does he justly summarize the general ideas about literature that the science has worked out? Does psychoanalysis know this and is this what psychoanalysis knows?

I CAN, however, point out some things in Dr. Bergler's book which would subject it to doubt if it were in a field where errors in thinking are possible, and ask some questions which it would be amiable of psychoanalysis to answer before we give its literary criticism statutory force.

Actually, *The Writer and Psychoanalysis* is not about literature; it is not even about "the writer." It is about a psychic disturbance of some writers, temporary or permanent inability to write, which Dr. Bergler calls "writing block." It is based on his analysis of thirty-six writers who were his patients. They were all, he says, of a single psychic type. Their writing all originated in the same unconscious problem, it was all a product of the same psychic mechanism. The disturbance they all had came from a pre-oedipal (that is, infantile) rejection of the mother image, and their writing was a defense against the guilt they felt in deriving masochistic pleasure from the suffering they experienced because of that rejection. No one can demur to Dr. Bergler here: he analyzed thirty-six writers (some good writers, some mediocre, some hacks) and this is what he found. But he extrapolates. All writers, he says, are the same. All writing is a defense mechanism against the guilt that follows a self-accusation; it is an alibi, a denial that the writer feels masochistic pleasure in the suffering he brought on himself by rejecting his (phantasmal) pre-oedipal mother. Writers—all writers—are regressed oral masochists. In the psychological taxonomy, they are to be grouped with alcoholics and homosexuals, who are also regressed oral masochists.

We will get nowhere by inquiring whether thirty-six examples are enough for inductive certainty, or whether thirty-six writers who are unhappy, sick, and inhibited from writing fully explain writers in general. Dr. Bergler assures us that he has discovered the "specificity" of writers: this is what they are. "The most depressed, pitiful, and sordid lot has [always] been that of writers." If they seem

or are happy it is because they are enjoying pain; if they write well or freely they are nevertheless always writing from the same inner compulsion, in the same psychic pattern, to the same psychic end. But I would like this certified by some other spokesman for psychoanalysis. Is there only one way for the "formation" of a writer? Can it occur at only one stage of personal development? Can any inner influence, outer pressure, or combination of the two make a person a writer after he has passed the "pre-oedipal" stage? Is it possible for a person to become a writer for a different reason or for a combination of reasons? Can a writer express more than a single psychic energy? Can the psychic pattern differ from writer to writer? Dr. Bergler says no: does the bulk of psychoanalytical opinion agree with him?

DR. BERGLER briefly discusses a number of writers, a number of poems and stories, and a number of case histories, and brings them to support the conclusions he has reached about his thirty-six patients. He makes many assertions but submits little evidence and, I think, such evidence as he does submit is open to some doubt. Thus he says that the denial of the mother-image is manifested by what he calls "the writer's unconscious identification of *words* with *milk*." He cites many metaphors in which milk, or some other liquid which he says must symbolize milk (and therefore love, the breast, and the rejected mother), is used as a trope for words, poetry, writing, inspiration, or literary art. (The fountain of the muses, "he on honey-dew hath fed and drunk the wine of paradise," "heaven's brandy," etc.) It is certainly true that milk, water, wine, and other liquids are common metaphors for words, speech, and writing, but so are many other things. One thinks of flame, fire, light, lightning, thunder, gales, wind, breezes, fog, smoke, musical instruments, ore, rock, minerals, jewels. I dare say that ore (gold, silver, coins, minting, treasure in general), metals (steel, iron, bronze, metallic hardness or resonance in general), and jewels (pearls, diamonds, rubies, preciousness in general) are at least as common metaphors for words as liquids are. I do not say this flippantly, for I observe some tendency among analysts to tell us that one kind of evidence is significant

while ignoring equivalent evidence that seems to point another way, and I want to know what the test for significance is. If metaphors are revealing, why is only one species of them revealing, and how do we tell? I appeal to the referee: will Dr. Reik tell us why "eloquent blood spoke in her cheek" is a live metaphor which reveals the poet's psychic drive, whereas "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" is dead, peripheral, and unrevealing? Is the uninstructed mind justified in suspecting that the theory ignores brass because it is non-mammary? How revealing are metaphors? Do metaphors alter cases?

Dr. Bergler goes deeper into the mind's strata than I think we need to in order to define most aspects of creative talent, but that would be all to the good except that he usually ends up with something so simplified that I distrust the finding. The origins of poetry or fiction, the motives that go into writing, the psychic acts of which writing consists all seem to me more complex than he allows. And his simplifications are remarkably uninformative. Writing, he says, is a defense mechanism. But his science holds that most of man's activities, all his "higher" activities, are defense mechanisms—has he brought us any nearer than we were to understanding writers or writing? This, he says, is a new contribution: that a writer "does not express directly his unconscious wishes but, rather, expresses his secondary unconscious defense against these wishes." It does not look new to me, for psychoanalysis has said all along that no one except very young children and psychopaths does express his unconscious wishes directly. I cannot see that it reveals the "specificity" of writers or that it casts any light, new or old, on them or their work. Similarly with Dr. Bergler's thesis that a writer's impulse originates in his voyeurism or desire to peep (which is to be equated with the rejection of the breast), that he then goes on to build a defense against peeping, exhibitionism, and that the combination of the two constitutes him a writer. Have we learned anything? Clearly voyeurism and exhibitionism in themselves do not make a writer; there must be something more too, some additional "specificity." Dr. Bergler has not told us what a writer is, psychologically, or what makes a person into a writer, though he is very sure he has. Does he know, Dr. Reik? Does psychoanalysis know what the

"specificity" is? Is it uniform and constant for all writers?

THERE remains something more fundamental. It takes us past Dr. Bergler to an assumption about writing which I find tolerably common in what analysts have been saying recently. He devotes part of a chapter to hack writers. In the course of it he says, "A writer is a person who tries, though he is not conscious of it, to solve an *unconscious* conflict through writing. The hack . . . is an inhibited scribbler whose inner conflicts cannot find adequate expression in writing." There is less in this (as Dr. Reik once said of a similar pronouncement) than meets the eye, for no difference is stated. But we come to one farther along when it turns out that a hack is a person who is unconsciously driven to write worthless stuff so that he can masochistically enjoy his own contempt and that of others. Right here the assumption I refer to shows itself and let's look at it, for all creators of literary theory should be held to the logical implications of what they say.

I cannot read this chapter, there is a good deal in recent psychoanalytical writing about literature that I cannot read, otherwise than as a statement that writers are automatisms, that they have no control over the quality of their work, and that there are no degrees among them. So I ask some questions, and again I am not being flippant but only asking whether psychoanalysis is committed to this statement or assumption. Could an analyst take a writer of mechanical formula-stories for the pulps and, by moderating or modifying the inner reproach which Dr. Bergler says makes him a hack, turn him into a first-rate writer? Is there no difference between novels (or poems) except the difference in the degrees to which their authors have been able successfully to express their psychic alibis? What is the difference between a pretty good novel and a very good one? An inescapable implication of what Dr. Bergler says is that there is no qualitative difference among writers, no greater or less fitness for writing, but only differences in the intensity of their psychic disturbances and in their success at finding a tolerable adjustment to them—does psychoanalysis on the whole agree with this? In the "specificity" of writers are there no differences

in intelligence, or does not intelligence count? Lay readers, critics, and writers regard intelligence as having some bearing on how good a writer is, and such other things as "imagination," "sympathy," "understanding," and "emotional power." Does no psychic reality (except voyeurism, which Dr. Bergler equates with imagination) correspond to these admittedly loose and vague words? Dr. Bergler is in the position of saying no, there is only a fixed, an automatic psychic mechanism.

He also says (p. 212) that "the writer" has not got anything to say; that (p. 214 and several other places) a writer cannot be an objective observer because he is only a neurotic operating a defense mechanism; that (p. 220) there are no normal writers; that (p. 96) "writers concern themselves in their works exclusively with abnormal human reactions"; that (p. 211) a writer does not depict reality and "is neither an objective observer of his times nor a representative of his times." After all this, it is a relief to learn that though no writer is capable of love, still he has two ways of misrepresenting it, for so far as I can see this is the only option open to writers in Dr. Bergler's theory.

If there is a specific difference between writers and other men, we can get at it, I think, only by way of what they do. They have no emotions and no psychic mechanisms that others do not have, but they do something different with them. We need as much insight as we can get into what they do, what they are, and what they write, and psychoanalysis is the most promising approach. But psychoanalysis does not yet know enough to justify such final certainty as Dr. Bergler's and I am at a loss to account for a feeling which his book shows and which I encounter in psychoanalytical discussions oftener than I used to, one which I can only call contempt of literature. Literature has been with us for a long time and I doubt if psychoanalysis is yet in a position to formulate laws for it or to repudiate it with contempt or anger because it does not observe the formulations. Poise if not indeed humility would, I think, make for a better analytical approach to literature. And analysis has taught us that anger, or contempt, is seldom what it seems. So one more question to the umpire: Dr. Reik, why do some analysts get mad at literature?



The Beautiful Mô

A Story by George Howe

Drawings by Arthur Marokvia

THE American lieutenant and his French bride disappeared for their honeymoon. Mme. Bertin stayed over a day at the château to round up some country food for her Paris apartment. In the city, she said, one chose between hunger and shame. One had to wait hours in line for rations or suffer the degradation of the black market. Indeed, some of the delicacies at our breakfast for the *cortège* could not be found there at all—where in Paris, for instance, was there a live turkey, or even a dead one?

What she needed was poultry, eggs, a bottle or two of wine, and perhaps a rabbit. We pointed out that the daily train from Dijon back to Paris was crowded even for the empty-handed, even in the compartments of the RTC, for Americans were shipping homeward as thick as the rails and the ports could take us. She might not get on at all, and would certainly have to stand up, if she carried her spoils too. But she was willing to take the chance.

There was still much white bread left over from the wedding ration, and many tins of Spam, tomatoes, corn, and navy beans. We were closing up so soon that we could not eat them all before the deadline. M. Couteau,

the cook, loaded our trade goods in the front seat of my Jeep. He had created a wedding feast for forty, as good as before the war, by swapping with the farms. It would be simple to barter food for one more lady. He and Mme. Bertin—she in her wedding hat of doves and white blossoms—perched in back, and I drove out the gate toward the farmsteads where he thought we might do business.

Wherever he saw chickens in a barnyard, or even heard them from the lanes, wherever a rabbit twitched its nose from a hutch, he stopped me. The two traders went inside, bearing a few cans and a loaf or two. I waited in the jeep, listening through the grape arbors to the *pourparlers* that opened their traffic, to the hesitations, the shocked refusals, the pained regrets, the grudging but inevitable consents, the parting gaities. The housewife would wave the traders from her door with an "*au plaisir*," hugging her box of Spam. Mme. Bertin would trip daintily through the manure, and M. Couteau would follow with a trussed rooster, his unwinking eyes hard in a useless vigilance, his wings aflap, his beak parted in dumb terrified outrage.

The stock was not large, and we expected

to receive even less than we offered. But the negotiation was so stately that it lasted through the afternoon. M. Couteau was bargaining at his shrewdest for our guest, perhaps thinking of his war's-end *pourboire*. The last visit was the longest of all. I was tired of waiting in the unyielding jeep. Three fowl which Couteau had tied to the right strap-ring pecked moodily at my ankle. Even the mild rabbit nibbled my OD sock, though I argued, withdrawing my foot, that it was not a lettuce leaf and didn't even look like one.

At four o'clock there was just one loaf of bread left in our carton. Down the lane clattered a man in sabots, a man of forty-odd, his clothes dusted with brownish flour. He touched the brim of his flop hat.

"Monsieur, permit me to present myself. I am the baker of Orville, which is the next town, and formerly, when there was gasoline, I had connections in Lux, where I know Monsieur is stationed. In your carriage I see a white bread. Since before the war I have not eaten white bread, or even baked it for others. At my small house down this road I have eight hens, who lay the largest eggs in Burgundy.

"Would Monsieur think of taking a dozen of these fine eggs against the single bread? He will excuse my boldness; I speak, as it were, professionally."

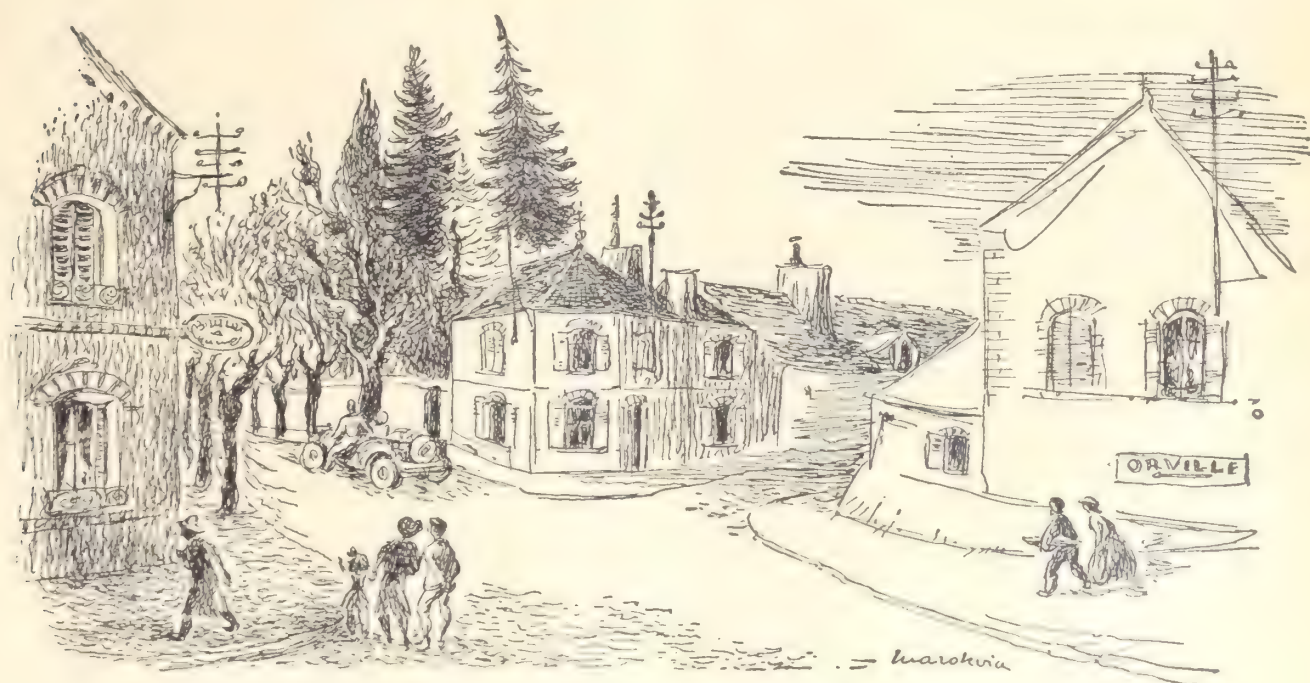
My friends, I told him, would consider the exchange when they returned to the car. I, for one, would urge it on them, unless they were at this moment buying more eggs than would survive the trip to Paris. His face clouded, and he looked long at the golden crust of the quartermaster's loaf, and the white flour which dusted its folds.

"Perhaps Monsieur thinks I do not offer enough. There are, alas, only the twelve eggs in my *poulailler*, but I repeat they are the best. Possibly if I added some produce from my garden, let us say a few onions . . ."

"You haven't any old chests, perhaps," I suggested. "For the bread, your eggs would be more than generous. The chest would not be for Madame's voyage to Paris at all, but for my own house in America, which has burned down with all its chests."

"That, no." He shook his head. "I have only my wife's wedding chest. But Mme. Brulet, who lives two doors beyond me, has a fine chest from the period of the kings—solid walnut, not veneered. Perhaps she would sell it to you. It is fantastic how she loves the Americans—as we all do," he added hastily, "but she to a point! When we have stopped at my house for the eggs, I shall conduct you to Mme. Brulet."

Mme. Bertin and M. Couteau came out with another rabbit, and sure enough a dozen eggs. Even though they needed no more



"In French villages, the houses shoulder one another just as in the cities."

eggs, they agreed that a baker had a special claim on the remaining loaf of bread. Mme. Bertin presented it to him with a smile. Let him keep his eggs for his own family. No doubt they were the finest in Burgundy—had we not heard of them even in Lux? If he would get Mme. Brulet to show us the chest, to reward the patience of Monsieur the driver, that would be payment enough.

OUR menagerie bumped a mile down the lane and stopped before Mme. Brulet's prim cottage. It was not like the narrow-sashed stone fronts that formed the commune of Orville. In French villages, though even the smallest proprietor has land enough for a few animals, the houses shoulder one another just as in the cities. Perhaps there is a tax on windows, as there used to be in England. Perhaps the citizens shun the sunlight; the blind walls, the bolted shutters, the curtained sleeping-alcove make a refuge from the outdoors. Mme. Brulet's house was different. It stood clear in its garden, behind a stone fence. It was plastered white. Its low roof had a cozy air of Cape Cod. A cat slept inside one of the wide windows, among begonias potted on the generous sill. Though the door was locked, a broom stood trustfully outside the jamb. The cat jumped off the sill as the baker knocked.

"Eh, Madame Brulet," he shouted.

No one came. He put his finger to his temple.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "it is Monday. She would be at the river with her washing. If Madame and the Messieurs would wait . . ."

He turned the corner of the lane, still holding his loaf. A few minutes later the double clacking of sabots announced that he had found her. She rounded the corner with him, a smiling nut-faced little woman of sixty, patting her untidy gray hair with one hand and drying the other on her apron.

"These are Americans," he presented us, "but they speak well."

"Aha, Americans then!" she laughed. "I have many friends in America. Even since the other war, the ones who requisitioned my house have not forgotten me. At New Year's there is often a postcard, and before this war there used also to be a cake. Perhaps now there will be a cake again. Does Madame think it possible? Tourism may resume, and my friend the sergeant may even return to Orville. But you shall see my poor house and my chest. The baker says you have no chest, monsieur; how sad! It is what one needs most as furniture."

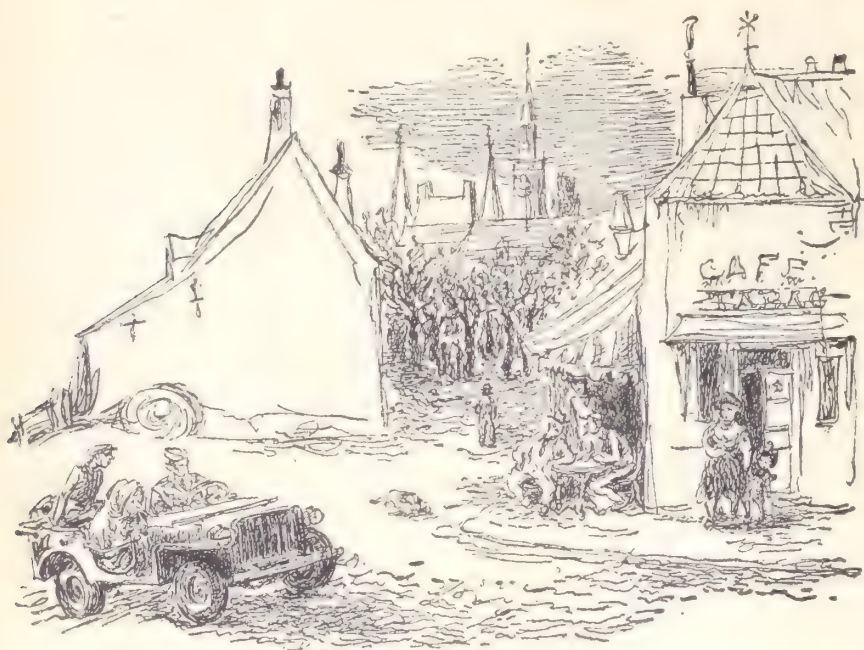
From under her black apron she fished a six-inch iron key, tied by a chain to her waist. She opened the wide low door.

"What part of America does the sergeant live in?" I asked her.

"Ah, you ask me about your own vast country. I do not know whether it is among the redskins or the skyscrapers. Only that it seems to be a little village, perhaps like Orville. It is called Mô. The postcard says always that it is beautiful. The beautiful Mô, he always writes at the top, as one writes *la belle France*. I have one postcard still."

She rooted in a kitchen drawer and brought out the picture of the main street in a mid-western town. It was dated in 1928, from La Belle, Mo.

"Mô is in neither, madame," I told her. "It is rather in the country of the vast wheatfields. At the center of the United States, as Orville is at the center



"If you would be happier, I shall try to ride la Jeep."

of France." She led us through the shining kitchen to her own bedroom.

"There is my chest," she said proudly. "It was my grandmother's dowry, together with the bed and the wardrobe. She was married in 1832. I am a grandmother now myself. My grandson René is eighteen. His mother died when he was born. I have brought him up. He is a good boy. He fought in the Resistance, even when the Germans were in this very town. They tried to make me say where he was hidden, but I would not tell. Luckily it was at night they came to search, for in the daytime I hid him myself—guess where—in this very wardrobe!"

She threw open the doors of the tall cupboard as if she unveiled a statue. We half expected to find him inside, but the wardrobe was empty.

"For two weeks," she laughed, "I hid him there. That was just before your army drove them out last fall. We could tell in Orville that the Germans were frightened. They warned us they would blow up the bridge at six the next morning. My great-grandfather had been chief mason for that bridge, in the time of the kings. There was a fat German guard at this end, who took the papers of all who wished to cross, though it was a small bridge, and at the other side is nothing but the rest of Orville. He had a little car, not unlike *la Jeep*. Early that morning, while it was still dark, René poured sand into that car, he emptied the gasoline, he punctured the tires with his knife. Ah, you should have seen the guard when he found it! He couldn't get it across the bridge in time. We could hear your guns coming closer.

"I looked out this window. The Germans blew up the bridge, and even the laundry-house which was beneath it, so now we must wash our clothes on the bare rocks of the bank. But they had to leave their car, and René, who had captured it, gave it for a present to your captain when the Americans came into Orville that afternoon. How we laughed! He is imprudent, that one, but so brave.

"I have promised him the wardrobe when I die. With the bed and the chest, it makes a whole set, as you see. But if Monsieur desires the chest alone, he shall have it, since he knows the beautiful Mô. If not,

there is my friend, M. Rouget, across the river. He has a chest too—of an antiquity!—which perhaps he might yield. You could at least ask him as my friend. He is at home all day, for he is very old."

"Madame is too generous," I answered. "René should have all three for his own wedding. Besides, the chest, while very beautiful, is not of the epoch which I seek. Come in the Jeep; take us to M. Rouget, and if I go to Mô, I promise I shall tell your friends what a brave grandson you have."

She locked the door behind us, but when she saw the jeep she shook her head.

"Monsieur, I am an old woman. I have never ridden *la Jeep*. Perhaps I should have dared in the other war, but you did not have her then. M. Rouget is in the first house after the grocery, on the left. You need not fear to cross the planks of the bridge; a truck went over them yesterday. Your engineers have made them solid, until our masons can finish the stone. René himself is a mason. Besides, my sheets are lying on the bank. I shall go back to my washing."

"Nobody will take them in the few minutes we shall be gone."

"No, but there are the cows who might eat them. However, if you would be happier, I shall try to ride *la Jeep*."

Perhaps the poultry had reassured her that it was no longer an engine of war. The baker and I helped her up to the front seat, where she had to fit her sabots carefully between the rabbits and the roosters. Her cloak enfolded the flock as a hen herself enfolds her chicks. Mme. Bertin and the baker had to follow on foot. We bumped across the Bailey bridge. The river below gushed over the limestone debris of the ancient arch. Mme. Brulet gazed anxiously at her spread of linen on the bank, but no cows were near.

M ROUGET lived in a stone lean-to which slanted its narrow roof against another house. His three shutters were closed. Mme. Brulet pounded on the door, as we had on hers. She listened at the keyhole. There was no answer from inside. Heads appeared at the windows of the next house.

"He is perhaps asleep; it is his hour," someone called. "Try the back door, Madame Brulet."

She put a finger of conspiracy to her lips. If one can tiptoe in sabots, she tiptoed through the side gate, knocked softly at the back door, listened for a moment, pushed it open, and went into the blackness beyond. In a moment she was back in the sunlight, shouting at us.

"Come in, come in, the Americans. M. Rouget finds himself at home."

Mme. Bertin and I followed her into a room ten feet square. We could feel a dirt floor under our feet, and hear the ticking of a tall clock. We made out a great brass bed, littered with torn feedbags and gray quilting.

M. Rouget laboriously unhinged himself from repose. He was bent as sharp as a jackknife, so bent that his rag-edged white beard hung clear of his open-throated nightgown.

"He is ninety," Mme. Brulet shouted proudly, as if she authenticated an antique, and loud enough for him to hear her praise.

"It is an American," she bawled at him. "He has come for your chest. He knows our friends at Mô."

M. Rouget grunted doubtingly, but pushed aside a potato-sack portiere and led us into his other room. We were used to the darkness now. An empty iron pot lay among the ashes of the fireplace. On the opposite wall stood an oak chest with the rounded panels and the waved apron of the provinces under Louis XV. It was black with age and dirt. Mme. Brulet looked at me in a kind of anxiety, for I think she would have had to force her own on me if I had not wanted his. I nodded my satisfaction.

"It, also, is beautiful," I told her. "Almost as beautiful as yours. Whatever Monsieur thinks is right I shall be happy to pay, if you will speak for me."

Still voiceless, and apparently unhearing, M. Rouget took a poker from the fireplace, hooked it into the keyhole and pulled open the top drawer. The chest had been built without handles, to be opened only by a key—a key, the symbol of France, a key tied round the waist of some thrifty housewife dead these two centuries.

"M. Rouget forgets much," Mme. Brulet sighed. "He has no wife, so he has lost his key. But a new one could be made."

In the first drawer were a few broken pieces of glass, a yard of string, and half

a dozen nails. Half the thin board of the bottom had fallen away. Through the gap he pushed open the second drawer. It was empty except for a coil of flat steel tape, half rusted through. He held the tape between his fingers, looking at each of us in turn, round- and rheumy-eyed, questioning us. We shook our heads; no one knew what it was. At last he spoke, looking at the smoky ceiling:

"For hoop skirts. It stretched them out."

His voice seemed to rise from far away. It broke to a chuckle, then sank to a sigh. He set the coil back in the same corner of the drawer.

"Ah, Monsieur Rouget, that will not be used again while we live." Mme. Brulet dropped her own voice, but in spite of his deafness he seemed to hear her, and some glance of comprehension passed between them.

He had to hold the poker end-up to open the bottom drawer, which was the biggest. Half a bushel of potatoes rolled to the front as the drawer creaked forward.

"Potatoes," he announced, and straightened back to a right angle.

"Monsieur would like to have your chest for his charming wife," Mme. Brulet began. "She lives near the beautiful Mô, and her own chests have perished in an *incendie*. At what price the chest, Monsieur Rouget?"

M. Rouget only stared in front of him, perhaps searching for some plot behind the absurd request to buy his broken chest. I offered him a Camel. He broke it open and poured the tobacco into a pipe which he fished from the pocket of his nightgown. It did not fill the bowl. He reached for a second.

"Where then should I keep my potatoes?" he rumbled.

"Ah, *voilà!* But if the Americans should find you a chest with handles, a solid one, would that not go better?"

"Better still," I offered, "I could perhaps find one with a small drawer at the top, where you could place the hoop-skirt ribbon, the pipe, a little tobacco."

"Ha," he broke in, "tobacco, then!"

"And below it doors, with a shelf. Thus the potatoes could rest on the shelf, without bruising, and you would not have to stoop for them. Even perhaps some shelves above, for other things. If I do not find one, I

shall pay M. Bahoff the carpenter to make one as M. Rouget may desire it, and to paint it as well."

Mme. Brulet smiled, and said to me in our stage whisper, "One sees that the men are good housekeepers in Mô. Would that not be better, Monsieur Rouget," she screamed, "than this one?"

He shrugged his consent.

"You see?" she turned to me; "he is delighted with the exchange." Her voice rose again. "Monsieur will bring his truck tomorrow, if he can find your new chest today. You will not forget, eh, Monsieur Rouget?"

Again the shrug, this time the shoulders even lower, the arms limp, and the hands spread flat at his side.

"Tomorrow if you can," she urged me, "because it is alas true that by the day after he will forget."

M. Rouget opened the front door for us. He stood blinking in the sun, his bare feet and blue-veined ankles balancing his crooked body on the earthen floor, his nightgown higher behind than in front. We shook hands, and he started to creak the door shut.

"Ah, but an obstacle," he croaked, suddenly voluble, "*un 'pêchement!*" He let his hands fall. "I cannot lift so many potatoes in one day. It is easy to drop potatoes into the drawer, no matter how many I grow, but I do not support much stooping to lift them out."

"That's easy," laughed Mme. Bertin, like the lady from Philadelphia enlightening a Pinkerton. "Let the purchaser move the potatoes."

"It is seldom in Orville," Mme. Brulet added, "that one has an American army to move potatoes."

LUCKILY M. Bahoff had a fine new dresser in his shop, with shelves above and below. It had not been painted. We loaded it on the weapons carrier next morning. We picked up Mme. Brulet at her cottage—overnight she had lost all fear of *la Jeep*—and drew up at M. Rouget's. He had not forgotten. His shutters were open. He was dressed in a ceremonial suit of rusty black. The swallowtails stuck out flat behind. M. Bahoff and I unloaded the new dresser, filled it with the potatoes, and hoisted the old one on the carrier. Though M. Rouget groaned



"So little money, and so little time!"

from time to time, I saw he was glad of his bargain, and so was I. Mme. Brulet had brought her broom, with which she took the unique occasion to sweep the floor before the new dresser was set in place.

I had brought a kilo of Prince Albert from the PX. It was more than palsy that shook M. Rouget's hand when I gave it to him. By now, Mme. Brulet was sweeping his bedroom.

"What color shall M. Bahoff paint the new chest?" I shouted at him.

"Eh, paint? He need not paint it. I shall paint it myself, why not? I am not yet too old," and he smiled for the first time.

Mme. Brulet leaned on her broom like a victor on his spear.

"Is he satisfied, do you think?" I asked in our stage whisper.

She nodded.

"Perfectly. And if you should give him a hundred francs besides, he would not forget it in his life."

So little money, and so little time! I tendered M. Rouget the note. He looked sharply at it. He rubbed it between his teeth and squinted at the light through the watermark. He put it in the drawer of his new dresser, slipping the bright key in his pocket. We shook hands for the last time.

"I'm going back to bed," he sighed. "*Au plaisir, monsieur, and my best wishes to our friends at Mô.*"

Lincoln Never Said That

Albert A. Woldman

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN, who gave the world the Gettysburg and Inaugural addresses, the Bixby letter, and many other, equally familiar masterpieces of rhetoric and wisdom, never had a ghost-writer while he was alive. But in the eighty-five years since his assassination, self-appointed ghost-writers by the score have been "improving" his messages to suit their own purposes, revising or paraphrasing what he did say or even putting new, made-to-order sentiments in his mouth.

So universal has the fame of the prairie philosopher-President become that whenever the protagonist of a controversial issue can support his views with a pointed saying of Lincoln's, he considers his case just about clinched. Like the Scriptures, Lincoln's words are quoted to prove or disprove almost every political, economic, and social issue of the day. The only difficulty is, a lot of the words aren't Lincoln's.

When, recently, Congresswoman Frances P. Bolton of Ohio rose in the House of Representatives to invoke Abraham Lincoln as an opponent of the welfare state, and *Look* magazine subsequently reprinted as an editorial the Lincoln "quotations" she used, better informed readers sharply called both the Congresswoman and *Look* to task and the story found its way into the pages of *Time*. Lincoln never said:

You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.

You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.

You cannot help the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer.

You cannot further the brotherhood of man by encouraging class hatred.

You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.

You cannot establish sound security on borrowed money.

You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than you earn.

You cannot build character and courage by taking away man's initiative and independence.

You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves.

There was no reason for Lincoln to say any of these things in his time, and, as Congresswoman Bolton and *Look* might have realized, the words do not ring true. They were made to order for present-day consumption.

THE history of these quotations is a good example of how new Lincolnisms come into being, are repeated and accepted as authentic. Congresswoman Bolton inserted them in the Congressional Record after Galen Drake, the radio broadcaster, used them in one of his programs last November. Drake

As author of Lawyer Lincoln, Albert Woldman, an attorney and director of industrial relations of the state of Ohio, is frequently called on to answer questions about Lincoln. He has a scholar's zeal for getting at the truth.

got them from the house organ of a New Jersey manufacturing company where the editor had printed them without checking their authenticity.

Had any one of these three checked carefully, they would have found that the Reverend Mr. William J. H. Boetcker, a clergyman now residing in Erie, Pennsylvania, and not Abraham Lincoln, was the author of the lines. In 1916, more than a half century after Lincoln's death, Boetcker, who had given up his pulpit to lecture on industrial relations, published a booklet entitled "Inside Maxims" which contained these "gold nuggets":

We cannot strengthen the weak
By weakening the strong.
We cannot help the Poor
By kicking the Rich.

In a subsequent pamphlet (first edition 1917, second edition 1945) Boetcker wrote "The Industrial Decalogue: Ten Don'ts." Among the don'ts were the maxims:

You cannot help men prudently by doing for them what they should and could do for themselves.

You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than your income nor can you establish sound security on borrowed money.

You cannot further the brotherhood of man by spreading class hatred and preach the gospel of management's hatred against labor.

In still a third pamphlet, published in 1938, Boetcker added such sentiments as:

We cannot help small men by keeping big men down.
We cannot help the wage earner by holding the wage payer down.

A few years ago, the Committee for Constitutional Government, with headquarters in New York City, distributed by the hundred thousands a leaflet captioned "Lincoln on Limitations." One side of the leaflet carried an authentic Lincoln statement; on the reverse side were Boetcker's "Ten Points." A footnote credited the "Ten Points" to the "Inspiration of Wm. J. H. Boetcker." However, the publication of Lincoln's and Boetcker's words together caused someone—erroneously or through wishful thinking—to attribute Boetcker's maxims to Lincoln. Once

started, the fake Lincolnisms joined the great flood of other, equally spurious "quotations."

SPEAKING at an American Federation of Labor dinner in honor of the late Samuel Gompers, Vice-President Alben Barkley not long ago remarked that Gompers clearly believed with all his heart in Abraham Lincoln's dictum that: "All that serves labor serves the nation."

The Vice President was quoting the first sentence of an often-repeated "Lincoln declaration" on labor which contains these un-Lincoln-like lines:

All that harms labor is treason to America. No line can be drawn between these two. If any man tells you he loves America, yet hates labor, he is a liar. If any man tells you he trusts America, yet fears labor, he is a fool. There is no America without labor, and to fleece the one is to rob the other.

This alleged Lincoln statement was featured in full in the February 1943 issue of a labor journal which published the words on its cover, below a picture of the Great Emancipator. But Lincoln never said that, either. He never used the words "liar" and "fool" in referring to people who disagreed with him. No better proof of the phoniness of this quotation can be offered than Lincoln's actual words about labor on two separate occasions.

In a speech at New Haven on March 6, 1860, alluding to the strike of the shoe-factory workers of Lynn, Massachusetts, Lincoln said:

I am glad to see that a system of labor prevails in New England under which laborers can strike when they want to, where they are not obliged to work under all circumstances, and are not tied down and obliged to labor whether you pay them or not! I like the system which lets a man quit when he wants to, and wish it might prevail everywhere.

In a message to Congress in 1861, he expressed his views on the relationships between employers and employees in these words:

Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had

not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor is it denied that there is and probably always will be a relation between labor and capital producing mutual benefits.

A WIDELY circulated, completely fabricated Lincoln "quotation" is a vicious anti-Catholic diatribe which bigots like to repeat for propaganda purposes. During a recent resurgence of religious hatred it was printed on a pamphlet embellished with a pen-and-ink sketch of the Civil War President and entitled "Lincoln's Warning":

I do not pretend to be a prophet. But though not a prophet, I see a very dark cloud on our horizon. That dark cloud is coming from Rome. It is filled with tears of blood. It will rise and increase till its flanks will be torn by a flash of lightning, followed by a fearful peal of thunder. Then a cyclone such as the world has never seen will pass over the country, spreading ruin and desolation from North to South. After it is over, there will be long days of peace and prosperity; for Popery with its Jesuits and merciless Inquisition will have been forever swept away from our country. Neither I nor you, but our children, will see these things.

This passage was originally copied from a book by Charles Chiniquy, a "recusant Catholic priest," expelled from the Church. Lincoln as a lawyer once defended Chiniquy against a slander charge. From this chance acquaintanceship Chiniquy years later—at the height of Lincoln's fame—boasted of intimate friendship with him and wrote a fantastic account of how Lincoln confided to him in the most unreserved fashion his views on religion. Brazenly Chiniquy wrote that on a visit to the White House, the President had said to him, "You are almost the only one with whom I speak freely on the subject." The Lincoln "quotation" expressing fear of the Catholic Church is a similar figment of Chiniquy's imagination.

Back in June 1844, Lincoln wrote a resolution protesting the bigotry of the Know-Nothing movement, in which he declared:

The guarantee of the right of conscience

as found in the Constitution is most sacred and inviolable and one that belongs no less to the Catholic than to the Protestant. . . . All attempts to abridge or interfere with those rights directly or indirectly, have our decided disapprobation and shall have our most effective opposition.

And on another occasion he said, "Let us remember that all American citizens are brothers in a common country and should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling."

PERHAPS the most often cited of all the spurious Lincoln quotations—repeated again and again whenever the issue of monopolistic corporations is discussed—is the statement that Lincoln is supposed to have made as the Civil War was coming to an end:

I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working on the prejudices of the people until the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my suspicion may prove groundless.

This supposed expression of Lincoln's fear over the impending crisis first came to light nearly a third of a century after his death, in a book entitled *A Gold Conspiracy*, written by Stephen Nicollette in 1896. People who held the same views as those stated in the quotation readily accepted it as authentic, and it found its way into numerous speeches and publications. In December 1931, Congressman Louis T. McFadden of Pennsylvania delivered a speech on the floor of the House of Representatives in which he referred to President Lincoln's statement about the crisis created by "the money power of the country." And this speech was duly recorded in the Congressional Record for Tuesday, December 15, 1931. There is no evidence whatsoever that Lincoln wrote or spoke the quoted words.

WHILE Lincoln was still a young man he joined the Washington Temperance Society and became a leading exponent of total abstinence. In lectures he spoke feelingly about the twin evils of slavery and drink and dreamed of the day "when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth."

When the notification committee came to his home in Springfield to inform him officially of his nomination to the Presidency, Lincoln served his visitors glasses of cold water. He explained later, "Having kept house sixteen years, and having never held the 'cup' to the lips of my friends then, my judgment was that I should not, in my new position, change my habit in this respect."

Despite this known attitude of Lincoln's toward liquor, the liquor interests have claimed him as their friend and Prohibition's foe. They recall that Lincoln was a partner with William Berry in a saloon enterprise in New Salem in 1833, and that Lincoln himself sold liquor. On the walls of many bars throughout the United States hang enlarged, photostatic copies of "The Abraham Lincoln Saloon License."

Again and again during wet-dry campaigns—on a national, state, or local level—Lincoln has been named as an opponent of Prohibition.

According to a freely repeated quotation, Lincoln said:

Prohibition will work great injury to the cause of temperance. It is a species of intemperance itself for it goes beyond the bounds of reason in that it attempts to control man's appetite by legislation in making crimes out of things which are not crimes. A prohibitory law strikes a blow at the very principles on which our government was founded. I have always been found laboring to protect the weaker classes from the stronger and I can never give my consent to such a law as you propose to enact. Until my tongue be silenced in death I will continue to fight for the rights of man.

Lincoln never said that. It is a statement which was concocted by a leader of the anti-Prohibition forces of Atlanta, Georgia, to influence Negro voters to vote wet during a local option campaign in 1887.

SOME months ago, at a meeting of the Republican governors of the United States, the question of states' rights arose. One speaker declared emphatically that Abraham Lincoln had expressed his views on the subject in these words:

The nation must control whatever concerns the nation. The states or any minor political community must control whatever exclusively concerns them. The individual shall control whatever exclusively concerns him. That is real popular sovereignty.

Lincoln never said that. What he did say was:

The legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done, but cannot do so well for themselves in their separate and individual capacities. In all that the people can individually do as well for themselves, government ought not to interfere.

Frequently speakers or writers who presumably know better will cite, for propaganda purposes, only a portion of a statement by Lincoln to support their views, when the entire quotation may convey an entirely different meaning. For example, Eugene Dennis, General Secretary of the Communist party—one of the eleven Communists recently convicted—, endeavored to rebut the charge that the Communist party is part of a fifth column by declaring: "We subscribe fully to Lincoln's declaration that, 'The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations and tongues and kindreds.' "

This quotation is from Lincoln's reply to a committee from the Workingmen's Association of New York on March 21, 1864. But the Communist leader failed to point out that the very next sentences of Lincoln's statement contained this admonition:

Nor should this lead to a war upon property, or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him

who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus, by example, assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.

ONE of the most frequently quoted epigrams traditionally attributed to Lincoln—and one which *Time* used as a “true” quotation to conclude its discussion of *Look’s* false ones—is: “You can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time.”

Did Lincoln actually say this? If he did, there is no documentary proof. He is supposed to have said it in his address before the people of Clinton, Illinois, on September 8, 1858, during the famous senatorial campaign of that year. However, the editor of the Bloomington *Pantagraph*, in his reported account of the speech, failed to cite the clever catch-phrase. Nor is it found in any of Lincoln’s printed addresses.

Colonel Alexander K. McClure, in his *Lincoln’s Yarns and Stories*, writes that President Lincoln in a discussion with a White House caller on the virtue of dealing honestly with the people, observed: “It is true that you may fool all the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all the time; but you can’t fool all of the people all the time.”

In 1905—nearly half a century after Lincoln’s Clinton speech—the Chicago *Tribune* and the Brooklyn *Eagle* made an effort to prove Lincoln’s authorship of the statement. Several witnesses, all past seventy years of age, were interviewed. They expressed the belief that Lincoln gave utterance to the sentiment

if not the exact words of the quotation. One elderly gentleman said that the statement referred to fooling the people about slavery. And despite the absence of documentary evidence, this epigram will probably continue to be generally accepted as genuine simply because it is so Lincolnesque.

There are many other so-called Lincoln quotations in the same category, such as:

I don’t know who my grandfather was, and I am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be.

Teach economy, that is one of the first virtues. It begins with saving money.

I am not bound to win but I am bound to be true.

I believe a man should be proud of the city in which he lives, and that he should so live that his city will be proud that he lives in it.

If ever this free people—if this government itself is ever utterly demoralized, it will come from this incessant human wriggle and struggle for office, which is but a way to live without work.

I will get ready and study and then the chance will come.

If I ever get a chance to hit that thing [slavery] I’ll hit it hard.

These and numerous other trite sayings—including hundreds of anecdotes—are commonly attributed to Lincoln because they sound Lincolnesque. Actually they are based on mere hearsay.

The list of Lincoln “quotations” grows larger from year to year. Lincoln of all Americans is all things to all men. They will undoubtedly continue to quote—and misquote—him as long as his fame endures.

Due Notice to the AMA

NO ONE can succeed fully without the favorable opinion of the maids and matrons he meets in the sick room. The females of every family have a potent voice in selecting the family physician. I have often thought that the secret why so many truly scientific aspirants fail to get practice is that their manner and acquirements do not appeal to the female mind. . . .

—D. W. Cathell, *The Physician Himself*, Baltimore, 1882

Railroads on the Wrong Track

Herbert Askwith

ON ANY Monday night during the past year you might have tuned in on the Railroad Hour and heard the revival of a pleasant musical comedy through the generosity of the American railroads. You might even have wondered how the railroads could afford such an expensive coast-to-coast program in the face of their pleas of poverty before the Interstate Commerce Commission. But the real paradox is that at the same time that the railroads have been trying to endear themselves to the public on the air, they have been attacking the public where it hurts them most—in the pocketbook. In cost to the railroads themselves, and in greater cost to the public—amounting actually to several billions of dollars—the railroad operators' wasteful policy of ever-higher-and-higher rates reached a climax in the past year.

I cling to the optimistic belief that the pyramiding rate policy can go no further. But my optimism may be wholly unwarranted, and if that is so we may witness a disaster to our railroad system and to our general economic welfare from which it would take many years to recover.

The policy of pushing for higher and higher rates, which top railroad management has stuck to so firmly in the past four years, has reached a point where the roads' best friends have been forced to warn them that high rates have finally brought the railroads to the brink of a precipice.

As a result of the latest fare increase, put into effect by eastern railroads at the end of last November, here is the choice of vehicles and fares that now presents itself to a traveler:

New York to Chicago

train (coach)	\$35.32
plane (coach)	34.04
train (Pullman)	47.02
plane (regular)	50.72

New York to Cleveland

train (coach)	\$22.23
plane (coach)	20.47
train (Pullman)	29.49
plane (regular)	28.87

These fares include federal tax and are typical, of course, of comparative fares throughout the East (north of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers, and east of the Mississippi). But they do not tell the whole story of the edge which the railroads have now given to air travel. Even if speed of travel doesn't matter, the air route saves its passengers money on meals. And, in addition to the fare specified above, the Pullman passenger must pay for seat or berth or room. Going to Chicago from New York, for example, his trip would actually cost him from \$60 to \$70 or more by rail compared to a complete cost of \$50.72 on a first-class plane.

And that isn't all. If he flies with his wife,

Though Mr. Askwith is a public relations counsel, his interest in railroad fares and their relation to the prosperity of the industry is a personal matter and stems from his experience as a commuter to and from a New York suburb.

and picks Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, he will pay only \$76.07 for both—a saving of around \$50, more or less, usually more—against Pullman on this one trip. And instead of taking 16 to 18 hours, they will get to Chicago in 3½ to 5 hours.

But surely, you would say, railroad men must have been fully aware of this danger of turning their customers over to the airlines, when they pressed their demands for higher fares. Why did they do it? The explanation is a double one:

(1) The railroads have been so thoroughly spoiled by the ease with which they have obtained rate boosts from a sympathetic Interstate Commerce Commission that their first impulse, when they want more revenue, is to seek a rate increase.

(2) Railroad men (or most of them) actually believe that rate hikes offer an immediate cure without danger of after-effects. Or if there *are* any after-effects, they are slight and of short duration. Ostrich-like, they stick their heads into the sand of their own delusions and refuse to see what everyone else sees—that rate boosts have driven their business to other carriers.

Thus the railroads, especially in the East, have contrived with the help of the Interstate Commerce Commission to pursue a policy amazingly self-defeating—with ever increasing danger to their own best interests as well as to the public welfare. A total of twenty-five interim and final rate increases—passenger, freight, mail, and express—have been granted to the railroads during the past three and a half years. And the American public has to pay for this to the tune of four billion dollars *a year*. That is a close estimate (based on the Interstate Commerce Commission's figures) of the *extra* sum added to the American consumers' annual budget—for food, clothing, household necessities, travel, and other living costs—by this series of rate boosts.

The last fare increase—of 12½ per cent in passenger fares in the East—was the final blow which stung the public, and especially the press, into a realization of what the railroads were up to. And yet this last increase is nominally small compared to the rate boosts, especially in freight, that the railroads had amassed in the preceding three years. The public can manage, more or less, to avoid the higher cost of travel by refusing to patronize

the rails, but there is no such escape from the burden of the higher freight rates. Willy-nilly the public is paying for these higher rates in almost every dollar being paid to the grocer, the butcher, the druggist, the hardware man, and other retail dealers. In freight payments alone, the extra income to the railroads is more than three billion dollars a year.

SINCE the current procession of rate pleas began, four years ago, the Interstate Commerce Commission has granted virtually every demand that the railroads have made, regardless of the cost to business or to the general public. In twenty-two out of the twenty-five increases (counting both interim and final grants) the Interstate Commerce Commission gave the railroads exactly what they asked for, even to a decimal point. It would seem from this that the railroads were not slow to take advantage of their good fortune in finding an Interstate Commerce Commission so devoted to their interests. As each rate plea met with complete success, the railroads came back for more—in some cases before the ink on the last decision was dry. The railroads' figures, comparisons, and arguments were accepted by the Interstate Commerce Commission without any independent check-up by outside engineers or experts. Estimates of future revenues and "deficits" were accepted by the Commission as gospel.

It is this extraordinary docility of the Interstate Commerce Commission toward the railroads which accounts in great measure for the imposition of a four-billion-dollar extra burden upon the American public. During the past year we have reached the highest peak of living-costs in American history. To what extent the mounting railroad toll is responsible for driving us to this peak, is a question that ought to be answered.

It is now safe to predict that the long record of pro-railroad decisions will soon be ended. The railroads' folly in pushing so stubbornly for rate increase after rate increase is about to bring its logical, inevitable punishment. The railroads, I believe, will rue the day when they won that last 12½ per cent rise. The reaction of the public, the press, and even Wall Street, has been swift and unmistakable. If the railroads don't come to their senses soon and start lowering fares, the Interstate Commerce Commission itself

may have to take measures to save railroad revenues from further tobogganing downhill.

II

IN CONTRAST to the Eastern roads, which have wedged themselves into this tight fix by maneuvering this latest fare increase, the Western and Southern roads were perceptive enough to see how tight the corner would be, and refused to join in the demand for a higher fare. As a matter of fact, the Western and Southern roads have shown themselves well ahead of their Eastern colleagues in many vital phases of their dealings with the public. The answer, it seems, is service, not subsidy.

I had the pleasant experience recently of riding on the Southern Pacific's Shasta Daylight, the new streamliner from Portland, Oregon, to San Francisco. The Southern Pacific can pin several blue ribbons on itself for this train. It is an achievement in speed—the first train to make the run between these two cities in a single day. Furthermore, it sets a new standard for comfort and service to the traveler. Windows are larger and clearer than ever, seats more luxurious (of foam rubber), doors open at a child's gentle pressure, and three separate cars are provided for coffee-shop meals, dining, and bar. And with the exception of one solitary car for holders of "first-class" tickets, the entire train, involving an outlay of over five million dollars, is "exclusively" for coach passengers.

The coach passenger on this train, enjoying all the luxuries and comforts it provides, pays 1.67 cents per mile (not including tax), or *less than half* the rate charged for coach travel on Eastern railroads. On round-trip tickets, the Shasta Daylight passenger pays even less—1½ cents per mile. This is *one third* of the rate now charged to Pullman passengers in the East—not counting the extra charge for seat or sleeping quarters. And it would be difficult to find any essential service or comfort on the 20th Century or the Broadway Limited that is missing on the Shasta Daylight.

This is an example of train service (for Mr. and Mrs. Average Traveler) which might well be taken to heart by Eastern rail executives. But perhaps the Shasta Daylight is just an experiment—or an isolated case? Or an outright "loss leader"—like the specials featured

by drugstores to pull in the crowds? It is nothing of the sort. It's a highly profitable operation—simply another step in a carefully planned policy of giving people a lot for their money which started with the first Daylight between San Francisco and Los Angeles thirteen years ago and has paid off handsomely ever since. By April of last year the Daylights had carried 10,000,000 passengers. Instead of steadily increasing the fare, as the Eastern railroad systems have done, the Southern Pacific has twice *reduced* the fare on the California Daylights, until it is now down to 1.59 cents per mile one way, or 1.43 cents per mile round trip—an even *lower* rate than on the Shasta Daylight!

I asked Claude Peterson, vice president of the Southern Pacific, to tell me frankly if these low-fare trains have been run at a profit. Here is the answer: "Decidedly yes. They have been very popular and extremely profitable. Moreover, there is no question but that the Daylights have actually created travel business for the railroad. They have taken business away from the bus and the private automobile, and their appeal has been so strong that they have induced people to make trips which they otherwise would not have made. I have proved this not only through questionnaires distributed on these trains but by interviewing passengers myself on many trips."

Here is the Southern Pacific's creed as expressed by Peterson: "Southern Pacific has been a leader over the years in efforts to keep passenger fares as low as possible, believing that it is better to have a greater number of persons traveling by rail at low fares than a lesser number at higher fares." Better, one might add, for two good reasons—because it makes more money, and because it serves more people. The Easterners believe the two aims are incompatible. If they would change their minds, and nail the Southern Pacific motto to their mastheads (or their headlights), the evidence seems to show that they would soon reverse their present downtrend.

The Southern Pacific's philosophy of low fares, which is so contrary to the prevailing policy of the big Eastern railroads, received a striking endorsement recently from a prominent Wall Street house. In a *New York Times* advertisement, E. F. Hutton & Co. nominated Southern Pacific as its "rail stock candidate

for market leadership," as the result of a study it had just completed, which convinced the firm that "this stock merits the special attention of investors looking for good appreciation possibilities plus high income." Small comfort here for the high-fare advocates who would like to show that a low-fare policy will put a railroad in the red.

III

THE Southern Pacific is far from being a lone wolf in this demonstration of sound railroading. It has plenty of company among Western and Southern roads, who have all resisted the pressure of the Easterners to join them in making repeated demands for higher fares. They have stood pat on the 10 per cent increase given them by the Interstate Commerce Commission at war's end, believing that raise to be enough (and they have not taken full advantage even of that), while the Eastern roads have continued to demand and get a series of fare boosts which forced coach prices up more than 50 per cent—to the highest scale in the history of American railroading. With this "advantage" of higher fares, the Eastern roads should certainly have shown a corresponding superiority in financial returns. Instead, it is the Western roads that have come through with bigger profits.

Take the Union Pacific and Santa Fe systems as examples. They finished the year 1948 with larger net profits by far than any eastern road—over \$67,000,000 for the Union Pacific, and nearly \$63,000,000 for the Santa Fe. Their nearest counterpart in size and importance in the East, the Pennsylvania, ended up with \$34,400,000 in profits. As a sample of how the Santa Fe applies the low-fare policy to its coach passengers, take the famous El Capitan, an all-coach streamliner which ranks with the Shasta Daylight in luxury of appointments and services—and goes one point better in its registered-nurse attendants for women passengers. Ever hear of the Super Chief? That also is a Santa Fe train—all-Pullman, extra fare—the most glamorous and most expensive on the line. It makes the run between Los Angeles and Chicago in 39¾ hours. Can you guess what El Capitan makes it in? Precisely the same time, not a minute more! And El Capitan, which can match if

not excel any streamliner in the East in everything that a traveler looks for, costs 2.41 cents per mile one way—and a trifle over 2 cents a mile round trip, against the current charge of 3.375 cents per mile on Eastern trains.

As a convincing demonstration that the low fare pays—in the language that rail executives should be most eager to listen to, profits—the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific performance should remove all doubts as to the wisdom of the policy, and the expensive folly of the present high fares which the Eastern roads have fastened upon themselves like leeches. And leeches they will prove to be, as they gradually suck revenues from the railroads' passenger till.*

THE Western railroads might have covered themselves with additional glory if they had also resisted the demand for higher freight rates—especially in its latest phases. While the first increases undoubtedly had some justification, the later ones seemed foolhardy, since they were forced through the Interstate Commerce Commission in the face of mounting, unmistakable evidence that freight business is ebbing away from the railroads as the result of exorbitant rates. This was hotly denied, of course, by railroad lawyers and witnesses, and the losses have been explained away on all sorts of grounds. But the evidence keeps rolling in, in greater and greater volume. Trucks are picking up the business the railroads are losing, and enjoying the biggest traffic in their history, thanks to the railroads. Freight that no one has ever associated before with trucks to any marked degree—coal and steel and cement, for example—begins to appear more and more often on trucks, until long lines of trailer trucks carrying these vital commodities have become a familiar sight. Finally came the shock which few railroad men were prepared for—the report that within the preceding twelve months 7,540,446 tons of hard coal

* It is true that railroad executives lay much stress on the "higher terminal costs" and "shorter runs" in the East. But even conceding whatever weight should be given to these two factors, they are more than counterbalanced by the greater density of population and traffic in the East, which affords much richer opportunities to derive bigger returns from the same equipment and facilities.

had been shipped by truck. And they soon learned also that the total trucking volume had risen to more than one third of the entire freight carried by the railroads.

Instead of meeting this emergency by lowering rates and improving service, the railroads ran back to the Interstate Commerce Commission for another dole of higher freight rates—and succeeded in getting it, not once but several times, until by mid-year of 1949 freight rates had been swollen to 157 per cent of what they had been three years before. And there they stand now, while weekly reports of diminishing carloadings continue to bear witness to the seemingly unstoppable determination of the railroads to “price themselves out of the market.”

It is not too late to win back the enviable position the railroads once held in the transportation picture. It will cost vastly more in money and time and ingenuity than it would have if they had not committed the follies of the past few years—especially the follies of 1949.

But the recovery job must be done—and “t’were well it were done quickly.” For the railroads are too vital to the economy and growth of our country to be permitted to take a back seat, even though the blame for their present misfortune rests squarely upon railroad management itself.

If the Eastern rail executives find themselves too “set” to adopt the policies of the Western roads, the best prescription I could give them, though an unlikely one, would be to appoint a traffic czar—like Claude Peterson, for example, of the Southern Pacific, who would be ideal for the job—to take over and run their passenger traffic without interference from any source. Such a man might put the Eastern roads back on the right track, and eventually produce bigger profits for them than they have ever enjoyed before.

In this business of running a railroad, a policy of making the public happy with low rates and high-grade service might well prove to be a policy of “enlightened selfishness”—which would win out in Wall Street as well as on Main Street. Probably the coldest shower the executives have had in years hit them on the day after the recent 12½ per cent fare increase, when they woke up to read in the New York financial columns that Wall Street was glum instead of glad over their

higher fare “victory.” For Wall Street knew that higher fares could only mean more empty seats on trains—and more red figures on the balance sheet.

IV

IF THE whole truth were known, it would probably be revealed that a number of the Eastern executives were high-pressured into going along with their confreres, in these higher-fare tactics, against their own better judgment. Some railroad managements have shown a real desire to better their financial standing by economies and greater efficiency instead of sitting back and expecting higher fares to work a miracle. This has been shown especially in the gradual change-over to diesel power, which the Western roads had started long before. The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe began years ago to replace steam locomotives with diesels, and as a result are now enjoying savings of \$36,000,000 (Southern Pacific) and \$29,000,000 (Santa Fe) in operating costs *annually*. As the Eastern roads swing into line, they will eventually be able to make similar boasts.

By accelerating this dieselization program, and completing other economies which the forty-hour week has forced them to devise, the railroads are in a fair way to achieve tremendous savings. And savings are as good as higher revenues. They are certainly better than higher fares that turn business away. One of the grave charges to be laid at the door of the Interstate Commerce Commission is that by constantly giving in to the railroads’ demands, it removed any incentive for the railroads to study other ways of meeting their financial needs. When the new forty-hour week threatened to put the railroads in a real hole, and the prospect of getting another rate rise from the ICC looked black, the railroad managements used their inventiveness and came up with real answers. As a result, many of the railroads have licked the forty-hour bugaboo at a much lower cost than had ever been anticipated.*

* The New Haven, for example, as stated to me by President Whittemore, cut its expected extra cost exactly in half—a saving of \$3,600,000 annually. And the Illinois Central is reported to have whittled down its first estimate of 14 million dollars annual cost to half a million, after effecting drastic economies.

If they had been put on their mettle a long time ago, by a turndown of their rate appeals by the ICC, the chances are that they would have tapped their ingenuity to meet the problem in ways that would not have driven away passenger and freight business. And their competitive position would have been infinitely better today.

To turn the tide their way again, the railroads must now outdo themselves to give better service—at lowered rates—than they have ever given before. In freight this involves more speed, fewer delays, less red tape, more door-to-door service, more catering to the shipper—in ways which we need not itemize here. In passenger service there are many ways in which the railroads can attract more business. Some railroads are already using some of these methods. Here are a few of them:

(1) Make train travel more attractive—cleaner, more comfortable. See that cars are cleaned not only before a trip but repeatedly along the way. Make sure that the air-conditioning works; if windows are not air-conditioned, make sure that they are easy to open. Restrict smoking to smoking cars. Provide decent comfort facilities.

(2) Provide nurses for women and children on all long-ride trains. The extra cost is a pittance, and will bring handsome returns.

(3) Provide reasonably-priced meals and low-cost snacks either in the dining car or on trays served *in any car*.

(4) Lower the fares so as to undersell air coach transportation substantially. Offer especially low rates on trains now running with many vacant seats. Offer bargain rates for families on certain days—especially for round trips and at certain hours. Offer

“package tours,” including hotels, sightseeing, meals, at special low rates.

(5) Change present old-style berth Pullmans into “Coach Pullmans,” and sell berths at low rates on coach tickets (no extra transportation charge). Offer uppers at half of the rate for lowers. Wouldn't this be better than “retiring” (scrapping) these Pullmans? Besides, the coach rate is now actually higher than the Pullman rate of a few years back.

(6) Make it easy, extremely easy, to buy tickets—in person, by phone, by mail, by check. Establish branch ticket offices at low overhead in banks and department stores. Pay commissions to travel agents on all rail tickets (agents push the airlines because they get commissions on plane tickets). All this will reduce those long waits at station windows which discourage rail travel.

(7) Use television, movie shorts, window displays, and display booths in railroad stations to demonstrate and dramatize the advantages and comforts of train travel, including the various types of sleeping accommodations, etc.

Train travel has certain definite advantages over other forms of transportation for a great many people. A train ride offers a chance to be completely at ease, to relax, to enjoy a good book, to see more of the passing scene—also more assurance of getting there regardless of the weather.

The railroads must wake up to the fact that they will have to merchandise their product. If they prefer “free enterprise” to government control, they must accept the obligation that goes with it in a free market. They must fight for business on a competitive basis, by offering superior service at attractive rates.

Measures for Song and Dance

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

Eve gave Adam the apple;
Adam took the whole apple,
Gave Eve one bite of the apple,
And ate the rest with Lilith.

Eve, burdened with numerous household cares,
 Abel at her breast, Cain at her knee,
 Found Adam and Lilith gorged to the ears,
 Asleep in the shade of the plundered tree.

Eve cried out upon Adam,
 She seized the scruff of Adam,
 Asked "Where's my apple, Adam?"
 And Adam looked at Lilith.

Lilith yawned deeply and braided her hair:
 "O, for some men of my own," said she,
 "O, for an effective leaf to wear,
 And novel fruit from a different tree!"

Eve then flew at Lilith,
 She tore the braids of Lilith,
 She smacked the hapless Lilith,
 And Lilith screamed for Adam.

But Adam was taken with dreadful throes;
 Holding his midriff, "Lilith!" he cried,
 "You stole Eve's apples, but never suppose
 That I can be tempted away from her side!"

The Lord gave one look at His garden,
 Threw the three of them out of His garden,
 Gave them a briar-patch for their garden,
 And asked: "Where's that Serpent?"

In the midst of the briar-patch stood a tree
 With nubbly apples of bitter flavor,
 "Now this is strictly for you and me,"
 Eve told Adam, "forever and ever."

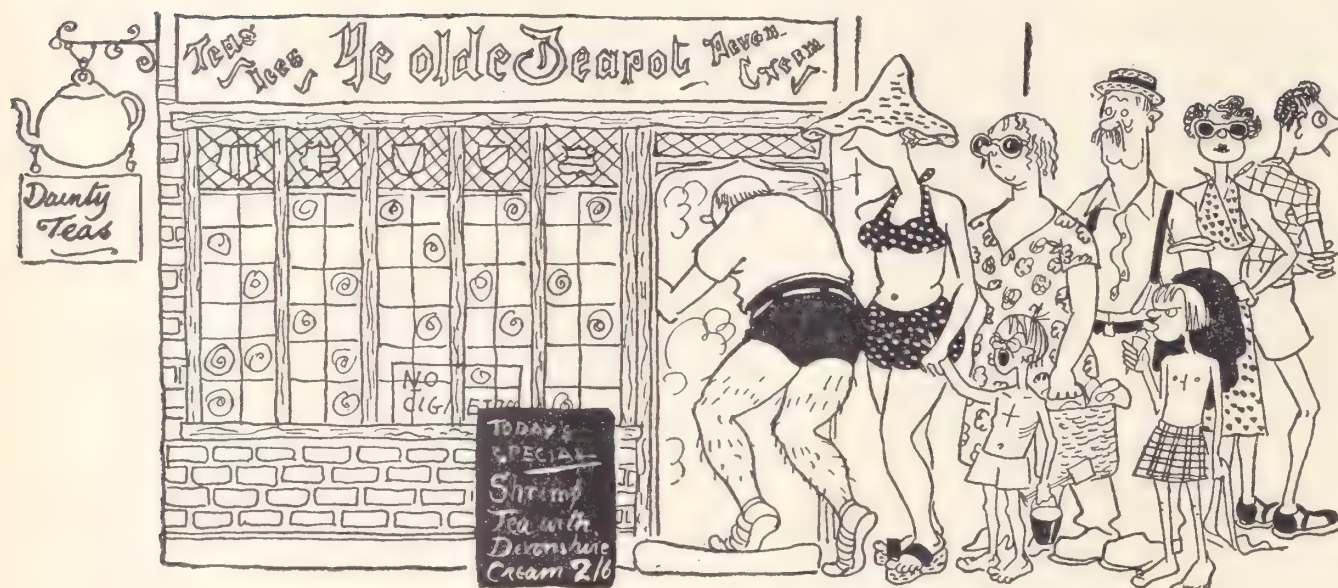
Lilith cast her eyes on the young Cain,
 Motioned hitherward the young Cain,
 Said, "He's a likely lad, this young Cain,
 And he'll find me apples."

Adam spoke to Eve: "Let's be reasonable, dear,
 As an example to Cain and to Abel;
 We'll have a few apples twice a year
 As a special treat at the family table."

Eve frowned at Adam and Adam leered at Lilith,
 Lilith smiled at Cain and Cain gazed at the tree:
 His mouth watered and his eyes yearned, his stomach trembled:
 "I like apples, too," said he.

Tourist in England

Drawings by Osbert Lancaster



AMERICAN tourists who visit England in the summer should be prepared for the fact that they will not be the only vacationers on the scene. If they choose (as they should) to spend a few days along the spectacular and picturesque coasts of Devon and Cornwall, they will find that part of the picturesqueness comes from the hordes of English city-dwellers in their quaint native costumes who habitually flock to these regions for their holidays. And an added zest is given to the vagaries of the British diet by the smattering of summer visitors from the Continent who may be seen in the dining rooms of hotels throughout the country, puzzling over the typical British menu (bubble-and-squeak, toad-in-the-hole, gammon-and-spinach, roll mop, jugged hare, and trifle).



Most tourists, and many Englishmen, visit London's Soho primarily to eat. It is true that its Greek, French, Italian, and Chinese restaurants are worth a gourmet's notice. But Soho also has Atmosphere: curious foreign bookshops, clothing stores featuring "West End Misfits," the studios of the movie companies, mysterious pubs on odd corners, mysterious characters, and a general air of belonging in the middle of a detective story. For contrast, both architectural and human, go from Soho to fashionable Westminster, to St. James Square (see bottom of next page).



ABOVE: The Law and the Prophets. No trip to England is complete without a glimpse of its barristers. One of the best habitats in which to study them is London's Temple. Assorted dons in shabby caps and gowns are still the symbol of Oxford, an inevitable port of call for the tourist.





FROM Chaucer's day to the present, Canterbury Cathedral has been the mecca of the English, and visiting, pilgrim. Happily spared from the bombs that leveled much of the little town around it, it remains one of England's most impressive and inspiring landmarks. A visit to it will also take you through the gardens of Kent.

B RITAIN is a conveniently small island, and there is no excuse for not seeing as much of it as possible while you are there. English trippers, like those at the right, cover astonishing amounts of space on foot (at least once a year someone manages to walk from Land's End to John o' Groats, that is, from the southernmost point of England to the northernmost extremity of Scotland), and bicycles are regarded as quite logical vehicles for distances of almost any length and riders of almost any age. (You can also, of course, rent a car at small cost.) Choose your own method of transportation (although it would be a shame to miss completely the experience of an English train) and go where you will. Just remember that no place is more than a few hours away.



Full Circle

A Story by Bentz Plagemann

JIM and Lois Andrews and their twelve-year-old son, Jimmy, were sitting in their living room after dinner when they heard the crash on the road in front of their house. It was such an overwhelming noise that at first Jim didn't know what it was. But little Jimmy seemed to know at once. "An accident," he said, and rushed toward the front door.

Lois, with the impulse of a mother, that complex reaction composed of many things all realized at once, as if a darkened landscape were illumined by a flash of lightning, called to him to stop. Jim knew afterward that it was not fear for Jimmy's safety alone that made her call, but fear of what he might see there. But he was gone. Jim followed his son.

It was a night of early spring, unseasonably warm, and as he crossed the veranda and vaulted the low rail he could hear in the terrible silence that followed the crash the sound of the peepers in the marsh across the road. He ran over the lawn under the dark shadow of the maples and pushed his way through the hedge. The car was there on the other side of the road. It had sheared three fence posts and broken a telephone pole at its base which still hung, however, by its wires. The car, an old sedan, was tilted crazily to one side, supported by the front door which had apparently sprung open. Under the door was the body of a man.

Two cars had pulled up behind the wreck and their drivers hurried forward. Together they were able to raise the car to an upright

position. Dust still hung in the air, which seemed to echo with a clamor they could almost hear. The man groaned and Jim was astonished. If he lived it was a miracle; the door had seemed to bisect him where he lay.

"I'll telephone," said Lois, who had followed behind, and she turned and ran back to the house.

"You go with her, Jimmy," Jim said.

Jimmy did not move. He stared at the man in the road with wide, blank, fascinated eyes. Jim went to him and shook him by the shoulder, roughly. "Go with your mother," he said. Jimmy turned away reluctantly and went toward the house.

There was no blood on the road, no exterior sign of injury. Jim stooped and loosened the man's clothing and looked for hemorrhage. The man still breathed heavily, each breath ending in a groan, but still Jim could see nothing requiring immediate first aid. He had learned about that in the war, and he turned to the circle of people who had now silently gathered in the road and said quietly, "We'd better not touch him until a doctor comes."

Lois ran back. "I called the police," she said breathlessly. "An ambulance is on the way." She had snatched up a blanket as she came, the plaid carriage robe which lay folded on the end of the sofa, and she covered the man with this. It was amazing, Jim thought, with some private part of his mind that still seemed to function normally, how all of them remembered the lessons of the war. They all stood and waited.

"He was doing seventy when he passed me," one of the men in the group said.

"He must have lost control."

"Who is he?"

"Is he dead?"

Lois knelt by the man, shielding his face with a corner of the robe, and Jim knew that she must know how futile this was, but he was grateful to her for appearing so competent and composed. A thin stream of mucus and blood trickled from the man's mouth and nostrils, and Jimmy stood there again, beside his mother, his hands in his pockets, his face expressionless and cold, his eyes fixed on the groaning man. Jim repressed a sudden impulse to go to his son and thrash him, shake him by the shoulders, force emotion of some kind into his small, set face. Jimmy is beginning adolescence, they said. It is difficult to understand your child in adolescence. Jim dutifully reminded himself of this and restrained himself. He had taken to reminding and restraining himself a great deal lately, at what seemed the alien behavior of his son.

"Oh, why don't they hurry!" a woman in the crowd said, and as she spoke another figure joined them, a man who stepped out of the shadows of the road.

Jim recognized the Reverend Mr. Campbell from the village church. He had never met him but he had seen him once or twice at the post office. The Reverend Mr. Campbell wore a clerical collar and that expression of careful repose which Jim imagined all ministers must practice before a mirror. But now he was surprised at the feeling of relief which came to him with the appearance of the minister.

The Reverend Mr. Campbell looked at the man in the road and at the group about him. "If there is no doctor here," he said, "and nothing we can do as men, then we must pray."

The men in the group who wore hats removed them, self-consciously, and the Reverend Mr. Campbell folded his hands and inclined his head.

"The Lord is my shepherd," he began. "I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death . . ."

(There was a siren now, distant but growing clearer, its wail rising and falling on the night air.)

"I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest . . ."

The doctor, the nurse, the attendant who jumped from the ambulance almost before it had stopped brought a note of brisk efficiency and the consolation of action to the scene. They flung open the rear door of the ambulance and brought out a stretcher, but when they had gently turned the man in the road, to raise him to the stretcher, he exhaled on a last rattling sigh and was dead.

BACK in the house they stood uncertainly in the hall at the foot of the stairs. Lois ran her hand absently over the folded robe across her arm and Jim lighted a cigarette.

"Who was that man?" Jimmy asked. His hands were still in his pockets, his face still wore its clear, untroubled look. When Jim met his eyes he tried to withhold himself; he tried not to read into that expressionless glance the things that troubled and frightened him.

"I don't know," he said. "I hope he didn't have a family."

"Oh, not that man," Jimmy said. "I mean the man who stood in the road and said such funny things."

Jim and Lois looked at each other quickly above his head and in Lois's eyes Jim saw caution, a plea not to say anything.

"We'll go up to bed now," Lois said in her mother's voice, the voice that said all was well, mother will take care of everything, the family is together, the family is safe. And hearing it Jim pushed down the thought that her reassurance was unnecessary, a sop to their own feelings and reactions, an adult annoyance to be endured by their cold, strong son.

"He was almost cut in half," Jimmy was saying clearly, going up the stairs. "The door was right on top of him."

"Yes, dear," Lois said. "Don't talk about it, dear. I'll read to you from the Russian story book so you can go to sleep."

Jim turned into the living room. He got the whiskey bottle from the cabinet, and he went into the kitchen for a glass and some ice. He poured himself a stiff drink and sat down

beside the fireplace in which the log had burned away. It was ridiculous to feel so vulnerable and shaken. The accident was a terrible thing, surely, but the tragedy was the tragedy of the man in the road and his family. He, Jim Andrews, must not relate it to his own concern. It was a kind of neurosis, wasn't it, if all external thought and action related back to one's own private Gethsemane? The world was increasingly a place of disorder and violence, and he must find a place for them to live in it, and a way to bring up his son, but it seemed to him they had been approaching that place since they moved, and he must sit there now and think about that. He must resolve and bring into proper perspective this incident which had opened up his negative reflections, like a wound that had not quite healed.

IT WAS almost three years after the war was over before Jim Andrews began to talk seriously about leaving New York City. "I thought it would settle down," he said. "I thought some of the people would go back to where they came from. But they don't. It's getting to be impossible to live here. Even the taxi drivers are going to psychiatrists."

"Yes, dear," Lois said. "You want to go to the country, I want to go to the country, and even Jimmy thinks he wants to go to the country. You don't have to sell it to us."

The Andrews' friends, the other editors from publishing houses, the writers of fiction, the writers of non-fiction who wrote about the state of the world, and what would happen when the atom bombs fell, were not surprised by this sort of talk. It is possible, since most of them were rather better at talking than listening, that they did not even hear it.

Almost everyone in New York talked about moving to the country. It was a staple of conversation at cocktail parties; but in moving to the country there was a pattern to be followed. When you raised enough money you bought a house in Connecticut beyond the commuting range, or on the far reaches of Long Island, and you went there weekends in the summer, or sent your family there if you had one. No one they knew commuted daily. If you commuted that meant you lived in a suburb, a fate worse than death. In the suburbs they had things like garden clubs and churches, and they still played bridge, like

colonists not quite aware of the changes taking place in the central civilization.

It would have astonished these articulate people, the friends of the Andrews, if they had known the Andrews meant business. That they meant to move away to live, giving up their apartment. This decision had come slowly even to them. Jim had begun by saying that things didn't seem to "add up." "It's pressure all the time and I'm damned if I see where it's taking us." There were a few signposts, however, of this direction, and Jim thought about them often, in the back of his mind.

Little Jimmy, for instance. How was he growing up? They sent him to a private school in mid-town, not because they were against public schools, as they said, and their friends who had children said. It was just that the public schools weren't any good. You heard stories about not enough textbooks to go around, and the buildings were poisonous and old, and your children were thrown into all sorts of things that you couldn't cope with.

The influences were subtle and difficult to discuss because if you voiced them you might be accused of snobbery or intolerance. They wanted Jimmy to go to college and few of the students at public schools in mid-town Manhattan went on to college. Their thoughts were geared differently; they matured more quickly, like the central Europeans who were their parents; they took up with girls at an early age; they formed gangs and got into trouble with the police. No, the public school was out.

At the vaguely progressive private school where Jimmy went instead he met the sons of their friends, and sometimes you could almost persuade yourself that your family and their families formed a community within New York similar to the one in which you had grown up. You called on each other, and maybe you put your boy into the Grays, or sent him to dancing class, and the girls went on the Cotillion list, and if you didn't think about it very closely you could think that all of it was fine.

But sometimes at night Jim Andrews wondered about this. This community within a city was a narrow world and some of the influences you were exposed to there were almost as subtly wrong as the influences you

would have had to deal with in a public school. For instance in the town where Lois and Jim had grown up they knew the "right people" certainly, but they also knew many good people who were not in this classification. Jim's best friend, as a boy, had been the grocer's son, who later won a scholarship to the same college Jim had attended. And the best player on the high school football team, a friendly, popular boy known as "Spud," had been the son of a day laborer. Jim, senior, he decided, had grown up in the nearest thing to a classless society that possibly the world could produce, but his son was growing up in a world quite different, where boys had dinner jackets at fourteen, and went to theater parties, and often came in from play in the late afternoon to find their parents and their parents' friends all slightly drunk around the cocktail table.

While they were still as young as Jimmy the children lived a kind of subterranean existence in a world whose boundaries were defined by apartment house superintendents and park attendants. Once Jim had discovered that Jimmy and his friends had found a way to enter a deserted brownstone house, by crossing from the roof terrace of one of their homes and going down the broken skylight. Two of the boys had air rifles and they shot at rats in the old house. The thought of this, the deserted rooms, the hazards of a crumbling house, the rats and the dust, made Jim shudder with revulsion, but he had no sooner put a stop to these forays by getting the city to board the house up more completely than he learned that all of the boys were gathering in the basement of another apartment to play "murder" and "doctor" with the little neighbor girls.

Jim reminded himself that he had gone harmlessly through the sex experiment stage, and certainly Jimmy was with the "right people" while doing this—the apartment house was one of the most expensive and "restricted" in the neighborhood, and two of the little girls involved lived there—but there was something wrong about it. Something that contrasted jarringly in his mind between the picture of the dark basement (and the smirking superintendent who told him what went on there) and the memory of the clean-smelling hayloft behind the Brown's house where he and his childhood friends had tickled the

giggling little girls they knew. No, Jimmy's life was as wrong in its way as theirs was, or had become.

"I never thought I'd hear myself saying I wanted to leave New York," Jim said to Lois. "We came here by a long road, and I've enjoyed it, but now it's driving me crazy. I must be getting old. I find myself asking questions about what kind of life I want, or what I want from life, or where it's taking me."

"What *do* you want from life?" Lois asked gravely. When she said this and Jim looked at her he remembered the girl she had been and the passion which had drawn them together, passion which had mellowed but sustained itself.

"I don't know," Jim said. "It is a crazy world, but sometimes I think it ought to make some sense. Maybe it is falling apart at the seams."

"When you figure it out," Lois said lightly, touching his face, "tell me about it. I depend on you for that."

BUT in the evening when he came home from the office, that blessed time of day with the sun's glory touching the end of each west street and softening all contours, the lamps would be lighted in the apartment, reflecting on the glass and silver array of cocktail things on the coffee table, and then, indeed, it was home and a graceful and charming place. This was what the visiting writers and their other friends in the publishing world saw. Lois had accomplished her everyday miracle (she had Thelma only three afternoons a week), and dinner would be on its way, and if there were more than six to sit down at table the silver and china would be set out buffet style on the table in the foyer, with the large wooden salad bowl, and some kind of casserole brewing. They would have cocktails and the telephone would begin to ring again, and every night, no matter what they planned, there would be some minor emergency. An editor's working day ends only with bed (unmarried editors sometimes not even there), and perhaps the writer asked to dinner would bring a friend, or forget to bring his wife, or call to say that he would be late. Editors were rather like the poles around which a form of life gravitated; they were supposed to be intelligent and calm and con-

sistently good-humored; they were there to be visited and to listen.

Fiction writers talked of themselves, and non-fiction writers talked of themselves and the world. All the familiar names and keys and references would be trotted out and banded about, taken up or dismissed. Kafka and Kierkegaard, Sartre and Tennessee Williams, Gide and Proust; or Toynbee and Einstein, Freud and Adler, Laski and Marx. If the writers were young and clever there would be wicked and witty talk about Capote and Vidal and McCullers and John Horne Burns. Everyone knew everything. Period. Sometimes that depressed Jim Andrews more than anything else about his life. Everyone was so knowing and articulate. Once, in a kind of reflex, he looked up the latter word in the Collegiate Fifth and it said: "1) Jointed; segmented." That amused him, for no apparent reason. All the people they knew were jointed and segmented; they fitted together into some kind of vast, neat, crazy pattern which appeared to mean nothing at all, except possibly that nothing meant anything at all. When you knew everything existence became pointless. If you knew all about the myth of God and the science of the id and atomic energy and communism versus Catholicism and the fallacy of democracy and the future of civilization there was hardly anything left to live for. And all of these people, of course, all of these bright, witty, charming, attractive people were desperately unhappy in some way or other. Each had his rock and chain, each his own private eagle tearing at his vitals. They talked entertainingly of their analysts and of all the secrets of their disordered lives. The room would be full of their laughter and despair.

So the evening would go on. There might be more people than had been invited, but rarely fewer, and always some last-minute shifting in the time of dinner or the number of forks and plates put out, and sometimes Jim or little Jimmy would be sent on a quick errand to the corner delicatessen for a tin or glass of something to augment the menu. Jimmy himself would be alone during most of this. If he brought a friend home with him from school the friend would have to return to his own home and dinner before the cocktails were finished. Jimmy might make a brief, shy appearance at the doorway and be greeted effusively by alcohol-stimu-

lated people who had no children of their own, but then he would retreat to his own room (How lucky he is to have a room of his own! And how lucky for you when you entertain!) and there he would listen to murder mysteries on the radio or read comic books until it was time for bed.

"At least," Jim would say, "we do always manage that. We do get to bed." Lois would murmur something sleepily, exhausted by the efforts of the evening, and fall quickly asleep, her saving virtue. But Jim would lie awake, his nerves overstimulated, his spirits depressed. Writers always hated to go home; they didn't have to get up in the morning. Jim knew he must sleep. The city streets were filled with night sounds, the scream of sirens or ambulances or fire trucks, the rumble of street-cleaning equipment. There would be occasional drunken shouts from below, and across the courtyard a baby would cry fretfully, or there would be the sound of laughter and music from a party still going on somewhere. He slept after a while, however, in the grimy, still air, and soon it would be morning, with all of it to do over again. And where was it getting them? Where did it lead?

The trouble was Jim Andrews really liked his job. He wouldn't want to do anything else. "But in the old days," he said to his wife, "writers seemed to live somewhere else. They weren't all crowded into New York. If they had an idea they couldn't call you on the telephone or come to see you, they had to sit down and write it to you and I think that helped develop the idea and saved time in the end. At least it saved my nerves and let me have some life of my own."

"Well," Lois said, "if the writers have left the country for New York, maybe we'll have to go to the country to get away from them."

THEY made the usual circuit in their early search for a house, driving out on Sunday or Saturday afternoon to nearby Connecticut, Long Island, New York state. "There must be some place Helen Hokinson doesn't know about," Lois said. And finally in New Jersey, quite unexpectedly, they found what they were looking for, just as if it had been waiting for them. An old house, a kind of combination Dutch and Greek revival, with an arched barnlike roof and classi-

cal doorways and lintels, in a little town called Starling.

"You might have found the town and then looked for a house," Lois said, because the town seemed so perfect, a small but complete unit, with a school, church, general store and post office combined.

It seemed almost ridiculously easy. The house was fairly sound and unoccupied only because of an estate settlement; after some minor alterations and repairs they were able to move in in early spring. (It was only afterward that things began to catch up with them, the fact that they had moved to Starling without knowing who any of their neighbors were, the change of pace from city living to country living.)

But after his first day at school, Jimmy came home with the news that "Howler" Jackson was in his class; they had started to school together.

Lois went to the telephone at once and asked for their number.

"Dears!" Sally Jackson said. "Why didn't you let us know you were moving here?"

"But I never put the whole thing together," Lois said. "I don't suppose I really knew this was where you lived."

"Why, you're surrounded by old friends," Sally said. "The Claibornes are here, and Tony March, and Catherine and Buck Thompson, and Carl Ruppert."

"Oh my God," Lois said.

"We call it the house of exile," Sally went on. "It's the retreat from the city."

When Jim came home from the office that evening Lois told him about it. "I said we'd go for cocktails," she explained, a little doubtfully. "At least we can take Jimmy along. They can play outside. That's one advantage of the country."

The living room at the Jacksons was filled with people when they got there. They sat on the chintz-covered sofa by the shelves filled with books; they stood in front of the fireplace; they overflowed into the kitchen. Paul Jackson went around with the cocktail shaker, beaming and hearty. Everything seemed the same, the same faces, voices, inflections, and topics of conversation. There was a magazine editor among the guests, a public relations man, a young, unpublished writer talking about the atom bomb. "I think you are outside of the danger area," he was saying, "al-

though the actual radius of activity has not yet been determined. And, of course, the bomb is being improved all the time, and there will be other things. Biological warfare and that sort of business."

Jim went over with his drink and joined the group around Tony March, whose last book of poems was being spoken of as the probable Pulitzer Prize winner. "I've lived here three years," March was saying, "and sometimes I think it was a misguided idea. A newcomer is always a stranger here, even after a lifetime. It takes two or three generations to belong."

"But why do you want to belong?" someone asked.

"I'm old and I'm tired," March said. "I began to be frightened of the isolation I had tried so hard to create for myself when I was younger. After my analysis was over with last year, you know, I couldn't even write. I was free, but I might as well have been dead. I thought I ought to get back to fundamental things."

"You did write again," the same man, whom Jim did not know, said.

"Oh, yes," March said. "I found my isolation again. I found it, oddly enough, in the church here in the village."

"What do you mean?"

"It was while I was trying to belong," March said. "I thought if I went to church I might be accepted as a part of the community. There's a man named Campbell there, an unctuous sort of man, good but unimaginative. What I call a red-letter version of a minister. Knows all the words of Christ without any relation to their application. When I discovered myself looking at him like that, and at the other people around me in the pews, I knew I never could be a part of them. You can't go home again, as Tom Wolfe said. I began to compose my last poetry, right there in the pew."

Jim looked down into his glass which Paul had just refilled on his circuit of the room. He was tired and the drink had affected him quickly, so that he felt detached and alone. He began to think of the church of his childhood, which he hadn't thought about in years. It had been a simple structure, of white frame, with the square base for a steeple which had never been built. When he had been old enough to leave Sunday School and attend

service he had sat there between his mother and father on the flat tufted cushion in the odor of piety, which had seemed composed of the smell of varnish and the scent of faded flowers.

It was a sound church with no nonsense about it, as his father said, and Dr. Robinson, their own Reverend Mr. Campbell, had been a sensible man who knew about investments and mortgages as well as the red-letter words of Jesus. He had bored Jim almost to madness and while sitting there, unable to follow the meaningless words, he had entertained himself by looking at the small, stained-glass trinity window behind Dr. Robinson, which shed its violet light on his carefully combed, thin hair. There was a representation of a small boy's head surrounded by an aureole pressed into the colored glass; Jim never knew whether it was meant to be Jesus or one of his angels. But he had finally decided that it was Jesus himself, and that Dr. Robinson kept him imprisoned behind the glass. He was keeping Jesus out because he was not welcome there. There was no room for the whole disordered violence and beauty and meaning of Jesus' life in that neat little church with its white pews and carefully stained floor, where the trustees met solemnly to decide whether or not they should put rubber mats on the front steps. That was the church Jim had gone away from and his going away had been a symbol. It had meant a departure from the faith and the values of his father's world.

Lois broke into Jim's reverie by coming to him with a troubled face to say that Jimmy was in trouble. He and Howler had been playing ball outside and they had broken a window in a car belonging to one of the guests. Jim located the owner; it was the public relations man, a Mr. Fiske. Mr. Fiske laughed and said not to worry, boys would be boys. He clapped the two of them on the shoulder and drew them together and said that he had broken windows in his time and they should forget it. "It wasn't *my* fault," Jimmy said, looking down at the ground.

Jim could feel his temper rising and he cautioned himself to take it easy. "It isn't a question of fault, Jimmy," he said. "It was an accident. You tell Mr. Fiske you'll save the money and pay me, and I'll pay him now."

"Howler threw the ball," Jimmy said. "It wasn't my fault."

"Don't say that again," Jim said sharply.

"Forget it, forget it," Fiske was saying. "I wouldn't know how much it cost, anyway."

"Send me a bill," Jim said. "Send it to the Jacksons and I'll pick it up."

"Forget it," Fiske said again. "Let's go in and have a drink."

Jim heard Jimmy mutter something as he turned away, and he grasped his shoulder and whirled him about. "What did you say?" he demanded.

"Nothing," Jimmy said.

"It sounded to me as if you said something about somebody being tight."

"Well, he is tight," Jimmy said.

Mr. Fiske walked away, and Jim took his son by the arm and marched him to the car. Then he went in and got Lois.

On the way home he did lose his temper. "It seems to me you don't respect grownups," he said. "It seems to me that you think all big people are stupid."

Jimmy said nothing. When they got home he sent him upstairs and Lois took his supper to him up there. Jim didn't spank him. It seems you didn't spank boys these days. It was a part of that world of his father's which he had left; he had never spanked Jimmy but once. And there was a worm of doubt eating away at his conviction. Fiske had been a little tight, and so was he. All of them were usually a little tight when their children saw them in the evening. Jim thought of all those evenings; Jimmy alone in his room in the apartment with a lot of chattering, tipsy people in the next, and the lonely years before, while he was away. You couldn't spank a boy for all those things. There ought to be some other way.

"I suppose we ought to pass up invitations for a while," he said to Lois when she came downstairs. "Let's get ourselves settled here first. Let's make a family."

"Yes, dear," Lois said. She came to him and kissed him, pressing herself against the ache and bewilderment in his chest.

AT NIGHT the old house creaked and groaned, and sometimes it seemed to Jim to sigh, in an almost human way. He had thought to sleep better in the country, but at first he found it even more difficult.

At night he was aware that the house did not belong to them, even though they owned it; like the townspeople, it did not accept them. The house belonged to those who had lived there and died there before they came. There had been children born in this house who grew up to beget other children, and then went on to old age and death. And possibly the house was tired. It had wearied of the passage of life within its walls, and now in its sighs it seemed to be warning them of the transitory nature of life.

But the house reminded Jim also of something else, of his responsibility as its head. In a city apartment it was easy to forget fundamental things; the superintendent cared for the furnace, the hot water, the functioning of the plumbing; while the owner of the building was responsible for its upkeep and repair. In an apartment you were insulated from these details in a way that was quite civilized; your mind was free for other concerns. Now the small sounds of the house at night disturbed Jim and kept him awake. If he thought about them he could trace most of them to their source, but half asleep they mingled with fantasy and started him awake with alarm. That scraping sound in the eaves was undoubtedly the maple tree at the corner of the house, and the sound of running water, which wakened him with the idea that it was flowing between the walls, or was the seepage of his own heart, was probably the tank of the water closet refilling itself. Often a board cracked sharply somewhere, an old plank or rafter settling, but it would sound like a cautious step on a loose stair, and Jim would find himself straining his eyes in the darkness toward the door.

In the country they were down to fundamentals, and Jim often recognized these ridiculous concerns for what they were, a covering for more serious problems, which the new simplicity of their life revealed to him. Jimmy was so much in his mind, "the problem of Jimmy," as he had begun to call it, and now he knew that what had merely seemed the unsatisfactory conditions of Jimmy's life were only surface difficulties. There were many things far more seriously wrong, just as possibly there were in his own life.

Everything had been fine when Jim first came home from the Army. It had been like a

holiday. "F" Day, as Lois called it. Father Day. Everything was fun. They went out to the movies together and had sodas afterward, and even sitting down to dinner or breakfast had seemed like a special treat.

Jim had been away almost five years and in those five years there had been moments when he thought he might never see Jimmy again. In between those moments he built up an image of his son, compounded of a love made more fiercely possessive by the thought of loss, and of the natural desire that his son should be many things which he had not been. Sometimes there were snapshots from Lois, and in her letters she tried to keep him informed of Jimmy's development; all of these things went into the image. It was a shock to discover on his arrival home that his son was really quite different; an individual, a person in his own right. It made Jim awkward with him at first, too bluff, or too hearty, or too sentimental. He was filled with such love and wonder for this son of his that his hands ached to help him, yet the knowledge of his own failures and shortcomings stood between them and made his efforts seem blundering.

"Maybe I didn't do as well as I might have done," Lois said, "but I tried awfully hard. It isn't easy to be a father and a mother together."

Jim laughed at her serious expression. "I think you've done fine," he said. "I just need a refresher course in how to be a father."

Jim's first efforts at discipline brought him up against a blank wall. If Jimmy was told to be home at five in the afternoon and he came in at half past he would merely remark cheerfully that he had forgotten. If Jim sent him to his room he would go in calmly and pick up a comic book and sit down on the bed, and if Jim would take the comic book away and explain that he was there because he had merited discipline, Jimmy would look at him blankly. There seemed to be no anger or resentment in the look, or in his attitude. There seemed nothing but indifference. He would regard Jim with wide, clear, cold eyes; his hands in his pockets. He seemed to be saying that all adults were strange and inexplicable and rather absurd. They had to be humored, but real life was somewhere else. Jim suspected that his son did not respect him at all; that there was no one in the world whom he respected.

Was this normal in a twelve-year-old boy? Jim was plagued by that thought; perhaps he was being unfair to his son, resenting normal behavior. He went to several books of popular child psychology, but they did not seem to help him; their evidence always seemed too particular. And Jimmy appeared to be such a normal boy. He was active and good at street ball, he had many friends who called at the house, and he laughed a good deal and, in fact, seemed to be a kind of leader among them. But once, coming home from the office, Jim had found a group of them taunting one of their classmates, a shy boy with glasses, and Jimmy had been the loudest, the instigator, the shouter of the cruelest insults.

Jim had lost his temper. He took Jimmy upstairs and whipped him in his room and left him there with the door shut. Jimmy had not even whimpered. He merely looked at his father coldly when it was over, even though the palm of Jim's hand stung from the effort, and then he walked to his window and stood there with his hands in his pockets, his feet apart, his back to his father.

"Why did you do it?" Jim asked. "Didn't you know you were hurting him?"

"We always do it," Jimmy said. "It's fun."

It hadn't been a pleasant evening. They had guests, an English publisher and his wife, and they had to wait until the evening was over to talk. Jimmy was asleep then and Lois had cried. "You're right," she had said. "We ought to move away."

JIMMY had adapted himself well to the country. He fell right in with Howler and his friends, but he was the same boy, the same Jimmy. His real life was somewhere else, somewhere Jim did not know about and could not learn about. "Where have you been?" Jim might ask, and his son would say, "Oh, around." And if he asked what they had been doing, Jimmy would say, "Nothing." He seemed to possess no words to express his world to his father; there was nothing in his voice but surprise that he should ask.

Had he, Jim, been like that when he was a boy? At night in bed in the old house, listening to the night sounds and the occasional car that went by, he would try to remember his childhood; he would try to relate that past world to his present world, to their problems, their unrest. It would all be confused in his

mind on the borderline of sleep, and sometimes he would fall into a dream in which he ran in the sunlit fields of his boyhood, and saw his father, and heard his father's voice. He had been a deliberate and kind man, rather distant with most, but comfortable to be with, and always confident and staunch. He had never doubted anything as far as Jim knew, neither God, nor his business ability, nor life itself. "Boy," he would say to Jim, addressing him in those dreams as in the past, "that is not an honorable thing to do." Or, "Boy, always remember you are a gentleman."

Jim had never used either of those words with his own son. Neither "gentleman," nor "honorable." Perhaps those words belonged to a dead world in which there had been gentlemen with honor; they had not talked of mass psychology in a classless society. Even the discipline those words suggested was outmoded. Children nowadays were brought up by reason and an appeal to the intellect. Perhaps Jimmy was ashamed of a reactionary father who whipped him and sent him to his room.

Jim enjoyed those dreams in which he heard and saw his father. He took refuge in them, but they began to disturb him when he discovered that he had begun unconsciously to assume the attitudes of his father. In the evening, now that they had decided to pass up invitations and remain at home, he would settle himself by the fire with a book or paper, wearing the bedroom slippers Lois had bought for Jimmy to give him at Christmas, and he would find that he was wearing his father like a garment he had put on. He had begun to smoke his pipe again, which he had not done since the war, and if Lois spoke to him, or he found occasion to speak to Jimmy, working at his homework on the floor, his voice was deliberate, deeper, his father's inflection. It was a little frightening, and certainly ridiculous, but neither Lois nor Jimmy commented about it, and they all seemed, in fact, happier than they had been in a long time. They sat in a drowsy and satisfying peace.

They had been sitting there like that, the three of them, when the accident had happened in front of the house, but when Jim got up to follow his son outside he had dropped the cloak of his father; he realized

that now. Whatever he was searching for in the past, whatever they were all reaching for, some remembered felicity or security, had deserted them in that moment of violence and they were left when it was over in their sharper world with its different dimensions.

NO, JIM thought, getting up from his chair, beginning to go about to lock the doors and turn out the lights, I am not my father, and my son is not what I was at his age. He has different values and a different morality. He breaks things and he lies, Jim thought harshly, stirring the bitterness twisted with the love inside him. The child is the product of his parents and his environment, the environment his parents give him. What was so wrong in their lives that made their son a stranger to them?

With his hand on the stair rail, starting up to Lois, Jim remembered Jimmy standing there, saying, "Who was the man who said those funny things?" and suddenly the realization of what that implied arrested him there in the darkness at the foot of the stairs.

After a moment he went on up the stairs, up to their room where Lois lay propped up on pillows in the bed, smoking a cigarette, her sleepy face thoughtful and concerned.

Jim sat down in the chair beside the bed and looked at her.

"It just came to me," he said, "just now, that my son is a stranger to me."

"Don't," Lois said. "Please don't let's talk about it."

"This is different," Jim said. "This is important."

Lois looked at him, holding her cigarette to her mouth.

"You and I were brought up as Christians," Jim said. A muscle beside his mouth moved involuntarily, and he lighted a cigarette for himself. "We left Christianity, you and I," he said. "We left it for other things. For science and reason and intellect. But I think all of those things were a sort of reaction. We live a kind of negative life. Christianity was a kind of baffle against which we developed ourselves."

"Please," Lois said. "It's so late. That man's death disturbed me, too. I'm trying to get over it."

"I've got to say it," Jim said. "I may never

understand it again. And I'm not talking about religion, or God, or anything like that. I'm just saying that there is a whole area in our son which is completely alien to us because, you see, he isn't a Christian."

Lois went white and her hand trembled as she crushed out her cigarette in an ashtray on the table beside her. "What are you trying to say?" she asked.

"I'm trying to say that our boy knows nothing of right or wrong, or good or evil, or honor or justice because no one has ever told him that he has a soul."

Lois put her hand across her eyes and Jim could see the tears begin to slip down behind it, but he went on. "When that man died there tonight in the road it was a purely mechanical thing to Jimmy, even though it raised in us all kinds of subconscious reactions. Our boy, who has never heard the name of Jesus except in profanity, is really the child of tomorrow, but we're living in yesterday."

Jim had begun to undress, automatically, and now he put on his pajamas, and turned off the lamp beside the bed and got in beside his wife. He could hear her crying and he spoke softly. "We'll work it out somehow," he said. "Don't be discouraged. It will be easier now. We've got to remember that he was brought up in science, and we were brought up in something that was called the spirit. We wanted it that way for him; we chose it to be that way, and now we'll work it out."

They were silent for a moment, and then Lois reached over and tucked her hand inside Jim's, and moved closer to him. "Can we go to church on Sunday?" she asked. Her voice was diffident and shy, as if she half expected laughter or scorn. "Can we go to Mr. Campbell?" she said.

"Certainly," Jim said. "We can do that if you like."

But suddenly he felt cold and frightened. He remembered the church of his boyhood, the window against which the face of Jesus was pressed. What would Jimmy make of that, who could look at anything without fear? They had to make their life here, where they were, and Jim was cold and frightened because of that thought. They had come full circle, and if they failed they were lost. There wasn't anywhere else for them to go.

Heigh Ho, Silver

Morris E. Garnsey

SENATOR Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, who is both a distinguished economist and an astute politician, was asked not long ago if he favored repeal of our present silver policy. "Certainly I'm for repeal," he replied. "What's the need of the silver policy anyway? There are only sixteen reasons—and they are the sixteen senators from the mountain states."

In order to understand fully what Senator Douglas was talking about we must go back to 1933. In that year the long-established Silver Bloc was quick to capitalize on the New Deal's penchant for experiment, and found it easy to sell the idea that a silver-purchase program would aid recovery. Accordingly, by Executive Order and by law, arrangements were made to purchase silver at rates well above its commodity price. These culminated in the Silver Purchase Act of 1934, which directed the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase silver in unlimited amounts "so long as the proportion of silver in the stocks of gold and silver in the United States is less than one-fourth of the monetary value of such stocks."

There followed a period of immense silver purchases, at ever-increasing prices, so that by 1949 the Silver Bloc had cost the American taxpayer nearly one and a half billion dollars. Moreover, the greatest part of this money went to foreign sellers. From 1934 to 1946, we purchased slightly more than one billion dollars' worth of foreign silver as contrasted

with about 400 million dollars' worth of domestic silver. Even so the foreign silver was, comparatively speaking, a bargain. For it the Treasury paid on the average 51 cents per ounce, while paying anywhere from 64.4 cents to 90.5 cents per ounce for domestic silver.

The whole episode was a colossal blunder. It is extremely unlikely that the policy aided recovery with any effectiveness. Nor was the Treasury able to approximate the 25 per cent reserve requirement, even though it did have to spend millions of dollars to construct vaults at West Point to store the thousands of tons of silver it actually acquired. The only ones who have benefited are the domestic silver producers who received a high price for their metal. All this, then, was done for a few hundred silver producers, for most of whom silver is a by-product of other metals, and whose total employment is an insignificant fraction of the labor force.

"How do they get away with it?" one may well ask. The answer is that the power of the Silver Bloc lies in a unique combination of selfishness, sentimentality, and monetary mysticism.

THE Silver Bloc, like all blocs, is selfish. The degree of its selfishness has been indicated most painfully in recent years by the episode of the war use of silver as a metal. Silver has a number of important

An economist at the University of Colorado, Dr. Garnsey has just completed a book on the Mountain West in which he assesses silver as one of the economic resources of the region.

industrial uses. It is a very good substitute for copper or nickel in many cases, and when these metals were in painfully short supply during the war, engineers and technicians immediately thought longingly of the Treasury's vast hoards of the white metal. Early in 1942 the Treasury arranged for the loan of its "free" silver to industrial users for non-consumptive purposes. Industry was able to make use of a billion and a quarter ounces of metal in non-consumptive ways—mostly as bus bars in electrical installations. The Manhattan Project alone took 400 million ounces for use in the atom bomb plants. However, the release of silver for consumptive purposes was another matter. Enabling legislation by Congress was required and here the Silver Bloc had to be consulted. They held out for the best conditions possible in terms of price and future policy concessions, with the result that legislation was delayed from May 1942 until July 1943—fourteen months during which the metals shortage was critical and we were arming for the eventual invasion.

The selfishness of the Silver Bloc is further underlined by its willingness to use the cruder instruments of political power. Frequently the Bloc holds back its silver bills until the last moment before recess or adjournment, then rushes them through in the confusion of last-minute attempts to clear the legislative calendar. It is adept at log-rolling and at trading strategic Senate votes to the larger blocs when the latter find themselves in need. Its deals with the farm bloc, in particular, have been numerous and intricate.

The silverites have always been particularly effective, too, in the use of the filibuster. In 1893, when the silver question was a burning issue, Republican Senator Henry M. Teller of Colorado filibustered for six long weeks in behalf of the free coinage of silver. In 1947 Democratic Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada, characterized by John Gunther as one of the sixty-four men who rule America, proudly reported to the annual convention of the Colorado Mining Association that he and his silver brethren had raised the Treasury buying price for silver from 71.11 cents per ounce to 90.5 cents by "successfully conducting the most arduous filibuster in history." And with a modest inclination of his senatorial, silvered locks he seemed clearly to imply that "although the going was tough, and maybe not

the best of legislative practice, nevertheless, boys, we did it all for you."

OF COURSE, the economic interests of at least 90 per cent of McCarran's listeners actually are contrary to the interests of the silver producers. Nevertheless, swayed by sentimentality, they gave the good senator a rousing ovation. For the truth is that the Silver Bloc owes a good deal of its influence to its ability to appeal to the sentimentality of its supporters. Every good special-interest advocate knows that in order to be successful he must associate his personal ends with the general ends of the society. The members of the Silver Bloc understand this very well; and lacking a basis for an appeal to reason they appeal to the emotions of the voter and the legislator.

The appeal is addressed, cleverly enough, to the average citizen's nostalgia for a romanticized past. In the eighteen-nineties silver was romantic. About it hung the aura of that most rugged of individualists, the prospector, who risked his life and all he possessed to conquer the mountain fastnesses and emerge triumphant with a fortune. About it, too, there still cling all of the traditions of an agrarian, debtor West, which struggled for cheap money and free silver in order to break the control of the Eastern creditors who fettered its development. This aspect of the silver issue has its own heroes, personified most effectively in the vivid character of William Jennings Bryan. The Great Commoner fought for silver. He did so as a part of his lifelong fight for liberalism and reform. Thus silver, by association, also stands for social progress and for the rights of the common man.

Viewed in this way silver is progressive and democratic. How unfortunate that the reality of the present is so unlike the dreams of yesterday! Today, silver is the unromantic by-product of the technological processing of copper and zinc ores. It is corporate, tightly controlled, and ultra-reactionary.

II

ANY bloc that can gild over its essential selfishness with a coating of sentiment is in a fortunate position. It is thrice blessed if it can add a generous portion of

confusion to the issue. This the Silver Bloc does very well by taking advantage of the muddle and mysticism which surrounds the subject of money in the minds of many honest citizens and conscientious legislators. Somehow the silverites usually manage to convey the impression that to "do something for silver" will, at the same time, add strength, security, and stability to our monetary system, and simultaneously insure prosperity and progress for all.

Nothing could be hollower than these pretensions. The simple fact is that, except for dimes, quarters, and half dollars, silver has absolutely no place in the modern monetary system of the United States. For centuries silver was the major metal in the monetary systems of the world, but the large gold discoveries in the middle of the nineteenth century increased the supply of gold, and by 1900 gold had become the basic monetary metal. Silver had lost its place as a useful part of the money reserve.

Although the silver battle was fought on the bimetallic issue in the eighteen-eighties and eighteen-nineties, the real issue was not the technical question of an adequate specie reserve. It was the social and economic issue of the interests of debtor *vs.* creditor, and the industrial East *vs.* the agricultural West. In Bryan's time the free coinage of silver would have made for cheap money and would have tended to counteract the contemporary deflation which had so seriously affected the debtor class. Today, however, to depend upon silver to regulate the monetary supply or to aid the debtor West is about as sensible as to depend on a Colt .45 to protect us against jet-propelled bombers. Our modern banking system, with its ability to create Federal Reserve notes and bank deposits on a fractional gold reserve basis, has given us an extremely flexible money supply which fluctuates readily in response to changes in the volume of trade. We no longer need silver for the strictly monetary purpose of providing a specie reserve. Nor do we need it for purposes of economic control. If the West needs more money today it can appeal to the regional Federal Reserve Bank, to the RFC, or to any one of a dozen other federal credit agencies. Silver isn't even wanted for the simple task of paying the grocer and the druggist. Only a few sentimental Westerners carry silver dollars,

and millions of Americans have never even seen one. (Ever try to give a New York taxi driver a silver dollar?) Consequently, billions of ounces of the white metal lie buried deep in expensive vaults, while paper substitutes called "Silver Certificates" circulate in their stead.

Should further proof of the irrationality of the role of silver in our monetary system be needed, a reference to authority is in order. Recently the American Economic Association submitted a questionnaire on monetary policy to those of its members who are recognized experts in the field of money and banking. Concerning silver, the economists were asked: "Do you think that the silver subsidies of 1933 and subsequent years were good (basically sound economic) ideas when adopted, or were bad when adopted?" The answers were:

Good 1

Bad 53

They were then asked, "Do you think that silver subsidies should continue?" Those who answered said:

Yes 0

No 48

Such unanimity is indeed impressive in a field where controversy is commonplace.

Thus, on the evidence, we may conclude that in the United States silver is no longer needed as money, and its existence as money is actually an embarrassment. This is the sad truth which the silver advocates cannot understand. Or understanding, they attempt to confuse and mislead others less literate in economics than themselves.

III

THE character of the Silver Bloc has been analyzed at some length because it presents a sharply focused view of the kind of economic thinking and political morality which too often influences the politician who knows where the votes lie, but who knows little and cares less about sound economics. Our present silver purchase program is such a flagrant violation of rational policy and good economics that it fairly cries aloud for a conscious effort for its revision.

Now there is a way in which the abandonment of our accumulation of useless silver could be integrated with the creation of a

broad, comprehensive, and essential program of conservation of minerals. There are four steps to be taken:

(1) Silver purchases by the Treasury should cease, once and forever.

(2) Provision should be made for a stockpile of silver for emergency use as a metal—perhaps as much as a billion ounces should be held for the next ten years.

(3) The Treasury should sell the remainder of its silver stocks; the price and time of sale to have due regard for the commodity market price of silver. Such sales should yield the Treasury between a billion and a billion and a half dollars over, say, the next twenty years.

(4) Most, or even all, of the proceeds of the sale of silver should be used to finance a major program of mineral exploration and research.

Here are the outlines of a sensible and reasonable program. Can it possibly be realized? Fortunately, there is good reason to believe not only that it can be, but that right now circumstances are propitious for its speedy implementation.

The first favorable circumstance is related to the proposal to earmark the proceeds of silver sales for mineral exploration and research. All of the qualified experts in the field agree that we need an adequate minerals conservation program and we need it now. With the growth of our population and the expansion of our capital equipment we have gobbled up minerals at a faster and faster pace. World War II brought about a further substantial increase in the rate of depletion of our reserves and at the same time virtually stopped exploration. Thus we have reached the point where we must consider seriously the problem of assuring ourselves of adequate mineral supplies—both for peaceful growth and for national defense. The plain fact is that we cannot go on using minerals as we do today without discovering new deposits of minerals, or developing new techniques for utilizing low-grade ores. This will require, in the one direction, geological surveys and mapping, and geophysical exploration for new deposits. In the other it will require much scientific research in methods of extracting and processing low-grade ore, and search for new physical and economic uses for the now inferior grades.

All of this takes money. When he headed

the Interior Department, Secretary Krug suggested a billion dollars and twenty years for the inventory alone. Since national defense is directly involved, the federal government has a primary responsibility to see that our mineral resources are adequate for our needs. What could be more appropriate than to convert our present "investment" in barren, vault-bound silver into an investment in the nation's future prosperity and security!

A SECOND element of timeliness in the four-point program proposed here is the present political balance in Congress. It is most unlikely that a silver repeal measure could be adopted by a vote of either party alone. To put it bluntly, the Democratic party is so closely bound to silver by tradition that ordinarily it shouldn't be expected to do anything about it. Nearly all of the ardent Silver Senators have been Democrats; all four of the major silver purchase acts have been the result of Democratic agitation and support. The Republicans, on the other hand, are traditionally "sound money" men and they have no special love for silver. In addition, most of the industrial consumers of silver are located in the East where Republican congressmen are likely to represent them. Thus, for historical reasons and for reasons of economic interest, the Republican minority, with the exception of the Silver Senators, probably could be persuaded to vote against the Silver Bloc. Consequently, if enough Democrats would vote with the Republicans, a bipartisan majority could be mustered in favor of the abandonment of the silver purchase program.

There is ample historical precedent for a split in party alignment on the silver issue. Senator Henry M. Teller of Colorado dramatically marched out of the Republican convention in 1896, and eastern Democrats were less than enthusiastic about Bryan. The bill for the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act which is now before the Senate, S2829, was introduced by Senator Theodore Francis Green of Rhode Island, a Democrat. If effective leadership of the fight for repeal can be found among the Democratic senators, the chances of splitting the party vote on this issue should be good. If instead of Senator Green (who is handicapped by being an Easterner and coming from a state where the

manufacture of silverware is important) some such man as Senator Douglas (a Middle-Westerner, a liberal, and an able economist) led a fight, not only for the abandonment of our nonsensical silver policy but also for a far-sighted program of conservation of minerals, the disgraceful era of national subservience to the Silver Bloc might be ended.

With one stroke we could, at no cost to the

taxpayer, seek out essential minerals to protect our economy in peace and war, and at the same time get rid of a useless and costly accumulation of silver. All of us want economy and efficiency in government. The purchase of silver for fictitious monetary purposes is sheerest waste and extravagance—the silliest kind of nonsense. Let's be sensible for once. Let's be sensible about silver.

Remembering a Red Brick Wall in Rensselaer

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

ONCE in the Zuni sky, my lap belted down
To keep me from falling up, the red came in,
The red kept coming in, it rattled like
A dew-claw rattle, rattled like a peach,
Like a mesa eighteen-thousand finger-printed
Down there
Roses.

I told the Zunis:

Let there be a grocer
Who always lives at Rensselaer, New York,
He always padlocks sundown to a red brick wall
As red as this red is.

Red as the mallows on the Kansas Waukarusha,
Red as the red the Greybull River gives
The Big Horn in Wyoming all the Aprils
All the centuries a fish is Jesus Christ
The Arno afternoons, the ember-golden.

I told the Zunis:

Quandary to North Star,
Wild-rose mountains up the River Blue,
Forever-lover not amended by
A coffin spike
Or spoolings of disuse.

So did I speak to the Zunis from their Heaven
As the headwind slowed to fifteen miles an hour
And evening cooled the maize in the juniper valleys
And the great sun closed up many a grocery store.

At My Wit's Beginning

Fred Schwed, Jr.

I WAS born, so far as this chronicle is concerned, at a large and famous boys' prep school at the age of sixteen.* And if you find this odd, consider that it was my *second* year at that school. So I had best explain this tardy nativity.

As this is a record of ideas, fancies, and humors, the account cannot start until about that age. Younger boys do have ideas, but they are wrong; fancies, but they are hysterical; and humors too, but they no longer seem particularly amusing. Wit comes well after puberty unless one is a genius, and my comrades and I were not geniuses by a slim but clearly discernible margin. A few of them are now well known but at that early age they were not uttering anything more pungent than "So's your old man." ("Cute" sayings of small children are not true humor, of course; they are charming misconceptions of the state of the world.)

At the suburban public school I attended until I was fourteen we had plenty of extra-loud merriment but it didn't assay an ounce of humor to the ton though there were generous veins of cruelty in it. Nor was any of it handmade. "Do you know Arthur?"

* Since I set down this first sentence I have been informed by a literate acquaintance that the characters in Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" were all born at seventeen. It appears that in this business it is harder to be original than you might think.

"Arthur who?" "Arthur Mometer!" "Do you know the Fischel boys?" Let my younger readers grapple with that one themselves.

Of anecdote and verse I recall only some feeble badinage between Pat and Mike, and some obscene fragments which were not only unamusing but, I now note, biologically incorrect. A boy would tell a dirty joke and we would all laugh knowingly, although I, for one at least, had the same comprehension that I now have of the quantum theory. I still can remember a few of those jokes. Since then I have occasionally been a guest of a gynecologist friend when he performed Caesarian sections, and I still don't understand some of those jokes. I believe that bawdy talk among boys is not an exercise in humor at all—it is an uncertain contest in sophistication, in claiming to be a man.

I do recall with a small twinge of satisfaction a chant, based on the classic irony of that day—"Ish Kabbibble."

I should worry, I should care,
I should marry a millionaire;
He should die, I should cry,
I should marry some other guy!

But the fundamental joke of boys (just as the fundamental joke of pugilists is the hotfoot) is something even less rarefied. One boy faces another and says, "Let me tell you something." A clever confederate kneels swiftly behind the second boy's knees and the leading

This article is the opening episode in Mr. Schwed's recollections of the people and events which have beguiled him, to be published later this year in a book, The Pleasure Was All Mine. His last book was Where Are the Customers' Yachts?

humorist gives the second boy a brisk push. Before the age of nine, the second boy sometimes is so unappreciative of this drollery that he goes home to his mother, crying.

This concludes my pre-natal recollections.

I HAVE mentioned that I attended that preparatory school for one full year before being born. That year I was exposed to true humor for the first, no, the second time in my life, for that year I soon met Hammie, a boy who had matriculated in the class before me. Of course the first clever person I had known was Pop, but of this I was scarcely aware. Not only was I too young to appreciate anything except clowning, but I was ever a gallant soldier in the War Between Children and Parents.

I liked Hammie immediately because, although he was now an "old boy," privy to the esoteric mysteries of language and behavior at the school, he was friendly and bashful and kind.

About ten days after the school opened, there was a big "get-together" on the floor of the gym. Its benevolent purpose was to make the new boys feel welcome and a part of the school. There were speeches, songs, cookies, and encouragement. It was as good as it could be, hampered only in that the program was inspired by the Faculty rather than by the Old Boys. This could not be helped; Old Boys, at all ages and in all places, are less interested in making New Boys comfortable than in making them uncomfortable.

At the conclusion of the evening, prior to arising to intone the school anthem, a more serious note was struck. The students were each handed a card upon which were printed ten questions which we were asked to answer sincerely. I remember for sure only question number three, because that is the one Hammie answered so oddly. Of nine of the questions my recollection is dim—they must have been generally personal questions about morality, effort, earnestness, appreciation of parents' sacrifice, and seriousness in religion. Question number three read:

"Ask yourself what the School would be like if every boy in it were like you?"

I was still pondering this unusual proposition when Hammie leaned over, pointed at this splendid question, and shielded his lips with his hand.

"We would have a terrible football team," he told me. "Hill would run up more than a hundred points against us."

Today, when I recall this boyhood conversation—a conversation in which I did nothing but glance at him uncertainly—I find that sixteen-year-old comment irrefutable and delightful. At that moment I found it only irrefutable. I pictured our Old Fighting Line. I saw myself bent over the ball at center—a fairly tall, fairly thin, fairly uncoordinated and melancholy child flanked by exactly similar guards, tackles, and ends. The whole line had brown hair that curled a little in front and the whole line wore eye glasses. So did the backfield. The halfbacks could not run very fast, the fullback could not punt until he had "gotten the laces on top," and the quarterback, in whose keen brain the baffling plays were selected so that the opposition was unable to guess what was coming next—a pass, a plunge, or a sweep—well, we might not have such an awful bum quarterback. But still and all, how would that keep the Hill from running up a hundred points, if we never got the ball?

My point here is not to examine closely what would happen to a boys' team entirely composed of Freddie's, or Hammie's, or Red Granges. My point is that before I was sixteen I found Hammie's suggestion fascinating but alarming; it never occurred to me then that it could be fascinating and amusing, and that fellows who were not good football players could get pleasure out of it. Then, as later, Hammie was a maestro of the accurate reply to the woolly proposition. So far as I know this gift never made him any money, though his friends have always highly esteemed it. The *New Yorker* magazine, which was born a decade later, also had this gift and did better with it commercially.

It could be put that when I was fifteen I heard Hammie's remark, pondered it worriedly, and that when I was sixteen I burst out laughing, like the American vaudeville version of a Britisher. I cannot say on what day or even in what season I received my promotion, or confirmation, or *bar mizvah*, into humor, but it was clearly Hammie who was my priest and guide.

A great deal has been written about laughter and the sense of humor. The Freudians, for instance, weigh in with the

dictum that a grin, or even a smile, is originally the baring of the fangs in hate. (Maybe I haven't got that quite right, but I imagine it sounds silly even if you do get it right.) As I now contemplate my gentle initiation at Hammie's hands it seems to me that what I was being taught was a view of life—an unpretentious philosophy, or a way of regarding people, institutions, and events. (It is certain that Hammie did not consider he was promulgating philosophy. There is a chance he couldn't spell philosophy.)

Hammie was ridiculously and pathetically shy. It took a year to get to know him and the best part of another before he would utter anything more memorable than, "Well, yes, I guess so." He later confided to me that he once bought a book on how to overcome shyness. The book said, in effect, that the way to cure shyness was to step right up to people, showing candor and confidence. Unfortunately, he was not able to follow this advice on account of his shyness.

He was far from the most hilarious lad I have ever known. He was certainly not one of those talented boys who discovers himself to be a comic and then takes up comicality in a serious way, holding crowds in stitches in what is virtually a professional performance. Hammie didn't say much and usually didn't say it loudly enough. He used an uncertain and apologetic drawl. His observations were never heroic, or mean, or ordinary, or even entirely accurate. I don't know much about music but I imagine that what he was good at was the offbeat. His grasp of social phenomena was like the grasp you get when you screw the toothpaste cap on crooked. It is not the correct grasp but it is a disconcertingly tight one.

THE most overworked expression in present-day English is "inferiority complex." It would be easy to apply this expression to Hammie, and it would be wrong. All that Hammie had was a vivid sense of his own limitations. I picture him as waking each morning and immediately surveying himself ruefully. . . . Now, as I lean back to think about my friend, I see scenes of little importance lightly and pleasantly studding my life.

I see him in a crowded room at the school. Half a dozen of us, armed with mandolins,

ukeleles, and such, are earnestly slaughtering one of Mr. Irving Berlin's earliest efforts. "All alone, at the telephone . . ." Only Harry, our other roommate, who is at the piano, can really find his way through this symphony, but we are all in there trying, except Hammie, who of course has never mastered a musical instrument (or any other instrument). Hammie is toying with a pitch pipe, the property of one of us musicians. He gives a tentative toot on it. Then, in a pause, he diffidently proposes:

"If you fellows will just give me a nod whenever you come to A-natural, I will be happy to join you."

I see him again on a subsequent weekend when he was my guest at our house. For the very first evening I had thoughtfully borrowed the family car, and even more thoughtfully had dated two sisters of my not wide acquaintance. Like the genial host I was even then, I had taken the large plump sister into the front seat with me and put the slim vivacious one in back with him. We drove endlessly along the southern shore of Long Island where the lights shone far less frequently, but more warmly, than they do now. Like the gallant gentleman I was even then I never glanced to the rear. We returned the girls home at that delicate moment in the early morning—five minutes before the girls' mother has persuaded the girls' father to put in a call to the police station. We drove the short distance to my house in a dreamy silence; a very long day was over. I was about to turn off the light in my room when Hammie appeared for a moment in his pajamas.

"I was just thinking," he said. "Why shouldn't I make my polite speech now instead of at the end. No matter what happens for the rest of my visit, I have had a very nice time. Thank you very much."

I skip ahead at random, half a dozen years. We are now seniors at an Ivy League college. Harry is still our roommate, but of course things have changed. We all shave regularly now and Harry can play the piano even better. Unfortunately he is about to be suspended for a deep-seated inability to arise from his couch and sally forth, either to ten o'clock class on weekdays or eleven o'clock chapel on alternate Sundays. This state of things deeply disturbs Hammie, so every morning he gently wakes Harry by batting

him about the ears, nose, and throat with an old felt hat which is specially reserved for this purpose. Harry awakes and immediately starts bargaining—"I will get up if you can give me ten sound reasons for it." Hammie glibly gives them to him (this is one subject he is well versed in) but before he gets to the sixth Harry is asleep again.

But this is all parenthetical. We are seniors now, so in the course of a slushy spring thaw we receive our "Senior Questionnaires." Remember those documents? Perhaps they still use them. There are a hundred personal questions, of which the most unfortunate always used to be, "What is your favorite poem?" Mind you, our parents had ponied up, without sniveling, an average of ten thousand dollars each to purchase us a liberal education. In those days, and maybe in these days, we retaliated, every year, by an overwhelming vote for "If—" by Mr. Kipling. This selection by us elegant arbiters of taste and art was then duly published in the large metropolitan dailies. This publicity did not result in the wholesale abandonment of the college education as a waste of time and money, but just why didn't it?

Anyway, in our senior year they got at least one answer more spectacular than a ringing vote for "If—." It appeared on my questionnaire but I did not put it there. Hammie helpfully filled out the more interesting questions for me while I was away somewhere. The question was number thirty-nine, and read, "Were you ever abroad?" Hammie painfully inscribed in the inadequate space left for an answer to such a query, "No, but I once played the part of a eunuch in amateur theatricals."

AFTER college we must have been separated for a time because I distinctly remember that Hammie's announcement of his first job came in a letter from Buffalo. It began, triumphantly:

"Dear Freddy, I am now retained by an up-and-going advertising agency in this city, at an annual salary that runs into four figures and then stops abruptly. . . ." I must confess that for a few moments I had a stab of jealousy which was unworthy of me in several respects.

I figure now that it could not have been many seasons before Hammie returned to the Eastern seaboard from the vulgar bribes of

Buffalo. I calculate this because my youngest brother, Peter, must have been about seventeen when the three of us engaged in a certain literary conversation with spiritual overtones. When my brother was around that age there was a dewiness that hung over him that is no longer so apparent. The passage of the years and five campaigns in Europe doubtless have much to do with this.

Anyway, there was a love affair going on at that time between Pete and Mr. A. A. ("you must never go down to the end of the town if you don't go down with me") Milne, the famous British whimsicalist. Not that they were acquainted—but they were both tuned in to much the same dewiness, although Milne was a much older man, even back then. I myself am an admirer of Milne's up to the point where he brims up and slops over. But Pete's love for Mr. Milne, like all great passions, was uncritical. One day Peter approached Hammie and me, interrupting some moody conversation we were having. The lovelight was in his eye and one of Milne's sweeter novels was in his hand. "Just listen to this," he breathed.

I cannot set down the exact text of what he now proceeded to read aloud to us. This is not because I am too lazy to look it up; it is just that I would be too embarrassed at this date to look a librarian straight in the eye and ask for *Two People* by A. A. Milne. A brief gloss of the passage should serve:

It seems that the hero was a very literary chap indeed, and he and his cronies and their girl friends were sitting about having fun. In their case this meant posing each other philosophical questions of an unlikely nature and answering them airily. The present question was: If you could choose the utterly ideal life, what would it be? They tossed this one up to Milne's hero and he promptly belted it out into Bedford Avenue.

"I would choose," he said, more or less, "to be a great athlete between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, and then from twenty-five to thirty-five I should be a beautiful woman (no kid, it was in the book); from thirty-five to forty-five I should be a brilliant writer; from forty-five to fifty-five a general at the head of a victorious army; from fifty-five to sixty-five a wise and humane statesman, and (at this point Pete's voice dropped a little)

from sixty-five to seventy-five—a gardener.”

Well, Pete was my own dear brother and I thought I should say something about this, but I could think of absolutely nothing to say. Not so Hammie.

“It seems to me,” he suggested, “that there would be much more of a wallop in it to be a great athlete from sixty-five to seventy-five.”

There must have been something about Peter in those days that called forth to all that was paternalistic in Hammie. Not that Pete was a “straight man”; it was just that he seemed to find himself in situations that no one but Hammie could handle deftly, since Mr. Anthony was still driving a cab. Consider the case of Uncle Rudolph’s six expensive suits, which entered Peter’s life so implacably half a dozen years later.

Uncle Rudolph had been an uncle to us more by courtesy than by consanguinity, and we had seen him rarely. When he died he left a goodly estate, but for reasons too tedious to list here he left none of it to us. His widow however kindly inquired if anyone of us could use six practically brand-new suits. It was at a moment in our fortunes when we would have seriously considered using other people’s castoff bridgework, so we eagerly inspected these custom-tailored business suits. It turned out that Pop was too stout for them, John too thin, and I, praise the Lord, too tall. But they fit poor Pete just fine. Pete started wearing them, in rotation. Many months later he voiced his bitterness to Hammie and me.

“Am I not just getting sick and tired of these damn suits?” he inquired of us. “And I have found out that they cost Uncle Rudolph at least one hundred and fifty dollars each. I’m in no position to give away a thousand dollars’ worth of clothing to the old clothes man.”

“I wish *I* had a thousand dollars’ worth of suits,” said Hammie, knowing they wouldn’t fit him either.

“These suits were built for a much older man,” continued Peter, “a man of conservative taste, and I don’t think even good conservative taste. Uncle Rudolph seems to have had something against blue and gray suits. These are all brown, and cover a melancholy range of browns at that. And they will never wear out. They are made of iron. When I wear these suits they never get torn by anything, or even splashed by a pass-

ing taxi. I wear the goddam suits every goddam day, and they look just as good—and just as bum—as when I inherited them. I bet you I wear out before they do.”

I made an effort to divert his mind from his tragedy. I asked, “Did Uncle Rudolph also leave you a full dress suit?”

“Yes, he did.”

“I thought so. Dead men wear no tails.”

No one seemed to appreciate this and Pete rushed right on.

“Look at this,” he said, “if you want to see a disconcerting little item.” He took off his jacket and showed us what was neatly printed inside the inner breast pocket on a piece of white cloth.

“Uncle Rudolph must have had a fear that he would fall down unconscious somewhere. See what it says?—‘I am Mr. Rudolph U. Davidson.’”

Hammie took the matter over. “That can easily be fixed,” he told Peter. “Just have it changed to read, ‘I *was* Mr. Rudolph U. Davidson.’”

IT MUST have been some time later—the chronology of adventures like this gets blurred—that Peter developed a pretty good parlor stunt. (He was a bachelor then—for some reason, parlor stunts are not so becoming to married men.) He read or heard somewhere that if you placed somebody’s signature upside down and worked painstakingly just above it, you could reproduce the signature accurately. The upside-down part has something to do with breaking your own normal reflexes of handwriting. (Don’t bother to try this out on these inadequate instructions, unless like Peter you happen to be a pretty skillful and patient draftsman.) Peter discovered that using this method he could reproduce the most dashing or the most sprawling signature with startling fidelity. He filled in the whole of a fall social season holding evening audiences moderately enthralled with his new talent. Hammie was deeply impressed with his skill. He apparently went home and brooded about it.

Well before Christmas Peter was surprised to receive an elaborately wrapped gift box.

“Now who would be sending me a Christmas present so early?” Peter asked the family archly. “It doesn’t say anything—don’t you think I should open it now?”

"Not if it is ticking," said Pop discreetly.

The card inside read very simply: "To Pete, from Hammie, GOOD LUCK!" There were a variety of items: two camel's hair brushes, a bottle of India ink, a dozen flexible pen points of assorted widths, tracing paper, some inexpensive engraving tools, a small checkbook from the Fifth Avenue Bank, a vial of hydrochloric acid, and a very dirty old dollar bill across the face of which was stamped in red the word "SAMPLE." There was also a small blank notebook entitled on the cover "PRACTICE BOOK." At the top of each page a different signature was neatly pasted in with lines ruled below for practice. The signatures which Hammie must have laboriously clipped from many sources included John D. Rockefeller, Sr. and Jr., Norma Talmadge, Andrew Mellon, Abercrombie and Fitch, and John Hancock. At the very bottom of the box was a handy iron file.

We all had a fine time examining Hammie's gift, with the possible exception of Mom, who continued to pore thoughtfully over the various items with rather less hilarity than the rest of the family. "I know it is very friendly and funny," she said finally, "but I still don't understand about the file."

"Why that is the most highly considerate part of it," Pop explained to her. "That is just in case he doesn't have good luck."

I regret to have to report that for a period of four long years, while Peter was traipsing around training camps and European battlefields, Hammie was unable to think up a single merry touch for his favorite foil. I'm not blaming Hammie—I certainly could not think of anything gay to convey to Peter in those days either—but it is too bad that we couldn't.

THE last time I saw Hammie was not so long ago—matter of a certain number of weekends. He and his family were the guests of me and mine where we live now in the southwestern corner of Connecticut. Peter was elsewhere at the moment, so nothing particularly stupendous happened. Besides, as I have mentioned, Hammie as a youth and young man was always quieter than I. Now he is quieter than he used to be and I am noisier.

The little town we live in now resembles, in a single respect, Westport, Connecticut,

and Santa Fe, New Mexico. All three towns, and perhaps Bloomsbury in London, are spiritual extensions of West Tenth Street in Manhattan. This means that we are strategically located deep in the heart of the Talk Belt. Our town is fifty miles south of the shade-grown tobacco belt, and a thousand miles, socially, from the neighboring Hunt Club Breakfast Belt. Where we live, you have only to pry open a can of beer on a warm weekend evening and strange shapes with bulging foreheads and shining eye-glasses begin fluttering into your living room like so many bright articulate moths. These are the people who know practically everything, and it is a part of their folkways to come in at intervals from the surrounding hills to tell each other. They really know; their sister-in-law has always just returned from playing canasta with Marshal Tito's brother-in-law on the *rive gauche*. It is the only intellectual milieu in which I can find little to say—when sober—other than "Gee whiz, so that's the way it is, is it?" It is into such a setting that Hammie, for the sake of auld lang syne, occasionally tiptoes.

It so happened that that last Saturday evening when Hammie was here was a particularly rough one. Our living room was full of debaters. Other groups spread out onto the porch and even under the crab apple tree to explain profound matters to each other. Hammie stayed up gamely until half past two, his ears flung wide open as the various parts of speech washed over him. On several occasions, when he was deeply moved, he considered clearing his throat but in each case thought better of it. At one point he did take me aside privately and asked,

"Do you think any of these people would be interested to know that Heintzleman pitched a three-hitter this afternoon?" I told him by all means to try to work it in somewhere but I don't believe he managed it.

The next afternoon when the tumult and the shouting had gone off to tennis, golf, and small boats, he and I sat alone on the porch in the somnolent heat. Some big house flies were droning about, and I went to the kitchen and got an inadequate little fly swatter and began striking at individual flies with no success.

"You can't kill *those* flies," said Hammie. "Swatter's no good," I said.

"It's not that," he explained, perhaps with a trace of bitterness; "those flies are too smart for you. They listen to the conversations around here in the evenings."

Such are the random selections from a lifetime (so far) of the master's drawlings. Had

I had the sense when I was sixteen to purchase a small loose-leaf notebook there might have been many more. There also might have been none; I do not easily picture Hammie giving utterance to anything at all in the presence of someone with a small looseleaf notebook.

Congressional Investigation, 1778

To the Honorable Henry Laurens, Esq.
President of the Continental Congress

Sir,

I this morning received your favor of the 27th ult. . . .

As I have no other view than to promote the public good, & am unambitious of honour not founded in the approbation of my Country, I would not desire in the least degree to suppress a free spirit of enquiry into any part of my conduct that even faction itself may deem reprehensible.—

The anonymous paper handed you exhibits many serious charges, and it is my wish that it should be submitted to Congress.— This I am the more inclined to, as the suppression, or concealment, may possibly involve you in embarrassments hereafter; since it is uncertain how many, or who may be privy to the contents.—

My Enemies take an ungenerous advantage of me—they know the delicacy of my situation, and that motives of policy deprive me of the defence I might otherwise make against their insidious attacks.— They know I cannot combat their insinuations, however injurious, without disclosing secrets, it is of the utmost moment to conceal.— But why should I expect to be exempt from censure—the unfailing lot of an elevated station?— Merit and talents, with which I can have no pretensions of rivalry, have ever been subject to it.— My Heart tells me it has been my unremitted aim to do the best circumstances would permit; yet, I may have been very often mistaken in my judgment of the means, and may in many instances deserve the imputation of error. . . .

Sir

Yr much obliged & Obed Sert
Geo Washington
Valley Forge, Jan. 31, 1778

—From the collection of the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York.

A Middle-Aged Man's Garden of Verses

Peter DeVries

Some Improbable Creatures

Bat

A little faster than plaster
He tumbles out of the sky.
I think I'll never eye a bat
Without I bat an eye.

Moth

A little fatter than flannel,
An inveterate gadabout
Whom I wish that we could knock sense into
Short of knocking it out.

Oyster

A little better than batter
He dwells in his clammy cloister,
Contriving within it, nevertheless,
As male *and* female to roister.

Snake

A little lithier than leather,
He's languid lightning, this brute;
He leaves his skin, and almost
Makes me follow suit.

Some Improbable Plants

Foxglove

Your charms I'm quite prepared to sing,
But bad for my morale is
The fact that such a winsome thing
Is full of digitalis.

Crocus

Overnight they're underfoot in
Some new locus, crocus;
Leaving me amazed again
At His hocus-pocus.

Bachelor's Button

Were it not for one whom I
Once set out to flirt with,
I'd go out and pick a few
To button up my shirt with.

Clover

Clover when I think it over
Seriously, a minute,
Is something I'll be likely under
Long before I'm in it.

Rigmarole

Leaving summer's blooms uncherished,
I mourn for spring's, already perished.

When fall has set afire the wood,
I think of summer, gone for good.

Through weeks of winter I lament
For foliage of autumn spent.

And with the birth of spring I moan
"Where are the snows so lately blown!"

I vary this by fretting for
What the future has in store.

My God, but You must find unpleasant
This not acknowledging a present.

Obituary for an Insurance Broker

With covenants so well-devised
You over me have hovered,
It pleases me to be advised
You're adequately covered.

Rank

After all the rigmarole
This shall stand eternal:
I'm the captain of my soul,
She's lieutenant colonel.

Query

In courtship there's nothing that beats
Intoning the lyrical line;
And did he win her by reading her Keats
Or I lose her by reading her mine?

No Boost for Proust

When to sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up "Remembrance of Things Past,"
I mark 'tis fifteen summers since I bought
My boxed four volumes of that novel vast.
Thus many pages of its syntax grim
Have I with frequent and delinquent drift,
But navigated in the interim:
One sentence, and the winds of revery shift.
Eftsoons in drowsy numbness I am blown
Adown some private reminiscence flood,
Showing how much I'd rather chew my own
Than someone else's introspective cud.
And so I read a paragraph of Proust,
And back upon the shelf I him do boost.

Two Worlds Note

I can't read poets of the Chinese nation,
Though I try.
It's said they suffer in translation.
So do I.

Future Inscription

Here lies one who got no laughs
Out of funny epitaphs.

After Hours

IT is sometimes difficult to stay out of the Waldorf Grand Ballroom. If one is in a business that requires occasional attendance at official functions, there are a few times a year when one has to put on a black tie and listen to speeches while somebody gives somebody else a plaque for something or other. In New York when an organization wants to make a particularly lavish splash, it makes it at the Waldorf, where there is a stage (referred to as a dais) large enough to seat fifty-odd dignitaries at two long tables arranged in tiers like a dance orchestra and framed in golden velvet curtains. And that is what the publishers, booksellers, book manufacturers, and allied trades did in March, presumably for the promotion of interest in reading. The National Book Award Presentation Dinner (\$12.50 a plate) was a wow! It made page twenty-one of the *New York Times* and page seventeen of the *Herald Tribune*.

I didn't happen to talk to anybody who had paid twelve-fifty for his soup, fish, roast beef, and ice cream, though there must have been some people there who were not either guests of publishers or publishers eating on their expense accounts. The room was alive with authors, book reviewers, and magazine editors, who constituted what is usually referred to as a "distinguished literary group." Before the dinner started the Publicity Committee (of eighteen members) got all of the authors together on the dais and took their picture. While this was going on, the critics and the magazine editors and the publishers' representatives were in something called the Jade Room trying to get enough drinks to see them through the evening. It wasn't easy, but it was rather sporting. The management finally succeeded in getting the drinkers out of the Jade Room into the Ballroom, first by announcing repeatedly over a loudspeaker: "All those not on the dais, please leave the room,"

and when that didn't seem to have the slightest effect, by turning out the lights.

The dinner was distinguished from other such dinners by the absence of chicken and peas, and also by the number of authors preening themselves, listening alertly for someone at the next table to mention their names. I found myself seated next to a modest, motherly woman with whom I chatted agreeably for two-thirds of the dinner before a reference to China made me realize that she was Pearl Buck. I hadn't caught the name, and I dare say that there were a good many others like me who sat next to distinguished authors who wished they knew whom they were talking to but didn't quite have the nerve to ask. If you don't catch Pearl Buck's name the first time, when there are so many Pearl Bucks around, you don't quite want to say, "I'm sorry, I didn't quite get your name." It would sound ridiculous. Authors assume that other people know who they are. It would be a shame to spoil the illusion.

The main business of this dinner was to publicize the publishing industry, and when you want to publicize an industry you give a prize to somebody. It's nice for the person who gets the prize too, of course, but that is not the point. Everybody knows what the point is, and this makes for a certain amount of self-consciousness all around. This may be particularly true of a group as literate as publishers and authors, the disseminators of truth through the written word. They find themselves a little shy and a little pained by such shenanigans and a little apologetic. They always have in the backs of their minds the tradition that publishing is not just a business but a profession as well, and they are embarrassed to be caught behaving merely like business men in search of a little publicity. As a result, the program, which had a good many aspects of an amateur vaudeville show, was

more of an apology for publishing than a promotion of it.

IT STARTED off well, except for the usual awkwardnesses that attend any program that is being broadcast . . . long moments of ad-libbing to fill in time before going on the air. Clifton Fadiman, of course, was the master of ceremonies and he made an agreeable performance out of what everyone knew was merely a dirty job. He was introduced by Tex McCrary, a local broadcaster, ex-editor, and husband of Jinx Falkenberg. Mr. McCrary's presence was a little difficult to understand, but he was amiably disposed even though, as the evening progressed, he seemed somewhat uncomfortable—as though he wondered what all this had to do with the recognition of distinguished poetry, fiction, and biography. Mr. Fadiman in turn introduced Mrs. Roosevelt as “the first lady in the hearts of Americans,” and she spoke briefly and smilingly about the change in the responsibility of American authors and publishers from a national matter to a matter of world culture. She was followed by Mr. Allen, the editor-in-chief of this magazine, who also talked about books—about the valuable diversity of American publishing. Then the program seemed to fall into a kind of amateur night—of apologetic satire of publishing, of authors, of readers—that made a good many of the audience squirm and caused not a few of them to sneak out.

We were put through a mock session of “Author Meets the Critics” in which Shakespeare and Cyrano and Don Juan discussed the merits of “Romeo and Juliet.” Then Mr. Fadiman gave the prizes to the prize-winning authors and some certificates of merit to five writers of non-fiction. After that we were privileged to witness Helen Howe do a monologue imitating a ladies’ club president, watch Jinx Falkenberg make charm in a green dress, hear a Mexican *chanteuse* sing “Bali Ha’i” and “Peanut Vendor” to the accompaniment of a guitar and drums, and watch the comedian Abe Burrows try to fetch a laugh out of an audience that was ill-disposed to laugh. He was supposed to sing a song, but there was no microphone near the piano and he had to make do with his native wit. By this time I was the only person left at my table; the other nine had tiptoed away. We had gone off the

air after the awarding of prizes, and when I sneaked out myself Senator Douglas of Illinois was making a graceful speech against the most appalling odds. Conversation had risen to a bleating pitch in the enormous Ballroom; nobody seemed to be paying any attention. Even some of the dignitaries at the table on the dais had left. The evening had collapsed.

It was too bad; and the trouble was that the publishing business had tried to act like something it isn’t. It had acted as though it were afraid that nobody ever really wanted to read books, and that it had better make the best of a bad situation by kidding the whole idea that a book is a serious matter to anybody . . . anybody, that is, but the author, possibly the critic, and occasionally the publisher. The publishing business is better than this, and I’m inclined to think that when it woke from its reverie the next morning it had a bad hangover and made all sorts of resolutions about not going on *that* kind of spree again.

Incidentally, and it did seem incidental, the prize-winners were William Carlos Williams for poetry, Nelson Algren for his novel, *The Man with the Golden Arm*, and Dr. Ralph L. Rusk for his biography, *The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

Feast of Death

ANYONE who lives in New York, no matter how thorough or virtuous as a housekeeper, has to battle that most quick-footed and quick-witted of all pests, the common roach. An occasional visit from an exterminator helps; that is, it helps you. It drives the beasts into your neighbor’s apartment or house for a temporary visit. Then they are back, when the DDT has lost its efficacy, to scamper along the drain board, to sneak through the cracks of the refrigerator, to defy the flaying of the folded newspaper in practiced hands or the quickly stamped foot or the slapping blow of the dish mop. The chase is never-ending; it merely has respites, and the best respite-maker I have discovered is a white powder called Killer Miller’s Jaygol. Killer Miller’s formula, which claims on the box to be “harmless to humans and pets,” has worked in my house, but its power to repel pests is overshadowed by the power of the prose of the man (presumably the Killer himself) who wrote the copy that appeared

until recently on the eight-ounce box. Alas, the last box I bought had new copy, with much but not all of the old savor gone.

"Jaygol," it said on the package until a few months ago, "is the product of Jay D. Miller, known to millions as Killer Miller," and the powder has been "used to abolish all infestations of roaches and water bugs in the House Side of Congress in the Capitol Building and in numerous other bug-ridden government and public institutions in Washington, D. C." Presumably the Upper Chamber is either above such things or has subtler methods than poison for abolishing infestations, such as the filibuster or refusal to let the pests be registered lobbyists.

But the method used by the House of Representatives and other bug-ridden agencies is probably that recommended on the box: that is to spread it "very generously in and along all places where roaches and water bugs are seen most frequently." The Killer takes a rare relish in what happens: "This material attracts and lures these insects out of their hiding places to feed on it, after which they usually return to their hiding places deathly sick. . . . For a short time after first applying Jaygol, you may see more roaches than ever before. This is proof of Jaygol's irresistible power to lure the pests to their feast of death. . . . Jaygol acts as a *roach-policeman*, setting up a complete protection, day and night. . . ."

There was a spirit in this that is rarely seen in advertising copy these days, a smacking of the lips, a licking of the chops, an evil and deathly glint in the eye. It had some of the fervor of nineteenth-century patent-medicine advertising, of the elixirs that cured all of man's ills, and didn't hesitate to call a bowel a bowel; a scare technique that really knocked at the doors of man's deepest fears. Killer Miller's prose is not exactly elegant, but it is vivid, and it reminds me, in spirit if not in style, of a phrase that used to appear on the Calox toothpowder can, but is also now gone . . . one of those phrases that turned the prosaic into the mysterious in the days before advertising got to be coy. Calox, it said in brown letters on the cream-colored can, was "Also Efficacious for Cleansing Artificial Dentures." I mouthed that phrase for years as an example of a prose now lost to us.

Where are the poets of yesteryear?

How are your connections?

THE Radio Engineering Show at the Grand Central Palace in New York which closed on March 9, with no apparent lessening of attendance or enthusiasm, had been going full blast for four days. The intention of the Institute of Radio Engineers in constructing this carnival seems to have been to assemble in one place the latest widgets and dingbats their industry has dreamed up. Two hundred and fifty-three companies were represented by their respective Nobatrons, Beta-Gamma Radiation Survey Meters, or Panoramic Ultrasonic Analyzers—and, so far as I could judge from a purely personal idea of what a radio engineer should look like, the fans were out in force.

By mid-afternoon of the ninth there were still thousands of them. It took me a good part of the day merely to get from one booth to the next, snatch up trade literature and pass on, under the misapprehension that this was the way to avoid the crowds. It didn't work. The floor for several hundred feet around the DuMont color television exhibit, for instance, was so densely packed that circulation had broken down entirely, and the attendant cop whose duty it was to shout, "Clear the aisle, please!" had long since lost all faith in his own authority. The next largest group was crowded around the booth of the Sheldon Electric Company, which was generously giving away lengths of electric cord and large red buttons reading, "How are your connections?" As if this hadn't been bait enough, the dispensing was done by a professional model, dressed in a professional strapless gown, giving one the impression that she had been dropped into it and a drawstring pulled tight at the top—but no matter; Westinghouse should have done so good.

It was a noisy affair. As I first came up the entrance stairs, I was conscious of a sound which separated itself from the rest; and this—considering the acoustics of an open well three stories deep and the passion of audio engineers for full volume—is saying a lot. The lone voice was a melodious clack-clack-clack, sounding as though a woodpecker were playing a xylophone made out of broken china; and it was so individual a note that soon I began to regard it as the theme song of this symphony of amplified electrons, rattling

Geiger counters, and the roar of excited conversation that results when several thousand specialists jabber at other specialists about their specialty. It wasn't until late in the day that I located the woodpecker—an electronic ceramic-tile sorter, which was busily clinking pieces of four-by-four tile and listening to the timbre of the clink, rejecting those that were weak, or cracked, or full of hidden air bubbles. I left it respectfully to its lonely work.

International Business Machines, also, was represented by a robot I could hardly envy—a calculator, apparently a baby, standing in comparison to Eniac or Binac about as I stood in relation to the young man from IBM who tried to tell me how it operated. All I got of it was that the machine had been doing the same equation over and over again for the four days of the convention, the problem being a complicated formula for determining stresses in a drive shaft that passed through three engines of varying capacities. It took the baby brain less than a minute to run through a stack of Hollerith cards about six inches high and come up with the answer, meriting at least a pat on the capacitor or the compliment of a tougher question. What did it get but the same old stack of cards, same old stresses, same old torque. Plug in earphones and you could have heard it yawn; plug in a loud-speaker and it would have called Thomas J. Watson dirty names.

From the side, where the dense rows of tiny tubes were visible under glass, IBM's bored mechanical monster was lovely to look at. Strings of light flickered across the panel with every column of figures solved, as mysteriously beautiful as Times Square through a taxi window on a rainy night. Fortunately in both cases the weaving and dancing patterns appear to be meaningless, and I'm sure that I benefited from the same ignorance everywhere at this show, drinking in the mathematical curves outlined in green light on the dozens of cathode-ray oscillographs as though the sine wave were only intended, like the Sheldon Company's young lady, to be decorative.

Not that there wasn't competition, for the hearts of at least three other models belonged to the Radio Corporation of America. Two of them greeted arrivals at the top of the stairs, pressing upon each of us an enormous

red, white, and black envelope which stated on the outside that RCA is "the fountain-head of modern tube development" but contained nothing whatever on the inside. At first I could see no other reason for carrying mine around except that everyone else had one, but finally the light dawned. I filled the vacuum with the data sheets and throw-aways of the other 252 companies, thinking grateful thoughts of RCA as each additional piece of propaganda was safely stowed away.

TO A LAYMAN—just as the foreigner finds in France that, to his horror, even the smallest children speak French—the most startling sight was not this wholesale forecast of things to come but the kids, immediate representatives of posterity, who had come to look it over. Some of them may have been there, as this one of their elders was, out of a deep-running passion for conventions of all subjects and sizes, but several of the small fry seemed to me to know more about radar and milliroentgens than befitted their age and experience. At the booth of the Webster-Chicago company, makers of turntables and record-changers, the newest three-speed version was being demonstrated to a group which included an electronics fancier in his mid-teens. The company's representative was praising his product's ability to distinguish between records of different sizes and react accordingly.

"Of course, what you ought to have," said the young man, "is something that could tell what speed the record is supposed to go at, and then automatically adjust for it." The company's man nodded at him, and said they'd been giving that a good deal of thought, as a matter of fact. "Of course, what you could do," the boy continued brightly, "is to use the difference between the 45-rpm records, with the metal spiders in the center, and the 33 1/3, which don't have the spiders, to let it know which is which." The Webster-Chicago man looked at him. "Good," he said. "Now how does it tell the difference between a 33 1/3-rpm ten-inch record and a 78-rpm ten-inch, neither of them with spiders?"

"I hadn't thought of that," said a thin and disappointed voice. Back, as one of Peter Arno's wartime cartoons put it, to the old drawing board.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Fever Chart for Novelists

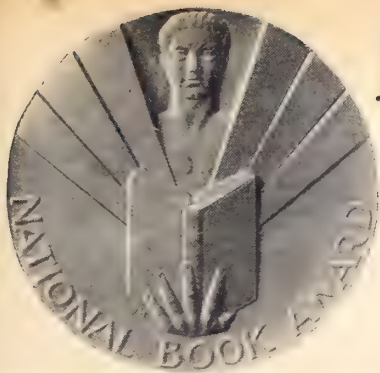
Richard H. Rovere

IN *The Novel and Our Time* (Alan Swallow, \$1.50), a choked, aggrieved, intense, and very rewarding little book, Dr. Alex Comfort, the British physician-pacifist-poet-novelist, makes a number of flat statements: "Whatever the writer's conception of art, he writes to interpret something to somebody." "A writer's attitude . . . to history is increasingly his most important artistic quality. . . . Even doctrinaire attitudes . . . are preferable to a chaotic or nonchalant attitude." "Do not be taken in by talk about craftsmanship. . . . We place far too much emphasis on the narrative component in novel-writing." "The seriousness of intention [of] the improving novel of the mid-Victorian period far exceeds that of most contemporary writing which calls itself literature." By the last, he means to say, if I understand him properly, that earnest rubbish, provided its earnestness is really felt, is more to be honored than any kind of excellence that is uninformed by moral responsibility.

If my estimable fellow-worker, Bernard DeVoto, were to weigh Dr. Comfort's assertions, he would report, I think, that they show only to what giddy heights of conceit novelists can sometimes rise. In *The World of Fiction* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50), which is also a rewarding book and in most ways a more reasonable and closely reasoned one than *The Novel and Our Time*, DeVoto deals with imaginative literature in a spirit totally opposed to Dr. Comfort's. DeVoto, of course, prizes moral responsibility, but he demands of the writer only that he be on the up-and-up

with the reader and indulge in no deliberate deceit, whereas what Dr. Comfort wants is some humane, coherent view of life, which he calls an attitude toward history. DeVoto doesn't think a writer's attitude toward history is his most important quality; he doesn't think it's important at all. Being a historian himself, as well as a novelist and a good many other things, he would not, I take it, say that a novelist has no business having an attitude toward history, but he would say that the novelist ought to keep his attitude out of his books, and he does say that the philosophies of most novelists are silly—"temperamentally distorted theorems learned in Sunday School, in college courses, or in conversations which he participated in ten years ago but didn't understand very well. At best, he can give them little resemblance and less life." He says that ordinarily you will get "a more trustworthy interpretation of society . . . from a dowser or an astrologer" than from any novelist.

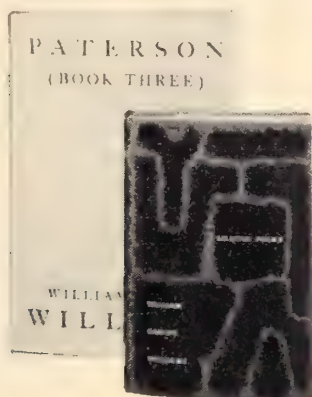
In DeVoto's view, the novel has only one serious function: to tell the reader what is happening inside him. In every human being, "there is a turbulence whose supreme need is to be understood." If a man has only his own experience to go by, he can understand nothing. By himself he can no more explain himself than a gasoline engine can comprehend its own workings. "All emotion happens to him for the first time. His paramount need is to know what it is, to give it contact and fixation in the known. Fiction provides a way of closing the circuit and bringing the known



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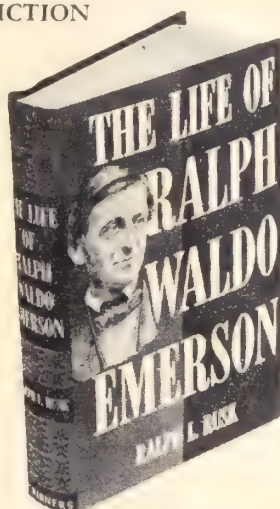


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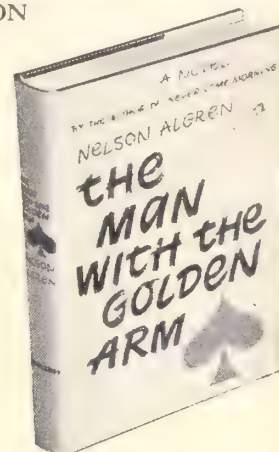
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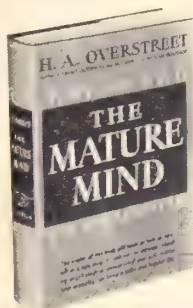


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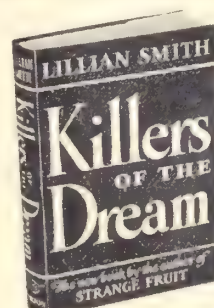
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KILLERS of the DREAM

★ "I am on fire with the excitement and illumination of this book . . . It was as though she had a private window somewhere where she could look inside of me. What a great thing she has done." —Joshua Logan. \$3. Norton



by Eleanor Roosevelt
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in." DeVoto goes on to say that "It is here, in moments of exasperation one feels that it is almost here alone, that the novelist may be trusted. Within limits, in part, up to a point, he can answer that desolate question, How do I feel? In part, up to a point, he can tell us what emotion is. His work goes beyond that, but we follow him with increasing wariness; the farther beyond he goes, the more reason there is to be skeptical of him." But in relieving man's isolation, in giving him brothers and brotherhood and brotherly love, the novel, DeVoto thinks, "does a great charity to the human spirit."

The World of Fiction is not wholly given over to DeVoto's definition of fiction's role. This is just its starting-point. DeVoto thinks that craftsmanship is terribly important, and perhaps a third of the book deals with technique, with textual criticism, with "the narrative component," with style, idiom, and mechanics. In an essay called "Am I Not Christopher Sly?" he very cleverly works out a theory of self-representation in literature, of the relation between a writer's life and the lives of the people he creates, that might, if it could be reduced to a few sentences, go down as DeVoto's Law of Literary Identities. Elsewhere, he addresses himself at length to the problem of maturity in art. Believing that only those writers who can get perspective on their own responses, who can give independent life and energy to what they themselves feel, are able to serve the reader by closing the emotional circuit, he examines the process by which the writer achieves with language what he calls "shaped emotion," as distinct from unshaped or shapeless emotion. The unshaped he finds most flagrantly represented by Thomas Wolfe, who offered not metals panned, sluiced, refined, and laboriously wrought but great chunks of the crude ore split off his own mountainous being. He finds shaped emotion in Mark Twain's *The Mysterious Stranger*, and he reprints here, from *Mark Twain at Work*, his own sympathetic study of what led up to the composition of *The Mysterious Stranger*, of the death-ridden, debt-ridden years in which Twain tried to force aside his anguish, his despair, his exhaustion long enough to recover the equilibrium of spirit and buoyancy of mind that had made it possible for him to write, in the great, gone years. This essay is the only

piece of literary scholarship and criticism I have read lately that I would care to describe as beautiful.

LIKE *The World of Fiction*. I like its tough-mindedness, its high spirits, its wit, its healthy professionalism, its common sense, its well-mortised style. Yet I must say that I find myself in thorough disagreement with DeVoto in the debate I have arranged between him and Dr. Comfort. There seems to me to be a kind of willful meagerness of view in his refusal to grant the novelist any jurisdiction outside "the impact of experience on individual people." I am also disturbed by his frequent return to one of the themes of *The Literary Fallacy*, his last book of criticism. "At the utmost," he says, "fiction can play only an exceedingly small part in anyone's life. For most people who read it, it is a slight, unimportant thing." I assume he means by this that the time we spend reading and thinking about our reading isn't much compared to the time we give to other things: sleep, labor, family, the pursuit of Eros, automobile travel, and the rest. No doubt this is so, but what value does such a purely quantitative judgment have? I don't suppose that the most deeply religious people spend much time actively experiencing their religion or that they are even very often aware of their own religiousness. The emotional impact on them of the death of someone they love is probably greater than anything they have known as a consequence of their faith. But what of that? I fail to see how we can characterize as slight and unimportant anything that "does a great charity to the human spirit." How many such things in life are there?

Now and then, in *The World of Fiction*, DeVoto takes a moment or two out to belabor those whom he calls "schematic critics." He is opposed not only to the particular ways in which they schematize their ideas but to the very principle of scheme or system in criticism, since he feels that no theory of any imaginable sort is likely to account for a tradition as rich and varied as the one that begins with Cervantes and comes down to Faulkner and will, one hopes, go on far beyond Faulkner. In general, I agree with this (I disagree only in those cases where I think DeVoto mistakes standards for categories), but I believe that if a critic's point of view is to be judged

"Most of us grew up thinking of John C. Calhoun as a chill and sinister character who barely escaped the gallows, to the life-long regret of Andrew Jackson and other true patriots. In the North, especially, he is still loaded with a heavy share of the blame for the Civil War; and it is commonly supposed that his ridiculous political notions were buried forever at Appomattox. This is perhaps the most libelous legend in American history.

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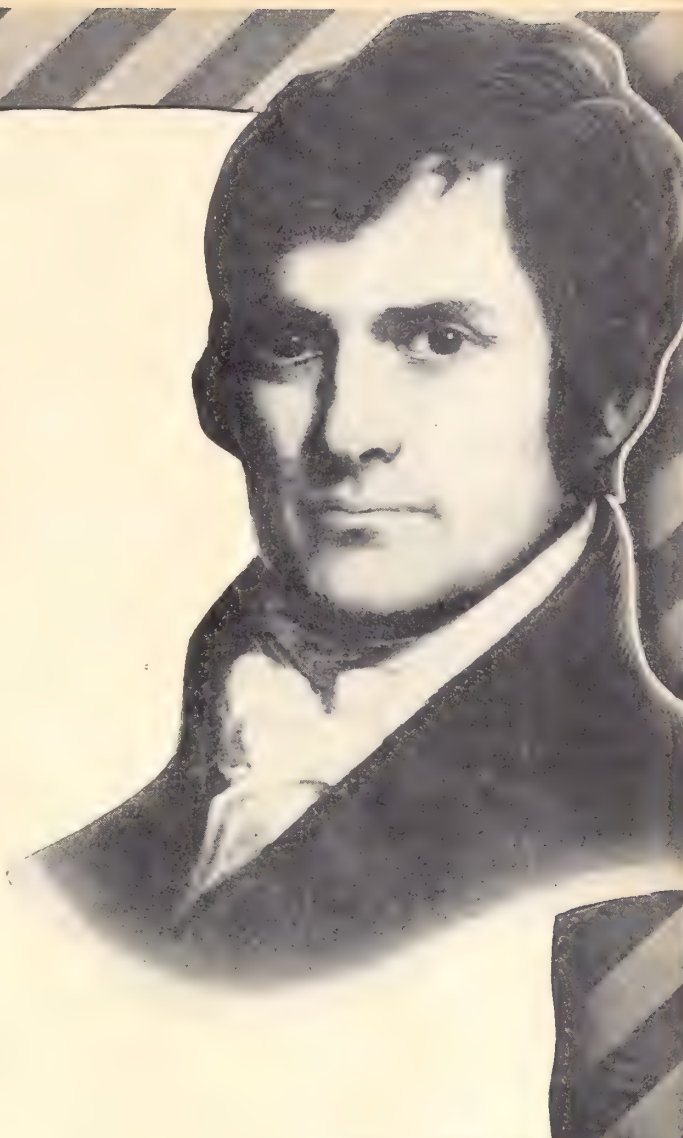
Here, too, is a lucid account of Calhoun's political testament — a long neglected document, second in importance only to the Federalist Papers in the founding of the American political tradition. Under the stress of the slavery controversy, Calhoun carried his doctrine to extremes; but his basic ideas still govern our day-to-day practice of government, all the way from the town council to Congress. Anyone who really wants to understand American politics has to understand Calhoun. He can find no other guide as sound and enjoyable as Miss Coit's biography." *John Fischer*

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FARRAR, STRAUS

by the territory it embraces, then DeVoto's own idea of the uses of fiction must be called into question on the ground that it fails to account for a great many novels—or, perhaps more accurately, for certain elements of greatness in most great novels. If the novel is effective only when it deals with "the impact of experience on individual people," then its tradition is not the rich and varied one he is so eager to defend.

LIONEL TRILLING is one of the critics DeVoto stigmatizes as a schematizer. In reading Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination* (Viking, \$3.50), an admirable collection of critical essays ranging in subject matter from Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality" to the Kinsey Report and including several considerations of the novel, I was unable to perceive any way in which his criticism is embarrassed by dogma or doctrine; I felt, on the contrary, that Trilling's view of the novel, "a summary and paradigm of our cultural life," comes closer to accounting for all its triumphs than DeVoto's. Trilling, of course, would be in agreement with some such formulation as DeVoto's on the *essential* service of fiction (he describes it as "the investigation of illusion and reality," which in the end boils down to the same thing as the "fixation in the known") but what attracts him to the novel, what to him differentiates it from such other forms of fiction as drama and narrative poetry, is that it can fix and define emotional experience for us and then, without violence to its structure, go on to do so many other things besides. "In its perpetual quest for reality," Trilling says, the novel's "field of research [is] always the social world, the material of its analysis [is] always manners as an indication of the direction of man's soul." Since it can scarcely be denied that the novel's field of research is always the social world, I cannot see how DeVoto can maintain his position that it has little of value to say about history, which is merely society in the perspective of time. Though it is assuredly a fact that, because every heart is chambered, every man must face experience alone, it is also true that there are almost no experiences that both begin and end inside us. Experience is always in some

sense social. All our griefs, our guilts, our ecstasies, our victories are in one way or another related to other human beings, and every novel that deals with two or more human beings (offhand, I can think of no one-character books, except conceivably some of the early volumes in the Tarzan series, in which, of course, the apes were humanized) is a social novel. It would therefore seem to me almost impossible for a writer to write understandingly about individual human beings and at the same time be utterly stupid, as DeVoto would have him be, about society.

For my own part, I think it is not the novelists but the political scientists, the sociologists, and the cultural anthropologists who are likely to meet tough competition from dowsers, witches, tea-leaf jockeys, and astrologers, and I should sooner by far have my children go to school to Balzac, Dickens, Dostoevski, Hawthorne, James, Proust, Mann, Huxley, Orwell, Dos Passos, and Faulkner than to most of the writers of fat, chart-laden books that are about society but seldom about men, or to the lecturers on Contemporary Social Problems they are so unhappily certain to find in the universities. By this, I do not mean to say that I think the novel's function is to provide us with sociological data; on the contrary, the novelist who has set out to do this has chosen a short, sure way to failure. Nor do I think, with Dr. Comfort, that a novelist's attitude toward history is his most important quality. But I think that it is one very important quality and that an inadequate attitude or none at all can be the undoing of a potentially good novelist.

Two potentially good novelists undone by their unsatisfactory outlook on history are Calder Willingham, the author of *Geraldine Bradshaw* (Vanguard, \$3.50), and John Kero- uac, the author of *The Town and the City* (Harcourt Brace, \$3.50). Willingham's book is a plausible account of the attempted seduction of a lower-class Chicago girl by two middle-class Southern boys, recent graduates, one gathers, of the military academy Willingham wrote about in *End as a Man*. The girl is a neurotic of an advanced though indeterminate sort and a pathologi-

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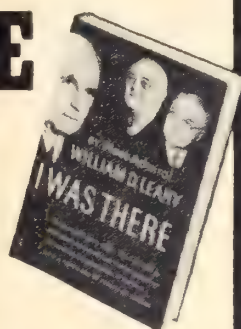
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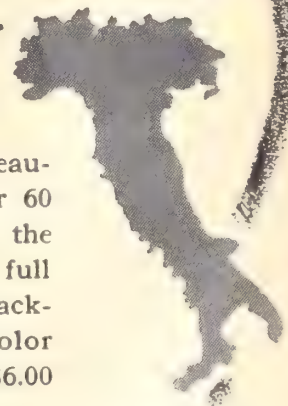
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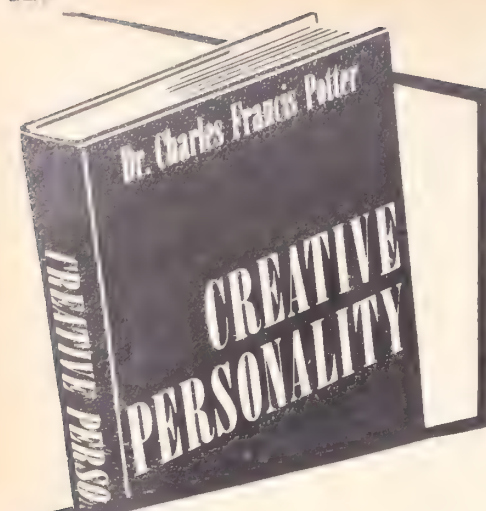


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cal liar to boot, and the boys are callow, callous brats. The sweat, the sodden ugliness, and the violence Willingham generates are both prodigious and credible, but *Geraldine Bradshaw* is not even a potentially good book, for although Willingham shapes and clarifies emotions well enough, he has no discernible attitude toward life and history, and the result is, as Dr. Comfort says of the whole genre to which this book belongs, "a product of violence, not a comment on it."

The Town and the Country is a long, warm-spirited account of small-city life and family evolution. It is more acceptable in every way than *Geraldine Bradshaw*, and while I cannot see that Kerouac's talent merits the comparison with Thomas Wolfe's that a number of readers have made (my respect for Wolfe far exceeds DeVoto's), his gift is a genuine one and well worth cultivation. But the writer who tries to deal with time, memory, and the processes of urbanization has to have, if only as an organizing principle, some philosophy of time and causality. Lacking one, *The Town and the City*, although it contains some skillful characterizations and occasional stretches of powerful writing, has the contrived continuity of a March of Time newsreel. Kerouac is either a cameraman who focuses now on one room, now on another, now on a field, now on a skyscraper, always giving us the impression that machinery is being toted around from place to place, or he is a narrator who tells us solemnly that what was isn't and that what is won't be. He has to tell us, for otherwise we wouldn't know.

THERE have been several revealing documents on the novel lately and one or two novels in which the writer is preoccupied with the condition of being a writer. Among the documents are *Editor to Author* (Scribner, \$3.75), a collection of the letters of the late Maxwell E. Perkins, the famous editor at Charles Scribner's Sons, which has been arranged by his successor, John Hall Wheelock; and William Saroyan's *The Twin Adventures* (Harcourt Brace, \$3), which contains *The Adventures of Wesley Jackson*, a novel Saroyan wrote and published several years ago, and a previously unpub-

lished diary he kept while he was writing the novel, which he calls *The Adventures of William Saroyan*. I found both books very much to my taste, but I am not certain that those readers of fiction who are not especially interested in either the mechanics of publishing or the perpetual struggle writers face with their own mental torpors, their huge capacities for procrastination, and their tendency to be overcome by convictions of their own worthlessness will find either book worth the effort.

Maxwell Perkins, who dealt in his firm's behalf with such writers as Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, Ring Lardner, and Wolfe, is said by his friends and admirers to have been a man with a profound intuitive understanding of the novel; it is also said that large shares of the credit for the critical and popular successes which those writers enjoyed rightfully belong to Perkins. All of this may be true, but it is not the sort of thing that comes through in letters, and what this collection shows is intuitive understanding of novelists rather than of novels. It is Perkins' generosity, his sympathy, his mannerliness, and his gift for coaxing men into doing things his way while appearing to be urging them to do them their own way, that come through most clearly here. The most certain proof that he knew his writers lies in his refusal to pay any attention to the legends about his own literary perspicacity. Writers may have heard from other sources, as some of them obviously did, that they wouldn't be anywhere without Perkins, but they never heard it from Perkins, who never failed to assure them that his own thoughts were small, pathetic, even despicable things alongside their own towering wisdom.

Saroyan's book, at least the half of it that hasn't been published before, is almost all shop talk. In 1944, he undertook, at the urging of the Office of War Information, to write a propaganda novel. He allowed himself a month for the job, and because he needed to appease his conscience for having agreed to write a propaganda novel at all, he decided to punish the flesh by writing not one book in the month but two—"one for the government, one for God." On the novel, he sensibly

NEW BOOKS

took the easiest way out. *The Adventures of Wesley Jackson* is an acknowledged steal from *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, in which Saroyan simulates the mood and adheres to the structure of the masterpiece, substituting for the boy who delivers the slave to freedom a post-adolescent who gets drafted in the Army, is stationed in England, and delivers himself from his own nativist prejudices. Needless to say, the masterpiece will never suffer from any comparison with the copy. Nor will the book Saroyan wrote for God get him into Heaven any faster than the one he wrote for the government. But a certain interest does attach to the diary. To the best of my knowledge, Saroyan is the only writer who has ever written a book about the writing of a book that is as long as the book it is about. Perhaps there was never a writer before Saroyan who could have done this or would even have thought of doing it. It is an extraordinary performance. Saroyan, who was living at the Savoy in London while all this was going on, made his entries not on a daily basis but at frequent intervals throughout the day. He couldn't have coffee sent up, receive a telephone call, or walk over to the window without entering the event in his diary. A typical series of entries runs as follows: "One hour and thirty-five minutes later 11:25 AM . . . One hour and ten minutes later, 12:35 PM . . . Three hours and fifteen minutes later, 3:50 PM . . . Forty-five minutes later, 4:35 PM . . . Thirty-five minutes later, 5:05 PM." And here is a fairly typical entry:

Sunday, August 20, 1944

Two hours and twenty-five minutes later, 2:10 AM. I have edited Chapter 15 and it's O.K. I'm O.K. now, too. Not so harassed—easier, and I think I'm ready to get my wind again for the work beginning Monday. Of course, I mean to do a Sunday chapter too. Just for the devil of it, I looked at the first paragraph of this story to see if the stuff holds up, and it does, it's O.K. I am hopeful for the story. I think its chances are good. I have smoked a good many cigarettes since I got back from my holiday on Waterloo Bridge, but I feel O.K. I seem to have gotten over any illness which may have been headed my way. The typewriter ribbon is fading swiftly. I've got one more ribbon, and I will install it on Monday.

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Not every entry is quite as clinical as this, for Saroyan had thoughts while writing, but the thoughts were not very stirring, and it is the hourly fever chart that is original with him. As I say, I don't believe anything of the sort has ever been done before. Whether or not it was worth doing is another question, but he has done it, and it is exciting in its way, at least for those of us who, like Saroyan, are greatly concerned over the question of whether or not the stuff is O.K.

SAROYAN's experiment was unique, but the impulse behind it was not. It shows up now in the work of two other celebrated novelists, Kathleen Winsor and Charles Jackson. Miss Winsor's *Star Money* (Appleton Century-Crofts, \$3) is about an attractive young woman, a Californian named Shireen Delaney, who turned over half a library to make a long, smoky novel about seventeenth-century bedrooms. The novel was an immense success in a money way, and it is with the effects of the vile green trash on Shireen that Miss Winsor's second novel deals. She insists that this story is "in no sense autobiographical," but even without the aid of DeVoto's Law, I could, if pressed, establish a certain connection between the author of *Forever Amber* and the author of *The Falcon*. In any case, star money was by no means as blessed a thing for Shireen (was ever a name more difficult to put up with than this one?) as it was for the little girl in Grimm's, and Miss Winsor's book is a chronicle of a mighty bitterness, which is brought on not only by the money that wrecked her heroine's marriage and life but by all the other attendant miseries the Bitch Goddess bestows on those she favors. *Star Money* is a desperately serious book that would probably repay an analysis as intensive as the mood in which Miss Winsor wrote it was intense, for it portrays not only a deep sense of betrayal but an equally deep and altogether flabbergasting ignorance of the nature of betrayal, or of who has betrayed whom? Does Miss Winsor take herself seriously as a literary person? As we have it here, she both does and does not. Shireen is annoyed with the world because it insists on judging a girl "with a

penny-ante talent, out of which I try to drum up a living for myself" by the standards it applies to those whose talents are of great worth. But then again she is bitter at women who display felinity in her presence. Like a Lucy Stoner, she pities them because "they are essentially lazy and would rather function as females than do something that made greater demands on them." Demands indeed! I have become acquainted through Miss Winsor with a female functioning qua female on whom the demands were, I should say, rather heavy.

Obviously, we are dealing here with a catalogue of confusions the like of which we seldom encounter fixed in print on paper. But although *Star Money* has, I think, exactly that "seriousness of intention" Dr. Comfort speaks of in connection with the improving Victorian novel, I fear that it will take a sturdier critic than this one to extract from it the revelation of true anguish I know is there, for I was forced to abandon the struggle on page 360, quite a distance from the finish line. For all its seriousness and for all the spice which is very much part of Miss Winsor's seriousness, *Star Money* is a dull book, a quite unimaginably dull book. This is a judgment I rather tremble to make, since I did get past page 201, in which, as God is my witness, the following is written:

[Georgia Marsh, Shireen's literary agent, is speaking to Shireen on the telephone]: "You're not worrying about the reviews, I hope."

"No I don't look at them. I've been told about a couple—but I'm not even going to care," she said defiantly. "After all, money is something everyone respects."

"You're right," said Georgia cheerfully. "There's always some damned snake in the Garden."

Charles Jackson's *The Sunnier Side* (Farrar, Straus, \$2.75) is a collection of short stories, all of them delightful, some of them very powerful, of which the title story is almost long enough to be called a short novel. In this story, Jackson does something almost as unprecedented as what Saroyan has done in *The Twin Adventures*. The story is introduced by a letter Jackson pretends to have received from a girl he knew in his childhood. She writes to con-

BOOKS IN BRIEF

gratulate him for having just published a story drawing on the life of the town they both grew up in and presenting the sunnier side of that life. This, she reminds Jackson, is something he has not always done. Jackson replies with a letter in which he amiably seeks to show her that in the very phrase she has chosen there is recognition of the fact that life is a matter of sides and that perspective is everything. He examines for her instruction three sunny careers on which the sun eventually set. But the ingenuity of the story lies not in this elementary observation but in his use of fiction as a device for commenting on its own materials. He shows how life, in literature, can and perhaps must be constantly flapped like a flapjack. This seems fraudulent, but is it? Is the contrived experience of literature more or less real than the real? Does existence conceal from itself a part of its true nature which only literature can uncover for it? In the course of a very fine work of fiction, Jackson has many things to say about fiction that are as good, I think, and as urgent as the good things we can glean from the Messrs. Comfort, DeVoto, and Trilling. With one of them, I will close this seminar:

Curiously, literature becomes truth because it is make-believe, because it is remote from life, and because we are lifted out of ourselves. . . . We are like Françoise in *Swann's Way*, who had nothing but disgust and contempt for the labor pains of the kitchen-maid but who, when she was sent to fetch the "doctor book" and therein read a description of the pangs of childbirth, wept floods of tears over the agonies of the poor girl whom but a moment before, when the girl was underfoot, she had accused of malingering. "The sufferings of humanity inspired in her a pity which increased in direct ratio to the distance separating the sufferers from herself." . . . Does this mean, then, that literature is a sham and a fraud? On the contrary. It means that in real life we are something less than our best self, the self that is brought out, widened, and deepened by literature. Our limited lives are such that it is almost as though the one reality we can get our hands on, so to speak, and really believe in, is the unreality of literature ("life" as distinguished from life); for what happens in literature is often far realer to us, and of greater truth, than what happens in everyday life. A situation

that moves us in a novel might pass unnoticed if it were right under our noses. In literature . . . our perceptions and sympathies . . . are released, become limitless, larger than life—larger than we are capable of on our own.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Nothing, by Henry Green. Reading this novel by Mr. Green (I've not read any others) is like reading a play without stage directions. It is almost all in dialogue and from the conversation one must learn all—or nearly all—that one is accustomed to have explained in narrative, such as the appearance of the characters, their relationship to each other, background history, etc. This has both advantages and disadvantages. As any child can tell you, it's fun to read "conversation," especially when it is as witty and brightly satirical as this frequently is. But on the other hand, it requires absolute attention, as good conversation does, down to the tiniest inflection or parenthetical phrase (often not indicated as parenthetical, even by commas). And such concentrated attention is hard to give, even to the best, over a period of several hours. The book is a light-hearted romance involving two generations of London postwar society. The miracle that Mr. Green accomplishes is to make hilarious scenes of the lives of essentially very dull people. It may signify nothing, but it is certainly not told by an idiot. Viking, \$3

Under the Skin, by Phyllis Bottome. To her long list of varied novels—*Private Worlds*, *The Mortal Storm*, *Within the Cup*, *London Pride*, etc.—Miss Bottome adds a new and difficult one. A British girl who has lost a husband and a lover in the war goes to be headmistress of a school for girls, mostly Negro, on a West Indian island. There she meets all the superstitions and unbridled emotions of a primitive and downtrodden people as well as the warmth and gentleness and brilliance of those

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

among them who have had the advantages of education. It is a very talkative novel in its effort to show the points of view of Negroes, whites, and Asiatics who are also represented there. But the picture of violent jealousies in the school, of race tension, and of the gentle romance between a Negro doctor and a Chinese woman, in spite of occasional lapses into sentimentality, is drawn with Miss Bottome's unerring gift for story and suspense. In the end it is the story of the British girl's love for the Negro doctor, releasing her finally from her bondage to the well-loved dead, and it becomes credible at least for the time of the reading. One could wish the motivations and the social philosophies were a little less explained, but one follows the story all the way.

Harcourt, Brace, \$3

The Town, by Conrad Richter.

In *The Trees* one read of Sayward Luckett, eldest daughter of Worth and Jary Luckett, growing up in the Ohio wilderness where every aspect of life was overwhelmed by the "big butts." In *The Fields* one read of the clearing of the wilderness and the slow conversion to plowed fields and farm crops. In this much more ambitious novel Mr. Richter tells the story of the children of Sayward and Portius growing from the old backwoods ways into the new ones of "civilization" during the early part of this century. It isn't a pretty tale altogether, watching the simple manners and country morality take on the careless veneer and easy virtue of the towns. But it is a believable story and a moving one, with the character and speech of Sayward Luckett staunch and unbridled to the last.

Knopf, \$3.50

Eye Witness, by George Harmon Coxe.

To one who rarely reads detective fiction it always seems that in terms of character-building the problem is the exact reverse of that in other novels. Whereas in the "regular" novel the problem is to present characters and motivations so that actions seem inevitable, the whole purpose of detective fiction is to make it seem impossible till the very last chapter that the murderer should be a murderer. But in this new Kent



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Murdock mystery there is plenty of positive, pleasurable character drawing in addition to very good obscurity. Mr. Murdock, newspaper photographer, is both sleuth and suspect; the dialogue is brisk and funny; the women sleek and beautiful; and the murderer, while according to tradition anything but the inevitable one, is at least satisfyingly credible.

Knopf, \$2.50

Mr. Midshipman Hornblower, by C. S. Forester.

This is a series of episodes in the life of Horatio Hornblower, not as we have come to know Captain Hornblower in recent years but as a gangling seventeen-year-old midshipman suffering his first adventures and misadventures on British ships of the line at the end of the eighteenth century. The sea-lore is as always absorbing and infallibly right (the historians say) and the adventure stories are tops.

Little, Brown, \$3

The Golden Girl, by Harry Sylvester. When Terry Morley, blonde with a radiance not quite earthly, arrived in Lima the lives of four men began at first imperceptibly and later violently to change. Her beauty had a dynamic quality and she behaved with an amorality more evil than evil itself, in fact like a nymphomaniac with an unpredictable puritanical streak. The wreckage she left behind her was almost complete. The Peruvian background is as vital and beautiful and violent as the girl. I have rarely read a book in which the atmosphere was so vivid and so much a part of the story and there are some bullfighting scenes that are superb. But the feel of the book is phony. The strange characters—the mine-owner, the poet, the salesman, the bullfighter, and the girl herself—seem intended as symbols as well as characters and never come clear as either. And the sketched-in background of politics and ideas has no reality whatever. A story that starts out with enormous excitement and promise dwindles to readable but somewhat pompous nonsense.

Harcourt, Brace, \$3

Hie to the Hunters, by Jesse Stuart. This is the story of Didway Hargis, son of the rich storekeeper in Plum

Grove, Kentucky, who ran away to live the rough life of his friend Sparkie in the nearby hills of Greenup County. Sparkie saved Did in a fight and so Did takes with a will to sleeping in the hay, loving and caring for Sparkie's hounds, hunting possum, square-dancing, tracking down barn-burners, and otherwise living the life of the hills. When Did's father comes with a posse of city men to try to get him back one of the finest feuding fights ever recorded takes place. And Jesse Stuart, author of *Man with a Bull-tongued Plow* and *The Thread That Runs So True*, makes the most of it. It all ends well and the story, like Fred Gipson's *Hound-Dog Man*, is full of country lore, country talk, country humor, boys, dogs, and great excitement. It may well become a classic of its kind.

Whittlesey House, \$2.75

Non-fiction

Shakespeare of London, by Marchette Chute.

It is a joy to read a book about Shakespeare that is neither stolid with unleavened scholarship nor fictionalized into unbearable sentimentality. This book, a Book of the Month choice for April, is, in spite of the careful research, sprightly, informative, and alive. As Miss Chute says, "This book is not a literary biography. It does not concern the part of Shakespeare that was immortal and for all time. It concerns only the part of him that was mortal and belonged to the Elizabethan age. His plays are not discussed as literature, but only as they relate to the working problems of the London stage. . . ." In that forthright way she sets about—and solves to the reader's delight—the problem of bringing to life, straight from the documents of the time, the person who was Shakespeare and the people who were his friends. Dutton, \$4

Worlds in Collision, by Immanuel Velikovsky.

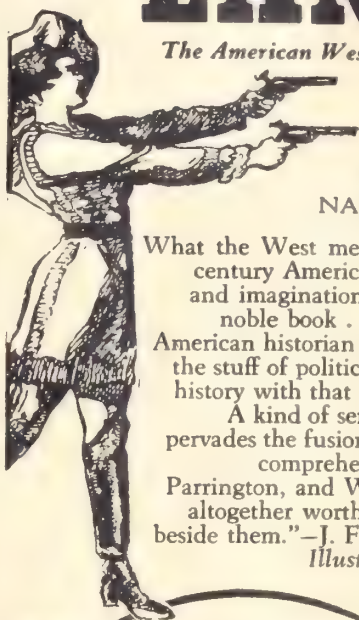
Probably no book in recent times has been the subject of as much pre-publication controversy as this one—a fact which will not be surprising to *Harper's* readers who remember Eric Larrabee's exciting summary of its main theses in "The Day the Sun

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Stood Still in our January issue. In this book Dr. Velikovsky presents the evidence in support of his extraordinary reconstruction of historical events and its effect on other fields of science and thought. A revolutionary book. Macmillan, \$4.50

Of Men and Mountains, by William O. Douglas.

From reading this book one gets the feeling that probably nothing in Justice Douglas's life has influenced him more than his contact with the mountains. As the chapter, "Two Boys on a Mountain," in our April issue suggested, the book is an affirmation of faith as well as a book for sportsmen and lovers of the out-of-doors. Harper, \$4.50

The Story of Irving Berlin, by David Ewen.

Perhaps the story of a man whose songs are so much a part of every American's life can't ever be adequately told. Each one of us expects too much of it. But this one, in Holt's Musical Biography series, seems a very juvenile treatment. The outlines are all here: the Russian-Jewish boy from New York's East-Side slums who grew up to become a great ragtime composer and marry the daughter of a millionaire; the names of the songs that we've all danced to, and fallen in love by, broken our hearts over, and some have died to. Unfortunately it reads like a story told for children and not very bright children at that. But to discover how and when one's favorites were written—"Alexander's Ragtime Band," "I Love a Piano," "Swanee," "Always," "Easter Parade"—one leafs through with great excitement anyway. Holt, \$3

Book Forecast

"It seems to me that they are building staircases steeper than they used to. The risings are higher or there are more of them or something. . . . Another thing I've noticed is the small print they're using lately. Newspapers are getting farther and farther away when I hold them." So begins **How to Guess Your Age** by Corey Ford, which Doubleday will publish in June, with illustrations by Gluyas Williams and an introduc-

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

tion by Ed Streeter. Other happy June news from Doubleday is *The Marx Brothers*, billed as a "humorous biography" by Kyle Crichton.

Two distinguished judges will publish very different books on May 25. One, *Courtroom*, Samuel S. Leibowitz's story as told by Quentin Reynolds, comes from Farrar, Straus. As trial lawyer and judge, Samuel Leibowitz knows first-hand of the Scottsboro case, the Lindbergh case, and many other famous front-page murders. We are promised he will tell us, through Quentin Reynolds, what "really happened." . . . Michael A. Musmanno, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Pittsburgh, was also judge of several important military trials in Germany. One of his jobs was to take the sworn statements of all of the people who were with Hitler in his last days. From these records we will have *Ten Days to Die*, and pretty lurid and important history it should be. (Doubleday)

Newspapermen are turning book authors as assiduously as ever. Joseph Harsch, Washington correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, has a book coming from Doubleday in May called *The Curtain Isn't Iron*. Part of it appeared in this magazine under the same title.

According to a story in the *New York Times*, seven of their staff members are publishing books this spring. Four are already published but in May Bobbs-Merrill is bringing out *Assignment in Austerity: An American Family in Britain* by Herbert Matthews, former London correspondent; and Doubleday's list for May boasts a comment on life in suburbia, *Slightly Cooler in the Suburbs* by Charles Palmer, of the Sunday department. In June, Grey-stone is planning to publish the story of the automobile industry, *The Road Is Yours* by the former automobile editor of the *Times*, Reginald Cleveland.

Laura Hobson, whose last book, *Gentleman's Agreement*, made a deserved splash in the publishing mill pond, has a new novel on Simon & Schuster's list for May. It is called, provocatively as always, *The Other Father*.

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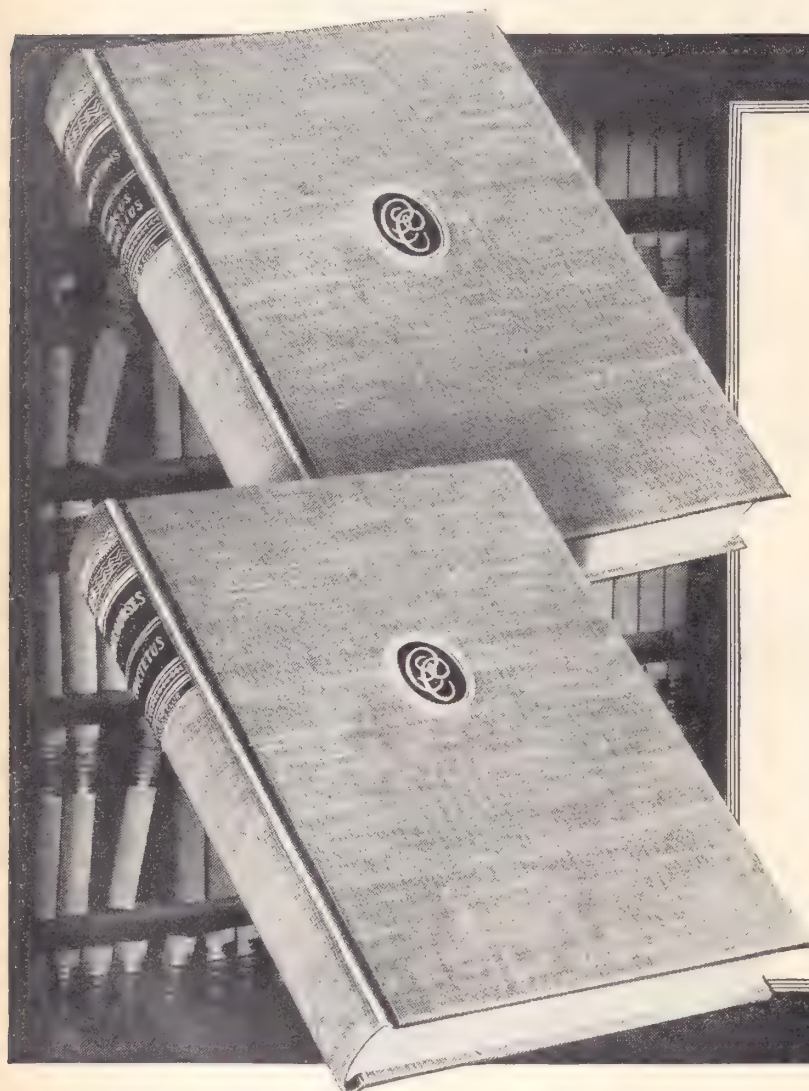
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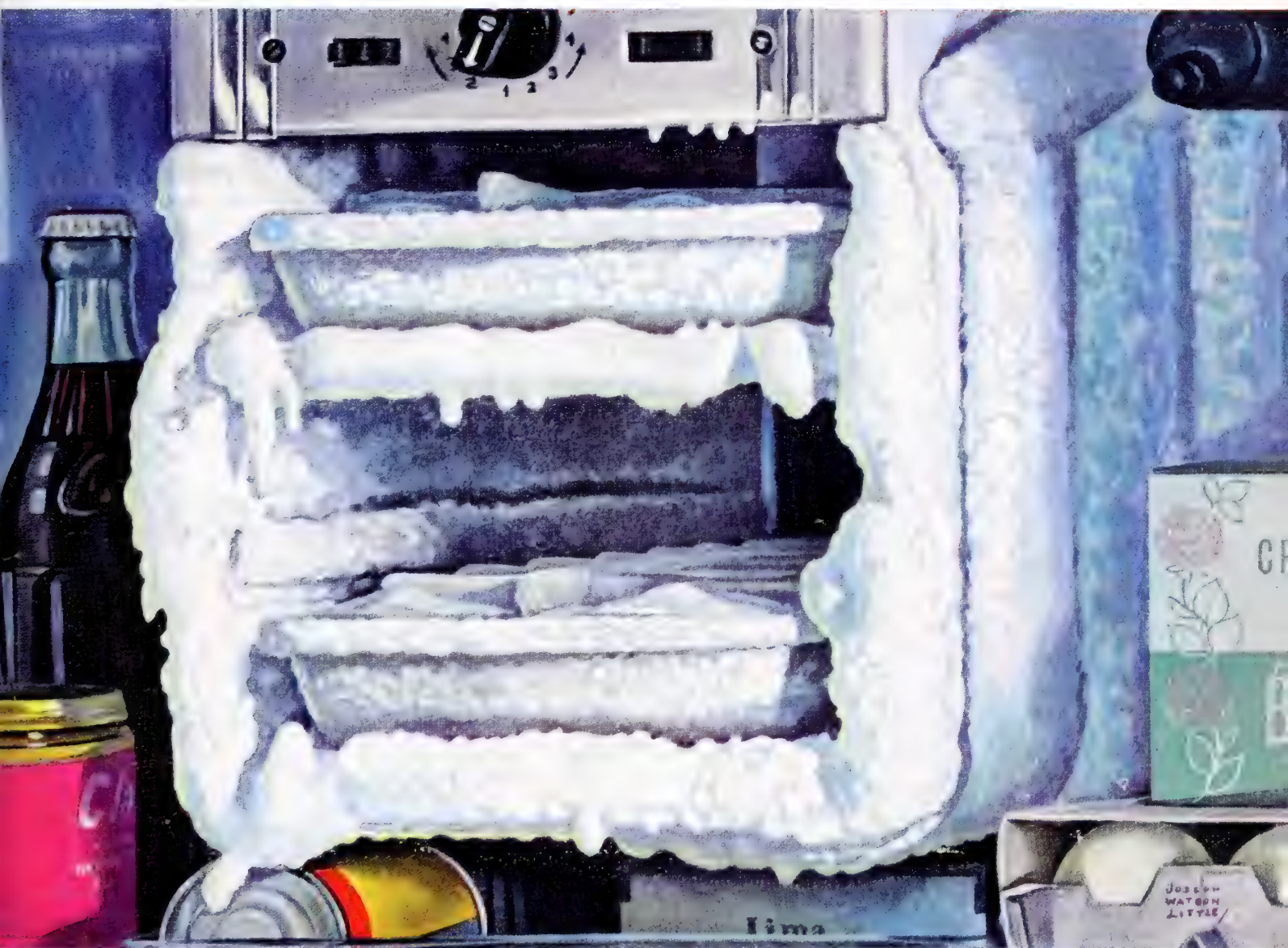
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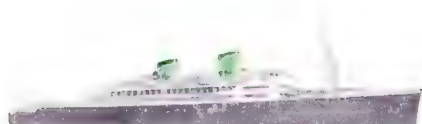


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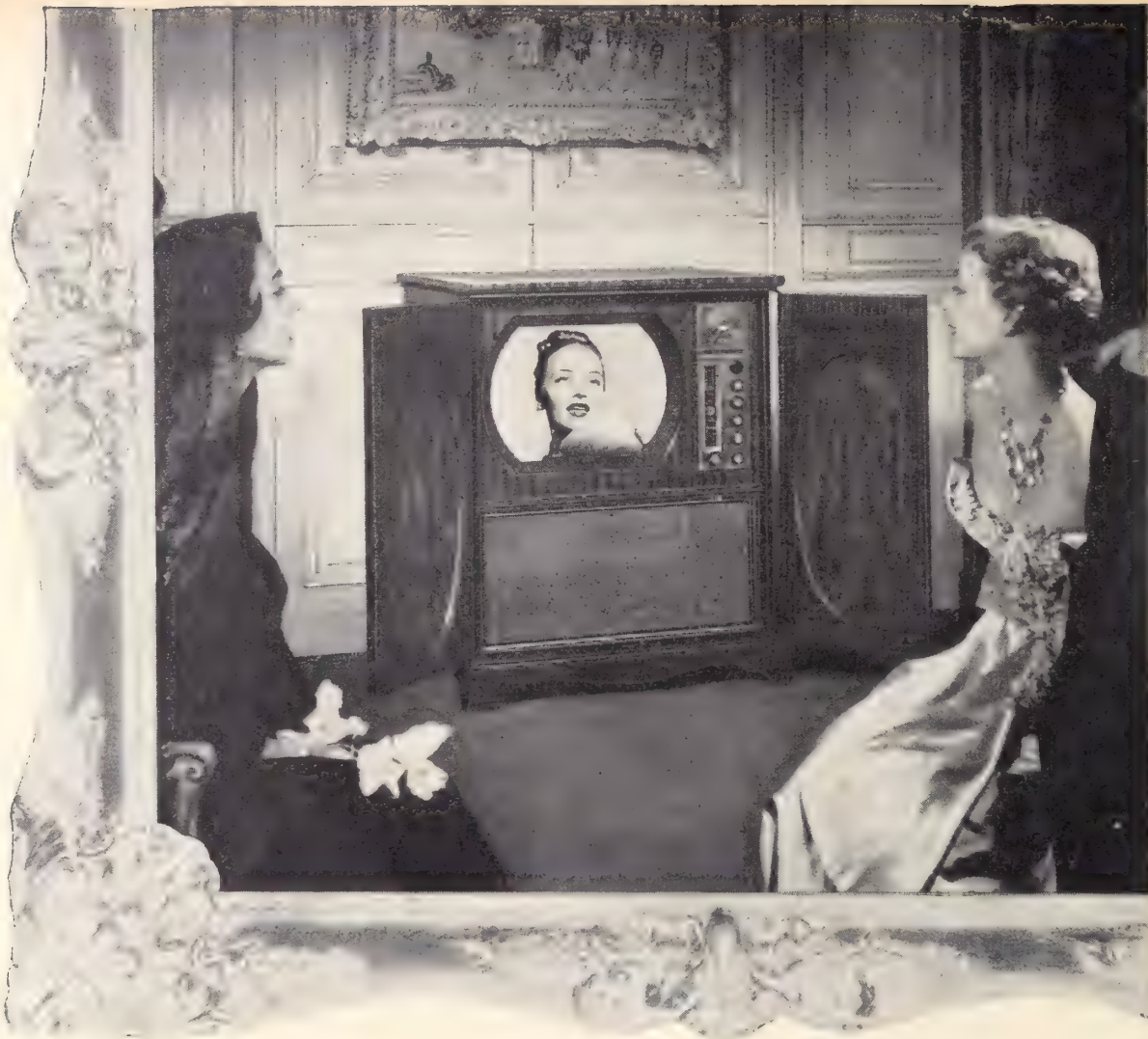
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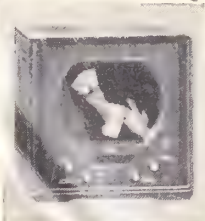
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Harper's

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Vol. 200

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in next month's

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MAGAZINE

ONE of the most challenging problems that faced the world immediately after the war was the resettlement and rehabilitation of the countless millions of displaced persons in Europe, Asia, and the Middle East. Today many of us, including some world leaders, comfortably assume that that problem has been almost solved: the International Refugee Organization is scheduled to go out of existence next March. But, as **Michael L. Hoffman** demonstrates in the July issue, far from diminishing, the problem has rather become a permanent one that can be solved only by intensified international action. Out of a wide background of experience in Europe since the war and extensive research, Mr. Hoffman sketches the outlines and implications of the refugee situation now.

ANOTHER problem that we have tended to overlook in recent months, in view of the more dramatic and alarming developments in China, has been that of Japan. However, in the last analysis, our influence in Asia rests on the future of Japan, for which we have assumed chief responsibility. And Japan today is in a critical economic position. In "Japan: Test of our Prestige," **Helen Mears**, long a student of the country, describes the economic difficulties and paradoxes we face if we are ever to make Japan self-supporting again.

FOR a complete change of pace, there's a colorful picture of the incredible twenties in America, and one of their most colorful champions, H. L. Mencken, by **William Manchester**; and an impressive personal history by a woman who, as a result of a long illness after a successful career, was forced to go on old-age relief in New York City.

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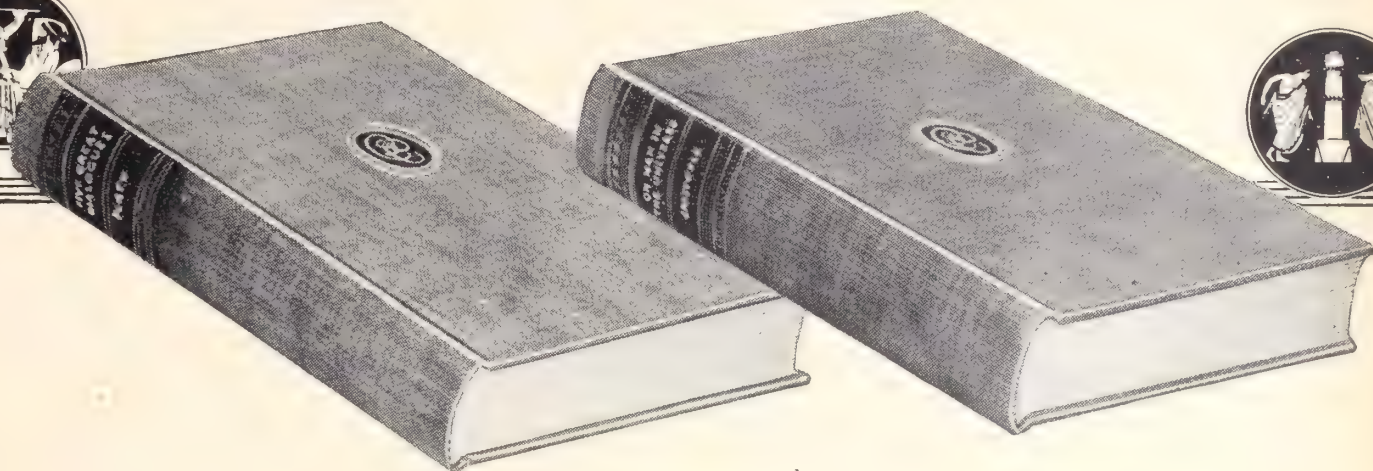
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Personal & Otherwise

JUST a century ago, in June 1850, the thirty-seven year old publishing firm of Harper & Brothers published the first issue of this magazine. It was their object, as they said in "A Word at the Start," to place "within the reach of the great mass of the American people" the best essays, fiction, poetry, and criticism of the time.

For ten years past, they noted, the best writers had been contributing chiefly "to the Reviews, Magazines, or Newspapers of the day." Lamartine, in France, was a newspaper editor; Dickens had just started his own magazine; popular novelists like Charles Lever and Bulwer published their stories first in periodicals; and Macaulay contributed regularly to the *Edinburgh Review*. "All the varied intellectual movements of this most stirring and productive age," they pointed out, were represented in the ephemeral pages of magazines and newspapers, and it would be *Harper's* job to winnow everything "of permanent value and commanding interest" from the periodicals of the world and make it available to "all who have the slightest desire to become acquainted with it."

With this purpose in mind they announced that *Harper's* would "transfer to its pages as rapidly as they may be issued" the novels of Dickens, Bulwer, and others; articles from the leading American and English quarterlies; book reviews; important speeches; and notices of scientific discoveries, of antiquarian research, of mechanical invention, of travel and exploration—with special regard to articles which related to "Social and Domestic Life" and which tended "to promote in any way the education, advancement, and well-being of

those who are engaged in any department of productive activity."

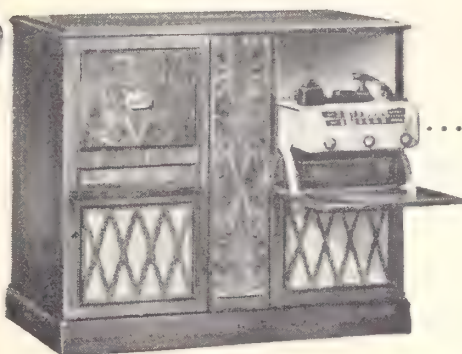
TO "TRANSFER" such materials to its pages meant, of course, in those days of no international copyright, that the magazine intended to follow the custom, almost universal on both sides of the Atlantic, of helping itself to whatever foreign writings it wanted—a custom which sometimes resulted in amazing situations. Henry J. Raymond, the magazine's first editor and the founder (a year later) of the *New York Times*, once "transferred" to the pages of *Harper's* an article he found in an English magazine, only to discover that the English magazine had previously "transferred" it from an American periodical. But there were also more serious objections to the "transfer" system. What one could do, others could do, and *Harper's* soon found that its unprecedented success (by 1853 it had the largest magazine circulation in the world) induced American competitors to play the game more aggressively than ever. Almost at once, therefore, *Harper's* began making special arrangements with English writers, paying them handsome sums for the advance-sheets of their stories and articles in order to insure priority of publication in this country. (They paid Dickens \$2,000 for *Bleak House*, for instance, which began serially in the April 1852 issue.) Like the *Reader's Digest*, which rediscovered the eclectic formula seventy-five years later and combined it with another formula frequently used in the early issues of *Harper's*—the formula of condensation—the magazine soon found that it could retain and extend its lead only by acquiring

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As it turned out, the years following 1850 witnessed a rapid development in the quality and quantity of American writing, and a marked increase in popular demand for articles and stories about America. It was, after all, a time of tremendous national ferment, arising from the discovery of gold in California, the opening up of new territories in the West, and the irrepressible conflict over slavery. Each of these sensations focused popular attention on new places, new problems, new groups of people, and new adventures which everyone wanted to read about.

Harper's quickly modified its eclectic formula. After eighteen issues its revised editorial program included each month one or more original articles, profusely illustrated with woodcuts, on topics "of historical or national interest"; a detailed monthly record of current events (especially those in Washington and the West); an "Editor's Table" in which "leading issues" of the day were discussed; and — most venerable and distinguished column in American journalism — the "Easy Chair," begun in October 1851, by Donald G. Mitchell (better known as "Ik Marvel") and now occupied by Bernard DeVoto (less well known as "John August"). Two years later, in December 1853, the publishers announced that the magazine was "made up entirely of original matter," and thereafter the "transfer" system was abandoned, even though a considerable portion of the serial fiction in the magazine was still bought from English writers.

But we're getting ahead of ourselves. This is supposed to be merely a glance back to our first issue, not a history of the magazine. The history, for those who may be interested (and you will be, we assure you), will be a small part of our jumbo Centennial Issue next October. We've been at work on that issue for almost two years now to make it a fitting climax to the first century of uninterrupted publication any general magazine of national circulation has achieved in America, as well as a lively celebration of the beginning of our second century.

But as we look at our hundred-year-old first issue, with the absurd but long-familiar cherubs tossing posies and blowing bubbles from the top of the ivy-twined column bordering

its tan cover, it is both amusing and challenging to realize that however changed the magazine may have become, in appearance and in editorial techniques, it still aims to promote, in every possible way, "the education, advancement, and well-being of those who are engaged in any department of productive activity."

TAKE, for example, the article by **Robert L. Heilbroner** in the present number. "Who Are the American Poor?" (p. 27) examines the data recently gathered by the Congressional Joint Committee on the Economic Report, converts the committee's statistics into human terms, and goes on to show that the poverty which still exists in the United States results from insufficient productivity.

Productivity, as Mr. Heilbroner reminds us, means the ability to produce, and this in turn means "a chance to work with capital goods, with equipment and machines." Poverty in the United States (and the amount of it there is will shock you), like poverty everywhere else in the modern world, results from the world-wide shortage of productive apparatus, of *real* capital. Rich as we are, compared to other peoples, we still lack the capital goods to make all our citizens productive, and what we have is not equally available to all sectors of the nation's economic organization.

The solution to the problem, in Mr. Heilbroner's view, is not pump-priming or doles. Those were the emergency measures forced on us when machines and men were idle. What we need now is more productive opportunities for the rural poor, the disabled, the old, and the other groups who now produce so little that they are (or may soon become) parasites on the economic system. And it is with these opportunities that Mr. Heilbroner's article is concerned.

THE problem of capital resources is related to another aspect of the "advancement and well-being" of those who do not produce enough to earn an adequate standard of living: an aspect which is highlighted by **Myron Stearns'** article on "The Road that Food Built" (p. 82). In the process of telling the fascinating story of the building of the Inter-American Highway through Central

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ward and backward over the desert, with El Alamein still distant. In 1941, the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor and flooded over the lower East.

On Sunday evening, December 7, 1941, he was sitting with Winant and Harriman before a radio. Vaguely, with no indication of the magnitude of the disaster (how well we remember!) the news came through. Within minutes he had Roosevelt on the telephone. "It's quite true," said the President. "We're all in the same boat now." "God be with you," answered Churchill...

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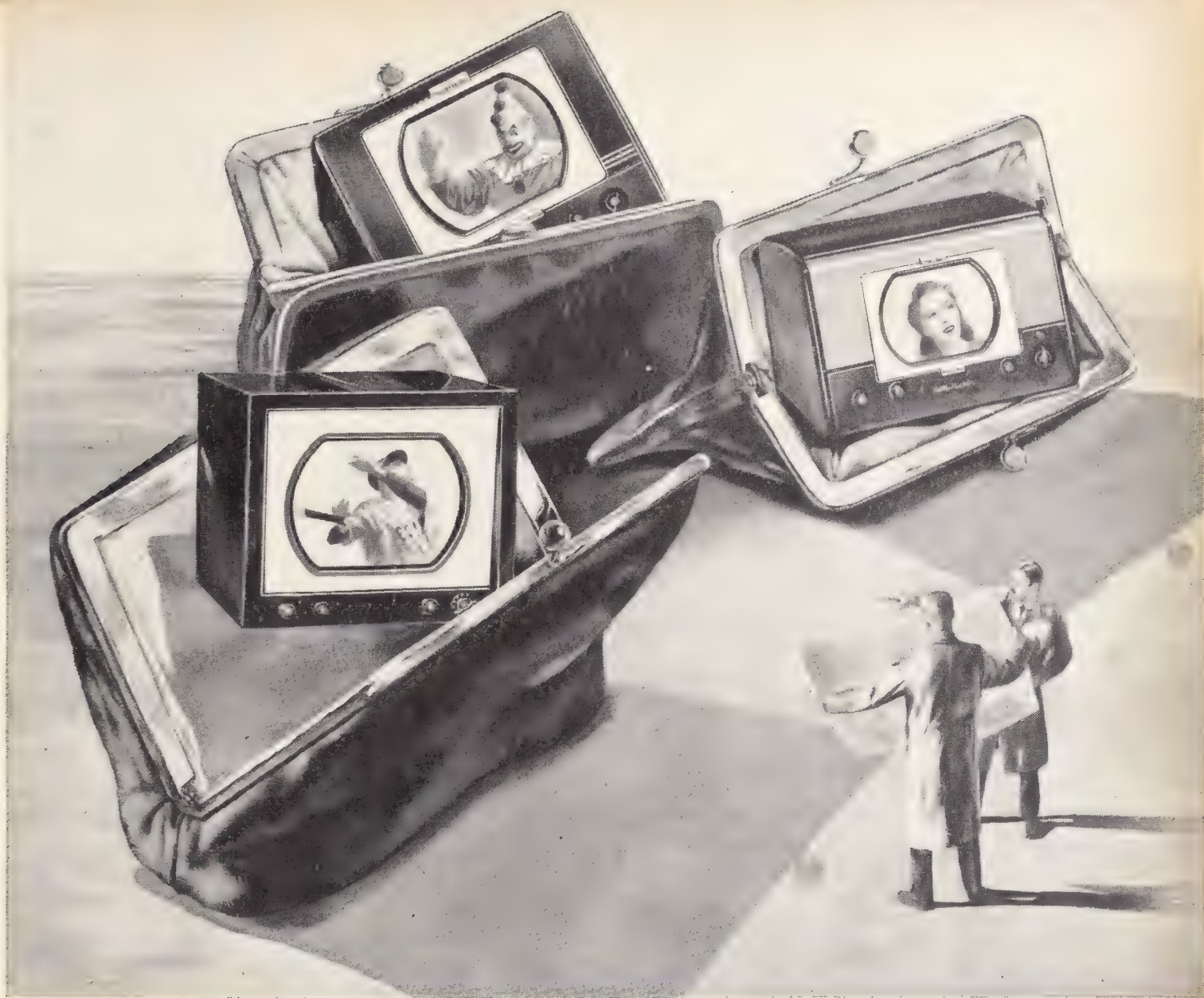
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America, Mr. Stearns makes it clear that equipment and machines alone are not the answer; productive apparatus will not make a man productive unless he has the health and the education to use it. Costa Rican road workers, for example, were able to move an average of only 240 cubic meters of earth per man-day when they first went to work on the highway, even with modern equipment and North American supervision. But after two years of well-balanced meals and improved sanitary conditions, they were able to move more than 1,000 cubic meters per day, and to take over many of the supervisory jobs as well.

Similarly, even if we are able eventually to make available technical assistance and farm machinery for the poor whites and Negroes in our rural slums, their productivity is unlikely to increase very much unless at the same time the levels of diet, sanitation, and education can be improved.

There are those, of course, who are quick to remind us that there are risks involved in putting modern technology at the disposal of men and women who are not accustomed to it, and equal risks in providing education for those who have not had it. The Chancellor of the New York State Board of Regents, for instance, recently gave voice to these fears at a dinner in honor of Columbia's President Eisenhower. He warned against educating more men and women than can earn a living in the field in which they have been educated, "and too often anywhere else," because, as he put it, these frustrated people will "turn upon society and the government, more effective and better armed in their destructive wrath by the education we have given them."

Such fears have always afflicted those who think of productive capacity as a fixed quantity, so strictly limited that if anyone gets more someone inevitably gets less. There is no use educating the uneducated, because they won't be able to get jobs in their chosen fields, or "anywhere else," without taking jobs away from us; there is no use teaching foreigners how to use machines, for they will only compete with us in the world's markets and turn their machines against us in the battle for



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trade. To those who think this way even the virtue of cleanliness is available only in limited quantity; there is no use letting some people have bathtubs, for they will only put coal in them.

Such fears are meaningless in the light of the data presented by Mr. Heilbroner and Mr. Stearns. For both of these articles serve to remind us of the fundamental truth which underlies the democratic faith: that real wealth, like virtue and talent, is not a fixed total, too limited to permit everyone to have an adequate share. Neither education, nor health, nor the opportunity to use productive equipment is too good for anyone engaged in any department of productive activity. For the more of all three they have, the more real wealth they will produce. And as the "Editor's Table" in our December 1958 issue put it, prosperity is precisely what the masses of mankind need, even though numbers may abuse it; for "poverty has done the world more harm than prosperity, and today the masses of society, were they in better external condition, would be much less the prey of ignorance and crime."

Mr. Heilbroner, an economist who has written several articles for *Harper's* in the past three or four years, worked for the OPA before he went into the Army and was sent to New Guinea, the Philippines, and Japan. Since the war he has worked for the Radio Corporation of America and for the importing and trading firm of Stein Hall and Co., Inc. His most recent article for us was "Will Our Prosperity Last?" in the December 1948 issue. (His guess proved to be a good one.)

Mr. Stearns is a native of Connecticut and now a citizen of that state, but his career has taken him cross-country more than once. His first job was that of reporter on the Los Angeles *Times*, and he worked in California not only as a newspaperman but as a developer of orchard land and as a scenario editor and adviser in the days of D. W. Griffith. Since about 1923 he has been writing for magazines and books mainly in the fields of movies, schools and colleges, and automotive safety. Having got interested in highways and traffic when he drove his family from Connecticut to Califor-

nia and back in 1926 in an old Cadillac, he has continued to work in that area until the present; he has been editorial associate of the Automotive Safety Foundation since 1940. The pictures for his present article were drawn by *Sam Norkin*, who has done a good deal of work for *Harper's* and the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Li'l Ol' Big Business

The thing that has always bothered foreign observers about the United States is the way Americans are forever contradicting themselves. We seem to them to be an incomprehensible mixture of irreconcilable opposites.

It has always been so. We are found to be the most materialistic of peoples, and the most idealistic; the most revolutionary, and the most conservative; the most gregarious, and the most individualistic; the most disrespectful to our parents, and the greatest "mom" worshippers.

Similarly we have an almost unbridled admiration for bigness—we want everything from buildings to bosoms to be bigger and better; and at the same time we wring our sentimental withers over everything little, from the "small hotel" in the song to the "little woman" in the kitchen. We invest our savings in "Big Steel," and we buy garden tools from "our little hardware dealer" on the corner.

It is *Harold Fleming's* contention that something of this same inconsistency permeates the Supreme Court's recent rulings with respect to Big Business. Mr. Fleming, who wrote the column "This Week in Wall Street" for the *Christian Science Monitor* for many years and still writes regularly for that paper, has been studying the anti-trust laws for six or seven years. Last summer he set out to do three articles on the subject for the *Monitor* and found the topic so interesting that he wrote twenty-eight. "The Supreme Court and Big Business" (p. 89) is his fifth article in *Harper's*, the most recent having been "Good News on Synthetic Rubber" in December 1942.

Only the Beginning, Folks—

...*Tomato Cain*, a collection of stories by a young Manxman, *Nigel Kneale*, which recently appeared in



She started college when she was two

See that tall young lady — the blue eyed one with the soft brown hair? Yes, she's the one. She's the one that cut her knee on a clam shell once and cried when you put on the iodine. She's the one that hated pigtails, fell in love with Mr. Jenks, the milkman, and ate bread-crusts to make her hair come in curly.

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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

London, inspired the fastidious critic, Elizabeth Bowen, to call up for comparison the names of Kipling, Wells, Saki, and Somerset Maugham, with whom, she said, Mr. Kneale shared the daring to gamble on the originality of his imagination. In a foreword to that volume, she wrote:

It might be too much to say that all the world's classic stories have had an element of the preposterous about them; one might safely say that any memorable story carried something which had to be put across. A part of the fascination of Nigel Kneale's story-telling is that he takes long chances; a part of the satisfaction of it is that in almost all cases he justifies the risks.

Two stories by Mr. Kneale in this issue, "The Putting Away of Uncle Quaggin" (p. 34), and "Oh, Mirror, Mirror" (p. 39), constitute the author's debut in this country. Of the latter, Miss Bowen notes that it dangerously approaches the unbearable; of the former that it has a naturalism not unworthy of Maupassant: "the supernatural never raises its head, but eminent human queerness is at its height." We hope next month to publish two more of Mr. Kneale's stories, and next fall Alfred A. Knopf will bring out the entire collection.

In case you can't quite picture it without a map, we remind you that the Isle of Man is in the Irish Sea about halfway between Northern Ireland and Lancashire, England. Mr. Kneale was born in Lancashire twenty-six years ago and lived there until his father took over a century-old newspaper on his native Isle of Man. The boy grew up and was educated on the island, started training to become an advocate at the Manx Bar, but was deflected by his urge to write. Though he has begun with stories, he wanted to write plays and took a course at the R.A.D.A. in London to get experience as an actor and to learn thus about the theater. He says that he is now going on with the learning.

...Thanks to his hard-earned reputation as an authority on naval warfare, *Fletcher Pratt* was invited to observe the Puerto Rican Exercises, or those elaborate war games put on under the coined name of "Portrex" by the United States Armed Forces in February of this year. Mr. Pratt is author of several books about war,

including *The Navy* (1938) and *Sea Power and Today's War* (1939); among the best of his work about the late war was his series of major articles in this magazine on naval operations, on censorship, on the admirals, and, since the war, on submarines ("Who Has the Best New Submarines?" February 1949). And he has done some cogitating in *Harper's* on the subject of Intelligence (the kind with the capital letter) in "How Not to Run a Spy System" (September 1947).

As you can tell by reading his piece, he witnessed Portrex from the Navy carrier *Mindoro*. *Inga*, in private life Mrs. Fletcher Pratt, also attended Portrex, though in the process (since she was transported and housed by the Air Force) she did not see her husband for two weeks. As one of the thirteen women correspondents who, shattering precedent, were along on these maneuvers, she made the drawings which accompany Mr. Pratt's article, "War Games in Southern Waters" (p. 42).

The book on which Mr. Pratt is now mainly occupied is further evidence of his interest in military, especially naval, history: it is about the captains of the early United States Navy. And it also indulges his fascination with the men who make history, as did his earlier books about Napoleon, about the Civil War, and, most recently, about medieval Denmark—*The Third King*, published this year by William Sloane Associates. The Pratts live in New York but, come midsummer, Mr. Pratt will be as usual a member of the staff of the Bread Loaf, Vermont, writers' conference.

...Writing about science these days has the occupational hazard that what one says today may be obsolete tomorrow. In sending us "Atomic Engines—When and How" (p. 50), *Louis Cassels* gave us fair warning that any progress report in the field of atomic energy is bound to become obsolete in a few months. So, bearing this risk in mind, we here publish what's known, printable, and new as of this moment in the forward march of the brave new world. And for good measure, we avow that it has been reviewed for technical accuracy by the Reactor Development Division of the AEC.

The man who drew this out of the horse's mouth for us is a correspondent in the Washington Bureau of the United Press. He was born in Ellenton, South Carolina, and "went north" to school at Duke University in Durham, North Carolina. There he edited the university newspaper and won a Phi Beta Kappa key.

After a few months with UP, he went into the Air Force. He makes the claim, which will certainly be disputed, that he remained longer in the grade of first lieutenant than anyone else who ever wore a crushed cap. At the end of the war, he returned to the United Press, first in New York and later, to his joy, in Washington. He has covered the AEC as a sort of understudy to the science reporter, Joseph L. Myler. With his wife and two-year-old son, he lives in a suburban home where he can exercise his principal hobby of building stone walls, terraces, and other private engineering projects.

...After reading *Ted Robinson's* account of his boyhood "adventures in descent" ("Jumped or Fell," p. 57), one wonders if they may not have had something to do with the title of his father's column in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. Mr. Robinson, senior, who was also a book critic, philologist, and a prolific writer of light verse, called his column "The Philosopher of Folly."

Ted Robinson Jr. went to the Hawken School in Cleveland between the summers on Cape Cod, briefly attended art schools in Cleveland and elsewhere, and spent a little time at Harvard. He was a newspaper reporter in Cleveland for a while, then moved to New York to work as a reporter and writer on various newspapers and magazines. He wrote most of the "Notes & Comment" section of the *New Yorker* for a year, not long after E. B. White gave over that chore to write "One Man's Meat," of lamented memory, for *Harper's*. From the *New Yorker* Mr. Robinson went to *Time* for a while; then spent a year looking at the lizards in a small Carolina fishing village, regathering his strength, and running out of money. Several months ago, busted, he returned to New York and got a job with *Life*.

Arthur Shilstone made the drawings for "Jumped or Fell." His last

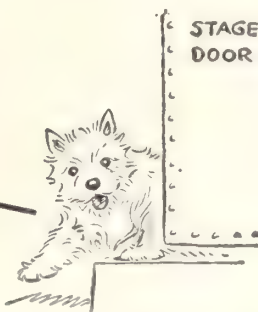


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work for *Harper's* appeared with a
story by V. S. Pritchett in the March
issue. He is a graduate of Pratt In-
stitute, as well as of the Army Engi-
neers.

...Among American biographers
probably none is better known to
contemporary readers than *Arthur
M. Schlesinger, Jr.*, author of *The
Age of Jackson*. In 1945 Mr. Schle-
singer won the Pulitzer Prize for this
book when he was still in his twen-
ties. Since then it has come to em-
body for many people a political
philosophy which has been called
American Liberalism, Radical De-
mocracy, or many other things—more
or less complimentary, according to
the politics of the person naming it.
From the beginning, however, and
still more clearly now that the author
has declared his own manifesto in
The Vital Center (published last
year by Houghton Mifflin), it has
been an outspokenly anti-communist
and pro-democratic doctrine. As one
of the founders of the Americans for
Democratic Action, he has carried
his beliefs into active political life.

There is no doubt, therefore, from
what side Mr. Schlesinger views the
foreign policy of the late President.
In "Roosevelt and His Detractors"
(p. 62), Mr. Schlesinger defends poli-
cies which he had unusual opportuni-
ty to observe during their formula-
tion and execution, as a wartime
member of the OWI in this country
and, for a year and a half, of the
OSS abroad. Moreover, as an asso-
ciate professor of history at Harvard,
trained both at Harvard and at Cam-
bridge University, he recognizes the
historian's obligation to aim at truth.

The author is son of Arthur Meier
Schlesinger, professor of history at
Harvard since 1924. He was born in
Ohio in 1917 when his father was
teaching at Ohio State, went to
Phillips Exeter Academy, and after
graduation from Harvard, expanded
his senior thesis into a book, which
was published as *Orestes A. Brown-
son: A Pilgrim's Progress* in 1939.
He is married and has four children.
He is at work on a book about the
age of Roosevelt.

...Ed Tyng started to write "The
Twilight of Wall Street" (p. 69) on
Christmas Day, 1949, and, becoming

more and more intrigued by the number of changes and the peculiar nature of those that had occurred in the first half of his lifetime, "continued to assemble the material for *Harper's* on the idea that it was a story that should be adequately told."

The mood of reminiscence may have been strengthened by the fact that the *New York Sun*, for which Mr. Tyng had worked from January 1924, folded quietly on January 4, 1950, and Mr. Tyng was at liberty to "ruminate on *sic transit gloria* and related subjects for a few weeks," until he decided to come back to the world of today, and joined the staff of the *Journal of Commerce*.

Mr. Tyng got an early start in financial journalism by going to work after his schooldays at Summit Academy in New Jersey for the old Mechanics & Metals National Bank. During his six years with the bank, he was a messenger first, then worked in the advertising and new business department, and became editor of the house organ. In 1920 he got a job on the *New York Evening Telegram* in time to cover the depression of the twenties, and worked both for the *Telegram* and the *Mail*, until he moved over to the *Sun*. He covered all aspects of financial news, wrote editorials, and was fishing and hunting editor as well for thirteen years.

The glimpses of J. P. Morgan which Mr. Tyng's article affords took P & O back to the three-part study of that colossus of the business world written by Frederick Lewis Allen and published a little more than a year ago in *Harper's*. Morgan was asked by a House investigating committee, seeking to demonstrate in 1912 that a small group of New York bankers dominated the American economy, whether the fact of interlocking directorships of banking houses did not prevent those banks from competing for deposits. "I should doubt it," said Morgan. "I have been in business for a great many years in New York and I do not compete for any deposits. I do not care whether they ever come. They come."

"The Twilight of Wall Street" gives us the sequel to that self-confidence. It is illustrated by the drawings of *Marcus Aurelius Battaglia*, portrait painter and book-



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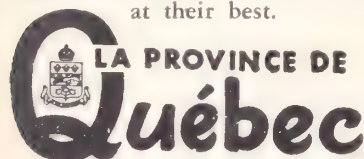
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and-magazine artist. He works on children's books and educational films; in the past he has worked for Walt Disney in Hollywood and as a civilian employee of the Navy doing animated training films.

●●●*John Fraiser Robinson* appears for the first time in *Harper's* with "The Inspector" (p. 96). He has been writing only since the war and calls writing "a fine occupation but hard to support—I've dug ditches, worked in can factories, etc., and have written very little, having never found (what was it?) 'the great good place.'"

Before the war Mr. Robinson, who has lived in Mississippi, New Orleans, and San Francisco, was a number of things from seaman to banker; during the war he was in Italy as a captain in the Army Air Corps. He spent last winter in Mexico and went to Italy in January to study at the University of Florence on a Fulbright scholarship.

"The Inspector," he says, is a combination of experiences dating from childhood to day before yesterday. He asked us to say that this story is for Eudora Welty.

Lou Block, who illustrates Mr. Robinson's story, is one of our frequent contributors, having made a number of pictures about the South—for John D. Weaver's "Meeting Time" (October 1948) and for Mary Heaton Vorse's "The South Has Changed" (July 1949). He has done mural painting for ships of the United Fruit Lines, was chief of the War Department's Manual Arts Branch during the war, and now teaches painting in New York.

●●●*Wolfgang Langewiesche* last appeared in *Harper's* with a fascinating series of articles, in the fall and winter of 1948-49, about a ferrying flight to Sumatra, which you may recall by their titles: "Upstairs to Iceland," "Look Down, Look Down," "Eastward Bound," and "The Mideast over the Wingtip," with a reflective postscript a year ago in "Thirty-Seven Frontiers." These pieces will be part of a book to be published next fall by Whittlesey House under the title, *Flight Reports*. "What the Wrights Really Invented" (p. 102) gives another preview of that book.

Mr. Langewiesche is licensed to fly

helicopters and gliders as well as land and sea planes, and is a research pilot for the Kollsman Instrument Division of the Square D Company. He has written much for pilots in *Air Facts* and is currently doing a series of articles on climate control for *House Beautiful*. This is talking sense in two directions, for the expert and for the layman. On the allied subjects of weather and flying, Mr. Langewiesche has established a reputation for brilliant as well as amusing lucidity.

●●●With a decent car and a simple road map you could make an easy tour from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to Esperance, New York, in the course of a day, stopping for lunch at Amherst. In the process you could look over the home places of our three poets of the month: *David McCord*, who works at Harvard; *David Morton* in the town of Amherst; and *Fred Lape* on his farm west of Albany.

Mr. McCord's "Oscillogram" (p. 105) will appear in a new volume of verse to be published by Doubleday in July, *A Star by Day*. We have printed his work—both light and serious—before, and we hope to have three sonnets from the new book next month. Mr. McCord has written several books; he is editorial chairman of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* and executive secretary of the Harvard Fund Council.

Though Mr. Morton ("Orchestration," p. 81) was born in Kentucky and worked as a newspaperman and teacher in Louisville and St. Louis, he settled in New England and was professor of English at Amherst from 1926 to 1945. Since his *Poems 1920-1945* were published by Doubleday, he has written verse and criticism for various journals and has completed a book of poems entitled *Like a Man in Love*.

Mr. Lape's "Up-State Cellar Hole" (p. 95) will appear in his book, *Barnyard Year*, to be published in the fall by Harper & Brothers. A Cornell graduate, he taught and did magazine writing for several years and in the thirties took over a farm which his father had formerly run. He finds that farming, as well as his cows, sheep, ducks, geese, and chickens, give him sufficient stability to write "what I want to write and no more."

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LETTERS

Save the GOP—

To the Editors:

It is to be hoped that Republicans in general will profit from the conclusions of Herbert Agar in his "How to Elect a Republican" [April 1950]. I have been voting since the days of McKinley and have stood steadfastly by the Republican candidates for the Presidency. . . . Looking back through recent years I can see that the greatest delinquency of the Republican party has been their failure to realize that, as Mr. Agar puts it, "the majority will not vote against the use of government to aid the general welfare." For example, the Democrats in my early days used to preach "Free Trade" with great enthusiasm. It was a fine theory but met with great resistance from the farming element. The city voters, then as now, seemed to be swayed by different appeals. The Republicans pleaded for "Protection" and a high tariff, which was easily understood and grasped by the farmers and farming communities whose votes ran into the millions. . . . It seems to me that the picture gradually changed as the Democrats forsook their idealistic philosophies about "Free Trade" and began to be practical and give the farmers subsidies and price controls, until the farmers suddenly discovered that they were safe in Democratic hands. On the other hand, the Republicans have turned to preaching idealism and have been talking theories to the farmers, who are understandably more interested in the bird in the hand. The Republicans talk "Blood and Tears" to the farmer while the Democrats mail him a check.

Mr. Dewey failed miserably to take a firm stand for the farmer's welfare, so I listened in vain last election for that old Upstate vote and that old Downstate vote that could have stemmed the Democratic flood. A farm vote of six million is worth going after, but where is the leading

Republican who knows enough to go after it? Probably writing essays.

WALTER W. CASE
Detroit, Michigan

To the Editors:

In reading Herbert Agar I cannot believe that he will lose much sleep if the Republicans do not make the grade. While he speaks well of Theodore Roosevelt, he does not seem to rise generally very far above the sordid level of political party machinations. We are not going to solve the world's ills nor our own by the job-lot of politicians that we are putting into office and those waiting around to get in. Agar had a chance to picture a better breed, but I think he muffed it. . . .

JOSEPH G. MASTERS
Smethport, Pa.

To the Editors:

Although Mr. Agar hit upon a very important point . . . that the Republican party has got to face the fact that the do-nothing state is a thing of the past, I was distressed to note that at the same time he advocated—somewhat contradictorily—a party platform that appeals to all interests. A party platform which appeals to *all* interests is no platform at all, not in the sense of a program at any rate. The fact that the state does meddle in everyone's business—and that such a state of affairs is accepted—means that the people look to the parties for a definite program. Government affects everybody these days and it is because of this that the people want to know in just what manner a party proposes to intervene before they cast their vote for it.

The absence of a program in politics means defeat today. This fact has nowhere been brought out as clearly as in the postwar elections in England and in the 1948 Presidential campaign in this country. Mr. Dewey lost the election with practically an unbeatable hand perhaps only for the reason that he played the game

with old-fashioned rules.

That a strong opposition is the only guarantee for the survival of democracy is clear to most. But to be an opposition party and win elections today means a party with a program. Just as—just because—the days of the Jeffersonian concept of the state are gone, so are those of a party without a definite program.

CHADWICK HALL
Westport, Conn.

"Yardstick" Loaves—

To the Editors:

The article in the March number, "Bread, and the Stuff We Eat," interested me very much as I teach foods and nutrition. Also two friends in town have asked me what I think of the article and want to know if I have the recipe for the "yardstick" bread. . . .

I would appreciate it if my letter could be referred to the author with a view of help in being able to make this bread at home.

BERTHA CLOW
Montana State College,
Bozeman, Mont.

In reply to this and numerous other letters, Mr. Rorty has sent us the Cornell recipe.

Family Recipe*

Containing 8 per cent non-fat dry milk solids and 6 per cent soy flour (full fat)

2½ cups flour
1 cup water
1½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons sugar
2 teaspoons shortening
3 tablespoons soy flour
3½ tablespoons non-fat dry milk solids
½ cake yeast (½ ounce)

Dissolve yeast in one cup of lukewarm water (not hot) about 85°. Combine all dry ingredients in mixing bowl. Pour in the yeast solution

* Courtesy J. A. Silva, Jr., Bakery Division, American Dry Milk Institute, Inc.

LETTERS

and start mixing. Add shortening and mix until the dough is smooth. Place the dough in a well greased bowl, cover and allow to rise in a warm place (80 to 85 degrees F.) for 1½ hours. Punch dough down by plunging the fist in the center of the dough. Fold over edges of dough and turn upside down. Cover and allow to rise for about 15 to 20 minutes. Shape into a loaf and place in greased 9 x 4 x 3 inch bread pan and cover. Allow to stand in warm place until it fills the pan, about 55 to 65 minutes. Bake in oven for about 35 minutes at 400 degrees F.

Thirty-Six Senators—

To the Editors:

In his illuminating forecast of the 1950 elections in your April issue, Louis Bean errs on the conservative side when he indicates that two more than the normal thirty-two senatorial seats are at stake this year. As a matter of fact, there are *thirty-six* not thirty-four Senators who belong to Class III (that is, whose terms end with the current session). The following four additional Senators have to fight to come back:

William Benton (D, Conn.), appointee replacing Raymond Baldwin, retired.

Henry Dworshak (R, Idaho), appointee replacing Bert Miller, deceased.

Frank Graham (D, N. C.), appointee replacing J. Melville Broughton, deceased.

Edward Leahy (D, R. I.), appointee replacing J. Howard McGrath, who resigned to become Attorney General.

In three states, Connecticut, Idaho, and North Carolina, both Senate seats are at stake. These factors combine to give the 1950 Senate elections an even more exceptional character than Mr. Bean's excellent article ascribes to them.

MAURICE ROSENBLATT

National Committee for an Effective Congress, New York, N. Y.

Bop—

To the Editors:

In the article by Marshall Stearns, "Rebop, Bebop, and Bop," he dis-



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LETTERS

cusses the sophisticated complexity of this music and comments on its coming from the west coast of Africa.

The far-flung Mandingo Empire of 1,000 to 600 years ago dominated west Africa. The Mandingoes believed they came from Egypt. They were passionately fond of music, and some of their musical instruments trace back to ancient Egypt. Is it not possible that in this music we have a vestige of the sophisticated art of the time of the Pharaohs?

Perhaps this music has been in America longer than European music. The Mandingoes traded with America before Columbus. On his first voyage he found their iron weapons in Haiti. On his second voyage he went south by way of the Cape Verde islands to get information about their trade routes to America. He reported finding numerous African Negroes in Haiti. So this music may possibly have preceded him.

ARTHUR E. MORGAN
Yellow Springs, Ohio

To the Editors:

Harper's is to be commended for its interest in American jazz music as a serious art form. The article, "Rebop, Bebop, and Bop" by Marshall Stearns [April 1950] is an interesting and informative study of a particular kind of American music which has enjoyed some popularity in the past decade.

However, as one who likes and appreciates the kind of jazz that flourished in the 1920's, I must point out that Mr. Stearns' article might leave the reader with some misconceptions about jazz.

In the first place, he never clearly defines jazz. . . . He doesn't differentiate between what is real jazz, as agreed upon by such serious students of music as William Russell, Rudi Blesh, or Hugues Panassie, and the popular, commercial music of the big bands which is often confused with jazz. . . . A precise definition of any art form is difficult, but I believe the brief definition of jazz given in the *American College Dictionary* would be satisfactory to most lovers of the real jazz: "Dance music, usually of a 'hot' improvisatory nature, with syncopated rhythms, such as is played by a jazz band." . . .

In the second place, Mr. Stearns

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LETTERS

gives the impression that the jazz of the 1920's is dead . . . that Bop in perhaps a modified form will be the jazz of the future. This judgment is open to serious question. . . . In recent months there has been a renaissance of *le jazz hot* throughout the country. . . . There is perhaps a wider and more intelligent appreciation of the old jazz today than ever before in our history. Popular music, like any other form, undergoes evolution. . . . But the jazz idiom, which attained a kind of classical form by the late 1920's, to be expressed, appreciated, and enjoyed does not have to incorporate the developments of the last twenty years. . . .

The jazz to which I have been referring is a thing in itself and is one of the original and important contributions of America to the world of music. Let us not confuse it with either "swing" or Bop.

CLIVE M. WARNER
Santa Monica, Calif.

To the Editors:

As a bop-drummer for three years . . . and a tympanist for two years . . . I hope that I am qualified to disagree with Marshall Stearns.

Jazz an art form distinct from "serious" music? Absolutely not. It is rather a sort of stunted, nevertheless genuine, offshoot of the parent of all music, folk music. . . .

Jazz rhythm more sophisticated than "serious" or "Western" rhythm? I ask you and Mr. Stearns to listen to the Prelude and Fugue Number 3 in C sharp minor of Bach, recorded recently by Landowska. Here you may see the difference between jazz and "serious" rhythm. The former is human rhythm, the latter divine.

Jazz is good, but please let us not lump it as an art form with real art. The comic strips are sometimes good, but they are not art. . . . Art is Da Vinci, Haydn, Milton; it is not Capp, Charlie Parker, the traveling salesman.

Marshall Stearns has done something he has probably deplored himself: he has helped those forces which would level man's highest accomplishments to fit the television screen. He has perhaps unwittingly joined with the culture destroyers.

HORACE SCHWARTZ
Columbus, Ohio

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Come and Get it!



When Mama says "Come and get it," it doesn't mean the same thing at every table in every land.

In Joe Stalin's bailiwick it means mostly beet soup and black bread—and *that's all*, Comrade! If Ivan Ivanovitch wants to keep up with the American Joneses and could find 11 pounds of meat a week for his family of four, he'd have to work almost 35 hours to pay for it.

In our country, the average family of four eats more than eleven pounds of meat each week, which takes about five hours of Papa's pay.

In England these days, since meat is mighty scarce and rationed at the rate of a few cents' worth a week, a sliver or two has to flavor a lot of Brussels sprouts.

How come the difference since Americans aren't the only people who have a native-born liking for meat?

One answer is—In America we have competition in business.

In meats, it goes something like this: 4,000 different meat-packing companies compete daily for enough meat animals to keep their production lines busy, then turn around and compete for the privilege of putting meats into retail shops. The retailer then competes with the store across the street for the nods of housewives.

And when there's competition in the market place, there's not likely to be need for competition at the dinner table.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago



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Harper's

MAGAZINE

Who Are the American Poor?

Robert L. Heilbroner

IN 1948—a year we are going to look back on fondly for quite a few to come—a hundred and forty-odd million Americans, digging and blasting, making and planting, clipping coupons, cornering markets, and begging on street corners, pulled down the staggering total personal income of \$212,000,000,000.

If \$212 billions is too large a number for you to imagine comfortably, you can settle for the fact that we received the largest amount of purchasing power ever distributed in any nation in history and that our average standard of living was the highest ever achieved by any civilization of which we know.

All that is true and very reassuring.

But at the same time that our aggregate national income was making us the economic wonder of the age, these facts about our national state of well-being were also true and somewhat less reassuring:

One out of every two single-dwelling individuals lived on less than \$1,000.

One family out of ten got along—to the extent that a family could get along—on \$20 a week or less.

Out of forty million families in the nation, ten million shared in the greatest boom in history with an income of less than \$40 a week—just over \$13 per person.

These alarming statements should put you in a frame of mind to examine a curious table of statistics: the distribution of income among American families and individuals in 1948. And perhaps they will prompt you to look for something more in the columns of figures than just an impersonal collection of facts—for the distribution of income is *the* basic blueprint of the American economy.

It is an odd picture, both impressive and disturbing. Here is an industrial society which not so many years ago would have been thought Utopian: the better-off actually outnumber the poor. Here is the only society with a mass market for luxury goods: there

Mr. Heilbroner is a Harvard-trained economist who has worked both for the government and for private business. In calling attention to one of the imperfections of our economy, he assumes a basic condition of health which can stand examination.

<i>Total income received during the year</i>	<i>Total number of families</i>	<i>Total single indi- viduals, not living with families</i>	<i>Total number of people (family members plus individuals)</i>
Under \$1,000	4,020,000	4,090,000	16,220,000
\$1,000-\$2,000	5,580,000	1,830,000	20,060,000
\$2,000-\$3,000	7,950,000	1,240,000	28,470,000
\$3,000-\$5,000	12,970,000	810,000	76,260,000
\$5,000-\$10,000	6,900,000	140,000	
Over \$10,000	1,110,000	30,000	

The Distribution of Income in the United States in 1948

are more Americans with incomes over \$5,000 than the total populations of Canada and Australia put together. Here is also an unresolved hard core of poverty which in 1948 limited one-quarter of our citizens to a standard of living far short of that which we required for our national health, our social morale, or the mass market necessary to keep our farms and factories running at full production.

It is because our total national income is so large that the thinness of thirty million slices of the income cake at the bottom is disturbing and provoking.

What is disturbing is not that there is poverty in America—everyone with eyes to see knows that for himself. The provoking fact is that there is so much poverty, so much marginal living amidst so much plenty. One child in five lives in the heap of families in the bottom two layers of the nation's pile of incomes; something like five elderly persons out of ten scrimp along on a level well below the needs, not to say the rights, of the aged. Out of 140-odd million Americans on the march, thirty million have fallen out of step; in fact, fifteen million have dropped out of the parade altogether.

But there is no point in dramatizing further the fact that the statistical picture of America differs a good deal from the advertising man's conception of it. Nor are we ready for panaceas or polemics or politicking. These are unpleasant facts, to be sure, but before we lose our balance in outraged indignation, let us inquire why a country as rich and productive as our own can yet fail to

provide a decent living for so large a fraction of its citizens.

One final word. You will want to know how much credence to place in the statistics themselves. They are the facts reported by a sub-committee of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report of the Congress of the United States, a sub-committee which is looking into the question of our low-income families. The data have been gathered by the Bureau of the Census and are public information. Other independent surveys tally very closely with the findings of the Census.

II

AT THE bottom of the nation's pile of incomes lie nearly ten million families and almost six million individuals whose earnings in 1948 averaged under—well under—\$40 a week. But low incomes are all these people seem to have in common. For if you should take a family or an individual at random and look behind the bare statistics of their wealth, you would probably find that you were looking at Americans in one or more of six quite separate social or economic groups: .

They might be rural poor.

Just where the threshold of rural poverty lies is not an easy thing to say: \$2,000 goes a lot further in rural Abilene, Kansas, than in urban Albany, New York, and most farm families provide some of their own food (not all, by a long shot) and usually they own their own homes and pay no rent. If we were to

choose \$2,000 as the threshold, we should have to judge *half* of America's six and a half million farm families to be badly off; that would obviously be a serious distortion of the facts.

But I think we can agree that an income of \$1,000 is too little to keep a farming family of even the simplest tastes in decent food and clothing and medicine—not to mention feed and seed. There are over 1,700,000 farm families with incomes under that, a quarter of them with five or more mouths to feed. Counting only rural Americans with less than \$1,000 income, there are well over six million farming poor—blacks, whites, sharecroppers, Dust Bowlers, tenants.

They might be aged.

Four and one half million families in the United States are headed by a person over sixty-five (who is not just "living with the family") and there are another two million single older folk who must live on what they make or get. *One out of every four elderly families and two out of every three single older men or women got along in 1948 on less than \$20 a week.* The Social Security Administration tells us that in June 1949 there were a quarter of a million Old-Age beneficiaries subsisting on less than \$500! Here is one such case:

After working thirty-three years for the same company as a marble-worker, Mr. N. quit his job because of failing health and became entitled to monthly (Old-Age) benefits of \$10.93. The beneficiary, who is a widower, lives alone in an attic apartment for which he pays \$10 a month rent. During the survey year he received \$229 from public assistance and the payment of a \$10 doctor bill by a lodge. He stated he needs more medical assistance but hesitates to ask for more as he feels he is getting enough from public assistance. The beneficiary's only asset is a \$200 bank account and a life-insurance policy with a face value of \$250 on which he is still paying premiums.

They might be Negroes.

Five million Negroes—mostly not on the farm—crowd into families in the brackets under \$2,000; two of the five million have only half of that. Not only is the Negro poor, but the fact that his chances for advancement

are so closely circumscribed more or less condemns him to a permanent continuance of his marginal economic status.

They might be broken families.

No one knows exactly how many broken families are to be found in America—families headed by a widowed or deserted or divorced parent or even by an oldest child. We do know that out of 6.3 million urban families with incomes of less than \$2,000, 1.5 million were headed by women, and that half a million of these families (with over one million children) depended in whole or in part on relief to stay alive. Even worse, half of these families on relief had total incomes of under \$1,000.

They might be disabled.

Disabled people—industrial casualties, social derelicts, the mentally and physically ill—number at any time about 4,500,000 people—and that excludes both the aged and the very young. Many of the disabled are living on charity, others are using up their savings; too many are destitute. About one third of the pool will mend its strength, rejoin the working force, and leave the lowest income brackets; another third will move up the economic scale *if* it receives the rehabilitative training that it needs. A final third—one and a half million people—will be wards of the community as long as they are alive.

Or they might belong to a sixth group.

And the sixth group is different. For what we have been cataloguing hitherto are, so to speak, the economic and social problem children of our day. There is nothing new about rural poverty or impoverished old age, nor about Negro exploitation, nor about the social tragedies of broken families and disabled working people. What may be shocking for those who are not informed about these social problems is the *number* of our citizens who fall into one or another of these groups. Perhaps as many as ten to fifteen million Americans live on the edge of deprivation because they have literally dropped out of the industrial framework which keeps most of the rest of us comfortably above the water line.

But the sixth group is different because it is not the victim of social circumstances. It is simply a group that fails to earn a decent

keep because the jobs it does are not sufficiently productive to warrant a decent wage.

In 1948 for every four workers who earned over one dollar for an hour of work in a manufacturing industry, there was one worker who did not. Aside from the truly marginal jobs—the sweepers and the janitors and the cleaning women—here is just a sample of a few low-wage industries:

*Percentage of Workers Making Less Than
\$1 per Hour*

Men's seamless hosiery business	
male workers	48%
female workers	84
Fertilizer plants	
all workers	69
Grain-milling industry	
all workers	54
Wood furniture industry	
all workers	60
Men's shoe industry	
male workers	30
female workers	64

And these are only small and scattered segments of our industrial machine. There are the tobacco plants where the *average* wage in 1950 was under \$40 dollars. Among the poorest paid jobs in the country are broad sections of the textile industry, the hotel industry, the retail stores, the cleaning and dyeing industry, and still others.

If you take an average low-income American and look behind the statistics, that is the picture you are likely to see. Not that all poor Americans fall into these categories or that there are not other contributing or principal causes of poverty: merely consider the fact that one-third of the people heading our ten million lowest-income families never went beyond grade school. But these half-dozen categories will help us comprehend the basic shapes in which our poverty is manifested, and we will find them useful in analyzing more fully the strange co-existence of prosperity and scanty living.

Now we must look more deeply still. For while poverty is poverty, it makes a difference

what *kind* of poverty we face when we seek to find a remedy for our ills. Penicillin is of little use to a man with arthritis and a wholesale dose of public works may likewise be of slight value to an economy with encysted pockets of tenant farmers and indigent older folk.

To make a surface diagnosis we looked behind the ciphers in the bottom brackets of our market; in order to prescribe let us now examine the underlying nature of the disease.

III

POVERTY is nothing new to us Americans; we still have clear memories of breadlines and Hoovervilles and the stagnation of the thirties. But this poverty of which we have written is different. For in 1948—to all intents and purposes—there was no large-scale unemployment in America. At any time during the year the number of people without jobs averaged just over two million, and this included the normal shifting about from job to job as well as the irreducible burden of the unemployables. It was rock-bottom unemployment for a dynamic economy.

So the fact that we suffered poverty amidst plenty was not an indictment of a system which did not work. On the contrary, from the point of view of the number of job opportunities offered, it never worked better. This was poverty which resulted from bumping up against the hard physical limits of an economy which many of us think of as incredibly bountiful and inexhaustibly rich.

It isn't. Despite our billions of dollars of aggregate income, we are cramped and bound and sharply limited in the amount of real wealth we can scrape up and fashion from the resources at our command.

Nor is this an indictment of our distributive system. Fifty-five per cent of us lived on more than \$3,000 a year—a figure which may seem modest enough, but which represents a new epoch in economic engineering. And although the few who were very rich received far more than the many who were very poor, the fact remains that many of the lower-income groups were subsidized by the transferred incomes of the wealthy. If it can truthfully be said that not many moguls could justify their enormous (pre-tax) incomes before a court of social justice, it can also be

maintained that many a typist, many a delivery-boy, many a salesgirl was grossly overpaid in that year of super-boom, in terms of the services which they actually rendered the community.

No, the distributive system was not too bad, and after taxes it was better yet. The fault must lie somewhere else.

THE fault—if it is a fault, for no one is directly responsible—is not spectacular. It lies partly in the fact that our economy has not moved forward at an even pace throughout the ranks, that there have been laggard sectors which have failed to keep up with the general advance toward a better way of life. By now some of these sluggish backwaters of inactivity are almost detached from the rush of the main current. The old and the disabled, the victims of discrimination and rural isolation and decay, these and other groups will for many years need programs of special care if they are to share in our national prosperity. Few of us have squarely faced the scope and extent that these programs (if they are to be effective) must necessarily attain.

But there is another reason for our plight.

That reason is the low level of productivity at the bottom of the economic pyramid. By productivity I do not mean industriousness; low productivity does not just come from lazy backwoods farmers and unskilled workers who do nothing but lean on their shovels. Productivity means the ability to produce; and the ability to produce, in this industrialized world, means a chance to work with capital goods, with equipment and machines. After all, no one works harder than the Asiatic peasant who toils all day to stay alive. And yet no one is less productive. Add a little capital—in the shape of a bullock—to the primitive farmer, and watch his output shoot up ten- and twenty-fold. Add a couple of machines to our ditch-diggers and they will become crane operators, our share-croppers will become combine mechanics.

And underneath the whole, behind the ten million neediest cases, the misfits and the unproductive workers, lies the basic fact of scarcity. For what we are stricken with—at the lower levels of our economic structure—is the same disease that is eating all the world: a shortage of productive apparatus. We Americans—the most prodigious capital-builders the

world has ever known—still lack the wealth—the real, hard, physical wealth, not the stocks and bonds—to make us all productive. And because the capital we have is unevenly spread from trade to trade, some sectors of the nation are badly undeveloped. Three-quarters of America has grown to an impressive stature; it can not only sustain itself in style but help the outside world as well. A laggard fourth remains. And in that fourth are not just those whose plight is age or weakness or ill health. There are also those for whom there is insufficient steel or electricity or education or managerial skill to raise them to the level of the rest.

In a wider perspective still, what this multi-billion dollar nation is suffering from is the American version of a global state of want. In this country one family in ten and one single person out of every two must eat and dress—not to speak of going to the movies—on \$20 a week. Everywhere else save in a few pockets of the world the human race is constantly confronted with the struggle for existence in its crudest form—how to grow enough, make enough, find enough to stay alive. Life expectancy in India is only twenty-seven years!

From the point of view of a world where living standards in the past half-century have actually *declined*, what is remarkable about America is not the fact that thirty million people do not have enough, but the fact that 120 million do.

IV

SO MUCH for diagnosis. The question that interests us now is what to do. It is easier perhaps to point out what we should *not* do. This is no simple matter of patching a leak and pumping air into a deflated economy as we did back in the thirties; let us not rely too much on the medicines of public works and work relief. For the depression gave us a different sort of poverty from the round pegs and square holes and economic zeros we have been describing. The thirties gave us the poverty of idle men and idle machines; what we have now is the poverty that is left over when everything is running at top speed. There is a time for public pumping—but not when our economy is fully inflated to begin with, for the chances are that

we would pump three quarters of us higher and leave the bottom quarter sitting where it is. Do not forget that in 1948 the searching pressures of thousands of booming enterprises could not harness the abilities or use to much advantage the labor of one quarter of the nation. What reason is there to suppose the blunter instrument of public works would succeed where the varied ends and impetus of private enterprise have not?

And let us be wary of another tempting cure: the cure of national charity and relief. For alleviating poverty is not curing it, and there is a vast deal of difference between supporting the under-privileged and making it possible for them to support themselves. No matter how fancily we wield the fiscal knife, thinner slicing does not make a bigger pie, nor does fairer sharing provide a substitute for self-support. There is a need for sharing and a need for help, but merely spreading incomes thinner does not make us richer than we are.

THE disagreeable fact is that for this poverty of scarcity there are no miracle drugs. But that does not mean that nothing can be done—far from it. It means we need tonics more potent than relief and more specific than mere pumping, and that we must distinguish palliatives from cures.

Take, for example, the problem of our rural poor. We can help the blighted farmer by jacking up the prices of the crops he grows; we can buy endless quantities of potatoes in Aroostook County. This is welfare of a sort, particularly if you live in Maine. But for most of us it is nothing but a transfer of wealth from the nation at large to one small corner of it; if the potato-growers are better off it is because our income taxes have made them so.

But we can help the farmer in another way. When we bring in power to counties which have been without electric lights or pumps or generators, when we upgrade an entire region with a TVA, when we curb floods, terrace slopes, revitalize the soil—that is welfare of a different sort. That's the sort of welfare that does more than prop the farmer up: it puts him on his own two feet.

Or think about the question of our aged. We can face up to the problem of indigent old age by ladling out purchasing power with

Old-Age Benefits and we can buy options on the future with old-age pension schemes. All that is well and good; at least it prevents the bottom from dropping out of the market as our population reaches sixty-five.

But can we do nothing better than give the old a helping taken from the plates of others? We are not as young a nation as we were and the curve of average age is moving up: there is a limit to what we can afford. Already in Louisiana four-fifths of all the aged depend on Old-Age Benefits to get along; humanitarian considerations aside, these old folk are little more than economic parasites.

Is it not possible to have our aged *contribute* to our national wealth at the same time that we gladly contribute to their welfare? For example could we not—as Professor Slichter has suggested—pay to those employers who keep older workers on the job a portion of the Old-Age pensions which the government would save? Surely everyone might benefit from such a plan. And can we not find part-time work and special tasks to tap the earning power of those who want to supplement the pittance of government support? There must be some better way of using our old workers than making them night watchmen—and it is these better ways that we must plan (business and union leaders willing) if old age itself is to help us bear the cost of growing old.

Everywhere we face the choice of relief or rehabilitation, the easy way of handouts and soup kitchens or the harder and more expensive way of clinics and classes. If we look beyond our noses we can see that a dollar spent for charity may cost us more than two dollars spent for growth—for relief goes on and on and dynamic welfare can add independence to the mix.

It is apparent that the disabled need retraining if they are to generate their own support: yet in 1948 we rehabilitated only 50,000 and left 1,500,000 on relief. And the Negro needs a foothold too: how can we build a market up when we hold a twelfth of the nation down? There is an economic cost to prejudice and measures like FEPC can build self-support along with self-respect.

The principle is clear. Static welfare by itself is not enough, handouts without a plan are little better than the dole—the last resort of a society which has given up the goal of progress for the three square meals and orderly

existence of the Old People's Home. If we would harvest where we sow we must point our thinking toward making useful citizens out of those who have been cast aside.

BUT there is one group that we cannot help with welfare—the workers at the margin who do not earn enough. For while we can bolster up the chambermaids, the mill-hands, and the bellhops by legislating higher minimum wages, we cannot legislate ten millions at the margin into better jobs. And while we can encourage the exploited to form unions, and pave the roadway of advance with wider education, we shall not budge the economic margin by these means alone. It is the stubborn lack of productivity that must be remedied, for higher wages without higher output may only price the worker at the margin out of any job at all.

To raise the margin, to make ten million better jobs, we have to grow. And growth is not an economic process that we can take for granted.

It was the fashion a few years ago to speak of America as an economy in which the hope for growth was gone. The boggy of maturity was at our heels: we talked of lost frontiers and stationary populations and gloomily debated whether air-conditioning and airplanes could supply the economic boost we had once got from the railroad and the automobile. The consensus was that we had reached the peak: the most we could look forward to was a dignified but cautious life—no violent exercise to be allowed and a regular diet of government pills to keep our energy at par.

Today that forecast seems a bit hasty. Our economy may be mature, but it is far from senile; perhaps it was the shock of the depression which made us myopic toward our past and caused us to forget the history of American production. For if any single feature characterizes our past one hundred years, it has been growth. Since 1850 we have given jobs to fifty million workers, cut their working time by nearly half, and upped the output of each man by 600 per cent.

And our technology has not lost its vigor: since the end of the war we have engineered at least two new *industries*—plastics and television—and the incalculable investment opportunities of an atomic age are dimly visible for the future. We have found that our frontiers are far from closed: American capital is wanted from the Ganges to the Rhine and we are seeking ways to overcome the risks of foreign lending. Even our population has taken a new spurt: since the outbreak of the war we have added the equivalent of Canada to our census.

BUT the fact that growth can give us what we need does not mean that we should lean back and wait for our salvation. If we keep on growing at our present pace—2 per cent per year—we *can* double our real earnings in our lifetimes, and before the next decade is out the average family *can* enjoy an income of \$5,000. The opportunities for growth are there: the man who operates a bulldozer worked with pick and shovel yesterday, and the man behind the hoe today *can* some day sit behind a tractor. The troubling challenge is whether we will *in fact* push against our boundaries.

And for that no complacent answer can be given.

For the real danger is that we will lose the fight against our poverty by default; not because our motors fail to deliver enough power, but because we fail to run them to capacity. Growth will only be a tantalizing vista unless we march resolutely down the road; if we do not find the sticks and carrots to keep us on the march, the problem of our poverty will be infinitely worse. We are the richest nation that the world has ever known, and yet we are not rich enough to give us all a decent living. If America at full production has thirty million poor, how will we fare at three-quarters speed ahead?

To the honest poverty of not-enough-to-go-around let us not add the more dangerous and shameful poverty of failing to make vigorous and intelligent use of what we have.

Two Stories from the Isle of Man

Nigel Kneale

The Putting Away of Uncle Quaggin

AS ONE of his descendants remarked, the twentieth of June, 1897, was marked by public rejoicings throughout the Empire: Ezra Quaggin had died in the night. It was also the day of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee.

He had lived alone on his farm, working it with hired labor, sending out occasional blasts of hate at the male members of the family. Then one night when he was concealing money in the chimney he was choked by a mouthful of soot, fell, fractured his hip, and began a lingering end.

He was visited in the hospital by fat Tom-Billy Teare the joiner, who had married the old man's niece, and was troubled. But Ezra presently told him he had forgiven the females, who could not be expected to know better.

"I've seen to it that your Sallie's all right. Now listen: me will is in a proper black box on top o' the kitchen dresser. They all know I've made one; leave her there till you read her to them. Do the—th' arrangements, y'self, Tom-Billy. Keep it in the family, like. An' then maybe the cost . . .?" His niece's husband was an undertaker on occasion.

Teare went away happy, full of his executorship. He told his wife Sallie, and she was content, and stayed in town on market day to buy a black dress.

Five days passed. Then the sad news came from the hospital and she was able to put it on.

After Teare had informed the relatives,

carefully penciling down the expenses, he and his wife shut up their home in the village and moved quickly into the Quaggin farmhouse to look after it.

They found the flimsy black deed-box in its place on the dresser. Having no lock it invited a look inside.

Under a layer of old receipts, a backless prayer book, and letters dealing with an unsatisfactory grubber, was the will. A long sky-blue paper. It was in the old man's handwriting, with strange words in places, but clear in their meaning.

Teare hugged his wife delightedly. She had been left the farm itself! A few small bequests disposed of the Quaggins.

"We're made, woman!" he said.

But later he fell into some small dispute with the heiress when she wished to cut down expenses now that there was nobody worth pleasing. He considered a heavy meal would be necessary to keep the family quiet during the will-reading. Particularly this will.

ON THE day of his funeral, the old man lay clean and tidy in the coffin Teare had made for him, ready for those who came to make sure he was gone. They arrived earlier and in greater numbers than expected, causing the waiting meat plates to be recast in more and smaller portions.

Teare received the mourners at the door. Quaggins, most of them, the men short and sandy, sharp-nosed; the women pale-faced and shiftily prim. Black clothes, hastily dyed,

showed smothered patterns. And expectation showed through the reverence.

The weather was fine, lighting up the dead man's fields for valuation. People went to the windows under pretence of admiring his industry, and gazed hungrily out.

The mourners' conduct was sober while in the house; sober, too, in the black varnished carriages as they crept in line behind the hearse; sober and musical in the drafty little church, as they listened to a long-winded service. At the graveside they began to cheer up, for the unpleasant part of the day was almost over.

On the return journey talk in the carriages grew bright. Quaggin the Cruelty, the animals inspector, thrust his red whiskers out of a window to hail a friend. From another vehicle Teare thought he heard something suspiciously like song. He frowned at his wife.

The little procession trotted briskly along the road that ran behind the village, and turned up toward the farm.

A tense proprietary excitement filled each jogging group. Eyes were fixed with modest greed on every field they passed. The Dutch barn, the old pigsty, the cows. They rounded the orchard.

Teare's carriage was the first. As it drew in toward the house, he saw a figure moving near the rose-covered porch. As if coming from the side where the dairy was, and the back entrance. Teare had visions of unlocked doors. He scrambled out of the carriage.

"Well, who—?"

"Hallo, there!" called the man. "I missed the pour ould fella, eh?"

Short and sandy, with a sharp nose. A Quaggin, undoubtedly.

"Don't ye remember me, Tom-Billy?"

"Uh—yes. Of course." Teare shook hands dubiously. Now he knew; it was some sort of cousin, a man they called Lawyer Quaggin because he had once worked as an advocate's clerk. Then a sign-writer or something; and for a time, they said, he had tried to live by raising ferrets. A spry man.

"Hallo, all!" called Lawyer Quaggin. People were descending from the carriages. "I was just sayin' to Tom-Billy here, business missed a train for me, an' I came too late for to see him under!" The relatives hailed him, crowding round.

Teare hurried in after his wife. He motioned her into the kitchen.

"Sallie, just a minute——"

Outside in the hall they could hear old Mrs. Kneen weeping over "the beautiful interment" and the bass voices of her three sons.

"Well?" said Sallie.

Teare jerked his head and whispered, "Did y' see that Lawyer character? Skulkin' round the house just as we come up. Keep an eye on him—he's fit for anythin', that fella!"

The parlor was already seething.

Teare dodged about, fitting people into places for the meal. The three huge Kneen boys were prowling gloweringly about, comparing the size of the platefuls. A child cried to be taken home. Then somehow a chicken had got into the room, fluttering among the black legs. Women pulled their skirts out of the way. Men jostled, shooing and hooting.

In desperation Teare grabbed a thin arm that led to a long face. "Mr. Cain, for pity's sake start a hymn or somethin'!"

The thin man struck a fork on a plate and began to sing "Abide with Me" in a grating voice that struck piercingly through the uproar. Gradually silence came.

The Quaggins sat, unwillingly, one by one.

"So beautiful," said old Mrs. Kneen in the hush that followed the solo. She added, to the thin man's confusion and anger, "I mean the way the table is laid. Look at it, boys."

Soon Sallie had the tea-urn working and there were polite murmurs of appreciation. Every one held back patiently while cups joggled perilously round.

Then the food went down with a rush.

Quaggin the Cruelty called for a second cup through steaming whiskers. The Kneen boys tore seriously at their cold beef. Pickle glasses emptied. Faces bulged.

Tom-Billy glanced round. Lawyer Quaggin was at the second table and it was difficult to see him. He seemed very quiet. Teare shifted back uneasily. The meat was tasteless in his mouth.

"My boys say they're enjoying it ever so much, my dear," called Mrs. Kneen. Her sons chewed on, unnoticed.

Teare whispered to his wife, "Is anybody out watchin' the kitchen?" She shook her head. His face sagged. "Come, come, Mr.

Teare! Eat up!" said a neighbor. "Don't let the sad business distress ye too much!"

Plates were collected and fresh courses sent round. Creamy cakes and scones oozing with butter. As appetites grew less, droning reminiscences began. Teare heard everywhere the working-out of remote family connections.

He suddenly stiffened. His wife had nudged him. She whispered, "Look—Lawyer!"

He screwed round, trying to make his face seem lightly interested in the company. Lawyer Quaggin's place was empty. He was not in the room.

Tom-Billy half rose. He sat again, heart tapping, and whispered, "Did ye see him go?"

"No, I just turned round, and—oh, look, look! Here he is again."

The short sandy man was sliding into his seat, a strange look upon his face, it seemed to Tom-Billy. A mixture that might have been self-conscious innocence and satisfaction; uneasy satisfaction. He caught Teare's eye and grinned. A nervous smile that suddenly became too hearty.

Tom-Billy felt his face tighten. He stood up. One or two people looked at him, and his wife's hand touched him warningly.

"Uh—get more bread," he mumbled, and pushed his way between the chair-backs. Once the door was safely shut behind him, he ran the few steps to the kitchen. He pulled a stool up beside the dresser, climbed on to it, and clutched the tin deed-box down from its place. A bead of sweat fogged his eye as he opened the lid.

The heart folded up inside him, and he grasped a shelf for support.

Ezra's will had gone!

HE STUMBLED down, and scattered across the table all the contents of the box. The loose papers, the prayer book, the letters. He swayed as the empty black bottom of the tin stared back at him. A moment later an old chair's wicker seat split under his sudden weight.

Like scalding steam, a stream of explosive, hissing curses reddened his face. Then the remembered need for silence bottled up his fury, and drove it into his head and muddled his thoughts. They took several minutes to clear.

It was Lawyer all right! He must have found out the will's hiding place by spying

through the kitchen window during the funeral. And now he had stolen it; the guilt was there on his face when he sneaked back into the parlor just now.

Tom-Billy sat trying to control himself and picture the next move.

The other room was full of Quaggins waiting to hear the thing read. If he showed the empty box, they would rend him, the keeper of it. Useless to protest that Sallie had been left everything; each man jack of them would fancy himself cheated out of a huge legacy.

Go in there and denounce the thief? No, that was as bad. Lawyer would be ready, knowing the Quaggins distrusted him nearly as much as they did Tom-Billy. He would have the will hidden somewhere, and brazenly deny everything. And later, in his own crafty time, he would tell the Quaggins in secret what it said.

Either way, the will would never be seen again. The farm would be divided amongst the whole brood.

Tom-Billy groaned with anguish.

Something must be done immediately; he had no idea what. Often he had wondered what a fattened beast felt when it sniffed the smell of slaughter. Now he knew; it prayed for the neighborhood to be struck with catastrophe, to give it a chance of escape.

An earthquake. At least a whirlwind.

Words were dancing in front of his eyes. "All your problems solved," they read. He tried to blink them away like liver spots, but they persisted. They seemed to be printed on a packet lying by the wall. A little more cold sweat formed on his face.

He rose. He approached the improbable packet.

"Vesuvius Brand Lighters. All your fire-lighting problems solved!" he read. So he still had his senses. His pulse slackened. He saw he had been tricked by the crumpled label.

A bag of patent things that Sallie must have bought; old Quaggin would have died of cold before spending money on them. "Vesuvius Brand." There was a clumsy little picture of people in long nightshirts running about clutching bundles and boxes, and a flaming mountain in the background. He slowly picked up the smelly packet.

A desperate idea was coming. The most desperate he had ever had.

HE PULLED the split wicker chair into the middle of the room and stacked the firelighters carefully upon it. Five of them the packet held. Quickly he added crushed newspapers, some greasy cleaning rags he found in a cupboard, and two meal sacks. The old stool and table he arranged close to the chair, in natural positions. A jarful of fat completed the preparations.

He replaced the scattered papers in their tin box, and put it exactly where it belonged, up on top of the dresser.

In fearful haste now, dreading that somebody would come to look for him, Tom-Billy struck a match and put it to the tarry shavings. The flame crept over the problem-solving lighters.

As he closed the kitchen door behind him, he began to count slowly.

One, two, three—

He wiped the sweat from his face. At about a hundred it should be safe to raise the alarm.

Conversation was lively when he re-entered the parlor. Only the Kneen boys were still eating, urged on by their mother's busy hands. The animals inspector was performing a balancing trick with lumps of sugar. Crammed, a child had fallen asleep.

Foxy Lawyer was sitting without any expression, as if biding his time.

Tom-Billy sank into his place beside his wife. He answered nothing to her questioning eyes.

Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three.

He accepted another cake and ate it slowly, as calmly as he could.

Fifty-seven. Fifty-eight.

He was praying that no one would leave the room yet. Once, to his horror, Quaggin the Cruelty rose and squeezed from his place, but it was only to borrow another basin of sugar. Tom-Billy watched him sit again and go on with his tricks.

Seventy-one. Seventy-two.

The family histories were still proceeding. Nearby, a monotonous voice worked out a line that was proving intricate: "—And this Quine I'm tellin' about was a cousin of Quine the draper, an' he married the widow of a fella that had a brother in the mines; now let me think what his first name would be—"

Eighty-three.

A sandy man leaned across the table and winked.

"What about the will-readin', Mr. Teare?" he said quietly.

Instantly, it seemed, they were all deathly still; full of fierce attention. "Yis, the time is suitable enough now," said a woman, with a kind of desperate reasonableness.

There were murmurs of, "The will!"

"He's goin' to read it!"

"Oh, yes, the will! I'd clean forgot about that!"

"Is it you that has charge of it, Tom-Billy?"

Teare was frozen in his chair. Bright eyes were on him from every side. In his head he had counted ninety-one. He nerved himself to pretend that he suddenly heard crackling or smelled smoke.

He was forestalled.

"D'ye smell burnin'?" said a voice. There were sniffs.

"Somethin's on fire!"

There was a moment of silent alarm. Then Quaggin the Cruelty dropped his sugar and scrambled toward the door. He pulled at it. A cloud of thin, foul smoke was swept into the room.

There was uproar. People rushed to the narrow hallway, Tom-Billy Teare fighting to be at the head. Behind, there were frightened, coughing cries; a banging at the jammed window. Somebody was roaring, "Save the women!"

When they reached the kitchen the smoke became black and choking. Flames could be seen in it. Men hung back unhappily.

"Come on! Quick!" shouted Teare, and dived inside to kick apart the evidence of his fire-raising. His eyes streamed. "Fling everythin'—out of the—the back door here!" He heaved it open as he shouted, and threw a smouldering cushion into the stone yard. Drew breath, then back into the room.

Men were blundering about the sides of the kitchen, eager to save what might become their own property. Mrs. Kneen's voice was raised somewhere, commanding her sons to keep out of danger.

A chair was tossed outside, then a glowing table leg.

The women crowded in the yard, filling buckets at the pump and passing them from hand to hand.

Watching savagely, Teare was in agony.

Through the smoke faces were hard to recognize. He felt a small draft of despair; if Lawyer had run away, the whole plan was wasted.

Suddenly he saw the little clerk on the other side of the kitchen, jostled in from the hall by a bulky helper; he looked nervous.

TEAARE sprang for the dresser and snatched down the black box. Almost in the same movement he had Lawyer held fast in the hug of a thick arm, and rushed him strongly through the burning room to the yard door. Into clear earshot of everybody; particularly the women. "Here, take this! An' keep it safe!" he shouted. "Uncle Ezra's will is inside it!"

For a moment their eyes locked. Seeing the fury in Lawyer's, Teare knew he had been right.

There was a tense pause in the clattering and fuss and sluicing of water. The word "will" had struck home. Every jealous eye was on the little foxy man clutching the box.

"Watch it close and no monkey business!" Teare yelled after him, with a wink round at the rest. He felt that the wink was a good touch.

Now he had to make sure Lawyer was left alone with it.

"Come on, everybody—one last big slap at it!" With something like cheerfulness, he flung himself at the dying fire. The Quaggins followed suit.

Tom-Billy busied himself in the yard, finding work for every pair of hands. Except one. Lawyer sat alone in a strawy corner, the box on his knees. But there must be no witness to say he had not meddled with it; Teare kept every one on the move, shouting at them, directing, comforting. His flannel shirt was soaked with sweat as well as water.

Once he caught sight of Mrs. Kneen approaching Lawyer as if to sit and share his guardianship. He ran and caught her arm. "Oh, Mrs. Kneen, would ye look to the child yonder—I think she's taken with fright!" Lawyer glowered.

A minute or two later, when Teare turned from dousing the last smoldering remains of the table, the corner was empty. He thought he glimpsed Lawyer, slipping round a corner of the cowhouse.

The idea must be working!

"It's all out now!" called one of the Kneen boys from inside. Water dripped from everything in the kitchen and swilled across the stone floor. The ceiling was blackened. Otherwise damage was small, though wives' voices rose when they saw their men's singed suits, and the Cruelty was anxiously feeling the shape of his beard. Dye had run on splashed dresses.

Tom-Billy pulled a sack over his shoulders and looked round. There must be no waiting.

"Where's—who did I give it to? The will box?" He hoped his frown looked honestly puzzled.

They knew.

"Lawyer!" shouted voices. "Where's Lawyer? I seen him a minute ago!" The unmistakable cry of hungry, suspicious animals. "Where did he get to? Lawyer! Did you see him go?"

"Lawyer, the fire's out!" shouted Quaggin the Cruelty. "Where the divil have ye put yeself?"

"Lawyer! Lawyer!"

There was a hush.

THE little foxy man was coming from the direction of the cowhouse, the box in his hands. His hair seemed a brighter ginger, or his face was whiter. Suspicious eyes were all on the tin.

Without a word, expressionless, Lawyer handed it to Tom-Billy. This time his eyes told nothing.

"Ah—thanks," Teare said. "We wouldn't have had this lost for the world, eh? Thanks for keepin' it safe, Lawyer."

There was a chorus of excited approval.

"Good oul' Lawyer! Bad job if the will had gone on fire!" "If they found even a singe—"

"Better make sure it's safe," said the man who had suggested the reading.

Tom-Billy's hands trembled violently as he put the box down among the trickling water and singed cushion feathers that covered the yard.

"Heat injures the nerves," murmured Mrs. Kneen, interestedly; nobody noticed her.

The black box squeaked open. Tom-Billy's hand went inside and fumbled quickly. A pause.

He drew out a long, sky-blue paper.

"This aforesaid document," he read shakily, "is the only will whatever of me, Ezra John Quaggin, pig, general, dairy, and poultry farmer—"

His head sang with relief as he looked

round the yard at all the grimy, eager faces.

"Go on! Go on, Tom-Billy," they cried.

He found the place, cleared his throat, and read again. Soon, he knew, the real fun would begin.

Oh, Mirror, Mirror

THERE'S no call to start so, Judith. It's only your auntie. Lie back in the bed now. Let me pull the covers round you against the draft. And a sip of water: your forehead's hot.

No, you're wrong, dearest. It's hot, not normal. So often that way; I don't like it—Oh! You mustn't listen when I say such things, talking to myself. I'm such a silly: I meant nothing. Really—nothing. Yes, I know it feels cool to you, but then—never mind! Poor little Judy!

I'm going to sit with you for a while. There! What jolly cane chairs you have in your room, haven't you? I think they are two of the cosiest in the whole house. Age doesn't matter with really good articles, you know that. Don't you? And fumbling repairs sometimes spoil things we've grown used to, and fond of.

Now I want you to lie quite still and restful. I'm going to talk to you, dear.

Yes, it's about what happened yesterday afternoon.

Won't you tell me why you did it, Judith? You may as well. Because I know anyway; more than you do.

No? No?

Don't hide your face like that! Oh, it hurts your auntie more than you can tell when her little girl won't speak to her.

Yesterday I was arranging her tea, and wondering what would please her most. I had found a bright, clean napkin for her tray and I was cutting bread thin as thin, and cornerwise, because that is how she likes it. And then I looked out of the window.

What I saw upset me very much. It was my

little girl running, wasn't it? Running far down the garden to where the wall joins the big door. And peeping behind her to see if I watched. But I was behind the curtains.

Then I felt something inside me. Here. A tight, cold feeling all round my heart.

Because of two things. One was that she should go so terribly against my wishes. So many times I have said, since she was quite tiny, "You mustn't go outside the garden, Judith," and, "You ought never to run." But there she was, in spite of all I had said and done for her. It made your auntie extremely unhappy, Judith.

But the second reason was sadder still. As I ran out on to the lawn, I was saying to myself, "Now she will have to be told everything, and it may break her heart. Something wicked has made her do this, and she must know, so that she can resist it." That's what I said to myself as I was running down the path. "She will have to be told," I said.

You weren't able to go very fast, were you, dear? You are so young, and I am your old aunt, and yet I caught up with you among the pear trees. Was it really that you slipped upon the path? Or was it, perhaps, something else?

Now I want you to take another sip of water—there!—are you quite comfortable? You must be very brave. Give me your hand, dear. Such a frail little hand, tight in mine.

Very brave indeed, Judith. I'll have to tell you something that will be a very great shock. I'm going to be as gentle as I can, but it will still be a shock.

Let me see. You remember that fairy tale from when you were very small—"The Ugly

Duckling"? It looked so odd and different that the other ducks and everybody drove it away. And then it changed and grew into a beautiful swan. Do you know what "beautiful" is, Judy? You liked that story very much, though.

Now just think, dear. Supposing—just supposing that the duckling hadn't changed at all. Supposing it became a still uglier one? That wouldn't have made a happy ending, would it?

Hold your auntie's hand very tightly, my love, and try to be ever such a brave girl. You see, Judith, I'm afraid you're that kind of duckling.

There, there!

Ever since you came here as a tiny tot with no mother and daddy, I've known some day I'd have to tell you that you were—different from other people.

Now you're understanding. Why nobody comes here. Why I have to have a high, safe wall round the garden, that you never go outside. And why your auntie takes such care of you, every minute of the day.

I SUPPOSE you've often wondered why it was like that. Haven't you? But you've always been so good, and done as auntie bid, and auntie loves you so very much.

It would have been the same if your—parents had lived. Your lovely mama would have done what I did: we understood each other so well, as sisters do. I knew everything she should have, every single thing that was best for her. And then she married your father—she had no right—

We—we'll not talk about that. It's only what I said before. He wasn't really for her. Not for her. That's it, he wasn't—good enough.

And so, they've both gone a long time; and poor old auntie's minding this little girl instead.

And the little girl wants to know why she cannot go out and see the world at last. Because she's grown to fifteen years old.

Well now, just wait a minute.

Here's the mirror, down from its hook. I can rest it against the foot of the bed. Carefully does it when the frame is loose.

Can you see into it, Judith? Raise yourself a little, dear. There. See the precious duckling clearly?

This is the part that is going to hurt, even with her auntie's arm right round her.

I want you to look at that shape in the mirror, Judy. Such a slender, curvy body, isn't it? So soft and pale. Those swollen little breasts.

Did you think that was right? Did you?

Now look at me, dear. I'm not like that at all. See how strong and solid I am, straight everywhere, in every line? That's the way people are, Judith. People outside.

That little face of yours, Judy. Pale, nearly like the bed sheets, except for two pinky cheeks and red lips. Eyes as blue as—copper rot. Mine are dark brown, and my skin is dark and tough. And hair—look in the mirror, dear; see that thin, soft, shiny yellow, like fading grass? Not thick and black, like other people's.

My little Judy—crying! Oh, what sobs!

You just didn't know how—different you were. I've always kept it from you. That is why there are no pictures of people in the rooms. I didn't want you to be hurt.

Brown-skinned and hard, they are, with strong black hair. I'm one of them.

So I can go out and talk among them. And they don't know about you, these dark people. Only I think of my little girl at home that's—different.

Now, Judy, do you know what would have happened if your old auntie hadn't cared for you yesterday, and run to stop you and guide you back to this house? Do you know what would have happened if you had gone past the pear trees and the green water-tank, and up to the big door? And if it hadn't been locked—but it always is—and you had opened and walked outside?

Something very horrible, Judith.

You would have seen people like me—all like me, Judy, only not smiling, I'm afraid.

You would have seen them halt in the distance, and point, and murmur to each other in their dry, gray roads; and move softly in the shadows. And presently as you walked, you would hear tiny shufflings and mutterings. And you would glimpse a head of a person on the other side of a wall, keeping pace with you; or a gray hand signaling in a doorway. And then things would come quietly through the hot dust. They would be people. And they would be following you. Because you were different.

REMEMBER how all the animals were unkind to the Ugly Duckling? People can be far crueler. You might speak to one of them; but your voice would be tiny with fright. His head would turn away, with eyes remaining on you, and he would talk loudly and hard. Not to you: to the others. You would feel the whisper run through, sealing them against you, and teeth and eyes would shine out from the whole band of them. Then they would be thrusting, jostling, screaming; and all the roads clattering with laughter. "Look at the eyes!" they would shout. "See it! How it cries! There, it is running!" And the shouts would become the echo of your own feet beating along the middle of the lanes, and the stones ringing under them. Running until you couldn't go any longer! And behind, they would be coming, closing on you!

Like one of those dreams auntie calls nightmares; but this time it would be true, Judy. Perhaps, in your dreams, you *know*.

It's terrible to be different.

But your auntie's here. She understands. And there's a high wall, and nothing to be afraid of, if they don't see inside.

And when you make that singing, or sit watching the clouds and wondering, or tremble at the thunder, there's only auntie to know that you're doing what no one else does. Isn't there? And auntie's your friend who understands.

My Judith is brave, and she won't cry any

more now, will she? Just one last look in the mirror at that strange little face, so that she'll know finally what her auntie meant.

Oh, my poor girl! Can't she bear to look? Can't she, then.

Don't hide in the bedclothes, dear. You're never strange to me, you know.

Take the mirror away? Wait, Judith.

I've something for you. I knew what a horrible shock it would be, and I got what may help my little girl to bear it.

There. Right in her little hand. Do you know what it is, dear? A bottle of stain—quite harmless brown stain. It smells rather sweet.

If she wants, she can add a little to her washing water. To darken those hands and those pink and white cheeks. And when she looks in the mirror, she won't seem so different after all. She can pretend to be like me. Can't she?

And after that we must simply be patient, and auntie loving, because we haven't so very long in the world, have we? And if we're not ordinary—

Now if the little girl stops crying, and lies quietly and still, she shall have a plate of bread and butter cut just as she likes it. And some little secret treat. Her auntie will sit with her in this beautiful cosy room, and we shall have a game of ludo.

For I understand. And she's my very own. For always.

Poor little Judith.

The Secretary of State

THE Secretary of State has always stood as much alone as the historian. Required to look far ahead and round him, he measures forces unknown to party managers, and has found Congress more or less hostile ever since Congress first sat. The Secretary of State exists only to recognize the existence of a world which Congress would rather ignore; of obligations which Congress repudiates whenever it can; of bargains which Congress distrusts and tries to turn to its advantage or to reject. Since the first day the Senate existed, it has always intrigued against the Secretary of State whenever the Secretary has been obliged to extend his functions beyond the appointment of Consuls in Senators' service.

—From *The Education of Henry Adams*, by Henry Adams (1907)

War Games in Southern Waters

Fletcher Pratt

Drawings by Inga

THE bar of the Caribe-Hilton in San Juan was full of army men, homeward bound from the biggest combined maneuver ever held by American armed forces. At one table a naval officer said to his companions: "Drink up and let's go. I don't think we're very welcome around here."

A captain with the blue-and-white patch of the 3rd Division on his shoulder addressed his daiquiri morosely: "Why the hell do we have to go to the Marines to learn how to make landings? The only people who looked any good were the Puerto Ricans."

In the wardroom of a carrier, an Air Force officer laid down his fork. "If you navy files think you have technical troubles," he said, "you ought to go out to Fort Knox and talk to the Armored Force boys. The Russians are ten years ahead of them."

In those three remarks, and the annotations to them, can be summed up the results of Portrex. Technically it was a test of the fighting power of our national defenses; actually, it was supposed to be a good deal more—a demonstration that last year's revolution of the admirals has been forgotten and a combination training exercise, field experiment with new weapons, and Greatest Show on Earth. Over six hundred guests, including thirteen women correspondents, were invited to see it. They will probably never see anything like it again.

For what Portrex did demonstrate is that, although there is excellent co-operation among the services in the operational commands, there are still basic differences at the high levels; that the technique of war has changed as much since 1945 as it did between 1920 and 1940; that we need outside help in defending America, and can probably get it if we ask for it—and finally, that publicity stunts seldom pay.

The last point was demonstrated by an occurrence which gave Portrex the only poor press it deserved and, as it was an isolated case, had better be taken up at once. Part of the D-day program was a mass jump by a battalion of parachutists onto Vieques, the island at the eastern end of Puerto Rico. The parachutists themselves wanted to come down in the hill country well behind the beachhead, where, in a tactical sense, they could mess up the defenders' communications without running into prepared defenses and, in a practical sense, they would have good ground to land on. But someone nixed this because the jump would then be out of sight from the bleachers where the guests were installed. So the parachutists came down close behind the beaches, on stony ground and in the midst of a complex of blockhouses that in a real war would have wiped them out. Some 10 per cent of them (the Puerto Rican papers put the figure at "over sixty-five") suffered injuries ranging

Aboard the U.S.S. Mindoro during the Puerto Rican Exercises of our Armed Forces was Fletcher Pratt, historian and author of Harper's remarkable wartime series on the Pacific campaigns. Mr. Pratt's latest book of many is The Third King.

from sprained ankles to broken legs and backs.

This looks pretty bad but, without excusing it, a certain number of physical casualties are inseparable from a maneuver where a reasonable attempt is made to simulate the realities of war. A couple of them also occurred when the ramp of a landing craft failed to come down and the men had to jump over the side; all the carriers had more or less serious deck crashes while operating planes in the high gales and heavy seas which marked the first week of the operation. As a matter of fact, the parachutists were fairly lucky. The Puerto Rican soldiers of the 65th Infantry, who were the major defenders of Vieques, took realism so seriously that in the area where the parachutists had *wanted* to land, palm trees had been cut down at about waist height and the stumps sharpened.

The 65th also took matters seriously in other respects. Ordered to set up beach defenses, they built concrete and coconut-log bunkers so well sited, so thoroughly dug in, that the umpires (who had seen a lot of this sort of thing in the Pacific war) perceived that the landing forces would be cut to pieces. They ruled about half the blockhouses blown up, supposedly as the result of "naval gunfire."

Now it is very doubtful whether naval gunfire would have destroyed those bunkers, or aerial bombing either. But the umpires had to ascribe damage to something or call off the war, and as there were no heavy bombers present they chose the guns. This does not alter the lesson that the Japanese type of defensive engineering, which made such memorable names of Tarawa and Iwo Jima, has been developed far beyond what it was in Japanese hands.

II

THE absence of heavy bombers takes us to the planning of the Portrex operation and to some carefully smoothed-over differences of opinion in the Pentagon. Without allowing themselves to be quoted, army men have made it clear that they considered the whole thing unreal, a preparation only for the special conditions that existed in the Pacific during the war. There was (they say) little room for maneuver and none at all for the surprise that can be gained by striking

at an unexpected point; and future operations will stand little chance of success unless they can be based on movement and surprise.

Still, they did want to challenge the Marines' monopoly as beachhead soldiers and there was something to be learned about handling troops in rough tropical country, about intelligence and counter-intelligence of the types a potential enemy might use. This comes down to saying that for the Army, Portrex was more a training exercise than a maneuver; the enlisted and company officers were supposed to pick up a good deal, but officers in the higher ranks were not expecting to change many of their doctrines as the result of anything that happened.

The participation of the Air Force was even more tentative. A small, solidly defended and vital area, as Vieques was supposed to be, would offer a natural target for atom-bomb





attack, and it appears that a simulated atom-bomb drop was discussed during the planning phase—and then abandoned. So were heavy bombers of any kind, and the Air Force was represented only by some tactical support planes and two squadrons of jet fighters. (Incidentally, the Marine aviators who were with the defense forced down some of these jets, kept the pilots as prisoners, plastered the planes with Marine recruiting posters, and sent them back.) In short, the Air Force gave friendly co-operation but took little opportunity of trying to learn anything either from experiment or training.

The Navy also wanted training, but in addition it was conducting major experiments. The postwar years have provided the sea service with far more unsolved problems than either Army or Air Force. It wanted to know whether troop convoys could be rammed home in the face of the new submarines, using tactics only partially developed at the end of the war; whether the new submarines could co-ordinate their activities with those of the planes; how much of a menace were planes carrying the new guided missiles; and how effective were the postwar anti-submarine devices. Tests on some of these points had already been held in the November maneuvers, but they were held off Labrador, under sub-Arctic conditions, and it seemed probable that the results would not hold good for more genial waters.

THUS Portrex was to a large extent the Navy's show, and this background was responsible for many of its arrangements and artificialities. The script was this: an enemy nation, called "Aggressor," has

reached the Western hemisphere and has powerfully fortified Vieques Island, which is theoretically the projection of a far larger land mass. There is also an Aggressor air base at Bermuda. The American mission is to take Vieques.

For this purpose, there would sail from Norfolk an "attack force," consisting of the battleship *Missouri*, three cruisers, and some destroyers, to soften up the landing area by bombardment; a slow convoy, carrying supplies and protected by a light carrier; a fast convoy, carrying troops and covered by another light carrier; a fast carrier task force, consisting of three big carriers, one of them the giant *Franklin D. Roosevelt*. Two hunter-killer anti-submarine groups, each composed of an escort carrier and seven specially-equipped destroyers, would hunt Aggressor submarines, being assisted by blimp patrols from the Carolinas and seaplanes from Norfolk. I was with one of the hunter-killer groups, aboard U.S.S. *Mindoro*, CVE, and thanks to a mess-officer who had a proper taste in groceries, ate filet mignon three times a week.

The Aggressor forces consisted of the enthusiastic Puerto Ricans of the 65th Infantry, with some supporting units; eleven submarines, most of them of the snorkel type; two seaplane tenders with their broods of patrol planes; six squadrons of land-based patrol planes capable of carrying guided missiles or torpedoes; and some Marine air units, mainly fighters. Aboard every ship and in every air operation were the umpires, who decided how much damage had been inflicted according to formulas, and who had a whole band of radio circuits available only to them for rapid communication.

Great pains were taken to give the maneuver realism. The Aggressors had their own uniforms, insignia, and markings for their planes. They even conducted propaganda operations on behalf of their own philosophy; as the 3rd Division hit the beaches, the attackers were greeted by loud-speakers saying: "How would you like a nice, cool beer? Drop your gun and step this way." And they found every available flat surface plastered with posters proclaiming "BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU," right out of George Orwell. Some artificial smoke and battlefield sound devices were used without

convincing anybody much, but the physical contacts at sea were close to the real thing. When a submarine intended to torpedo a ship, she fired a shot from a water-filled torpedo tube with a green flare that would come up close aboard the victim; when a plane or destroyer went after a submarine, it dropped a noise-making device decidedly audible to those inside the iron box, and the umpire aboard required the submarine to surface and identify herself.

The rules were that when any ship, plane, or man was declared out of action—sunk, destroyed, or killed—he (it) could no longer send nor receive messages, nor substantially alter position for four hours. At this time a convenient resurrection allowed the show to go on. Neither side knew the other's initial plans in any but the most general terms and when the intelligence operation got under way toward the end of January, each was allowed to use any of the devices of war to obtain information. The Aggressors gained an edge in this field they were never to lose by sending a WAC of their own forces into Norfolk. She got a job as a waitress and pumped officers for enough information to have brought any expedition to grief.

III

THE war began at noon on February 22, at which time the fleet was just outside Norfolk, heading southeastward. That first night there was an incident which had in it something both of the reality of war and the artificiality of maneuvers. Two unidentified planes were reported close in on the carrier, and five minutes later one of the umpires walked into the wardroom to announce cheerfully, "The *Mindoro* is sunk; hit by two major guided missiles."

When you attack a vigorous and reasonably alert enemy, you expect some losses and hope from your techniques only to keep them as low as possible. But this was surprise against a force that was itself taking the offensive—a baby Pearl Harbor in reverse though no one was physically hurt—and it led to some fairly sharp questionings.

Clearly, the artificial conditions of the maneuver were partly responsible. At the opening of operations, the big fast carriers ran south and east to strike at the Bermuda air-

fields and to interpose a moving screen of force between the Aggressor planes and our slower formation, which was coasting down the Carolinas. This was a reasonable and logical strategy, which no doubt would have worked in a shooting war. But the tourist season was on in Bermuda, and the hotel-keepers didn't want their customers annoyed by the midnight roar of airplane engines, so that although theoretically based on that vacation island the Aggressor planes actually flew out from North Carolina. They thus struck us instead of the moving screen of force they were looking for. One of the pilots reported he had made a hit on the major carrier *Philippine Sea*.

But after you are dead, it doesn't help much to learn that they killed the wrong man. Why didn't we have any planes up to keep those guided-missile-carriers at a distance? Because, as was noted by the walrus and the carpenter, there were no birds to fly. During the war even the small type of escort carrier had over twenty planes, half of them fighters. The major changes of the postwar years have brought it about that today a big escort carrier—and *Mindoro* is one of the biggest, built on a tanker hull—can carry and operate no more than sixteen planes, none of them fighters. We had eighteen aircraft aboard, including the helicopter that ran errands and picked up aviators who made errors of judgment on take-off and landing.

This seems like very few planes for a ship as big as a heavy cruiser, with a crew of over a thousand men, but it is only one instance of the prodigious mechanization, the reliance on an ever-increasing number of gadgets, that has come over the whole art of war in the past five years. *Mindoro* carries anti-submarine planes, which are no longer the relatively simple wartime types with a pilot, a radioman, and a bomb-bay full of depth charges. This anti-submarine plane has to carry two or three kinds of radios for communication with the home ship, other planes, and destroyers of the unit, since the submarine has become so tough that it can be dealt with only by co-operative enterprise. The plane must carry a big radar and counter-radar, including the device which enables it to home on an unseen submarine which is using its own radar—so much radar that there is a big egg-shaped bulge below the fuselage of the plane and a

third member of the crew to do nothing but operate the equipment—so much radar that the plane can carry neither offensive nor defensive weapons, and the task of hunting submarines has to be split between two planes, working together. One of them has nothing but radar and radio; the other, nothing but depth charges, rockets, and a very deadly device known as “the pickle,” whose precise nature is still a secret. All this load has made the planes so big and so heavy that there just isn't room for more than sixteen of them on an escort carrier.

Well, why not replace a few of them with fighters? Another aspect of mechanization turns up at this point. These planes are filled with complex and delicate machinery; they are required to make landings on the decks of carriers which are always moving in at least one direction, often very violently. The effect on the internal machinery of the planes can be approximated by throwing your radio across the room twice a day. Electrical connections break, tubes blow, and things get out of order generally. The repair gang on the hangar deck was the largest single group of men aboard the ship, but even so, there were rarely more than eight planes wholly fit for

action, four of them currently in the air, and four getting ready to fly as soon as the others were taken aboard.

Mindoro could carry fighters to protect herself against air attack only at the price of abdicating part of her mission to protect other ships against submarines. Maybe one of the big carriers could do both jobs, but using such a ship on anti-submarine work would be enormously expensive. (In fact, one of the points that stuck out all through the maneuver was the enormous cost of mechanized war. The planes aboard, with their equipment, cost more than enough to have bought the whole ship and everything in her in 1941, whether the purchasing unit were figured in dollars or man-hours of labor.)

BUT a carrier does have guns for self-protection and the destroyers of her screen have a good many more. Using modern fire controls and shells with proximity fuses, they would be no inconsiderable defenses against planes hampered by the weight of guided missiles and forced by the necessity of launching them to fly at consistent altitudes, speeds, and directions. Later in the maneuver, several such planes were ruled shot down when umpires aboard the ships heard the order promptly given to open fire. Why was no such order given aboard *Mindoro* as soon as the planes appeared on the radar screen?

The answer to this one is not merely a matter of one occurrence aboard one ship, but a fundamental of the national defense set-up today. It was already too late to do anything when the attackers showed up as moving pips on the radar screen. This should not have been so. *Mindoro* is equipped with a long-range air search radar, not indeed of the latest model, but good enough to have given warning of the approach of those planes fifteen or twenty minutes before they reached position for the release of their missiles.

Why was there no warning? Not because of any man's failure, but because the radar itself was not working at full capacity. This was known, but there was no one aboard with the necessary technical skill to persuade that instrument to operate at its peak efficiency. We had numerous radar technicians on the ship, and those who handled other types of radar, like the kind that searches the surface of the



sea, were extremely good; *Mindoro's* surface search radar got the best results of any ship in the fleet. But there is as much difference between this type and the long-range air job as there is between a Jeep and a Packard. The procedures that work beautifully for one will have no application to the other, and training men to the service of either robot is quite literally a matter of years.

The Navy complains that by the time it has trained men to such jobs, their enlistments expire; they slip out of the service into civilian employments at fancy salaries, and they don't come back. Maybe so; it would be comforting to believe that there is a reserve of trained technicians in the country who could be dug out in an emergency. But there is no indication that this is true; the scientists are turning out new robots faster than the men can be trained to keep them working. Moreover, many of the skills needed are of little value to a civilian. The Army would like to train bright young men in the handling of 3.5-inch military rockets, a highly technical calling, but it has few inducements to offer them unless they intend to make a career in the service. The scientists have provided us with frightening new weapons, but they haven't told us how to find people to take care of them.

IV

THIS is the more important because everyone in the three services seems convinced that our only superiority over the Russians is technical. The common attitude is a kind of grim expectancy, so different from the 1940 nonchalance with which the prospect of a Japanese war was regarded that it may go too far in the opposite direction. In the wardrooms of the ships, in the tents on the beaches, no question was more frequently asked of guests than, "When do you think Uncle Joe is going to jump?" One night an order came over the umpires' radio circuit that the war would be off for three hours, while all submarines came to the surface and identified themselves. It turned out that one of them had been in underwater collision with something that might have been another submarine and proved to be a fish; but the reaction to the original order was, "Found one too many submarines operating in the

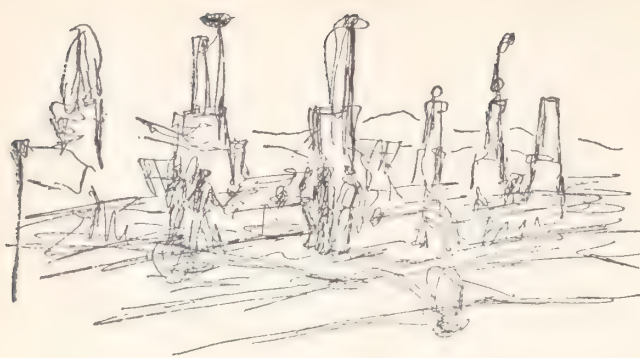
area, did they?" or "Oh-oh, here goes World War III."

The general set-up of the Portrex problem, that of driving a convoy home against an opponent defending himself with planes and numerous submarines, had an obvious slant. So did the conclusion most often drawn from the results—that such an operation would be a very rough and dangerous business, attended by heavy losses. It was pointed out that snooping planes have solved the main difficulty the Germans ran into, that of finding convoys for the submarines to attack, and that the new submarines are harder to find, harder to dig out once they are found. Any suggestion that Soviet submariners might not be quite as efficient as our own is met with, "No one can afford to be over-confident."

This is no doubt a healthy attitude for the services to take, but it seemed to what I hope was not a prejudiced observer that the anti-submarine forces had the edge. The U-boats could make nothing whatever of the fast carrier task force; and, though they received credit for knocking off several ships in the convoys, most of the submarines had been "sunk" at least once by the time they got around to making hits.

SHORE-BASED patrol planes and search teams from the hunter-killer groups did most of the work, in spite of the fact that over half the flyers were the young aviators the Navy now calls "midshipmen," who had never made night landings on carrier decks before. Night landings are an eerie business, incidentally, and illustrate the point that mechanization has increased rather than diminished the need for human skill. There are no moon and no stars; sea and sky are black; the ship is dark, except for a single red masthead light and the feebly illuminated wands of the landing officer on his little platform at the stern; a destroyer shows another red masthead light off the starboard quarter. The plane takes its bearing on the two lights and comes tearing in with an angry roar, hoping that Mama's deck will be there when he sets down. About twice out of three times one of the planes would have to take a wave-off and circle round again, but there was only one accident and nobody hurt.

Finally, the difficulty of co-ordinating submarine operations with air scouting was illus-



trated by the day of the Big Kill. Six submarines surfaced during the night to hear the news from their shore headquarters and to make arrangements for a wolf-pack attack on the fast convoy the next day. The flagship received its instructions in code, but then passed orders to the rest of the gang by short-range voice radio. Unknown to any of them, a destroyer of our force was within eavesdropping distance in the dark.

The consequence was that the fast convoy changed course, and in the place where the submarines expected to find it, the hunter-killer groups found them. The wind was blowing a gale, with seas so high that the escort carriers could not operate planes nor the blimps come out to join them. But with destroyers alone the hunter-killer groups accounted for five of the six submarines in a twelve-hour stretch. As this imposed four hours of immobility on the submarines, they never came up with the convoy until it was unloading troops.

At this point they redeemed themselves somewhat by getting into the "transport area" and "torpedoing" two transports, a supply ship, and the unfortunate *Missouri*. Just how they made the penetration is enough of a mystery to indicate that there has been improvement in submarine as well as anti-submarine technique, for the transport area was surrounded by a patrolled sonar-buoy barrage.

A sonar buoy is a floating object about three-and-a-half feet long and about eight inches through. It has mechanical ears below the surface, arranged to pick up the sound of a submarine's propellers, and a tiny radio in the upper part which broadcasts this sound on a given frequency, different for each buoy. Patrolling planes pick up the sound. (The listening equipment is still another item an anti-submarine plane must

carry.) The submarine has no means of locating the sonar buoy and doesn't even know it's being heard.

In laying a barrage, a line of eight or nine sonar buoys is dropped, forming a net which the submarine cannot penetrate without revealing its presence. A plane flies along overhead, tuning from one frequency to another, and when the pilot picks up a submarine, he whistles in the nearest destroyer. During the war these buoys were used extensively with great success, and in last year's maneuvers the submarines never succeeded in penetrating a buoy barrage. But now they seem to have learned how to get through, and we shall have to think of something new.

Thus the Navy, which put the most into the maneuver, got the most out of it. The criticisms were mainly that a new doctrine needed to be developed somewhere, or a new device, or some kind of technical training. In contrast, the army troops showed the need of basic drill in blocking and tackling. The 3rd Division came ashore all right, but afterward they bunched up in a manner that would have cost them heavily had the guns been real. A Marine officer among the observers (who had been at Saipan and Iwo Jima) remarked that the artillery came in far too early and that the beachhead would have been the most awful mess in Christ's kingdom unless they had put in about four times as many bulldozers. The impression was that the attack forces treated the operation more as a run around the infield than as a practice game.

THE Puerto Ricans of the defense forces, who began by building beach installations that were really impregnable, went on behaving as though they were in the business of blood, sweat, and tears. Their camouflage was excellent, their fields of fire were properly arranged, and they did not mind staying up all night. At one point they drove in a flank so neatly that the umpires had to call an armistice so that the invasion could proceed on schedule.

They also put on an intelligence offensive rather alarmingly like what we should have to expect in World War III. A soldier dressed in a captured uniform and carrying a package turned up with a plausible story about delivering it to General Clarkson, command-

ing the ground forces of the invasion. He talked his way past four sentries to make the delivery, and when the general opened up the package a lot of smoke came out; whereupon an umpire informed the general that he was blown up, along with his entire staff, the supreme invasion commander, and the admiral commanding the naval support forces.

In the journalistic sense, the hottest story of Portrex is thus about spies, saboteurs, intelligence, and counter-intelligence. But I am not sure that it is the most important story. At the close of the proceedings, the services announced that Mr. Johnson's economies had made it necessary for them to withdraw everything but housekeepers from the Caribbean area. Now people down that chain of islands have the liveliest memory of what happened the last time there were no American defense forces to speak of in the area. The date was 1942, the German submarines came in on them, and they nearly starved, for in spite of the bounty of the tropics the bulk of their food is imported.

Moreover, the Latin Americans have not missed the implications of World War II as to

the fate of small nations in the face of big aggressors. They are all citizens of small nations; they want to stay that way, and they don't need any posters to remind them that Big Brother Is Watching. It is not only the Puerto Ricans who take defense seriously. Around officers' clubs one hears remarks like, "I've never seen any cleaner ships than the Chileans keep," "Those Peruvians have turned into pretty good little submarine men," and "The Brazilian Air Force pilots are pretty hot."

The problem of the small nations is that they know very well they lack the industrial and scientific background to put up any kind of fight in a mechanized war. They have to have help—radar, rockets, tanks, submarines, and maintenance men. But it seems to me the performance of the 65th Infantry demonstrates that being given that help, the Latin Americans have not only the willingness, but also the capacity, to take care of their own defense and some of ours, too; and that we shall greatly gain by taking them into the firm as partners, instead of trying to play Big Brother ourselves.



Atomic Engines—When and How

Louis Cassels

In the peaceful development of atomic energy, we stand on the threshold of new wonders. The first experimental machines for producing useful power from atomic energy are now under construction. We have made only the first beginnings in this field, but in the perspective of history they may loom larger than the first airplane, or even the first tools that started man on the road to civilization.

—President Truman, State of the Union Message to Congress, January 4, 1950

SOME future Toynbee, studying the civilization of the mid-twentieth century, may record that our supreme challenge was the discovery that atomic energy could be used either to destroy cities or to provide them light and power. If our historian is well-informed (and the vogue of "time capsules" should assure that, if nothing else) he will also note that we were well aware of both possibilities. For, as President Truman's message to Congress amply demonstrates, the dream of atomic power for peacetime use has been held before us nearly as long and almost as vividly as the nightmare of atomic war.

Indeed, in political oratory and some segments of the press, the issue has been so sharply drawn and the alternatives so luridly painted that one might be led to believe the threat of war is the only roadblock between us and atomic millennium. Let peace be assured, and great cities will rise in the desert. Atomic engines will do all the work, and

men will be free to tour the country in their Nuclear-8 sedans.

Mr. Truman's prophecy must have seemed soberly conservative to those nourished on this lovely myth.

But to the scientists and engineers who are actually making "the first beginnings in this field," it seemed more like a bold declaration of faith. They have gone just far enough down the road to atomic power to see clearly how long and rugged is the rest of the way, and they know that keeping the world at peace is only one—albeit the biggest—hurdle ahead. This report is concerned with some of the other, less-publicized hurdles, and the chances for getting over them in our time.

II

ONE of the difficulties with atomic power plants is purely semantic. The men who build them insist on calling them "nuclear reactors." Lay usage runs to "atomic

Since last December when we printed Dr. J. A. Campbell's "How to Make an Atom Bomb," we have been looking for an up-to-the-minute article on development of atomic energy for peaceful uses. A member of the United Press in Washington has produced it.

engines," "atomic furnaces," and "atomic piles." All are different names for the same thing: a device for producing a controlled chain reaction of nuclear fission.

Aside from scientific curiosity, there are two reasons for wanting to produce such a reaction. It is the only known way to acquire useful amounts of plutonium, the man-made element which is the explosive ingredient of most atomic bombs. Also, the reaction generates large amounts of heat, and millions of coal-, oil-, and gas-burning furnaces bear witness to the fact that heat can be used as a source of electric or propulsive power.

Some persons, properly impressed by the elemental fury of an atomic explosion, quite naturally assume that the big trick in building nuclear engines is "taming" the fission process, keeping the violent uranium reaction under control. But just the opposite is true. The real problem, in bombs as well as reactors, is to overcome the great natural odds against a chain reaction taking place at all.

The odds are roughly 140 to 1. Only seven-tenths of one per cent of the bulk of natural uranium is the fissionable isotope U-235. The rest is stable U-238. Only the U-235 is of value for chain-reaction purposes, because only the U-235 atoms can be split by the impact of stray neutrons. When a U-235 atom breaks up, it shoots out two or three neutrons from its own nucleus, traveling at very high speeds. If these strike still other U-235 atoms, causing them to undergo fission in turn, a chain reaction is under way. But it is obvious that in a chunk of plain uranium, even of the purest sort, the reaction will never get to first base. Some of the free neutrons will fly right out of the uranium and be lost entirely. The others will be quickly absorbed by the more plentiful U-238. (This is where the plutonium comes in; some of the U-238 atoms are transmuted into plutonium through neutron bombardment.)

The whole business seemed like trying to kindle a fire under water until scientists learned a rather peculiar fact about stray neutrons. If they are *slowed down* sufficiently, they tend to drift right past the sluggish U-238 until they find the U-235 needles in the uranium haystack. One way to overcome the odds, then, is to intersperse the uranium with a quantity of "moderator"—a substance which slows down neutrons without absorbing them

and also tends to reflect the strays back into the reaction when they try to escape. Heavy water is the best moderator, and beryllium is very good. But graphite works quite satisfactorily and is easier to obtain.*

Even with the finest moderator, the odds are never very strongly on the side of a chain reaction's taking place in uranium. So it is imperative that all materials used in a pile be extraordinarily free of impurities that might absorb precious neutrons. (One atomic scientist says he cannot read an Ivory soap advertisement without wincing at the admission of gross adulteration.) Spacing the uranium lumps properly throughout the moderator is of critical importance, and involves mathematical computations that tax an electric brain. It would be difficult enough to design and build a pile, even if your only concern was meeting the bare physical requirements for a chain reaction. But that is just the beginning.

"The technological gap between producing a controlled chain reaction and using it as a large-scale power source," said the famous Smyth report of 1945, "is comparable to the gap between the discovery of fire and the manufacture of a steam locomotive."

One reason the gap is so wide is that every chain-reacting pile has a "nuisance" by-product—radioactivity—which makes the smoke and ashes of ordinary furnaces seem boons to humanity. The intense, invisible radiations given off by the pile do weird things to structural materials, as well as menace all living things in the vicinity.

It is a maddening experience, all too familiar to atomic scientists, to choose a material which meets all of the exacting requirements for some structural function in a pile, and then to find that radioactivity has transmuted it into some other element with entirely different properties. One scientist has compared it to trying to design an automobile engine in the knowledge that the steel parts will slowly turn to lead as the engine is operated.

* Another way of overcoming the odds is to winnow out some of the U-238 atoms until the uranium is relatively "enriched" in U-235. This is done in the gaseous diffusion plants at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. If the process is carried far enough, pure U-235 can be isolated. This, in sufficiently large or "critical" amounts, produces an *instantaneous* chain reaction or atomic explosion, just as pure plutonium does.

Every kind of engine requires controls, and atomic engines demand more than any others. The main functions of accelerating and braking are performed by rods of cadmium or boron steel, which drink up stray neutrons. By inserting or withdrawing such rods, it is possible to slow down or speed up the reaction. This sounds simple enough, but don't forget the radioactivity. All of the controls must be operated from a safe distance, a clumsy and complicated business.

Obviously, the entire reactor must be enveloped by a thick shield of lead, concrete, or some other ray-absorbing material to protect operating personnel. This makes for bulkiness. The smallest reactor ever built to date is about the size of a studio living room. The largest are taller than five-story buildings.

Some type of coolant must be circulated through the pile to carry off the heat before it melts part of the delicate assembly. The water of the Columbia River has been found quite adequate to cool the Hanford, Washington, Plutonium Works. But if you are seeking a compact, high-energy reactor, and have ideas about using all that heat for power production, some other kind of coolant must be sought—one that will transfer much more heat much more rapidly.

Liquid metals may be the answer, but they open up a whole new field of troubles, because they are extremely tricky to handle—even if they aren't turned into some other substance by the radioactivity. Designing the pipes, boilers, and other paraphernalia of heat-exchange systems to circulate liquid metals is a major new branch of reactor science.

ASSUME that all of these hurdles are somehow crossed and the pile is operating with reasonable safety and efficiency. Can you now stand back and let the atoms do their stuff? Unfortunately, no. A chain reaction left untended will soon "poison" itself and come to a halt.

When fission takes place, uranium atoms disintegrate into a variety of lighter elements, most of them highly radioactive. If these "fission products" are allowed to accumulate, they will smother the reaction just as ashes will put out a fire. So it is periodically necessary to remove the uranium slugs from the pile and put them through a complex refining

process to get rid of the unwanted fission products. Reprocessing the "hot" slugs is a difficult, slow, and expensive operation. It is a single step in the production of atomic power that requires large-scale industrial chemistry comparable to the entire job of refining oil.

Dr. Lawrence R. Hafstad, Director of Reactor Development for the Atomic Energy Commission, drew a graphic picture of the fuel reprocessing problem in a recent speech to a group of aeronautical engineers. He noted that aircraft engines are considered a maintenance headache because after every 800 hours of operation they must be broken down, inspected, overhauled, and reassembled.

"Suppose," he said, "that instead of merely disassembling, the entire engine would have to be dissolved in nitric acid, and the rebuilding of the engine started with getting a solution of certified chemically pure iron."

Technological difficulties, even the bizarre ones facing reactor scientists, are relatively minor hurdles on the road to atomic power compared to the closely related problems of high cost and fuel scarcity.

Dr. Hafstad estimated, at a congressional hearing early this year, that it costs between \$10,000,000 and \$30,000,000 to build a reactor. David E. Lilienthal, before he resigned as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, estimated that the cost of getting a reactor into operation is close to \$50,000,000, if you take into account a pro-rate share of general overhead and research expenditures. In any event, it is clear that atomic engines are expensive gadgets. Even with "mass production" they are never likely to become home appliances.

Such a large initial investment would certainly not forestall use of atomic engines in industry or central-station electric power plants, however. The problem here is operating costs. No reliable figures are presently available on the economics of atomic power. The Atomic Energy Commission is conducting detailed studies, but most of the relevant data is secret and private estimates are little more than wild guesses. The important thing is that all experts, in and out of the government, agree that any power produced from existing or planned nuclear reactors would inevitably cost a *great deal more* per kilowatt-hour than power from conventional sources.

Contributing heavily to the high costs, and a major hurdle in its own right, is the difficulty of getting enough uranium to fuel atomic power plants in significant numbers. Low-grade deposits of uranium ore are fairly plentiful, but expensive to mine and process. Known deposits of high-grade ore are rare indeed. After several years of intensive exploration, no such deposits have been found in this country. The only high-grade ores we have are those we are able to import from northern Canada and the Belgian Congo. While tonnage figures are secret, it is not secret that the supply is sharply limited.

Moreover, as long as war remains a definite possibility, it will be necessary to channel most of our precious uranium into production of atomic weapons. On the whole, it is a pretty discouraging picture.

III

WHY then does the President address Congress in glowing terms about the great promise of atomic power? Why does the Atomic Energy Commission invest some \$40,000,000 a year, and the talents of many of its best technicians, in reactor research? Above all, why do hard-headed military leaders heartily endorse the diversion of scarce fissionable materials from atomic weapon production to make possible the construction of experimental power plants?

Because, after making allowances for all the difficulties, the stubborn fact remains that *one pound of uranium can be persuaded to release an amount of energy equivalent to 2,000,000 pounds of coal.*

"When all is said and done, atomic energy is certainly not the magic perpetual motion machine which has been publicized," Dr. Hafstad said recently. "But it does have the inherent possibilities of providing an incredibly compact storage battery. A weight of uranium equal to that of an automobile battery would be capable of delivering about 300,000,000 horsepower-hours of power."

Pause a moment and let your imagination play with those figures. True, Dr. Hafstad is talking about what is theoretically possible, not what can be done right now. But the brightness of the goal is not dimmed by the distance. Here is the pie in the sky of atomic power.

It quickly becomes evident, when the promise of atomic power is viewed realistically, that no hard and fast dividing line can be drawn between military and civilian uses of nuclear force. It is simple enough to assign the atomic bomb to the war side and radioisotopes to the peace side, but reactors resist such neat labeling. They qualify both as a potentially great peacetime boon and as a hair-raising instrument of warfare. And, ironically, it is their potentialities for war that may hasten the day they can be applied to peacetime needs.

Ponder Dr. Hafstad's analogy. In the role of "an incredibly compact storage battery," the atomic engine can revolutionize submarine warfare to a degree that would make the snorkel seem a minor innovation. Requiring no air for its engine, an atom-powered submarine could run submerged indefinitely—as long as oxygen tanks would keep the crew alive. It could cruise literally thousands of miles without refueling. Since high cost and fuel scarcity would hardly preclude development of such a high priority weapon, it seems likely that we shall have atomic engines for submarines in the relatively near future.

Comparable situations in the civilian field, in which atomic power could feasibly be used in spite of high operating costs, also can be readily imagined. For example, who would hesitate to install an atomic engine in some isolated region where *no* other power was available to work a rich lode of, say, uranium?

But in the long run, the role of atomic power in the peacetime economy depends on how well we succeed in reducing costs and increasing fuel supplies. And the possibility of solving these problems is greatly enhanced by a vast reactor research program now being spurred forward partly by military demands.

There is already some reason for optimism about the cost situation. After all, atomic energy is a brand-new industry, and it would be contrary to all industrial experience if the engineers did not find cheaper and more efficient methods of operation. Indeed, this is particularly to be expected in atomic energy because its production techniques were hastily developed under wartime pressure when costs were of little concern. The Atomic Energy Commission is placing heavy emphasis on cost-cutting research, and it is beginning to pay notable dividends. Costs in some opera-

tions already have been cut nearly 50 per cent. The fuel reprocessing business remains an accountant's nightmare, but the Commission is needling the chemical engineers to pass a miracle, and they may do it yet.

A single example of current research illustrates how future technological developments may radically alter the cost picture. Laboratory studies are now being made of a "homogeneous" reactor: one in which fuel, moderator, and coolant would be all mixed together. If it works out, it will clear the way for continuous-process instead of "batch"-operation of reactors. That, as the history of other industries proves, would be a great advance in economy and efficiency.

The belief that atomic power can become economically competitive at some future date is based not only on the declining costs of reactor operation, but on the steady upward trend of conventional power costs in recent years. If the two lines on the cost graph continue to move in their present directions, however slowly, they are bound to cross some day.

The answer to the fuel scarcity dilemma may come much sooner. On an isolated site in the Snake River plains of southern Idaho, the Atomic Energy Commission is now building a battering ram to assault this roadblock. It is called the Experimental Breeder Reactor.

WE NOTED earlier that in the operation of a chain-reacting uranium pile, a certain amount of the fissionable material plutonium is produced through neutron bombardment of non-fissionable U-238 atoms. After being laboriously extracted from the uranium slugs, this plutonium can be used either to build atomic bombs or as fissionable fuel for other reactors. The drawback with all existing reactors is that you end up with less fissionable fuel, in the form of plutonium, than you put into the reactor, in the form of U-235, in the first place. In other words, because the U-235 content of the uranium slugs is burned up in keeping the chain reaction going, you suffer a net loss of fissionable material. The only reason for operating such a patently inefficient machine is that it is a relatively quick way to convert whole uranium into bomb material.

Scientists have long realized that it is theoretically possible to remedy this situation by

utilizing, for added plutonium production, just as many as possible of the neutrons not needed to keep the reaction going. This means that losses—neutrons absorbed or escaped—must be cut to a minimum by proper reactor design. At the Argonne National Laboratory in Chicago, several years of intensive research have been devoted to designing a high-efficiency reactor which would put all, or nearly all, of the neutrons to work. Such a reactor would have the highly desirable property of producing slightly more fissionable fuel in the course of its operation than it consumed in keeping the chain reaction going.

Even under optimum conditions, the "profit" on each operation would be slight. But the important fact is this: as long as there is any profit at all, *it can be parlayed by simply repeating the operation over and over again.* This is what scientists call the "breeding process." Perfect breeding would make it possible to convert *all* of the non-fissionable U-238 into fissionable plutonium. That would multiply the available supply of nuclear fuel by 140! But the fantastic possibilities of breeding don't stop there. It seems feasible to use the same process to convert thorium into Uranium 233, a man-made fissionable element like plutonium, which could be used either for bombs or reactors. Thorium is about seven times as plentiful in nature as uranium. It is easy to see why atomic scientists have nicknamed the breeding process "Operation Bootstrap."

LAST November 8 was a red-letter day in the history of atomic power, for on that date the Atomic Energy Commission announced that the Argonne Laboratory had completed design of an experimental breeder reactor. Construction began almost immediately and is scheduled for completion by the end of this year. Several additional months of preliminary checking will be necessary before the reactor can be placed in operation. And still more months of test operations must follow before the Argonne scientists can tell whether the breeder is all they hope.

The breeder is being built at the Commission's newest major installation, the 400,000-acre Reactor Testing Station near Arco, Idaho, which was opened last year. The design of the reactor is, of course, a closely-held

secret. The Commission has announced, however, that it will be a "fast neutron" reactor, as opposed to present models, which use deliberately slowed-down neutrons.

To sustain a chain reaction with fast neutrons, the breeder will be fueled with "enriched" uranium, in which the proportion of fissionable atoms has been artificially increased. Presumably, there will be considerably less moderator than in present models, or perhaps a new type of moderator that doesn't slow down neutrons as much as graphite and heavy water, but reflects them more perfectly. Liquid metals will be used as a coolant, and the heat thus brought off will be converted into electric power on a laboratory scale.

Three other experimental reactors are under construction or on the drawing boards. Together with the Arco breeder, they constitute a well-rounded reactor development program, thoughtfully balanced between military and civilian needs.

Two of the current projects are pointed toward the same goal: development of the atomic engine for submarines whose possibilities we explored earlier. In each case, the reactor will be a land-based prototype, built according to Navy specifications, of a size and shape suitable for existing undersea craft. The Commission says the two projects involve "different approaches" to the problem, but has not divulged exactly how they differ in design. This much is known: one will utilize "slow" or thermal velocity neutrons like the conventional reactors of the past, while the other will operate in the intermediate neutron speed range, which has never been used before. On theoretical grounds, it may be inferred that the intermediate speed reactor will be smaller and more compact.

The slow neutron engine, which the Commission has unhappily named the "Ship Thermal Reactor," is being designed by the Westinghouse Electric Corporation with help from the Argonne Laboratory. Under Navy goading, engineering work has been speeded up and actual construction is scheduled to begin late this year at the Idaho test station.

The "Ship Intermediate Reactor" is still in the early stages of design and no tentative date has been set for its construction. The General Electric Company is designing the reactor and it probably will be built on a site

in the vicinity of Schenectady, New York.

The Commission's decision early in April to launch General Electric on a race with its old rival Westinghouse to develop a naval reactor reflects the strong pressure which military leaders and Congress have brought to bear on behalf of atomic-powered submarines.

Earlier, the Commission had planned to assign General Electric to a long-range goal of developing an ideal reactor which would produce significant amounts of electric power and at the same time breed new nuclear fuel. Construction of this "Intermediate Power-Breeder Reactor" had been scheduled to begin this spring near Schenectady, but has now been postponed indefinitely. There seem to be at least four reasons for the postponement. The obvious one is that it frees scientific manpower and facilities for work on the submarine reactor which is more immediately feasible as well as much closer to the heart of the House Appropriations Committee. Secondly, the Commission has shifted some of the General Electric scientists who were to work on the Power-Breeder to the Hanford, Washington, plant for an undisclosed assignment. Thirdly, the Commission was distressed by confidential advance cost estimates for the Power-Breeder project. Finally, the knowledge gained in building the naval reactors will make it much easier and cheaper later on to develop an industrial power pilot plant, since many of the basic problems are identical, particularly in the knotty business of heat transfer systems.

The fourth current project is the Materials Testing Reactor. Purely a research instrument, its function is comparable to that of a wind tunnel in aeronautical design. It differs from other existing or planned reactors in that it will produce much higher neutron bombardment intensities—intensities of the order that must be dealt with in designing very compact atomic engines for aircraft. Structural materials considered for use in future reactors will be put through their paces in advance by exposing them in special test pockets of the reactor. Construction is beginning this spring.

The Materials Testing Reactor may help to solve some of the difficulties which at present make it impossible even to begin design of aircraft reactors. One of the most urgent needs is to find light-weight shielding ma-

terials. Another is developing some system to convert heat into propulsive power without the obvious intermediate step of steam boilers, which are satisfactory enough in submarines and electric power plants, but distinctly out of place in planes.

The technological headaches involved in aircraft reactors are so great, even by the standards of atomic science, that some leading experts are frankly skeptical that they will ever be practicable. In 1948, the Commission asked the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to study the apparent impasse and make recommendations. The result was the so-called Lexington Report. Its details are secret, but the gist of the report is that research on aircraft reactor problems should be continued intensively for two or three more years. By that time, it was implied, it should be possible to arrive at a decision whether it is worthwhile to go on.

IV

SUMMING up the prospects, it appears that atomic engines for submarines are an early and strong probability, while atomic engines for planes are a distant and dubious possibility. Somewhere in between are atomic power plants for peacetime civilian uses. How long it will be before they are ready, and how widely they will be used in our time, it is simply too early to tell. Scientists are fond of saying that the era of atomic power is ten to twenty years away, but there seems to be no particular scientific basis for the catch-phrase. Some enthusiasts are confident that atomic power will close down the coal mines more effectively than does John L. Lewis. David E. Lilienthal believes it will be only a supplemental power source in the "foreseeable future."

It is noteworthy, however, that the informed pessimists who throw cold water on visions of an atomic millennium just around the corner also assert, with equal vehemence, that we cannot afford to relax our efforts in developing nuclear reactors to the limits of their potentialities. The very fact that we cannot be sure what the future holds is the best reason why we dare not miss any bets. And in atomic power, all bets are made with blue chips.

Not long ago, some commentators were gravely warning that if President Truman authorized the hydrogen bomb project, it would require such a concentration of resources and scientific effort that all peacetime applications of atomic energy, notably the reactor program, must go by the boards. This now appears to have been a false alarm. The hydrogen bomb project has led to some reshuffling of scientific personnel and resources, and was at least partly responsible for postponement of the Intermediate Power-Breeder project. But the reactor program as a whole continues to hold a high priority. Acting Commission Chairman Sumner T. Pike said recently that "it does not seem that the power development program will suffer essentially as a result of the new weapon project."

Many thoughtful and highly-placed officials are convinced that Russia would like nothing better than to bluff the United States into abandoning the long-range economic promise of atomic power for the immediate military comfort of more atomic weapons. In their view, it is entirely possible that the cold war will continue for a long time, and in such an endurance contest, the economic strength of tomorrow may well play a bigger role in the final decision than the bombs that we build today.

Jumped or Fell

Ted Robinson Jr.

Drawings by Arthur Shilstone

I SPENT much of my childhood in art colonies, and I see by other people's reminiscences that I toddled knee-deep in figures of romantic glory and attended the births of several movements of considerable influence in modern art and letters. If somebody had only put me wise to all this at the time I would have made careful notes in my childish scrawl, and I might now be the Mabel Dodge Luhan or Frank Harris of my day. But everything was always presented to me as right and proper and—above all—usual, and so I paid no attention to anything except what naturally interested me as a child. Thus, for example, Provincetown in the primitive days of the little theater was, to me, chiefly a place offering great natural advantages to one who meant to become a professional daredevil and perhaps the world's greatest human fly. We lived for a while in the wharf shack where O'Neill's plays were first performed; when it burned to the water I was melancholy along with the sentimental adults, but I was melancholy because our roof was to me the most attractive diving platform in town.

Since I have grown up I have learned that, in my own pretty maddening way, I was an early Provincetown celebrity myself. If my parents had not taken such pains to conceal this fact from me, in an effort to keep me

from being fat-headed, I would have enjoyed life a lot more and been a lot easier to get along with. As it was, my disposition gradually crumbled under the growing, and depressing, conviction that nothing in life was remarkable at all, that one thing was pretty much like another, and that everything was to be expected. During most of my childhood I was a chronic runaway; whenever I returned home, my parents—who thought that I ran away to attract attention—acted as if nothing had happened at all; so I grew to attach very little importance to it myself, and ran away two or three times a year for nearly ten years.

In Provincetown I was the damn boy who damaged people's roofs by falling onto them or off them. I fell onto roofs from trees, or from high gables to lower gables or into the gutters. Sometimes I fell off them into the harbor, but usually I fell into yards. I fell into bushes, hedges, and flower beds, into lawns, into sand, and once into a fresh pile of horse manure; I fell into the water at all stages of the tide. If it hadn't been for the property damage involved I would probably still be falling to this day; but though most people were willing to co-operate with my parents by acting in my presence as if nothing had happened at all, they were not willing

People who used to go to Provincetown in the days when it seemed to be the cultural center of America may have been aware of the young son of Ted Robinson of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, a boy much given to defying death. He grew up to be a writer.



"I thought I was Douglas Fairbanks."

just to stand by indefinitely and watch their homes torn down from around them shingle by shingle.

Eventually I resorted to other forms of daredevilry in Provincetown when I came to the conclusion that the game wasn't worth the candle: I was spending too many of childhood's golden hours earning money to pay for repairs. I had the misfortune once to fall with a chimney: I had my arms inside it as I climbed around it along the ridge of a pitched roof, and the whole chimney gave way. We rolled—the bricks and I—off the roof and into the yard next door. The cost of the repairs was \$6, and I had to earn it by washing dishes at a quarter a meal. That was discouraging.

For a while I had a money-making cinch so sweet that I moved in a dream of delight, but it turned into a vicious circle. Two fairly sporty characters around town entered into a business arrangement with me which I think must be unique in the lore of oral contracts. I had no duties to perform at all: I just agreed that, whenever we met and they happened to be in the mood, I would submit without a struggle to being thrown off the nearest dock, no matter how I was dressed or where I was bound at the moment. I got a quarter a throw for this. For a while I told my parents that I just kept falling in the water, but my

employers either came into a fortune or took to hitting the bottle more heavily than usual, and I came home wet too often for the accident story to be credible. I was now required to get up money to pay for some new clothes. It staggers me to recall that, in order to accumulate the necessary funds as fast as possible, I began dressing in my best and going out of my way to encounter the two quarter-bearing playboys. My parents put me to washing dishes again.

IT NEVER occurred to me, as a climber and faller, that I enjoyed the sort of luck that creates legends. Not counting scratches and bruises, I was injured in a fall only once, and that was a fall off the back of a truck. To me the special advantages of Provincetown were the variety of its roofs and the flexibility of its terrain. I imagined that I was unhurt because there were no paved streets or sidewalks there at that time, and wherever I landed it was bound to be grass or sand or water.

I also imagined that I knew "how to fall." I told myself this after a friend fell out of a tree and broke his arm in three places; I repeated it to myself after another friend hit the water and was partly paralyzed. Actually, in a real fall, I never landed with any forethought in my life. In a slide off a pitched roof, you can make arrangements of a sort on the way down; but in a real fall—an unexpected, free drop—there just isn't time. I can't speak with any authority about falls of more than thirty or forty feet; perhaps from beyond that height a fall can be given some deliberate design. But a sudden, unimpeded fall from—say—the gutter on a two-and-a-half- or three-story house seems to have almost no existence in time at all. You catch your breath just as you miss your footing, and pick yourself off the ground wondering which part of you hit first. The roof now looks awfully high, but you only remember being there, you don't remember coming at all. You then—if you're between the ages of nine and fifteen—walk away fast, hoping nobody saw. Then perhaps you begin to feel a sore place, here and there; you try yourself out, and look yourself over. You realize that it was quite a fall, and you wish you could remember what the experience was like. There was virtually no experience to remember.

A jump, of course, is entirely different. Jumping is done *for* the experience. You learn to jump as you learn to dive: first you try the low board, and then the high board later. You climb a little higher each time, and how high you go at last depends either on how much of a jar (or sting on the feet) you can stand, or how big a fool you are. I could never, on dry land, bring myself to jump as far as I had fallen: I don't think I ever jumped farther than twenty feet. I was never hurt jumping, but I once skinned myself terribly getting up again. I liked to swim underwater, but I had to fight to keep down, so once I got a couple of weights to carry with me. They were weights the fishermen used for their nets: globes of granite about twice the size of grapefruit, each with a small iron ring sunk in it. I took a ring in each hand, stood erect on the edge of a dock, and dropped off into the channel. It worked fine. Then I wanted to come up. I couldn't get either index finger out of the ring it was in. I set the weights on the bottom and tried to work that way. I put my feet down and stood straight, briefly thinking to walk to shore, but it was much too late. I set the rocks down and frantically yanked my fingers till the skin tore off the knuckles. I shot up out of the water knee-high.

I DON'T know why I was never hurt falling. I don't know why I wasn't killed once when I took a running dive off the edge of a sand pit. It was a twenty-odd-foot drop, the night was quite dark, and I had only a faint idea of what lay ahead of me. I ran and dove out into the dark, took one easy turn, and landed in the sand on my feet, with a jar and then a long spring forward. I felt fine. If I should be asked why I did this, I would have difficulty answering—not because I don't know but because I would be momentarily staggered by the question. I anticipate it now because I have lately discovered that there are people to whom such impulses are foreign—to whom *all* wild impulses are foreign. I recently mentioned to an acquaintance that I had run away as a boy, and he looked at me as if I had two very funny heads and asked in honest amazement: "Why did you run away?" I muttered some nonsense about the open road and the call of adventure and felt like an awful fool. Oh, well. I dived into the sand

pit because it was fun. I enjoyed the sensation of soaring, the momentary illusion of freedom.

From time to time at night I used to dream of flying without a plane, and this was almost it. I dove in the dark because the darkness helped the illusion of no-limit. I did a turn in the air on the way because I thought I was Douglas Fairbanks.

WHY I landed on my feet I don't know either. I was just a boy who landed on his feet. I know one reason I was never killed falling: at heights which I felt really mattered I seldom took a chance. Boys are better at lots of things than grown men are. Otherwise I would certainly have been killed. I am sure that I would have been killed if I had been an adult the day a friend and I scaled the peak of Provincetown's Pilgrim Monument. This is a pencil-like column a couple of hundred feet high, capped by four tall arches supporting a small roof which is ringed by a battlement—a square of chunky stone posts supporting nothing. We swiped a carton of golf balls from a hardware store and took them up the monument to see how far they'd bounce. From the roofing over the stair well within the arches we leaped to a short iron ladder on an arch and climbed up through a trap door onto the roof. This is very small: eight stone posts ring it, and stand so close to one another that, with an easy spring and reasonable care, one could make a



"You realize that it was quite a fall."

circuit of the roof jumping from post to post. After we dropped the golf balls off the battlement we did this. (The golf balls, which landed on a stone apron, bounced a hell of a way. We never found any of them. We dropped them, one at a time, straight down, and tried to keep them in sight. What we saw was: a ball going down, then diminishing to nothing; we kept watching where it had vanished, and presently there it was again, coming up. It grew larger, and we could see it very plainly, slowly. It hung there, and then it retreated, and diminished, and vanished. We never did see one land.)

An adult who was not a steeplejack or a professional daredevil could never have done what we did. Jumping from post to post was not hard: these were not long jumps; but there was not a lot of space to land on, and it was a long way down. An adult just couldn't have brought himself to try it. He would have found even sitting on the battlement distasteful. He'd have looked straight down the side of the shaft, and seen it leaning as the world rolled, and he'd have wished he were flat in bed and tied down. I watched the world roll, and stopped it by looking up; afterwards I thought no more about it—except when I wanted to make it roll, and looked down to do it. Standing on the parapet was like standing on a high stone wall: once you were standing up straight you were all right. Jumping from one post to the next was almost exactly like doing the same thing six feet from the ground, except that if you teetered at all you got a very solid bang out of it, afterward.

I KEEP using the past tense because I feel differently about some of these things now. I have an intellectual understanding of my attitude as a boy, that is, but I cannot quite recapture the actual insouciance. I have been incapacitated for sitting on smokestacks by an acquaintance with the facts of death, which I did not have as a boy. It wasn't that I failed to use my imagination—the failure to which most people prefer to attribute daredevils' success; on the contrary, by the time I grew up I had fairly worn it out; but I had very poor and scant material to work with, and the imagination can work only with the material of experience. Falling, to me, was falling as I had done it, or as Douglas Fairbanks and his enemies did it. You dived

at a Mexican and crashed through a balcony rail with him and landed on a table, and kept rolling and fighting, and jumped up running and probably shooting. If you fell off a cliff and were killed you fell with considerable grace, landed sliding, and rolled rapidly to a stop on your back, where you lay quietly and all of a piece, spread-eagle and at ease, like somebody taking a sun bath. Bones were never broken, flesh was never torn, blood was never shed.

There was nothing to it.

I was never seriously horrified by the thought of falling, therefore, because I had never seen anyone fall. As for dying—that was something that wasn't going to happen to me for years. I didn't know what the plot of my life was going to be, but the story had scarcely begun, which meant that I was bound to be around for a long, long time; otherwise there wouldn't be any story. I wasn't a boy, I was an adult-hero-to-be, hanging around till I grew up to the part. One bad fall might possibly have made me wonder, but I think not: more likely I would have taken the fact of my survival in any shape at all as just another sign of my indestructibility.

I once slipped from the ridgepole of a church under construction; I fell and slid the long, steep length of the roof, flopped over the gutter, and landed on all fours on a scaffold about six feet down. What cause was I ever given to worry? Under the circumstances, nothing was less logical.

NOR injuries, nor maturity, but the police finally put an end to my human-fly career. I had abandoned it for a while, then taken it up again in Cleveland. This was during the boom days of building construction, and wherever a city boy looked he was likely to see what was in effect a giant jungle-gym. I walked the bare floor beams of uncounted apartment houses still a-building, scaled their faces by toe- and finger-holds in the stonework on the corners, descended by scaffolds, rubble chutes, laundry chutes, chimneys, and floor-to-floor drops down un-staired stair wells. I got into the upper stories of the local Allerton Hotel while it was still a floorless steel framework. I climbed the big electric sign on the roof of the lofty B. F. Keith Building. At a neighborhood theater I listened to a great many vaude-

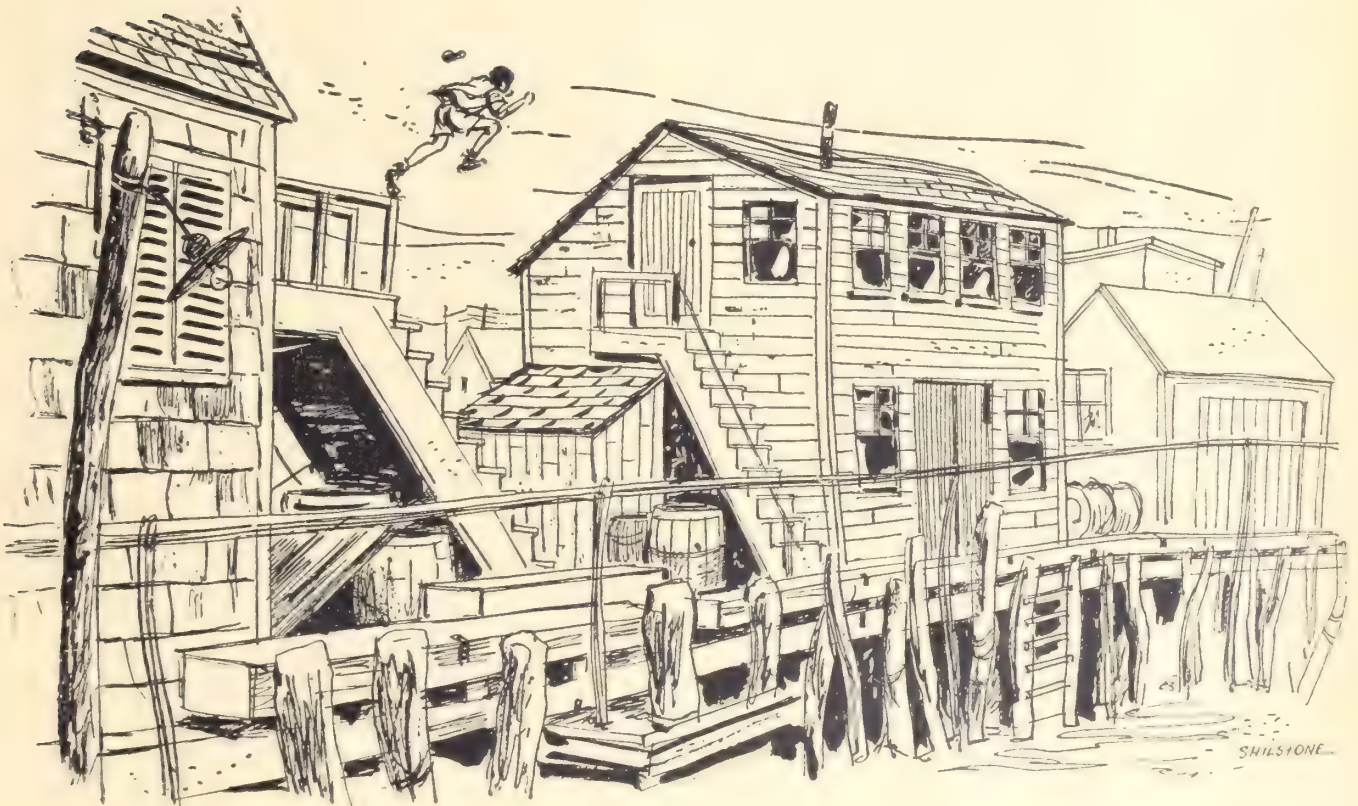
ville shows from the top of a ventilator on the roof above the stage. (I couldn't see, but I could hear even monologues without straining.)

I traveled much of Cleveland's downtown by roofs and fire escapes, lunched unseen once in the upper reaches of the High Level Bridge. One day I walked out on a railroad drawbridge over the Cuyahoga River and, wrapping my arms and legs around part of the track, rode the end of it up while a freighter passed through; the bridge tender made a lot of noise, but he had to stick to his post, and I got away on the far bank when he let me down.

Then I got interested in trains. It was only a matter of a few weeks before I was a Juvenile Court character. My punishment—for riding a freight—was only a lugubrious

"talking-to" in the judge's private chambers, but I gathered, rightly or wrongly, that if I was ever nabbed at *anything* again it was reform school for me. I was sufficiently impressed to give up trespassing for good.

A friend and I had been nabbed by a railroad detective as we dropped off a freight we were riding home from downtown. Talking it over later, we agreed that it was just unbeatable bad luck that had got us into real trouble. If we had been caught separately, or if just one of us had been caught, neither of us might have got to Juvenile Court. The detective didn't seem like a bad sort, and he gave signs of being willing to let us go, until he asked us what our fathers did for a living; then he abruptly turned ugly. It was just our joint misfortune that my father was a poet and my friend's was a maker of roller-coasters.



"The advantages of Provincetown were the variety of roofs and the flexibility of terrain."

Roosevelt and His Detractors

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

THE storm of controversy around the foreign policy of Franklin D. Roosevelt is already as furious and looks to be as enduring as that which has raged around the foreign policy of Woodrow Wilson since 1919. War brings an almost inevitable aftermath of disillusion; and the failure of this last war to produce even an approximation of peace has charged our contemporary disillusion with a bitter sense of betrayal. As the revisionists of the twenties turned on Wilson, so the revisionists of the forties are today turning on Roosevelt.

The Wilson policies had only to face the relatively uncomplicated attacks of the outright isolationists—men like Harry Elmer Barnes and the early Walter Millis, who had a naïve conviction that the United States could live safely apart from the world. Such naïve isolationism is not, of course, wholly absent from revisionism today. Charles A. Beard, the intellectual leader of the isolationist wing of the revisionists, dedicated two volumes to a trenchant attack on the very foundations of Roosevelt's prewar policy—a scorching indictment which a number of isolationist journalists, such as John T. Flynn and George Morgenstern, have lived off ever since, and which, one understands, Professor C. C. Tansill of Fordham is planning to extend into the war years. Even an intimate member of the Roosevelt circle like Admiral

Leahy could believe in 1945, *after* World War II, that "involvement in European politics would inevitably bring us into another European war," and that "there still remained a hope that we might succeed in avoiding entangling ourselves in European political difficulties."

But contemporary revisionism is on the whole a far more complex phenomenon. In its more serious aspects, it entirely accepts the necessity of American intervention into world affairs. It attacks Roosevelt, not for having intervened at all, but for having intervened unwisely, inadequately, or ineffectively. A whole series of critics—William C. Bullitt, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Richard H. S. Crossman, Henry Luce, Raymond Moley, and most recently, Hanson Baldwin in his book, *Great Mistakes of the War*—have argued that Roosevelt's foreign policies, particularly his insistence on subordinating politics to strategy during the war, have made the postwar problems even more exasperating and hopeless than they would have been anyway.

INTO this embattled atmosphere Judge Samuel Rosenman has now released the last four volumes of his invaluable collection, *The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt*. To these Judge Rosenman has contributed introductions and notes containing a crisp and informed

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., author of The Age of Jackson and The Vital Center, discusses Franklin D. Roosevelt's foreign policy in the light of several new books which deal with it.

defense of Roosevelt's wartime policies. The series is a model of editing and book-making; and the last four volumes in particular are essential for any one concerned with the politics of the second world war.

Judge Rosenman's volumes make available much material which is essential for a judgment of Roosevelt's foreign policy. At the same time, Basil Rauch, whose *History of the New Deal* is the best short volume on the legislative and administrative record of Roosevelt's first few years in office, has now completed *Roosevelt: from Munich to Pearl Harbor*, a survey of Roosevelt's prewar policies. And our knowledge of the war policies, and in particular of the Yalta conference, has been increased by the publication of Walter Johnson's book for Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., *Roosevelt and the Russians*, and by Admiral William Leahy's *I Was There*.

II

How does Roosevelt's foreign policy stand up in the barrage of defense and attack? The first clear point is that much of the cross fire obscures what may go down as Roosevelt's grand contribution to the strengthening of democracy; his insight into the military conditions of democratic survival. In the dark and bloody world of the mid-century, we forget the fact that a generation ago peace was accounted the normal and natural state of man. The liberal and democratic movements of the West, forgetting that they had themselves come to power through violence, had been lulled by the placid nineteenth century into thinking that wars could be localized and, in the not too distant future, eliminated entirely. The first world war was considered to be an unfortunate accident, the exception that proved the rule; and no drastic conclusions were drawn from it. An atmosphere of pacifism and proto-pacifism settled over the democratic left.

This atmosphere left Roosevelt singularly untouched. His sea-going background, his admiration for his jingo cousin Theodore Roosevelt, his own exciting tour of duty as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the first world war—all these immunized him against the malaise which overtook the George Lansburys and the Oswald Garrison Villards. He

recognized that free society could not endure on good will alone—that it must be prepared to face up to the military requirements of survival. At an early stage he disappointed the pacifist wing of his liberal admirers by slipping rearmament into the recovery program, blandly initiating the program of naval construction in 1933 "as a means of furthering national recovery."

This was the period when the fatuity of the Kellogg Pact was still the complacent expression of altogether too much liberal purpose. Stuart Chase had terrified the left in 1929 with his picture of "the two-hour war" in which a surprise air attack would blot out civilization by gas bombs: "not even a rat, not even an ant, not even a roach, can survive. . . . There is no defense." The reflex was the Oxford Oath: young men in Britain swearing never to take up arms for king or country, and young men in the United States avidly following their dubious example. Even the rise of Nazism could not dent the pacifist fantasies. Somehow the fascist challenge to civilization would be met in any way except on the field of battle.

We have forgotten too quickly the tenacity of pacifism in the left at this time. In March 1935 Clement Attlee, leading the Labor party in its fight against the mild rearmament proposals recommended by the National Government as insurance against Hitler, could lecture the House of Commons, with sublime irrelevance: "We are told in the White Paper that there is danger against which we have to guard ourselves. We do not think you can do it by national defense. We think you can only do it by moving forward to a new world—a world of law, the abolition of national armaments with a world force and a world economic system." An honorable member rudely interrupted: "Tell that to Hitler."

By whatever fortune, Roosevelt knew about Hitler; he was spared this particular form of the great illusion of pacifism. The liberals who admired the TVA but disliked the construction of the aircraft carriers *Enterprise* and *Yorktown* accordingly denounced Roosevelt or made preposterous excuses for him: the Navy, they said, was a kind of hobby, and the President must be indulged in it. Six years later the whole world could only regret that Roosevelt had not indulged himself with far less deference to pacifist opinion.

The Navy, instead of being too large for democratic survival, was too small. The odious *Enterprise* turned out, in the words of Bernard Brodie, to be "the undisputed champion of all American warships in terms of combat record." Young men who had signed the Oxford Oath now fought in Normandy or in the South Pacific. There seemed to be a more direct connection between democracy and national defense than it had been fashionable for liberals to admit a decade before.

THE United States was lucky in having as President a liberal who, in this respect at least, was unfashionable. Roosevelt's basic insight into the military conditions of democratic survival was, it is true, often overlaid in the thirties by concessions, vain hopes, and bad inconsistencies. He retreated before the pressures incited by the Nye investigation and signed neutrality legislation designed to secure what he must have known, in other moods, was beyond the possibility of securing. He remained detached before the challenge of the civil war in Spain. Doubtless a fear of alienating Catholic support explained Roosevelt's Spanish policy in part; but more important, one feels, was the fact that he never really grasped the moral or even the strategic issues in Spain.

Professor Beard, marshaling his evidence with the skill and the selectivity of a master prosecutor, has made the most of the ebb and flow of Roosevelt's prewar policies. Yet there can be no serious doubt that Roosevelt had a basic and steady purpose, revealed first in the "quarantine" speech in Chicago in 1937. The rise of fascism had revived Roosevelt's insight into the fact that the United States would not long survive a free nation in a totalitarian world. With the means at his disposal, he began the long labor of educating the people to the dimensions of the fascist threat to America.

Basil Rauch's *Roosevelt: from Munich to Pearl Harbor* provides an extremely able, clear, and fascinating account of this process of education. Rauch's cogent narrative has as only an incidental purpose the correction of Beard's manifold distortions and omissions; but rarely in the process of incidental commentary has one historian more effectively destroyed the work of another. Professor

Rauch's revision of the revisionists brings much needed sense and proportion into the discussion of the period from Munich to Pearl Harbor. His book accentuates the personal tragedy which led one of the great American historians into succumbing in his last days to the "devil theory of war" which he had once himself so effectively exposed.

III

WAR itself brought new perplexities. Roosevelt was always a pragmatist, playing by ear, as he liked to say, his improvisations controlled, not by logical analysis nor by an explicit moral code so much as by a consistency of emotion and instinct. In domestic affairs this was fine: the crisis was less inexorable, the margin of error greater. But war lined his pragmatism up against the wall. "It is common sense to take a method and try it," he had said in ushering in the New Deal. "If it fails, admit it frankly and try another." This may indeed have been common sense in peace. It certainly was not in war, where the price of failure was defeat. Roosevelt simply could not shuffle his strategic plans the way he had shuffled programs for domestic recovery.

No one knew this better than Roosevelt himself. The insouciant cigarette holder and the press conference flippancies served only as an easy means of distracting attention from the eyes ever more shadowed, the cheeks ever more hollow, the expression ever more careworn and somber. And, in this dilemma, his pragmatism—even a pragmatism so superbly grounded in a brilliance of instinct and a generosity of emotion—tended to betray him. Had he been a man committed to abstract and explicit principles, like Wilson, he might have developed a specific political strategy for the war. But as a pragmatist, reluctant to sacrifice American lives to a political strategy of whose value he temperamentally could have no doctrinaire certitude, he had no choice but opportunism and expediency.

The four new volumes of *The Public Papers and Addresses* give a full if oblique reflection of Roosevelt's political dilemma. He did not direct the war in a political vacuum, of course. He set forth what he hoped would be the framework of the peace in such extremely general statements as the Atlantic

Charter and the Four Freedoms. But these were essentially moral rather than political expressions; they were statements of hope rather than of decision. His world political strategy, as a consequence, was compounded of sentiments rather than of ideas.

Some of the sentiments which tempered the basic pragmatism were wise and commendable: Roosevelt's deep faith in the "massed, angered forces of common humanity"; his hatred of colonial imperialism; his genuine and capacious internationalism. Other sentiments were more ambiguous, such as the profound detestation of Germany which committed him to German policies of an impractical harshness, or his delight in what Isaiah Berlin has called the "royal cousin" approach to international diplomacy. At its best, Roosevelt's exultant sense of himself as the embodiment of a nation dealing with other archetypal heads of state could lead to a rich working relationship with men like Churchill and Mackenzie King. At its worst, it involved him in an entirely unworthy and cheapening preoccupation with crowned heads and royal families, so that the Archduke Ottos and the King Peters and the other bargain-basement remains of European monarchies could command a disproportionate amount of his time and his interest.

But his essential approach to the politics of war remained negative. And, as one main result, when he came to particular decisions, he often had little definite to insist on against the very clear, specific, and intelligible criterion of the military: the belief that any political decision was good which would shorten the war. Now this is not a bad criterion; it is certainly one not to be lightly overridden except where the political advantages of the longer way around are indisputable and conclusive. Hanson Baldwin has recently argued that Churchill was right in advocating the invasion of Europe through the Balkans rather than through France; but this is surely an instance where we would have paid a much higher military cost without gaining very clear or certain political advantages—indeed, with the possible result of producing a third world war before the second was over.

Yet, with a political strategy so general and undefined, the criterion of military expediency became increasingly important. The

day-to-day politics of the war grew increasingly to be a function, not of the State Department, but of the theater commanders. In his press conference after the Darlan deal in North Africa, Roosevelt quoted what he said was a Balkan proverb: "My children, you are permitted in time of great danger to walk with the Devil until you have crossed the bridge." But often in the smoke of war no one knew where the bridge was, or it constantly receded, while the Devil remained close and familiar. It was ironical that General Marshall, when he became secretary of state, found himself the impatient prisoner of a system of military initiative in foreign policy which he himself had exacted from Roosevelt five years before.

IV

THE two areas of Roosevelt's wartime policy which have received special criticism are the policy of "unconditional surrender" and the policy toward the U.S.S.R. Both were in a peculiar sense personal policies; and both proceeded directly from the lack of specific content in his political objectives. The first, oddly enough, was opposed by the military and constituted one of the few cases of Roosevelt's overruling the military on political questions; the other was supported by the military and, indeed, in the Yalta phase was pushed to extreme lengths by the Army's passionate desire to insure Soviet participation in the war against Japan.

Hanson Baldwin recently called the unconditional surrender policy "the biggest political mistake of the war." Mr. Churchill evidently agrees, judging by his efforts to get out from under responsibility for it; contemporary records, however, give him a larger role in its formulation than his present memory will concede. But it remains clear that "unconditional surrender" was exclusively a Roosevelt inspiration; and that he alone continued to insist on it, after the Russians, the British, and the U. S. State Department and Army had done their separate bests to get him to forget it. It has become evident, in addition, that Roosevelt's infatuation with "unconditional surrender" derived in part from an entirely garbled recollection of American history. Roosevelt had an *idée fixe* that Grant had called for "unconditional surrender" at Ap-

pomattox and then had responded to such a surrender by acts of generosity to the defeated foe. "Lee surrendered unconditionally to Grant," Roosevelt actually wrote to Hull at one point, "but immediately Grant told him that his officers should take their horses home for spring plowing. That is the spirit I want to see abroad." Thus "unconditional surrender" had for Roosevelt the connotation of magnanimity to a helpless enemy. Yet the facts are that Grant talked of "unconditional surrender" at Fort Donelson and at Vicksburg; he said nothing about it at Appomattox. If the term had any historical connotation for most people, it was certainly not the amiable connotation which it incorrectly had for Roosevelt.

STILL there was more to "unconditional surrender" than a foolish slip of memory on Roosevelt's part. He was looking hard in 1943 for a formula which would achieve two objectives: on the one hand, reassure the Russians against their fear that the West might seek a separate peace; and, on the other, make absolutely certain this time that the Germans would not escape the full consciousness and stigma of defeat. At the same time he wanted to keep the question of the terms of peace open, because, with his basic pragmatism, he could not know what the exact terms should be until the moment of peace had arrived. The principle of "unconditional surrender" seemed a perfect answer to the triple dilemma. And, while it is clear that Roosevelt tended to push the principle too far, particularly in regard to the satellite states, it is not at all clear to me that the principle itself, as Mr. Baldwin has argued, "discouraged opposition to Hitler, probably lengthened the war [and] . . . cost us dearly in lives and time."

Mr. Baldwin's assumption evidently is that "unconditional surrender" deterred the German people from an anti-Hitler revolution. Yet such a theory is surely based on a musket-over-the-fireplace conception of revolution, altogether irrelevant to a totalitarian state where police controls were reasonably intact. And there is no reason to believe in any case that the failure to gain terms from the Allies deterred any serious anti-Hitler movement; it certainly did not discourage the heroes of the 1944 *Putsch* from making their courageous

attempt on Hitler's life. What "unconditional surrender" may have deterred is the attempt on the part of someone like Goering to win special terms for himself. While the defection to the Allies of Goering and part of the *Luftwaffe* might conceivably have shortened the war, it is not clear that it would have simplified the peace. It was a correct desire to guard against some such contingency as this which led Roosevelt to favor "unconditional surrender" in the first place. On the point of the effect of "unconditional surrender" the arguments of Wallace Carroll (in *Persuade or Perish*) and H. R. Trevor-Roper (in *The Last Days of Hitler*) seem far more convincing to me than the more modish views of Hanson Baldwin.

THE question of the U.S.S.R. puts Roosevelt's pragmatism to the most severe of tests. As a pragmatist, Roosevelt reacted to the Soviet Union in terms of specific situations. When the U.S.S.R. was invading Finland, it seemed to him "a dictatorship as absolute as any other dictatorship in the world." But when the Red Army was beating back the Nazis at Stalingrad, the U.S.S.R. took on for him a more genial aspect—as it did for most of the free world. It was in this mood that he told Sumner Welles that both the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. were modifying their systems and that, though American democracy and Soviet communism could never meet, they would become enough alike to keep the peace.

Thus the pragmatism which prevented Roosevelt from assessing the theoretical implications of a totalitarian system was one factor in his Russian policy, as another was his instinctive generosity in the face of Russian courage and sacrifice. His pragmatism—his refusal to anticipate the terms of peace—affected his Russian policy in another way. "People all over the world are shell-shocked," he wrote to George Norris in 1943, "—and they will require a period of recuperation before final terms are laid down in regard to boundaries, transfers of population, free intercourse, the lowering of economic barriers, planning for mutual reconstruction, etc." But what was to happen in the interim? "I have been visualizing," Roosevelt told Norris, "a superimposed—or if you like it, superassumed—obligation by Russia, China, Britain, and ourselves that we will act as sheriffs for the

maintenance of order during the transition period. . . . It will be so much easier to enter into lasting agreements after the transition period." Thus the conception of the big-power partnership—the Big Three, as it soon became—emerged as an easy substitute in Roosevelt's mind for more specific political objectives. And another factor encouraging this conception was surely his affable relations with his "royal cousin" Stalin.

Some revisionists, following the lead of William C. Bullitt, have criticized Roosevelt for not conditioning lend-lease aid to Russia in 1941 upon the acceptance of postwar political commitments. This argument overlooks the fact that it was almost as essential to us as to the Russians—and fully as essential to Mr. Churchill and the British—that the Red Army continue to kill Germans. It overlooks the even more crucial fact—which these same people, still following the lead of Bullitt, are always the first to assert in other contexts—that the U.S.S.R. would certainly not have kept such agreements, particularly when exacted under duress. Roosevelt, indeed, had very little choice but to postpone political discussions until the military crisis began to recede.

V

THE test of his Russian policy thus came at Yalta; and Yalta, in the minds of many revisionists, has become the pat and comfortable explanation for everything that has gone wrong since the end of the war. There can be no question that Yalta represented the downfall of Rooseveltian pragmatism. For such pragmatism in international relations could succeed only among nations and leaders sharing the same or similar moral and social values; it was useless in dealings with men of opposed and hostile values. Thus pragmatism was a means of working out problems with Churchill, but it was an exposure of weakness to Stalin; and this Roosevelt did not know till after Yalta. Richard Crossman has argued persuasively that Roosevelt's foreign policy was obsessed by a desire to avoid the "mistakes" of Wilson; yet that herein Roosevelt was wrong, and that Wilson's narrow and zealous faith in abstract principle, rather than Roosevelt's limitless flexibility, was what was needed to counter

communism. "There can be little doubt," writes Crossman, "that Woodrow Wilson would have been a far more formidable adversary for Stalin than Franklin D. Roosevelt."

In general, this is a just criticism. But in detail, and as applied to Yalta, it can be much exaggerated. The actual import of that conference, indeed, has been recklessly distorted, including the really vicious attempt to blow up Alger Hiss into having been a major Presidential adviser. Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., and Walter Johnson in *Roosevelt and the Russians* and Judge Rosenman in his cogent and admirable brief note on the Yalta conference (pages 537-548 in the last volume of *The Public Papers and Addresses*) dispose conclusively of the central misunderstandings and misrepresentations of the Yalta transactions.

It seems fairly clear that the so-called Yalta "concessions" were both justified in terms of the information available to Roosevelt and Churchill and without decisive practical effect on subsequent developments. The Yalta agreement on Eastern Europe, far from being a concession at all, represented an extension of democratic principles so far in advance of democratic power that there was no possibility of enforcing it once the U.S.S.R. decided to ignore them. The agreements on the UN were, on the whole, minor and inconsequential; who cares today how many votes the U.S.S.R. commands in the General Assembly?

As for the concessions in the Far East, these were made with the specific purpose of assuring Soviet entrance into the Japanese war by a designated date. The Army, not knowing at the time whether the Manhattan Project would ever produce anything and determined to reduce the hundreds of thousands of casualties anticipated in the invasion and subjection of Japan, pressed upon Roosevelt the absolute necessity of getting a firm commitment from Stalin. Even to someone like Admiral Leahy, who disagreed with the military estimate of the Far Eastern situation, the final arrangements seemed "very reasonable." "No one was more surprised than I," Leahy writes in *I Was There*, "to see these conditions agreed to at Yalta labeled as some horrendous concessions made by President Roosevelt to an enemy." Nor is it easy to argue convincingly that the situation in the Far East is any different as a result of the concessions. It is

hard to see that anything short of the commitment of American troops to China could have averted the communist triumph over Chiang Kai-shek.

Stalin probably negotiated in good faith at Yalta—in good faith, that is, within terms of the Soviet wartime policy of collaboration. That policy was not to be abandoned until military developments in the weeks after Yalta showed conclusively that the military crisis in Europe was over, and that collaboration was no longer necessary. At this point, Soviet policy rapidly switched to its postwar objective of the political conquest of Europe—a switch manifested in March 1945 by the tough Soviet interventions in Eastern Europe, by the instructions through Jacques Duclos to the Communist parties of the West to cease their “Browderite” tactics of collaboration, and by Stalin’s own fantastic charges against Roosevelt. Ever the pragmatist, Roosevelt reacted swiftly to the new direction of Soviet policy. It is a misfortune that his death came in April before he had had occasion to embody his rapidly growing misgivings over Soviet policy in anything but secret cables to Stalin and to Churchill and in private conversations.

VI

BUT, even if the consequences of Yalta have been rashly overstated, it still can be argued that Roosevelt’s basic pragmatism throughout the war betrayed the democratic cause and lost the peace. This judgment seems to me, however, essentially mistaken. The fact is that the ambiguities in Roosevelt’s attitude toward the Soviet Union corresponded precisely to the ambiguities in the whole Western attitude toward the U.S.S.R.; and this is a fact the historian cannot ignore, whatever subsequent wisdom hindsight may have given to the commentators.

The central reason for Wilson’s failure had been that he incarnated convictions which the American people did not share; and that as a consequence Presidential policy outran the possibilities of national support. This error Roosevelt took great care to avoid. I happen to have been one of those myself who mistrusted Russia even in the glowing days of Stalingrad, but my argument for mistrust was

essentially an intellectual one; and no one in control of democratic foreign policy could have assumed the responsibility for initiating an anti-Soviet policy in advance of demonstrated Soviet purposes of systematic hostility toward the West. Such purposes were not demonstrated during the war till March 1945.

Roosevelt described his policy toward the U.S.S.R. as a “great gamble.” But it was a gamble which the American people were prepared to make. How much greater the gamble would have been, and how much less the chances of popular support, had U. S. policy based itself on the opposite hunch—the theory of Soviet non-collaboration—before the evidence was in to convince the people of the correctness of that theory! André Malraux, no friend of the Soviet Union or of communism, has stated the problem with precision. Roosevelt went to Yalta, Malraux writes, “for reasons which, even today [1948], do not seem so bad to me. Our attempt to reach an agreement with the Russians entailed a liability which was, for France, very heavy. But would it not have been still heavier if we had refused even the attempt? I do not think that anyone could have remained in power in France, or even in the United States, if he had brought about a break with Russia, which at that time would have seemed to have no justification.”

Given the pragmatic genius of the American people, Roosevelt’s policy toward Russia was the only possible policy. The problem of whether the West had a community of values with the Soviet Union could only be solved pragmatically. And it was not solved pragmatically till the period after Yalta.

The defects in Roosevelt’s wartime policy thus seem to be reflections of the defects in the American climate of opinion. With his superb political instincts, Roosevelt knew, as Wilson did not know, that the American people learned by experience, not by logic. And, because he learned by experience himself, he could not anticipate what had not happened. He rallied a nation broken and dispirited by depression; he led it successfully through the greatest war of our history; he left it morally strong and materially prosperous. He was not a worker of miracles. To demonstrate that he was not a deity is hardly to build up a case against his greatness as a democratic leader.

The Twilight of Wall Street

Ed Tyng

Drawings by Aurelius Battaglia



N EARLY twenty years have elapsed since Wall Street, which had made itself and the country seriously ill through the excesses that culminated in the crash of 1929, was forced to undergo a series of gelding operations at the hands of New Deal doctors who took from it most of its power and the glamor that was inherent in power. One might argue that the reforms that came out of the \$26-billion market crash were part of a continuing social process that had already been gathering force for at least twenty-five years, and that most of them had been inspired by Republicans and Wall Street men working from within. Franklin D. Roosevelt and other New Dealers got the political credit, and the hatred of financial men at the time, merely because they were quicker to seize the ball and run with it; the ball had been there quite a long time. Be that as it may, Wall Street hasn't been the same since.

The sweeping changes that have occurred in the country's financial center are not readily apparent in the physical scene. Few new and high buildings have been built, for skyscrapers are uncertain investments nowadays and the Street has only recently been able

to fill up the acreage of vacant office space that was the aftermath of the depression of the nineteen-thirties. A relatively new Catholic church occupies the site of what used to be one of the most famous investment firms, Harris, Forbes & Co. There are more stores and fewer swank restaurants. The Stock Exchange still can be heard emitting the muffled roars of the brokers on the floor, the decibel count denoting the extent of the day's activity but not the trend, since traders make as much noise when prices are falling as when they are rising. But instead of 9,700 stock tickers consuming 1,000,000 miles of ticker tape a year, as in 1929, there are today only 2,230 new-style tickers that go faster but pause more frequently, and they use only 100,000 miles of tape when business is brisk, not counting what is thrown out the windows on Broadway to greet visiting potentates and transient heroes. Stock Exchange memberships can be had for about \$50,000 today against \$625,000 in 1929; there has been an increase of 275 in the number of members, but they work in larger units, with one house, Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, sometimes referred to as "We the People," doing the largest individual

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share of the yearly business and dividing the relatively modest yearly profits among more than ninety general and special partners. Yet a Rip Van Winkle who had fallen asleep in 1929 could look up Broad Street to the corner of Wall today and detect hardly a change in the outward aspect of things. The differences are inward.

THE man with the megaphone on the rubberneck bus turns briefly when approaching the Stock Exchange to say, "There, ladies and gentlemen, on your left, is the Morgan bank." He used to say, with a proper respect, that it was the House of Morgan, with some comment upon its wealth and power, and he used to point out the window near which J. P. Morgan sat. Where the awesome elder Morgan and his amiable son once ruled, there now presides, as chairman of the board, the benign, kindly, and intellectual Russell Leffingwell, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, writing an occasional article on how to solve some of our country's and the world's ills. They are too little heeded; for the Morgan firm, whose partners as directors once dominated scores of corporations, sold securities on a vast scale, and ran a bank that never issued public statements, is now just a bank and far from a dominant one. It publishes quarterly statements, pays dividends to a growing list of public stockholders, and long since passed over its securities business—as required by the banking act of 1935—to Morgan, Stanley & Co., an offshoot that now has only a sentimental interest in the old family roost.

The Chase National Bank, which Albert H. Wiggin built into the biggest commercial bank in the world, and of which Wiggin was the largest individual shareholder until he let the Rockefellers in, is run firmly, ethically, and with reasonable profit by Winthrop W. Aldrich, whom the financial newspapermen once dubbed the "Great Conservator." Long ago the Chase lost first place in New York to the National City Bank, not so much because of the ability of the triumvirate that guides National City—the handsome William Gage Brady, the tall and studious Randolph Burgess, and that thirty-third degree commercial banker, Howard Sheperd—as because the National City had more branches to feed its deposits. And long ago both the National

City and the Chase watched the Bank of America (of California) become the world's largest commercial bank, with a state-wide system of branches, under the late A. P. Giannini, who in the nineteen-twenties made quite an effort to crash into the proud banking circles of Wall Street.

And what of Charles E. Mitchell, who built up the National City while his rival Albert Wiggin was building the Chase? Less fortunate than Wiggin in keeping his personal fortune, Mitchell returned to his forte, the securities business; and as the man who had had the unique distinction of being publicly revealed as a \$12,000,000 debtor to J. P. Morgan & Co. (he paid it off), Mitchell for some years has functioned quietly and successfully as chairman of the investment firm of Blyth & Co., Inc., comforted no doubt by the knowledge that while the profits may not be large, no one will arise to question their legitimacy. Most of the other great personalities who used to meet in the Morgan library, or at "The Corner," or at the Clearing House, to save banks and markets and to meet national crises with little government help—George F. Baker, Thomas W. Lamont, Seward Prosser, Walter Frew, Gates McGarrah, James S. Alexander, to mention but a few—are dead. So is their era. Wiggin, now past eighty, is in semi-retirement, receiving plaudits from old friends on his daughter Marjorie's biography of her father. (In this excellent volume, with a pen that perhaps has just a slight residue of distaste, she refers twice to the great enthusiasm Winthrop Aldrich had for the hymn "Nearer My God to Thee.")

There is nothing flamboyant in the appearance of most of Wall Street's outstanding personalities today. They attract no attention in the subway, in which many come to work. Some come downtown still in their own cars of popular and inexpensive makes. There are a few old twelve-cylinder Lincolns, the kind that Leland built, of ageless durability, rolling around the Street, but they are mostly bank-owned. Some of the younger element fly personal planes to and from work and land them in the East River at the foot of Wall Street, but few bankers today are well enough off to have yachts; those which still operate are mostly owned by beer barons or by industrialists. J. P. Morgan's old *Corsair*, after serving as a tourist boat on the Pacific, was

wrecked off the Mexican coast. Nobody seems to recall what happened to James Stillman's yacht *Modesty*.

The venerable Subtreasury, a monument to the time when gold (remember, it was called specie) dominated finance, now houses a museum and is home for great flocks of pigeons that are rugged individualists in a regimented environment. Gold coin and bars are now all in the Federal Reserve banks, or the Assay Offices, or buried in the ground at Fort Knox, Kentucky. The gold, the Federal Reserve, and Wall Street are dominated by the government; and the government forbids any citizen to own gold without a license.

II

IT WAS the National City Bank that first saw the handwriting on the wall and moved to divorce itself from its securities affiliate, which sold stock to the public. It was Aldrich who came out with the statement that banking should be divorced from the business of selling stocks and bonds, except for federal, state, and municipal bonds; that banks and security-selling companies should have separate boards of directors. These proposals anticipated the subsequent New Deal law to the same effect—a law that crippled the Morgan and other banking-securities dynasties and also, naturally, dealt a blow to the profits of the commercial banking business from which shareholders of banks have not yet recovered. As a result of this and other laws and regulations of supervisory bodies, state and national, the commercial banking business became the most perfect example of controlled finance, subject at all times to the inspection of examiners from half a dozen agencies, many of them parasitical because their expenses are charged against those examined. The stockholder who still gets low dividends and the depositor who is charged service fees pay for it all, whether they know it or not and whether they like it or not.

And how banking has changed! When a piece of business comes up, the first question is not likely to be "Should we do it?" but "Can we do it, under existing rules and regulations?" There is little opportunity for the exercise of initiative and originality by an officer; many operations that once were han-

dled by a highly-paid vice president could now be delegated to an intelligent clerk who would know the interpretation currently applied to section 2b of regulation 110. Interest rates are almost uniform, the maximum being fixed by national and state authority. Corporations classified under the same credit rating can borrow almost anywhere on identical terms. The payment of interest on demand deposits is forbidden; interest money once paid to depositors now goes to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation as premiums to guarantee depositors against a loss that, theoretically, couldn't happen under the existing set-up.

All bank balance sheets are cast in the same mold and they differ little in their ratios between deposits and cash, government security holdings, and other quick assets. If one bank differed materially from others of like size in ratios it would arouse suspicion and create criticism by examiners, who have much authority and who think they know all the answers; they can compel charge-offs and report to the political higher-ups alleged derelictions, even when these arise from exercise of the officers' best judgment. Bank directors



by law still may cite their unquestioned right to use the judgment that seemed best to them at a given time, but there have been some suits by stockholders that have resulted in restitution of large sums without clear definitions of their legal right to the money.

Bankers will tell you they still have the inalienable right to make a bad loan. But if a bank, or a group of banks, got together in the old-fashioned, public-spirited way to save somebody or something by making loans that they knew entailed great risk, they probably would be called to account by the numerous supervising agencies. For saving anything or anybody of consequence is the kind of dangerous proposition that has to be referred to the Federal Reserve, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, or the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Officials of those agencies will decide whether rescue is in the public interest; and in their deliberations, public enough to embarrass the poor people who are in financial trouble, it is not unthinkable that somebody will be interested in how the unfortunates vote and how many voters work for them.

COMMERCIAL banks used to conduct their business with a prudent eye upon their demand deposits and the traditional safe ratio of cash and other quick assets. Now reserves are prescribed by law and Federal Reserve regulation; they are changed up and down as a part of control policy; settlement of deficiencies and use of surpluses is automatic under a set of formulas and government-controlled open-market machinery. Most of the operations of a bank, in short, have become as routine and as mechanical as are the efficient machines by which books are kept, checks added, and cash counted.

Banks may still merge and do, but not merely to become larger; it's the quality and profits of the business to be acquired that count, not the volume. A bank in trouble may have a shot-gun marriage with a stronger competitor, under Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation auspices, but the competitor still has the theoretical privilege of quitting at the altar. If it does, and no substitute is found, the FDIC embalms the remains of the failing bank and pays off the depositors. Whether the \$1 billion or so of FDIC funds is enough to take care of about \$100 billion

of bank deposits is something to think about.

From all this it will be obvious that nobody in commercial banking today can throw his weight around as the Morgans, Baker, Wiggin, Mitchell, and others once did. In banking today, many of the things these men did—wonderful or foolhardy, according to the point of view—would be considered antisocial as well as illegal, and whoever did them wouldn't be allowed to stay around very long.

III

STOCK brokers are so tightly regulated by the Stock Exchange and other "national securities exchanges" that it is extremely difficult for anybody to turn a dishonest dollar; the broker who gets along today is the one who knows well the letter of the law or the regulations of the Securities and Exchange Commission, which supervises the Stock Exchange and, in general, the markets where, as the old textbooks had it, "incomes are bought and sold." If a problem of credit is involved the broker, like the banker, has to have a good working knowledge of the Federal Reserve Act and Federal Reserve Board regulations, as well as those of the United States Treasury, which dominates the Federal Reserve Board. How all this came about is now history, though history has been negligent, so far, in recording how much of the regulatory machinery was suggested and devised by Wall Street men. They didn't want to do it, but they had to in order to keep functioning.

Large-scale speculation in quest of aleatory profit is still possible, but much more difficult. In the old days it was easy for speculators like Jesse L. Livermore ("the boy plunger"), members of the "Waldorf crowd," or big industrialists who just couldn't keep away from the stock ticker, to amass millions quickly by running pools on a 10 per cent margin or less on stocks they largely controlled; in other words, by paying in cash only ten cents for every dollar's worth of stock, they bought in an organized campaign of buying and selling. As they bought more and more shares, and an excited public saw the price of the stock going up and rushed in to buy, these speculators could dispose of their shares at a fine paper profit or use this profit as a foundation to buy still more shares—also at a ten-cents-on-

the-dollar margin—which they would unload at still higher prices; this process of “pyramiding” was reasonably safe so long as the members of the pool were in control and could call the turn. But now margins are fixed by the Federal Reserve Board, this being one of the ways in which booms and busts are supposed to be controlled; today one has to put up 50 per cent of the purchase price to buy a listed stock, and the margin has been as high as 100 per cent, which means all cash. So it costs much more money to speculate.

But that isn't all. Commission rates are very high—on account of the high cost of broking and the multiplicity of reports and other paper work that the federal regulations require—and so the speculator has to be sure of a considerable fluctuation in share prices to break even. And there is the law that makes pools illegal and bear raids criminal conspiracies. And there is also the tax law, which says that one must engage in a given speculation for at least six months before one can have the benefit of a 25 per cent tax rate on one's winnings (the capital gains tax). It is most embarrassing today to a man in the 90-per-cent income-tax bracket to make a killing in less than six months.

The organized speculators no longer function. The Waldorf crowd long since called it a day, retiring to nurse their millions or get jobs in Washington. Livermore, who set himself up as a pool manager to operate in stocks on others' money and at others' risk, lived to see the only business he knew declared unlawful and shot himself one sad day in 1940. Wall Street will never see another Northern Pacific or Stutz corner that makes and breaks millionaires overnight; if a stock goes up too fast these days there is an immediate investigation and the issue may be suspended from dealings. For manipulation of stock prices is illegal and punishable.

IT is still lawful for a group of men to make oral agreements to buy stocks for themselves at a given range of prices and to sell at a given range (if they can); for though it is considered criminal to put stocks down, there is nothing criminal in having intentions to help them go up. But when the stocks bought under such loose arrangements do go up, the strain upon the gentleman's agreement is terrific: for there are no contractual

bars, as there used to be in the organized pools, against that old practice known as welshing. In other words anything like an informal pool today has to be run by real gentlemen.

Large-scale bear raiding—organized selling of a stock in large quantities by a group of men in order to frighten other investors into selling too—or, in other words, into enabling the original group to buy their stock back at lower prices—is a thing of the past; and short selling, though still legal within limits, is considered nefarious in the best political circles. Sudden breaks in stocks, even though they may be due to the fact that there was nobody around at the time to take selling orders, bring the investigators on the run. Furthermore, the stock broker is compelled carefully to differentiate his customers' securities from his own and he can no longer play ducks and drakes with what isn't his'n. In short, he leads a very circumscribed life.

IV

AN IMPORTANT function of Wall Street is the purveying of new capital to industry; and the underlying purpose of the Securities Act, under which the investment bankers now work, is not to guarantee that all new securities will be good—as a section of the public seems to think—but to assure, through full disclosure of all facts, that the public may see pigs in pokes and differentiate between swamp pussies and the more respectable breeds of cats. As we have seen, the investment banker is on his own, freed of the taint of liaison with commercial banking; he is regulated so thoroughly that, in discouraged moments, he wonders if he ought not to drop it all and go into something like television that seems more likely to have a future.

Once in a while an investment banking firm may make, with Securities and Exchange Commission blessing, a private deal for a new issue in the old-fashioned way, but most of the time it has to bid for issues at auctions to which competitors have been invited. What issuers pay for their offerings is promptly published in the press; the prices they sell them for and their fees and underwriting profits are known. Naturally this competitive bidding, which is not required by law but is



required by regulation, has created a monotonous uniformity of prices, yields, and character of securities available for investors. Beyond question, despite everything that has been said to the contrary, it has resulted in a higher price paid for new securities than might otherwise have been obtained. Which may mean that corporations have done better—and may also mean that investors have paid more than they should or might have.

We haven't yet had a test of competitive bidding in a sharply declining market and there are many reasons to believe it won't work so well for anybody. And there is the highly interesting unanswered question as to what would happen if the investment bankers, when things looked bad, refused to bid at all. There are lawyers who think this would entail prosecution for criminal conspiracy, despite the fact such a ruling would establish the absurd principle that bankers could be forced to risk their money.

Reorganizations, a phase of the investment bankers' work, are closely supervised by commissions and courts, and minorities of stockholders and bondholders have lost most of their former lawful privileges. By law they often are dealt with ruthlessly.

THE regulation of the capital markets creaks badly in some respects. The public too often is either unable or unwilling to reap the benefits of full disclosure. The investor is not fully protected: witness the

\$15-million loss in the Tucker fiasco. It may be laudable to try to protect a man from the consequences of his own folly or inferior judgment, but can it be done? The investment trusts of today think they have the answer to that one in their superior knowledge and diversification of risk. And they are putting it across, receiving from investors about \$300 million a year. And they have accumulated a liability to investors that is now not far from \$3 billion. They are regulated, too.

One of the things that creak is the requirement for disclosure of the stock transactions and holdings of "insiders"—officials, directors, or persons owning 10 per cent or more of a corporation's shares. These, even with respect to their wives' or children's trust accounts, are regularly reported and published in the newspapers—weeks and months after the event and too late to be useful except as footnotes to financial history.

Such shortcomings are, however, failures of techniques rather than of government purpose. The investor has been the pampered darling of the restrictive legislation of the nineteen-thirties. A man is still unprotected if he buys too many Cadillacs, bets on horses, overborrows on a personal loan, or spends money on wine or women; but if he buys stock, Washington watches over him like the severest of nursemaids.

V

AND what has become of the great international bankers, those enterprising firms of worldwide scope that did business in securities or in foreign exchange in London or in Paris before breakfast, handled a good volume of trade while Wall Street was open, and continued, by remote control by cable, to do business in Far Eastern financial centers long after the sun had set behind the spire of old Trinity? They were wizards who could play at that inscrutable game called arbitrage, in spare moments finance exports and imports with letters of credit, and at intervals make great loans to kingdoms and empires, receiving in return fat shares of the loans as commissions, along with royal decorations and an entry into foreign palaces.

Well, they are the war dead. Of course when the law split the banking from the

security business the international bankers had to choose which line they wished to follow. But in general their business died before it had to be regulated; what killed it was the war, which brought government control of foreign exchange at fixed rates and an end to securities trading between the major markets of the world, and made foreign trade pretty much of a government monopoly. It is ironic that the gentry against whom demagogues never ceased to rave were never a prey to restrictive legislation; indeed what scanty inquiry has been made into their business never discovered evidence of their supposedly baleful machinations. The foreign exchange controls that have since become more or less permanent features of the post-war world also ended arbitrage, except between government agencies or through blocked accounts that involve too much red tape to be profitable.

It is now quite possible for the same stocks dealt in on the New York exchanges to sell in foreign markets at widely different prices, and nothing can be done about it because they are not interchangeable, convertible, or exportable. Foreign exchange trading has become the routine affair of a minor department of a bank and almost all dealings are at levels that are officially fixed—often at several times the quotation obtaining in the black markets of countries that still permit them—France, for example.

AS TO that other time-honored prerogative of the international banker, the making of foreign loans to kingdoms and empires, investors will buy few of these while the threat of the atomic bomb overhangs the future of the country whose assets of faith are to be pledged for repayment; besides, kingdoms and empires are threatening to fall apart at the seams or, worse, to socialize everything. (Incidentally the investor still retains the unshakable notion that socialization is a synonym for deficit.)

There are a few foreign loans, popular with banks, that are secured upon gold actually on deposit in New York at the Federal Reserve Bank; but the Federal Reserve itself takes care of some of the choicer morsels of that business. If there should be occasion for a big loan not in that category, the government-controlled Export-Import Bank,

the Economic Co-operation Administration, or some other agency like the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development or the International Monetary Fund would make it. As for financing foreign trade, the same agencies would handle the really big credits. After all, when we give such a huge share of our exports away for free, the only financial problem is the relatively minor one of who is going to pay for the transportation.

The expression "international banker" is as dead as the dodo—or as the title "financier," which went out with J. P. Morgan but is still used occasionally and incorrectly in the tabloid press as a synonym for something else. True, the man with a megaphone on the sight-seeing bus may point out a few international bankers. But the phrase is just a figure of speech, like bogymen, and what the man with the megaphone means is that the fellow he is referring to still has an office and maybe a stenographer in London or Paris.

VI

SO MUCH for the record of how the shoe got on the other foot and how finance, which on many occasions threatened to dominate the government itself, is now dominated by it. The laws and regulations that have shifted the center of financial gravity from New York to Washington have not appreciably hindered the important economic functions of Wall Street (or, for that matter, of the country at large) but they have vastly reduced its glamor and power.

Some of the abuses that the reform legislation sought to correct have been cured. In the years to come the gelded Wall Street will probably assume the characteristics of the gelding race horse and will stick more closely to business. Yet it would be a mistake to assume that the changes which have been made will assure the financial stability of the country or prevent another crash. It is quite true that none of the financial or economic danger signs that preceded previous crashes are now visible; but each panic in our financial history has differed fundamentally from all its predecessors, and each "new era" has been characterized by a new weakness which was the more dangerous because people were not on the lookout for it, but were rather looking for the danger signs which had pre-

ceded the previous crash. If we have another crash in the visible future, it will probably result from excesses and mistaken policies, not in Wall Street, but in the government itself, and will be accentuated by the fact that—even with adequate power—politicians cannot act with decision and speed, and that time runs out quickly on those who delay.

As the furniture is being arranged on the stage for the next scene it is worth while to take note of some of the new pieces.

THERE is, *first*, the huge growth of the individual investor class; some 25,000,000 Americans now own stocks. It is inertia on the part of investors that keeps markets stable; when they become over-confident or panicky, the markets gyrate. They may view with equanimity cold war or hot war or government profligacy, but when anything threatens seriously to hurt business they become quickly alarmed.

Second, there is the thinness of the stock markets today and their lack of resiliency, caused by the restrictions on short-selling and the difficulties that may be encountered in "supporting" stocks in the future, now that pools are outlawed. Those who have long memories will recall that in the 1929 crash there were scores of stocks that never sold; they just got marked down and down in a vain effort to find buyers. Because of the regulations there might be many more stocks on that list the next time.

Third, there is the growing importance of investment trusts, particularly of "open-end" trust, in which some \$2 billion are invested. This money is in turn invested in stocks. The open-end trusts stand ready, under normal conditions, to give their holders back their money at net asset value. If these trusts should encounter a run they would have to dispose of the shares they hold in wholesale lots. In case the stock exchanges should close, they would be freed of this requirement; but its existence, in the acute stages of a major slump, might accelerate such a closing.

Fourth, there is the vast growth of the government's social security trust funds. These funds are already so large that, with the help of the Federal Reserve System, they virtually control the government bond market. Even-

tually—unless we create a much bigger government debt—they may become the principal holders of it. This would end the problem of "maintenance of market price" for government bonds which every Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton has worried about. And it might make easier the financing of bigger Treasury deficits. But this in turn might create the illusion that there is nothing at all to worry about in an indefinitely increasing national debt—a dangerous illusion.

Fifth, there are the private pension funds, which are growing fast. One of them, with one billion dollars of resources, is already quite a factor in the securities markets. Administration of these funds will give employment to the investment and market technicians of today's regulated Wall Street.

And *sixth*, there is the growing propensity of the government for insuring everything from mortgages to bank deposits, and for guaranteeing everything from farm prices to heaven knows what, while it stands ready also to spend billions for public works and relief should this be necessary, on top of its already gigantic spending for defense. There is, too, the certainty that the taxes which the government imposes—and which do not even cover its expenditures in fair economic weather—would bring in a sharply falling revenue in bad economic weather, at the very time when Washington's capacity to meet all these other demands would be most severely tested. And there is the final fact that the gentlemen on Capitol Hill continue to vote new guarantees and new handouts as blithely as the gentlemen of Wall Street used to buy "blue-chip" (and not so blue) stocks in 1929.

Meanwhile Wall Street, in its twilight, is reasonably happy and busy; follows with interest the efforts of the government to cope with the colossal responsibilities which it has assumed, including a good many responsibilities which used to rest on Wall Street shoulders; wonders uneasily whether Washington, over the long run, will be able to manage the country's financial affairs better than the bankers did under the old gold standard; and cherishes the wistful hope that some day the pendulum will swing back again toward Wall Street.

The Easy Chair

State of the Nation (Spring)

Bernard DeVoto

How long ago were we singing "Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown, what you gonna do when the rent comes round?" Close to forty years, I make it, and that was an abandoned time. Gilbert Seldes was too young to open our eyes to the hideous racism the song expresses; we were innocently, or malevolently, singing even "Old Black Joe" without bleaching the words. Our guardians have changed all that, however, and the liberal spirit does advance. There is no discrimination but only tune-robbery in "Music, Music, Music," which had brought Rufus Rastus back and lodged it near the top of the Hit Parade by mid-April. But the guardians who look after morals had recessed for Easter and the new hit was, well, excuse me, suggestive if not downright erotic, and shall not the weak be protected? Don't answer back, don't tell me you want to hear "Music, Music, Music" even if the index of seduction in Arkansas has to rise. For that is *my* case and the guardians have thrown it out of court. I want to hear "There Is Nothing Like a Dame" but though every other song in the most popular musical show of the decade has been riding the airwaves for a year, that one is not permitted to.

Spring breaks out across the land, the New York City reservoirs are three-quarters full, and the shirtmakers of America have put over a fast one. Cut one-third out of a pie; the gap it leaves is the narrowest collar-opening now on the market, and the tonier models stretch yearningly toward half a pie. Collar points are plunging and will presently reach the belt. As you know, the American male (if that is the word) has no truck with fashion; fashion is something that the advertising agencies put over on the hysterical and unstable sex, or, to identify it, women. Hence the collars and

what is being knotted between their sprung points. For this is the year when the Christmas tie stayed right on. There is nothing in the windows of haberdashers and little on the male neck that, even as recently as a year ago, would not have been handled with tongs and buried at a crossroads in the dark of the moon. This may signify only a conspiracy of fabric manufacturers, dealers in gents' wear, and the Countess Mara to overthrow the basis of American cartooning, but the social analyst wonders whether something more alarming may not be at work. For it is not only with his neckties that the American *moyen sensuel* (if *that* is the phrase) is producing the effect of a fire in an oil refinery.

Miss Elizabeth Hawes has always been sure that he has a deep-seated longing to express his soul in color but has suppressed it: it may be that he has now been emboldened to gratify the longing at last. If so, the dollar balance of Great Britain is co-operating. British Woolens put the first salesman of the Empire into a dinner jacket made from the royal tartan, and within a week the American man about town was wearing plaid tuxedos, with matching cummerbund, in the pages of *Esquire* and wherever Calvert is drunk. A few weeks later the King made a switch and the color-loving male sex can now get plaid trousers with braid on them to wear with white dinner jackets and black cummerbunds. It runs to plaid waistcoats for Afternoon Wear. I was given one for my birthday; there being no McVoto tartan, the donor had to settle for the Black Watch. There are plaid caps too and the cap has come back. So have gold knickerbockers, even plus-fours. And this suggests a different hypothesis. Maybe the nostalgic but fashion-proof sex is heading back toward the

1920's, where there was rumor that the unstable one was going to precede it.

OR MAYBE not. Miss Hawes's thesis about color was grounded on an analogy. She held, and so did various other thinkers, that until the Industrial Revolution turned men's souls gray with the smoke of their own factory chimneys, they had observed the order of nature. Like the males of other species, they had flaunted brilliant plumage as a sex-linked character, a kind of genetic advertising. On that theory the exploded rainbows of this year's Easter parade would be a very heartening sign for the United States, but I'm not so sure. Lately the manufacturers got hold of a good idea and proposed to make nylon shirts for men. They went about developing it with the brilliant ingenuity that makes American know-how the envy of all the world. First they cut it on the lines of a DuMaurier smock and took a loss, for no one would buy it. Then they cut it like a shirt but sewed it with cotton thread, and the customer took a loss. For the only point in buying a nylon shirt was that you could wash it yourself but when you washed this one the thread puckered all the seams like the top of a Bull Durham sack. They analyzed the problem and finally solved it by using nylon thread. They had got there at last and had performed a notable service for the customer. (The sale of towel-racks must have increased considerably, for now the American family bathroom would have a damp shirt hanging in it at night, as well as a girdle and three pairs of stockings.)

They went on to new frontiers and resolved to make nylon shorts. And that was a good idea too. Those of us whose jobs take us about the country a lot could now stay out for weeks at a time with a single traveling bag—with no more than two shirts and two pair of shorts, or if we got in early one of each.

But they didn't make shorts, they made step-ins. They are cut on lines which your grandmother's modesty would have approved and are available in three colors that would charm your daughter, an exquisite pale yellow, a ducky pastel green, and (the strongest and most forthright) a perfectly sweet baby blue. We must tolerate the hypothesis that the manufacturers have something. They

may have diagnosed in the American male's increasing love of color a tendency that comes within Dr. Margaret Mead's interests. One remembers that the word "knickers" has other connotations besides plus-fours and casts a thoughtful glance at the beards which college boys are trying to grow, suspecting a symbolism that would interest Dr. Geoffrey Gorer if not Dr. Mead. Sometimes one sees in widening collars a gay silk kerchief which will be a jabot as soon as it gets a little lace, and from the nickelodeons of Broadway a jacket without lapels is spreading toward Brooks Brothers. It needs an orchid to set it off. And there is the steady progress of the sports shirt, a garment which I believe Miss Hawes has approved in theory but which no one will accuse her of having designed. It surely cannot be worn in the interest of aesthetics but it has increasing lilt, shimmer, and "sheer." One watches it burgeon with the spring, adds it to the other evidence and to the perfumes and vanishing creams displayed at the shaving-soap counter, and wonders how soon the American man of fashion is going to start fussing about his hemline.

THE American woman seems to be pretty tranquil this spring, maybe even a little reactionary, for her headgear is beginning to look like a hat. Some of the girls are wearing oblate bunches on their hips which knock over highball glasses on their way to the table. But they have carried their threat to get back to the nineteen-twenties no farther than something called the sheath dress, which wakens agreeable memories in us elders. There is little in the advertising pages or the shop windows that isn't pleasant to look at. And though spring can never be said to arrive with the first crocus there is an intimation at the women's colleges that a counter-reformation which could become the hope of the Republic may be under way. Jeans are no longer universal wear and no one now loses caste by washing her neck. If shoes will reappear on the campus we may hope to keep the United States on a bisexual basis.

The six-bit magazines are plugging a new kind of eye make-up. The woman of fashion is to match the color of her eye-shadow. "For enormous [but aren't the italics a little masculine?] eyes" she is to "trace the rim of the

lower lid with a white pencil," and with a soft but dark pencil she will give the eye "a tilt at the outer corner." Nobody is doing it. Nobody ever tries out any of the gay, mad *chic* that *Harper's Bazaar* (no kith or kin of ours, Captain Simmons) and its competitors think up. I have been forced to abandon my theory about this department of journalism. Nowhere on my travels have I ever seen women who dressed that way, looked that way, or showed any sign of wanting to try. Women whom I asked about it told me to look in Dallas, Tulsa, and just below the top crust in Hollywood—in such places, they promised me, this stuff took hold. So far as I could see it didn't (true, I have never been in Hollywood) but I still thought there must be places where it did. Hard-boiled business firms would not buy advertising in these journals unless somewhere, somewhere west of Sioux City no doubt, there was a provincial or bucolic (I quote) *haut monde* that tried to act out these fantasies.

It would be, I thought, the same phenomenon that sends the local fancy to New York twice a year to exult in being bullied by waiters in third-rate restaurants which are plugged by gossip columnists, and in general to get the hell gypped out of them in a town whose most flourishing industry is its sucker-joints. In the literary scene the same phenomenon gives us the apple-cheeked novelist who works hard to be decadent on an apple-cider upbringing and might make the grade if the barnyard didn't keep showing on his shoes. There must be these women somewhere and the leader of the set, I thought, must be the wife of the vice president of the Second National Bank. Not the First National, for after all it is the cornerstone of a stable society and must stand four-square for safe business risks, the Epworth League, and a light-pink lipstick; but the unsound, speculating group down the street who do not ask the farmer whom he voted for when he comes for a crop loan.

BUT the theory would not hold up and I have worked out a new one. The six-bit magazines, I now think, do for women what the windows of Abercrombie & Fitch do for men. The stargazer pauses and is entranced—off to work the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting and swear

an oath to keep it on the Horns of Ovis Poli. It is a terrific moment there on the sidewalk while the Red Gods call the hardest outdoorsman on Forty-fifth Street, before a twinge of his seasonal arthritis reminds him that the crampons and the express rifle in the window are not for him. So with those sketches and photographs in the magazines of feminine fantasy. The bewitching psychopathology of the model's eyes, the droop of those narrow shoulders so splendidly bronchitic if not indeed phthisic, the aberrant bone-structure, the abdominal bend approaching a right angle—here is some rapturous vision of charm and wasting disease. For a moment, a skeletal, crazed, doomed thing, with eye-shadow greener than the absinthe green of her cheeks and one of Adrian's organdy underskirts, she sweeps past the Calvert blades from the Rive Gauche of the Wabash. Terrific, as terrific as the four-ounce trout rod in the window, and worth six bits of any woman's change. But though her foot may be long enough for one of those eighty-five-dollar sandals made of cobwebby zebra-skin, it is square too; and, after all, there is the American diet. After bringing down his elephant the stargazer goes on to buy some throat lozenges, and the net effect of the Beaton photographs is to impel a realistic woman on to the advertising pages, which are mainly devoted to garments that control a full figure. It is all soundly American and traditional; our grandmothers were sturdy folk but for them too the culminating ideal of femininity was a touch of T.B.

MOST springs our guardians clear their sluggish blood by prosecuting books for obscenity, but we missed that one this year. We could have used an anti-obscenity campaign, though not one against books. Obscenity was concentrated along the Potomac and there has been no such display for a long time. We hadn't known when we were well off; now we could look back nostalgically to the cleaner days of Martin Dies and J. Parnell Thomas, for the junior Senator from Wisconsin brought his specialty to a new low. And yet his performance, though repulsive, was bush-league; he will not last on the big time. He lags behind a notable if not honorable line, he is a noise but hardly a voice. Hoke Smith or

Cotton Ed Smith would have called him back to the bench, Huey Long would have sneered at his lack of style. As for any historic master of the art of character assassination—well, can you imagine Ben Tillman challenged by a victim to step outside his immunity and say that again? He would have been out of the Senate with his coat off before the gasp had traveled across the visitors' gallery, and that gasp would have been justified. So would another master and another Ben, General Butler. The line goes all the way back to John Randolph, who had genius and a powerful intelligence. We must classify Senator McCarthy under different headings.

I doubt if he has done us as much harm abroad as my colleagues are widely saying. Europe could take in its stride the Ancient Order of Hibernians' gesture (if the guardians will permit me a small racism) which amended ERP with Irish Union, for it is used to aldermanic elections in the House of Representatives; and it is used to the sulphur dioxide that surrounds isolationism, finding it an inexplicable but never fatal secretion of our party system. Here at home Senator McCarthy has, on the whole, probably done us a service. He shocked even his own backfield, which had consented to fish these roily waters because it desperately needs an issue for November. Senator Vandenberg and Senator Lodge promptly joined Mr. Stimson in dissociating the Republican party from him, and we got Mr. Dulles and a stronger front. Senator Lodge moved to create a respectable substitute for the congressional investigating committee that Senator McCarthy and his recent predecessors have debauched. As I write this Senator Hickenlooper, who is on the same committee and is certainly no rose himself, is trying to see if he can change bandwagons on the end of a limb. But the more wholesome lesson is what happened when the intended victims fought back. Mostly our witch-hunters have gone after people so humbly placed that they had to take official persecution almost as unprotestingly as they would have to in Russia or Nazi Germany. But as the lower echelons proved disappointingly clean of treason the effort has been upward and onward. The hope has been to show that Secretary Acheson long ago sent the Constitution to Stalin in a locked pouch and that throughout his term President Roosevelt was

reporting directly to the communist underground. Presently it was bound to reach somebody who would talk back. Judge Kenyon called the Senator a liar, and Mr. Lattimore doubled that in spades and faced him down. At once he demonstrated that his campaign is just as craven as it is low.

That has happened in the public view and, I think, the moral will not be lost. The Republican leadership cannot say much more out loud than it has said so far, but behind the scenes it has realized that in November Senator Taft, for instance, will find this sort of thing no fun to deal with from the rostrum. We have passed our low, I think, and may remind the sovereign state of Wisconsin of the promise made to the sinner who repents. It sent us the low and may now call him home.

BUT let's look at Congress under a softer light. Senator Elbert D. Thomas, the good Senator Thomas, has published a book and it is a good book. I would review it here except that I do not know just how far Senatorial immunity extends, but it set me rummaging through the *Congressional Directory*, and when that proved coy through other reference works, to see how much literary activity Congress has gone in for. *This Nation Under God* is Senator Thomas's sixth book, and he is clearly a pro. So is Senator Douglas of Illinois, with three books. So is Senator Vandenberg, who confesses only to "several books dealing with Alexander Hamilton" but as we all know has had a wide and diversified literary career. Senator Kefauver, with one book, must be called an amateur, especially as he says firmly that his one book was written in collaboration. I don't know about Senator Tydings but I think that he should pay his dues to the Authors' Guild, as the other three pros should. He tries to present himself as a borderline case with "author of three small books." That is confession in avoidance; Senator Tydings is both courageous and politic.

As you see when, wondering whether it means anything that four of the five Senatorial authors are Democrats, you turn to the House. Only two of its members, Congressman Powell of New York and Congressman Scott of Pennsylvania, admit that they have published books. Congressman McCarthy of

the Fourth District of Minnesota—for his sake and ours too, do not confuse him with Senator McCarthy—says that he is a “farmer and writer” but says no more. A few others admit having written essays—Congressman McKinnon of California, for instance, who while still in college won a prize for one on Eugenics and Human Relations and thereafter worked his way round the world, visiting, he says, thirty-five countries on the way. But no books. And this is nonsense and chicanery, for the House contains at least fifty newspapermen, editors, public relations coun-

selors, and professors of economics, all of whom write books as a matter of course. There is as much literacy in the House as in the Senate, in bulk if not per capita, and there must be many members with books on their record. But you see where Congress stands: authorship is something only the most courageous will confess. I think that the honorable gentlemen should admit the facts and face up to them. The damage may be less than they think and at any rate they will know where everyone stands. They may find that their adversary has written a book too.

Orchestration

DAVID MORTON

The cradling rhythm, not quite manifest,
Not extricated cleanly, not overt
—Save in a phrase in poetry, in music—

By whose compulsions we are where we are,
By whose compulsions moved from point to point,
To love, to war, to somnolence, to panic,

Has brought me, now, to this blue winter evening,
A man alone who sees the field of snow
Meet the dark wood and wed with darkness, there;

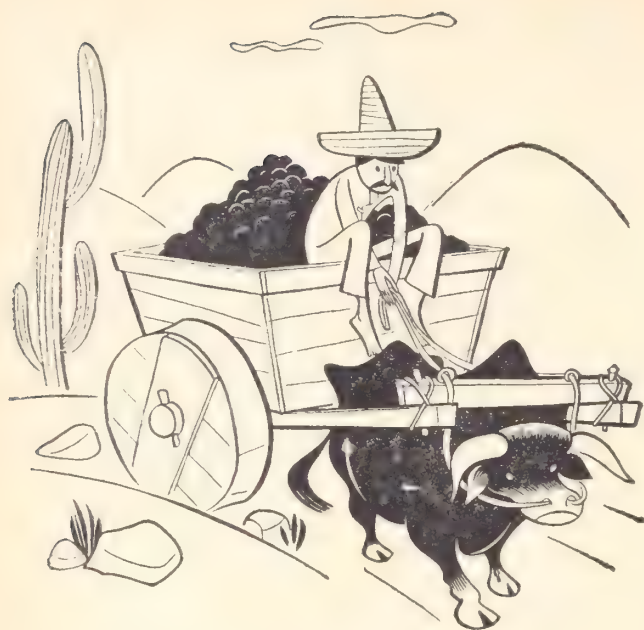
And so looks up to see the knowing stars
Accept the finger-pointing of the pines,
Himself resolved in this all-flowing pattern;

And thinks of Europe, of the Asian dream
Broken to waking where the long wave topples
Into the trough, with all her flowers in panic . . .

These and my thought of these, and I who think,
Ride the slow, undulant cadence which deploys
A delicate treble sounding in the wrist.

The treble phrases longing, and I turn
With the turning stars, under the flowing dark,
To seek a doorway and a white face, there,

That looks out from the curving wave that carries
Europe in anguish, and the Asian dawn,
And lone men seeking doorways, everywhere.



"... transportation has been slow ..."

DURING the past several years, in the construction of a great road called the Inter-American Highway, an amazing lesson has been learned by the American supervisors of Central American day laborers. The story is told by an honored and respected public servant, Mr. Thomas H. MacDonald, for more than twenty years chief of the United States Bureau of Public Roads. His conclusion, in brief, is that laziness, slovenliness, even procrastination—the unlovely attributes we superficially associate with the “mañana” republics—may far more than we ever dreamed be merely the result of diet.

The 3,200-mile Inter-American Highway had its origins, a quarter of a century ago, as a part of the longer and better known Pan-American Highway, eventually intended to connect Alaska and Chile. This dream road was at first called “The Highway of Friendship,” and the circumstances surrounding its birth are said to mark the beginning of the Good Neighbor Policy. It grew out of the visit to this country of thirty-seven engineers from the nations south of us, invited to come envy our roads before returning home to build their own. For this visit the Automobile Manufacturers Association, hoping for a

The Road that Food Built

Myron Stearns

Drawings by Sam Norkin

South American market for automobiles, picked up the check.

For many years little progress was made, either on the Inter-American Highway or the longer Pan-American project. In places, where there were any roads at all, there was also dust a foot deep. Elsewhere, as ox-cart drivers attempted to find better going, there were as many as fifty different wagon tracks. Impassable mountains were encountered everywhere along the route.

Then, with the outbreak of war in Europe, a usable road to Panama began to look more important. Here and there the United States began to help in its construction. Especially in Costa Rica and Panama, our Public Roads officials and their engineers and contractors and road-machinery operators, with their bulldozers and steamshovels and tractors, went to work.

As the road has gone forward, Mr. MacDonald and his associates have been in close contact with the “native” highway workers, the farm-hands and ditch-diggers and teamsters, of the nations that lie between us and the Isthmus. As Mr. MacDonald tells it, the story of what happened sounds convincing, and the few reliable figures that can be un-

A former newspaperman and motion-picture editor and now a free-lance writer, Mr. Stearns has been concerned with the subject of highways since 1926. He has often written on traffic safety; here he surveys other, far-reaching aspects of roads.

covered about the food consumption of Costa Ricans, Guatemalans, Mexicans, and Panamanians appear to substantiate it abundantly.

Certain parts of it are familiar to us all. Ever since Elmer McCollum, a young assistant professor of agricultural chemistry at the University of Wisconsin, began feeding *only* corn, or *only* oats, or *only* barley to cattle forty years ago, we have been hearing more and more about vitamins, more about amino acids and the other minute substances that make food good for us. We have learned—in drug stores, perhaps too much, at least until we have grown tired of hearing it—that for good health and general efficiency we need a fairly wide variety of foods. But what makes Mr. MacDonald's story astonishing is that after all these years we should still be unaware of a tremendous experiment, on a nation-wide scale and three centuries long, demonstrating virtually on our own doorstep what poor diet can do to an entire population.

We call the natives of these lands "nationals," since "native" is quite naturally regarded as an insult. The American road-builders saw them first, as we have been accustomed to think of them for decades, as lazy, shiftless peons, typical inhabitants of the near-tropics. Then, with different food, they changed, until they became as good workmen as the Americans and Canadians who build roads far to the north. "It was a revelation," a visiting congressman remarked when parts of the road were nearing completion, "to see those fellows handle our big machines."

II

TO UNDERSTAND a little better the difference between United States laborers and the Central American nationals, as they were when the Northerners started the

roadwork, we should have a look at the effect terrain can have on diet.

The history of Central American countries goes back further than our own. Yet in more than three hundred years since the first days of the Conquistadores, the civilizations they started have remained nearly destitute. Literacy, in a population largely Spanish and Indian, is exceedingly spotty: it runs from as low as five per cent in some areas to 21 per cent in El Salvador and 82 per cent in Costa Rica. Nine out of ten of the people depend for their livelihood, directly or indirectly, on agriculture; yet only one agricultural worker in five is an independent farmer.

To make transportation particularly difficult there are, besides the precipitous mountains, hundreds of rivers that run from the steep slopes of the hills directly down to the Pacific—each one needing a bridge. (For comparison: in 1929 Chile levied a special property tax merely for bridge construction. At the time, in that country alone, 150 major bridges had already been completed and 35 more were under construction, as well as several hundred smaller ones.)

Compare these conditions with ours. North of the Rio Grande we have had in this country the advantages of a "continental development" which was first established along our Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. We kept in touch with the rest of the world. The center of the country was settled last; even the Forty-Niners jumped across the prairies and Indian-held areas in the middle of the continent. But in the countries to the south we can see the reverse: all the way down the Pacific backbone of the Americas there are fertile upland basins, suitable for a high degree of cultivation. But they are hemmed in.

In northern Costa Rica the Inter-American road climbs gradually from rolling, grassy



"... they became as good workmen as the North Americans"

country a few hundred feet above sea-level to 12,000-foot peaks. Then, from 10,936 feet at the pass (almost no roads in the United States, even across the Continental Divide, have to go that high) it drops through the Cerro del Muerte, the "Mountains of Death." Crosses that still can be seen along the old Spanish trail show how the name was derived. Night-bound travelers often died of exposure. The temperature may drop to zero, and thin-blooded travelers caught in the mountains for three or more nights were not always able to take it.

The first American engineers to travel this stretch took ten days to get from San Isidro to Cartago, a distance of seventy-two miles. Through all the area, dry and rainy seasons alternate, and the rains are torrential. A full foot of water may fall in half a day. In the high mountains landslides are frequent, and as one American engineer put it, "When they have a slide here, it's a real slide, with half a mountain going off."

Through the centuries that have passed since the Spanish conquest, transportation has been slow, scanty, and expensive. By oxcart from Liberia to Bebedero, in Costa Rica, for example, the rate is nearly fifty cents per ton-mile—almost five times as much as by river boat or by rail for the same distance. Freight moved by carrier costs still more. A native

carrier can take about fifty pounds twenty miles in a single day. That means forty days to transport one ton twenty miles, so that if the carrier got fifty cents a day, the cost would be a dollar a ton-mile. Transportation by pack animal is almost as high. Driver pay alone often comes to more per ton-mile than the cost of moving freight by rail.

The result of such conditions, to any of us accustomed to buying pimientos, pomegranates, persimmons, pineapples, coconuts, and avocados in New York—to say nothing of lettuce and tomatoes and strawberries in January—is a shocking lack of contact with other areas, and a consequent lack of variety in food.

In the largest cities of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, even though these are in a fine fruit-growing climate, fruit—for any except the wealthy—is scarce, because transportation is so slow. Good oranges rot on the ground within thirty miles of Managua, because in that hot climate they also rot before a thirty-mile oxcart journey can be completed.

ABOUT thirty-five years ago a colony of Germans developed a large tract of land in Panama for planting oranges. There was a road to Panama at the time that was traversable by tough motor vehicles during the dry season. But the 5,000 acres of orange orchards were a tremendous failure; the roads became impassable during the rainy season and the fruit could not be brought out when it ripened. Thousands of tons of oranges had to be left to rot.

Farm hands, in these lands of our southern neighbors, still get from fifty dollars to two hundred dollars a year. Since for the most part they have large families, the niggardly income has to go for necessities. Prices of quality foods, and other unusual items, are about the same as they are in the United States, and few people make more than a meager living from the soil. They may grow a little corn, raise a few pigs and chickens. Beans, corn, and rice, with occasionally a bit of pork or a chicken leg, are about the best they can do.

A few years ago a survey of the food needs of Costa Rica was prepared by the Institute of American Affairs for the Costa Rican Minister of Agriculture. It shows as graphically as the stories of the American road



"... day laborers ... get far more carbohydrates than they need."

builders have since shown, how these conditions affected that particular nation. It states that the Costa Rican population as a whole needs for a balanced diet, each year, about 18,000 tons of corn. The country raises and consumes more than twice that much. It gets as much rice as is needed, and more brown sugar than is needed, also beans.

But now: 8,000 tons of fats and oils are needed; but only 800 are raised, and 1,450 imported; the total consumed, 2,250 tons, is little more than a quarter of what is required for a normal diet.

Next, milk: 155,000 tons are needed annually, 30,000 tons are raised, and 1,500 tons

many cases absolute deficiencies in fruits, vegetables, meat, and fish—with corresponding deficiencies in vigor and health.

They are, in altogether too many instances, uncomfortably like Elmer McCollum's cattle that were fed only corn, or only oats, or only barley. No wonder they do little work, and shrug themselves, moving slowly, into mañana.

III

IT TOOK the road-work, with United States contractors, under Public Roads official supervision, providing for better food than the nationals had ever eaten before, to show up the latent potentialities of Costa Rica and Guatemala and Panama.

The engineers found the El General Valley, in Costa Rica, through which the road was to run, practically isolated from the rest of the country. Almost no money could be seen there, because it could not circulate; nearly all transactions were by barter. Through most of Central America, because of the difficulty of getting about, social life consists largely of going to church or taking part in other church programs. Dancing and music are popular, but it is possible to enjoy them, in company with others, only on fiesta days.

Even though good wages were offered, local labor was found to be scarce. Some workmen had to be brought to the road from miles away. On the job, the men would dig away gently for half an hour or so and then go sit under a tree. There they would take swigs of water sweetened with brown sugar that they brought with them in bottles. After a rest of ten or fifteen minutes—or in some cases half an hour or more—they would get up and wearily start digging again. The Americans in charge of the work began with the idea they had previously held, that this was about all that could be expected of peon labor.

The men brought their lunches with them at first, in old tin cans or paper bags or cereal cartons, the contents usually consisting of little more than a handful of corn or rice or beans, or some mixed-up, porridge-like mess. It seemed woefully inadequate food for day-laborers, for hours of work in the hot sun. Eventually the officials, to take the place of the tomato-can lunches that were getting on their nerves, set up construction camps run by local contractors.



*"... laziness, slovenliness,
even procrastination . . ."*

imported. Total consumed: 31,500 tons—only one fifth as much as should be available.

Finally, meat and fish: Needed, 220,000 tons. Raised, 12,250 tons; imported 650 tons; total 12,900 tons—Far less than a tenth and hardly more than a twentieth, of the amount required for health.

Shortages in vegetables, eggs, fruits, and particularly in salad vegetables like lettuce, are almost as great.

To sum up these Costa Rican diet troubles: day laborers, even on farms, get far more carbohydrates than they need. On the other hand, they have seasonal, regional, and in

This improved matters a little, but not much. The diggers still hated to dig, dug no more than they had to, rested when they could, and thankfully quit work entirely on each of the frequent fiesta days. The Americans decided they would have to take over the feeding job themselves.

Then the change came.

The Public Roads Administration, in charge of the work, insisted on having construction camps operated only on a high level of excellence. A strict "construction camp manual" was prepared. It set up intelligent provisions for sanitation, refrigeration, and food. The work had to be done and food for a balanced ration brought in while the roads were being built. For meat, cattle were purchased in good grazing sections, brought up the coast on local fishing vessels and driven inland to the highway. They were fattened locally before being slaughtered. Hurry calls went out for cold storage equipment. As soon as it arrived, the problem of preserving meat in the hot climate was simplified.

Sanitation was also important. Flies were killed off with a 10 per cent solution of boric acid spread all around the camps. They disappeared like magic. Even when meat was hung up, no flies would light on it, where previously it would have immediately become black with them.

There was sharply reduced incidence of amoebic dysentery; malaria was not done away with, but a big reduction was achieved. The attack on debilitating disease went hand-in-hand with more nourishment to increase the ability and inclination to do useful work.

THE result of the new program—once refrigeration, better sanitation, and the better food ration they made possible were all available—was spectacular. The men ate like hungry animals. Instead of getting just beans and rice or corn as at home, or as with the local contractors, they were provided with plenty of meat, vegetables, and even fruit. On Friday there was fish. Corn, beans, and rice became little more than extras.

During the first few weeks after the workmen began getting square American meals, they often gained as much as ten or fifteen pounds. But they remained, for quite a while, as inert and lazy as ever. Then, little by little, they began working more. The extra weight

they had put on began to come off again. The rest periods became less frequent, and presently stopped altogether. The ubiquitous bottles of sweetened water disappeared almost entirely. These results were observable not in merely a single camp, but wherever the Public Roads program was put into operation.

After the Americans took over, more and more of the local diggers stayed around to work, even on fiesta days, in order to keep getting the good food that was available only at the camps. A group of Costa Rican officials with a couple of touring American visitors came to see one of the big construction camps.



"... provided with plenty of meat, vegetables, and even fruit"

At noon the chow wagon came up. Big enamel plates with heaps of food—beans, rice, vegetables, and a good hunk of meat—were handed to each man.

"You give the men food like that every day?" one of the Costa Rican officials asked in amazement. "Not just because we are here today and can watch?"

"Every day," he was gravely assured, "it's like this. But not just one meal. Every meal."

The Costa Rican officials looked at each other.

"There's more on that plate than they'd ever get in a whole day anywhere else," they said.

RELIABLE officials like E. W. James and John L. Humbard were in over-all charge of construction work on long strips of highway in different Central American countries. Eventually they found that the "nationals" did as good work as might be expected from any other laborers anywhere. Mr. Humbard had been in charge of construction work for the Public Roads Administration on the Alaskan Highway, in 1943 and 1944, and had had many opportunities to compare the work of Americans, Canadians, and Indians with Latin Americans.

Backing up the opinion of Public Roads officials that the Latin Americans needed only a better diet to make them fully efficient are the construction figures. Here are a few of them, on foremen, skilled, and semi-skilled laborers who were on one of the large contracts in Costa Rica:

When the work was started in 1943 a labor force consisting of 30 per cent United States laborers and 70 per cent Costa Ricans moved 240 cubic meters of earth per man per day, with modern equipment. A year later with 33 per cent United States laborers and 67 per cent Costa Ricans, the daily average had risen to 388 cubic meters per day. By January, 1945 with 28 per cent United States laborers and 72 per cent Costa Ricans, 1,025 cubic meters were moved per man per day; and by January 1946, with only 12 per cent United States laborers and 88 per cent Costa Ricans, the average had risen to 1,157 cubic meters per man per day.

Work was stopped on the north section of the road through Costa Rica at the beginning of the rainy season in January 1945. In the southern section, where work was continued through March 1946, the going was tougher. Yet during the last full month of construction the figures were: 1,005 cubic meters moved per man per day with 10 per cent United States laborers and 90 per cent Costa Ricans.

At first only United States men were employed on the more difficult jobs in the Costa Rican mountains, such as "cat skimmers." They got from \$400 a month up to, in a few cases, as much as \$700. This made the construction exceedingly expensive. Presently, as confidence in well-fed Costa Ricans mounted, they were trained to handle the "cats."

"It was quite an experience," wrote an American congressman who visited the camp



"... the local diggers stayed around to work, even on fiesta days ..."

while the construction was at its height, "to see the local Costa Rican workers handle the heavy cats and dozers. They are really skilled in their work. I wondered if any of the big cats ever got loose down those 1,200-foot spillovers. One of the engineers told me that infrequently this happened, but the boys usually rode them down without injury."

Most Central American nationals still seem to work best under an American foreman. In a narrow cut through the mountains, for instance, where laborers are crowded together, United States men appear to be able to organize the work more efficiently, so that they can carry on the whole operation without getting in each other's way. But it is thoroughly possible that, as they become more and more accustomed to the jobs, the Central Americans would do this much better, too.

Mr. Humbard says that both in camp (where native crews were trained for cooking, handling the meals, caring for food, and all the rest) and on construction work, the Central Americans acquired high efficiency. It is true that they were working under United States supervisors, but in Mr. Humbard's opinion, local nationals could have been trained for this work too. The reason they

were not was that supervisors from the United States were already on hand.

Some of the last work done in Central America for the Public Roads Administration was the fifteen-mile highway between Panama City and the Tocuman Airport, and on the airport itself. This was constructed in July 1946, after the bulk of the highway work was finished. A total of 126,180 cubic yards of concrete was poured by two paving units in a total of 101 elapsed days, or ninety-seven working days—an average of 1,270 cubic yards per day. It is the equivalent of about forty-two miles of twenty-foot highway, nine inches thick. So far as Mr. Humbard knows—he was in charge of the work and told me about it—this record is better than any that has ever been made in the United States. He calls the mixed crew “the best road-pouring outfit in the world,” and thinks that its output has never been equaled.

AN UNSKILLED laborer named Tully Pana applied for work while a stretch of road known as the Rio Hato Highway (reaching from Panama City to a big bomber airbase built during the war, seventy-five miles away) was being constructed. He was about thirty-five years old. Like most Central Americans, he was small, weighing perhaps 125 pounds. He soon worked up into the skilled labor class and became a “labor pusher,” a sub-foreman in charge of odds and ends. Then he was promoted to foreman and put in charge of laying pipe lines and drainage tiles. Today he is foreman of maintenance in charge of a crew of thirty men. After seven years he is now able to direct,

skillfully, the complicated work of a “mud-jacking crew” who have to raise and put in place great cement slabs that have settled too far into the mud as a result of Panama’s heavy rains.

Tully Pana, even though he may be well above the average of his countrymen in both luck and ability, stands for about 90 per cent of the forty-odd million Spanish-Indian Americans who live in the seven republics between us and the Isthmus of Panama. Mr. MacDonald believes this is clearly the lesson of the improvements that have followed the new highway: electric lights in towns that never thought of such things before, refrigerators, better sanitation, improved farming methods, improved live stock, improved pest control. Farmers who live near the road get better prices for their chickens and fresh vegetables; the city laborers get better food.

A road-check on the Inter-American Highway near Guatemala City shows a daily average of 170 trucks and buses, 200 cars, 100 ox-carts, 180 pack animals, and more than a thousand pedestrians. Indian women still trot along at four miles an hour with big baskets on their heads, carrying loads up to seventy-five pounds. The men move more slowly, carrying still heavier loads in a back-rack, with a sling across the forehead. But they look at the passing autos more and more longingly, week after week. The market for automobiles that the American Automobile Manufacturers dreamed about, a quarter of a century ago, may not yet be there, but the road for them to ride on is being built. Better food, made possible by better transportation, can work many wonders.



“But they look at the passing autos more and more longingly, week after week.”

The Supreme Court and Big Business

Harold Fleming

A DISTURBING legal situation has developed for American business in recent years. Americans have an endemic distrust of business, and particularly of big business. This distrust is as old as the Granger and Populist movements of the nineteenth century. It dictated the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890. It was expressed in the curious writings of the economist Thorstein Veblen, who has had a vast posthumous influence on present-day economic thinking. It is based upon the memory of the rapacity of many big concerns in the past, and upon a widespread fear that, even now, big ones will be able to shoulder little ones off the road and bring a virtual end to open competition. As a nation, we perennially worry about big business, as a problem. Like drink.

Traditionally and historically, the proper place for the consideration of such problems has been thought to be a legislative body such as Congress. But in recent years an entirely different branch of the federal government, namely the Supreme Court, has in effect been legislating on this subject. While the "old" Supreme Court frequently undid what Congress had done, the "new" Court now often does what Congress has refused to do—and particularly in relation to business.

"The judicial process is not well adapted,"

said Mr. Justice Jackson in a recent dissent (in the Standard Oil of California case), "to the exploration of such industry-wide, and even nation-wide questions." But it is being so used—and not merely in those gaps in the law where Congress has failed (for reasons best known to itself) to spell out exactly what it meant. The highest Court of the land has in recent years handed down a series of decisions about business which have gone far beyond the recorded wish of Congress. And the Court's interpretations of the sixty-year-old Sherman Anti-Trust Act now appear to have shattering implications for the whole structure and habit-pattern of American business.

As a result of these interpretations, sales managers and purchasing agents in thousands of firms are probably today and every day breaking the law in one way or another. Not by indulging in shady practices, or by making secret deals under the table, or by conspiring to hold up prices, or by intimidating competitors. They are breaking the law (in all probability) merely by doing business in ways that have always heretofore been considered fair, square, and above-board.

And the heads of the leading three or four companies in nearly every industry now seem to be (to judge by the latest interpretations

Mr. Fleming has worked abroad and in the major cities of this country on various assignments for business organizations and newspapers. As a financial writer for the Christian Science Monitor, he has followed the anti-trust story for years.

of the anti-trust law) walking round on borrowed time. They need not be doing anything wrong. Their legal danger is merely that they are running companies which "in and of themselves have attained the power to exclude competitors from the market."

Not long ago the chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, Mr. Lowell B. Mason, was talking to a Senate investigating committee about certain recent Supreme Court decisions on the use of what are called "basing point" prices. He said: "Under . . . these present decisions it is safe to say that we can take orders against 100,000 business men."

And Assistant Attorney-General Herbert A. Bergson stated last summer, and again in January 1950, that his anti-trust division has already adequate power, under present interpretations of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, to go after the "big threes" and "big fours" of American industry—"those corporate structures which in and of themselves have attained the power to exclude competitors from the market."

In short, the Supreme Court, in recent years, has interpreted (or "reinterpreted") the anti-trust laws in such a way that a host of business practices which were once taken for granted as legal, and which are still considered good honest business practices, are now legally questionable and possibly criminal.

II

LET'S take the use of quantity discounts. Every housewife knows them in such forms as "Ten Cents Each: Three for a Quarter." Every householder sees them on his electric light bill, which shows that the more juice he buys the less he pays per k.w.h. Every storekeeper knows that the price is lower by the case than by the unit. Quantity discounts are everywhere in the American price structure.

But in a recent Supreme Court case involving quantity discounts the Court majority wrote such a drastic decision that Justice Jackson, dissenting, said:

The Court uses overtones of hostility to all quantity discounts, which I do not find in the Act, but they are translated into a rule which is fatal to any discount the

[Federal Trade] Commission sees fit to attack. . . . The law in this case, in a nutshell, is that no quantity discount is valid if the Commission chooses to say it is not.

Now let's look at "uniform delivered prices." Everybody knows them from such ads as "Sold for 25 Cents Everywhere." Most branded goods, like razor blades, chewing gum, and magazines are sold that way. Other goods are sold under what business men call "zone pricing systems," of which a simple example would be "Price One Dollar East of the Rockies; Add 25 cents for the West Coast." Business men use much more complicated versions of "delivered price" systems in selling wholesale to other businesses.

But obviously if you sell your product at the same price everywhere, you don't get the same net return from all these places. You have to pay the freight. Thus if you make something in Troy, New York, and sell it "everywhere at the same price," you won't make as much on your sales in Los Angeles as on your sales in Troy—by the amount of the freight. A uniform price to all customers automatically means a variety of net returns to the seller.

Somewhere in Washington in recent years the idea got in circulation among government economists that it isn't fair for sellers to get a different "mill-net" from different customers. And they seem to have sold this idea to the Supreme Court. For in a recent major case (Cement) the Court majority said that it felt that the law "does not mean that it permits a seller to use a sales system which constantly results in his getting more money for like goods from some customers than from others."

EVERYBODY in business is familiar with the practice of matching competitors' prices. Housewives expect Jones to sell standard items just as cheap as Smith. "We will match any competitor's price" is the proud boast of many hard-hitting business firms.

And the matching of competitors' prices for standard goods is a universal habit in American business. Most of the time, everybody's prices for the same standard items are the same as everybody else's. Sometimes somebody changes, either up or down. Then

there is a "two-price market" for a while. But then either his competitors follow him (down or up) or he regrets his error and goes back to the former level. Such phrases as "the market" or "the going price" express the fact that for the same goods, in the same places, most sellers most of the time charge the same price.

Unfortunately, if a few feet are selected out of this moving picture of the American price system at work, during a lull when prices are standing still, the result can look just like a conspiracy. With everybody charging the same price, you can't tell offhand whether it's a conspiracy or a lull in a boat-race.

In the old Anglo-Saxon common law which we inherited, there were two protections to the individual in such a case. First, conspiracy had to be proved. Second, if there were two possible explanations of a course of conduct—an innocent and a criminal one—then the man had to be found innocent.

But in a number of federal anti-trust decisions, the courts have been whittling these protections away.

Thus in the Interstate Circuit case in 1939 the Supreme Court majority found that "it is elementary that an unlawful conspiracy may be and often is formed without simultaneous action or agreement on the part of the conspirators." Three dissenting justices said that this "went far beyond anything this Court has ever decided."

And in the Tobacco case (1946) the Court said: "No formal agreement is necessary to constitute an unlawful conspiracy. . . . The essential combination or conspiracy in violation of the Sherman Act may be found in a course of dealings or other circumstances as well as in an exchange of words."

And watch this curved ball pitched to American business by the Federal Trade Commission in an official release last year. It said, of an earlier case:

The Commission chose to rely on the obvious fact that the economic effect of identical prices, achieved through conscious parallel action, is the same as that of similar prices achieved through overt collusion; and for this reason the Commission treated the conscious parallelism of action as a violation of the Federal Trade Commission Act.

III

PRESIDENT TRUMAN in his economic report to Congress this year referred to the vast improvement in the standard of living of this country in the past fifty years—and hoped we could make the same progress in the next half-century.

Much of this progress has come from the strenuous work of individual companies in developing particular products, repeatedly improving them, and lowering the price. By such efforts these companies have often held on to most of the business in these new products, like the man who invented a better mouse-trap and the world beat a path to his door.

One of the first companies to do this was the Aluminum Company of America. For fifty years it had so consistently improved its methods, found new markets, expanded capacity, and lowered its price, that in 1940 it still had hardly any competition. Automobile manufacturers, for instance, once considered entering the field, but after careful study concluded they could buy aluminum cheaper from Alcoa than make it themselves.

Alcoa's 90 per cent of the business was in some senses a virtual monopoly. But it was not the kind of monopoly against which the Sherman Anti-Trust Act had been written—or at least so the courts seemed to have felt. Alcoa had not bought up or choked off competitors or committed the kind of "predatory acts" for which the Courts had previously looked. It had merely kept ahead of them.

But the Department of Justice sued Alcoa. And in a 1945 decision the federal Court, in condemning Alcoa, made the following remarkable statement. It was commenting on the Alcoa lawyers' claim that they had not "excluded" competitors (in the above sense). The Court replied:

Only in case we interpret "exclusion" as limited to maneuvers not honestly industrial, but actuated solely by a desire to prevent competition, can such a course . . . be deemed not "exclusionary."

We can think of no more effective exclusion than progressively to embrace each new opportunity as it opened, and to face

every newcomer with new capacity already geared into a great organization. . . .

THE Alcoa case was the first of a series of startling reinterpretations of the Sherman Act, the latest of which is the A & P case.

In the Tobacco case (1946) the Court went beyond the Alcoa case and said that the government, to prove a violation of the Sherman Act, need not even show that competitors had been excluded. (In this case the competitors had tripled their share of the business during the period under review.) The Court said:

The question squarely presented here . . . is whether actual exclusion of competitors is necessary to the crime of monopolization . . . such actual exclusion is not necessary . . . provided [the defendants] . . . have such power . . . and the intent and purpose to exercise that power. . . .

Neither proof of exertion of the power to exclude nor proof of actual exclusion of existing or potential competitors is essential to sustain a charge of monopolization under the Sherman Act. . . .

Two years later, however, in the Griffith case, the Court knocked out even the requirement of "intent." Said Justice Douglas for the majority:

It is . . . not always necessary to find a specific intent to restrain trade or to build a monopoly in order to find that the anti-trust laws have been violated. It is sufficient that a restraint of trade or monopoly results. . . .

In this case the lower court had "found that no competitors were driven out of business, or acquired by appellees, or impeded in their business by threats or coercion." But the Court nevertheless went on to say that "It cannot be doubted that the monopoly power of appellees had some effect on their competitors. . . ." And it sent the case back to the lower court with a veiled suggestion that the Griffith circuit be broken up.

Thus it seems that a company may now find itself violating the Sherman Act even though (1) it "excludes" competitors only by keeping ahead of them (Alcoa case) (2) it doesn't exclude them and doesn't even keep

ahead of them (Tobacco case); and (3) it doesn't exclude competitors and doesn't intend to (Griffith case).

When the Court is thinking of competitors who may be excluded, it doesn't think merely of existing competitors. It considers also possible would-be competitors. Thus in the Alcoa decision it was said that "It can make no difference whether an existing competition is put an end to or whether prospective competition is prevented." And in the Griffith case the Court said that "the anti-trust laws are as much violated by the prevention of competition as by its destruction."

IV

THESE decisions have led some corporation executives to claim that the government lawyers are making a broadside attack on big business generally—or in other words on "bigness per se."

The government lawyers reply that this isn't so at all. Assistant Attorney-General Bergson says he has never brought a case against a company merely because it was big, and never will.

Some anti-trust lawyers in New York reply that this is sheer legal double-talk; others say more politely that it is a distinction with very little difference, if any.

Thirty years ago, in the United States Steel case, the Supreme Court said that "mere size is not a violation of the Sherman Act." But a few years later, in the Swift & Company case, it added the comment that "size carries with it an opportunity for abuse that is not to be ignored when the opportunity is proved to have been utilized in the past."

With all the new interpretations, the Court has never reversed the U. S. Steel finding about size, nor explicitly condemned bigness in business. But it has been talking more and more about it. In the Tobacco case it said: "Without adverse criticism of it, comparative size on this great scale inevitably increased the power of these three [companies] to dominate all phases of the industry."

And in the Columbia Steel case the Court majority said: "In determining what constitutes unreasonable restraint . . . size has significance. . . ." But a four-justice minority signed a dissenting opinion written by Justice Douglas which said:

We have here the problem of bigness. Its lesson should by now have been burned into our memory by Brandeis. *The Curse of Bigness* shows how size can become a menace. . . . The philosophy of the Sherman Act is that it should not exist. . . . Industrial power should be decentralized. . . . That is the philosophy and command of the Sherman Act. . . .

And finally, in the Griffith case, Justice Douglas, this time speaking for the majority, said, "It was said in *U. S. versus United States Steel Corporation* that mere size is not outlawed. . . . But size is, of course, an earmark of monopoly power. . . ."

Since the dictionary defines "earmark" as "a mark of identification," and since the Supreme Court has been finding the possession of "monopoly power" to be a Sherman Act crime, the reader can draw his own conclusion. It seems hardly possible that there is a leading corporation in the United States which couldn't be found guilty under the new interpretations.

IT is not merely the first or leading corporation in an industry, however, which can now have the legal rug pulled from under it. In any given industry, not only the biggest but also the second, third, and perhaps (lawyers are not sure) even the tenth or twentieth biggest company can now, it would seem, be caught in the dragnet of a "monopoly power" charge.

For the Court's enlarged definition of conspiracy now enables the Anti-Trust Division to lump together a group of competitors and show that they have "monopoly power" as a group—which makes them all guilty. Yet to be tested is whether this new concept of conspiracy can be stretched to cover such a large number of companies as for instance the twenty or so "majors" in the petroleum industry.

Integrated companies may also run afoul of the Court's present ideas of conspiracy. Thus in the Schine case (1948) the Court said:

The concerted action of the parent company, its subsidiaries, and the named officers and directors in that endeavor was a conspiracy which was not immunized by reason of the fact that the members were closely affiliated rather than independent.

In fact the integrated business, one of the leading economic developments of the last fifty years, has also been put under a shadow of legal doubt by two other important decisions, in the cases of Paramount and of the A & P.

In the Paramount case the Anti-Trust Division had argued that vertical integration (as, for instance, manufacturing an article and also distributing and selling it) was illegal per se under the Sherman Act. The Supreme Court would not go that far. But it did say that "the legality of vertical integration . . . turns on (1) the purpose or intent with which it was conceived, or (2) the power it creates and the attendant purpose or intent." So it would seem at least a reasonable possibility that if the government lawyers went into court with an argument based on this and the Griffith case findings, they might obtain the break-up of nearly any integrated company of any economic importance they saw fit to attack.

In fact some members of the Supreme Court may already be willing to find that vertical integration is in itself illegal. This is only a guess. But Justice Douglas, in dissenting in the Standard Oil of California case (1949), made the perhaps significant remark about the Paramount case that ". . . a majority of the Court could not be obtained for holding illegal per se the vertical integration in the motion picture industry." And it was Justice Douglas himself who had written the majority finding in the Paramount case.

The A & P case seems like an even greater, though less direct, threat to integrated companies. Here the company was attacked by the government and criticized by the Court in effect because, as the government lawyers put it, the profits of manufacturing and wholesaling were used to "subsidize" the retailing divisions. This was called an "abuse" of integration, but the same kind of objection seems possible against almost any integrated operation.

V

NOW let us, as the courts sometimes say, view this large controversial matter "as a whole." It is obvious, to begin with, that it is the future, rather than the present, which is the focus of what is feared.

It is not that competitors are now being ruthlessly squeezed out, consumers gouged, and the door of opportunity closed. It is that this may happen in the future. The gist of the Court's action is prophylactic and preventive; and it is this, in fact, which brings it so much sympathy in Congress and with the public.

Thus the essence of the Supreme Court's new view of the law is in the fact that it is concerned with potential future abuses rather than past ones. "Actual exclusion" of competitors is not necessary to a Sherman Act violation; and the Court takes into account "prospective" and "putative" competitors as well as present ones.

The same fear of the future was expressed by Representative Emanuel Celler, head of the House judiciary sub-committee "on the study of monopoly power," when he said, referring to a recent Federal Trade Commission report: "Suppose that instead of 46 per cent of the total net capital assets being concentrated in 113 largest manufacturers, you have 96 per cent concentrated in 100 or 125 manufacturers; and *I fear that is going to be the result in the next 25 years.*" (Author's italics.)

Perhaps the peak in such apprehensions was reached in the Circuit Court's decision in the recent case of the New York Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company. Said the Court: "The inevitable consequence of [A & P's] whole business pattern is to create a chain reaction of ever-increasing selling volume and . . . purchasing power for A & P, and for its competitors, . . . conceivably, ultimate extinction."

THERE are reasons for doubting such a trend, or that, to paraphrase an old saying, "the big are getting bigger and the small are getting smaller." It doesn't seem to be working that way. The big ones, true, are getting bigger—but only proportionately; the little ones also are getting bigger, as well as more numerous. There seems to be some kind of balance at work, as in nature, and without the intercession of conscious economic planning.

Thus, for instance, figures published in the past two years by the Commerce Department and Federal Reserve Board would seem to indicate that (1) the number of separate business enterprises, in relation to the non-farm population, is about the same as fifty

years ago; and (2) in recent years the small and middle-sized firms have actually grown faster than the big ones.

And the alleged trend is sometimes quite a legal fiction. Thus in the A & P case the government brief charged that "the picture . . . is one of an ever-broadening . . . spiral of monopoly and trade restraint in the hands of A & P." But during the period under review A & P's share of the nation's grocery business fell. And in recent years independents in this field have been gaining at the expense of chains, voluntary at the expense of incorporated chains, local at the expense of national chains, and other national incorporated chains at the expense of A & P. And in the above-mentioned Tobacco case, in the period under review, the little fellows tripled their share of the cigarette business.

A recent study by the Federal Trade Commission of *The Concentration of Productive Facilities, 1947*, of twenty-six selected industries, shows a widespread big-three and big-four dominance. But this study is not comparative with previous years. It relates, for instance, that in 1947 the United States Steel Corporation had some 35 per cent of the ingot capacity of the industry, but does not mention that thirty years earlier, Big Steel had 60 per cent. In general the percentages of concentration shown for 1947 for the various industries were actually unchanged or shrunk from a generation earlier.

There are reasons for this "dynamic stability" in the relations between big and little business. For one, bigness seems to fit with some industries, like petroleum, tobacco, and rubber processing, and not others, like textiles, printing and publishing, and apparel. For another, big firms can't move fast enough to compete with little ones in some fields, any more than foxes can compete with chipmunks, or oaks with ferns.

In fact the managements of many large corporations are acutely aware, for business reasons, of the desirability of "sticking to their last." For instance the Bell system has shucked off its developments in radio and sound movies, and most recently, with some sentimental wrench, in hearing aids, since these were what started Alexander Graham Bell on his telephone experiments. But "our business," say telephone men, "is two-way communication. Period." Some of the giant oil

companies have kissed off developments in chemicals into which their laboratories were leading them; on the other hand the president of du Pont recently said. "We feel that the chemical industry is our business . . . where we can make a substantial technical contribution, that is our opportunity. Where we do not make a substantial contribution, we leave it to others who can."

Nor is big business as impervious to trouble and failure as some people fear (or hope). Like the sequoias, big firms reach their limit; and the limit is marked, as in biology, by casualties. A nearly 20 per cent mortality of managements of large companies since 1930 may be reassuring to those who fear big business will take over the earth.

The relations between big and little business seem—again to resort to biological analogy—to involve less competition than cooperation, and mostly "symbiosis." More men are employed selling, servicing, and repairing cars than in making them. Some of the giant firms have thousands of suppliers and thousands of customers.

THE present effort to protect the country against a danger which may not be as bad as feared, involves heavy cost and risk, especially because of the way it is being done. The law is confused. Innovation is discouraged. And the consumer may get hurt.

And whether or not the danger is as great as some people conceive, the present method of preparing against it sometimes has the earmarks of frivolity. Thus in a bare 5-4 majority the Supreme Court recently upset the legality of seven thousand dealer contracts and the possible legality of several score thousand more in the oil, automobile, farm machinery, and other industries. Congress should have the say on such things. This was the case in which Justice Jackson, dissenting, was moved to say that the judicial process "is not well adapted to the exploration of such industry-wide and even nation-wide questions." And the Supreme Court majority itself remarked in the Columbia Steel case: "It is not for the courts to determine the course of the nation's economic development."

Up-State Cellar Hole

FRED LAPE

BLACKBERRIES tangle among the cellar stones, sumac splits the tumbled wall, ash and swamp maples riot where once a dooryard flowered with children—their graves in Vicksburg, Canton, Ypres.

Circle complete, forest to forest, one crest
of flowering man back to the many flowering trees.
And from it what? Maybe a thought gone sliding
through a few minds, a sampler on some later wall,
a window trim copied on a few thousand houses,
and here in the new forest a covered backfurrow.

Circle of Athens, circle of Nineveh and Chichen Itzá,
circle for New York and Buenos Aires: earth to art,
and back to earth; the living man to the idea;
the living idea but the dead man; and at the end
the flowering trees beautiful over the crumbling stone.



The Inspector

A Story by

John Fraiser Robinson

Drawings by Lou Block

AS HE drove along over the rocky gravel roads winding through cutover long-leaf pine, red clay banks and past shabby shotgun houses, the inspector, on his way to investigate today's case, kept thinking of yesterday's—the suicide of a young man, younger than himself. There had not been much of a clue as to motive, only that he had failed in his first business venture, timber cutting and logging in a hilltop corner of the county—too small a thing, everybody said, since any number of people would have lent him the money he needed. To the inspector it all seemed circumstantial and useless and the words of a grocery clerk he had interviewed kept recurring to him. "Ever see the guy?" the clerk had asked. "Why, he could have dug ditches and lived."

He had been counting off the houses as he passed and now he stopped before the one he was looking for.

The house was painted white on the front, the sides were raw pine with a rash of knot whorls like a thousand eyes. Zinnias filled the flower beds on both sides of the front door, the flowers pinched and old before their time, starved for water, blooming prematurely; parched death advancing up their stalks.

The lot next to this one sloped upward, vacant of houses, crowned with pines, a few of the trees very tall. The lot was covered

all over with dark round mounds of Cherokee roses, solid and assertive, pushing out long tentacles of white single flowers, surviving from times when they and the pines were part of the virgin forest. A path, worn into a ditch-like rut, wound into this maze of bushes—they towered above it twice as high as a man's head.

The inspector only glanced that way as he sat in his car but even in that short time a rabbit jumped from one bush to another, signing the air with a flourish of white tail. The heat lay visible in waves. He closed his eyes and still the glare went up in rings under the lids. Taking a notebook out of his pocket, he swore at the sight of his soggy shirt sticking to his body. Still sitting under the steering wheel, he flicked the pages until he came to one marked "Jim E. Thomas—Urgent." He read the notes from the home office of his company and the questions at the end: "Is double indemnity involved? Was our insured the aggressor?"

Opening the door of the car, he put one foot out. "Christ, I hope she doesn't cry," he said, the thought making him feel suddenly tired. He reached for the car key and it fell to the floor. Leaning over to pick it up there flitted through his mind an irrelevant and fragmentary scene—something that happened to him once in some anonymous hotel. When he came up with the key, there was a faint

smile of self-satisfaction on his face, and in his eyes a sudden tenderness and a sort of dependence—dependence upon the world.

Mrs. Thomas answered his knock on the door. She was a frail woman and walked in a stooped, hurried fashion, rubbing her hands together as though to keep them warm. She had a pinched, driven face and hair that was a tangled mixture of black and grey, like dead moss.

"Oh!" she said, as though relieved and the inspector was someone expected. "Come in out of the heat."

He tried to tell her who he was and why he was there but she seemed to take it in only vaguely, as though she never understood at all, as though understanding were not necessary.

"I declare it's so hot today," she said, pulling forward a chair. "I'll just leave the front door open."

They sat in the front room, a sort of hallway living room. The pine boards of the wall exuded drops of resin. A magazine cut-out was pasted on the wall before him, a colored picture of a barefoot boy fishing in a miniature pool, a dog beside him.

Mrs. Thomas perched stiffly on her chair. She fumbled at arranging a wrinkled scarf on a folded-up sewing machine. Behind her a vanity dresser, oak-veneered, garish, ambitious for this room and house, reflected the movement three times. A kewpie doll, baby and harlot obscenely mixed, stood in front of one mirror, its fat hands extended in a coy gesture, as though playfully repulsing a lover.

The inspector wanted to be sympathetic but he never could hit on any satisfactory professional attitude. Besides interviewing widows, he often had to consult undertakers about dead bodies, and his many experiences with their reception—the limp hand extended, the voice too quiet, too full of concern—had led to a manner more brusque than he intended. But for Mrs. Thomas no overture was necessary. She didn't demand anything; she was only solicitous for him, now pushing forward another chair.

"I forgot that one's got a rickety leg," she said. "I been trying to get Junior to fix it."

She sat down again, pushed at her hair, folded her wrinkled hands on her lap. It seemed to the inspector it was the hands



"Seems like once started he couldn't stop."

that were waiting. He shifted self-consciously.

"Well, Mrs. Thomas, suppose you just begin at the beginning and tell me what happened, how long you were married, what led up to the—his death—just the whole story, if you please."

"I will do my best," she said. "The Lord knows what a trial it is to me but I try to be cheerful around the children. The Lord won't put upon us more than we can bear, they say."

"How long we are married, you say?" she began, thoughtfully. "Mr. Thomas and I been married three years and seven months this coming Tuesday. My first husband died and Mr. Thomas and his first wife divorced. I never did know why. He never said and I figured it was none of my business to ask. Drink, I reckon. I have two children by my first husband, none by him—Junior and Eula Lee. Junior is eighteen and Eula Lee will be sixteen next month."

"Mr. Thomas was a good man when he wasn't drinking, a man to be around his home. He built this house with his own hands, laid off from the mill a month. But he *would* drink on pay day. When he cashed his check, he would have a drink and seems like once started he couldn't stop. Then he would get mad and seem to see everything different from what it was. We would all try to please him then. He would say things



"I could hear him breathing hard."

that didn't make sense. His people said he was part Indian and he did seem like it too, the way he would fly off the handle and the way he liked knives.

"He always carried a knife on him. Two months ago he drew the butcher knife on me and looked like he was going to cut me. I run out of the kitchen and all the way to my sister's house—Mrs. Scoggin, down the road. Christmas time last year he come into our room, the front room there, and I was sleeping on the bed. I didn't even know he was home and when I looked up, he was standing over me with that two-bladed sharp knife. I screamed and jumped up and he laughed and slashed a hole clear across the counter-pin. I can show you. I sewed it up but you can still see where it was. He would lay down and grit his teeth when he got mad."

THE inspector tugged at his damp collar. He had been studying a cactus plant on the window sill, a cluster of tight, small spheres in a coffee can.

"It was last Saturday it happened," she continued. "I stayed home most of the day and then about laying-off time I got Mrs. Brimmer next door to go with me to meet him. We come on home from the mill and later we went to town to the grocery store, him and me, and paid our bill and got our groceries. Then Mr. Thomas said we would go to the saloon. I didn't want to as I don't drink, but I went and drank one bottle of beer with him. I had to buy Eula Lee a hair ribbon then and I went to the dime store. When I come out, he was gone. I waited and when he come back I knew he was drinking and I told him please not to drink any more."

She reached out again to even the scarf on the sewing machine. The inspector wiped his face and folded his wet handkerchief.

"He didn't start to get mad until we got home. That was about six o'clock. I started to fix something for supper but I seen he was getting mad so I just put the things away quiet-like. He went out the back door and stood in the chicken yard, then he come back through the house and went out the front door. He mumbled something about going back to town. I didn't want people to know there was any trouble so I didn't try to stop him or call him back. I just went out to the edge of the lot and watched him down the highway. He didn't look back. When he was out of sight I knew there would be some trouble but didn't think it would amount to so much.

"I waited about an hour, all the time getting more worried. Junior had robbed a wild bee hive and I tried to pick out the bees from the honey—you know how they all fall in the honey and drown when they are being robbed. Then I called to Mrs. Brimmer and asked her if she'd go with me to look for him. She said she would when she put her kids to bed. I went back in the kitchen and cut me a piece of pie and then I heard somebody at the back door. I looked around and saw Mr. Thomas had come in.

"He said: 'You haven't gone to bed yet?' I said: 'No.' He said: 'Why?' I said: 'Because I was afraid to go to bed by myself.' He started cussing and calling me names. 'Where's Eula Lee?' he said. 'Gone to the carnival with Velma,' I said. He got real mad and said: 'A hell of a raisin' she's getting from you. You'll make a—he called a bad

name—out of her yet.' I asked him if he wanted me to fix him some coffee. He said: 'No, I don't want you to do anything for me.'

"I knew he was bad drunk then. I stayed in the kitchen and he went through Eula Lee's room into our room. I heard him pulling off his clothes and tearing them and throwing away his shoes. I passed through the room and noticed that he was lying on the floor nekkid with a pillow under his head.

"I fooled around a bit, I didn't want to go to bed. There was only him and me there and I just didn't know what to do. I unlatched the back screen and went around to the front and sat on the front steps and put my ear to the door to see if I could hear him sleeping. I could hear him gritting his teeth and breathing hard. I eased up from there and went back to the kitchen and cut a piece of pie and laid it on a plate to take to Mrs. Brimmer. Just as I started out I heard him getting up saying: 'The back is open.'

"I stepped behind some clothes I had hanging in Eula Lee's room to dry. He looked for me but didn't find me so he started putting on his clothes and cussing. Knowing he was getting madder, I went in. He didn't say anything, just kept putting on his clothes. I got my shoes and clothes off in a hurry and got in bed so he would see me, thinking he would go to bed.

"He was hunting for his shoes and I asked him what he wanted. 'I'll show you,' he said. Just then Junior come in and said: 'Mr. Thomas, what are you doing?'

"Mr. Thomas turned on him and said: 'Where have you been?' He started cussing Junior. I could see Junior getting mad and I said: 'Junior hasn't been anywhere,' and I motioned Junior to go on out. From that we got into an argument about Junior and he said I let Junior and Eula Lee run around all night and that I was running after Gus, that's Mr. Scoggin, my brother-in-law. He always talked about Mr. Scoggin when he got drunk. Mr. Scoggin and I knew each other when we were growing up—a long time ago. That was long ago in Mississippi.

"He was sitting on the bed. It was almost nine o'clock I guess, I didn't look at the clock. He looked at me kind of funny, then, all of a sudden, grabbed one of my arms and I saw he had his pocket knife open. I broke away and run out the back door to Mrs. Brimmer's

house. I run up her back steps and tried to open her screen but it was hooked and before I could get away he caught me. He twisted my arm and the next thing I knew I was back here and I was nearly dead, my heart is so bad, and he still had a-hold of me."

She put her hand to her flat chest and touched a breast-pin that was yellow gold with one murky diamond in a grimy setting.

"I told him to please get the doctor, I was smothering to death; so he turned me loose. I was barefoot and in my nightgown. The house was dark and I could hear him going from room to room plundering through drawers, looking for something in the dark. I cut on the lights.

" 'Where is my knife?' he said. 'I don't know,' I said. It was the dirk knife he was looking for, I knew, sharp on both sides. 'Get it right now,' he said. I made like I was looking for it and when I got near the door I run out the back and to Mrs. Brimmer's house.



"I stepped behind some clothes I had drying."

"This time she had left the screen open. She didn't turn on the lights, just told me to hide in the closet. I did but I got to thinking that any minute my boy might come back and Mr. Thomas would stab him. I come out and started looking through the windows. The lights were all off again and as I was looking Eula Lee come up and there was a boy with her. She didn't go to the front door—they tiptoed around the house holding hands, going to the wild rose bushes on the vacant lot."

Looking at the cactus plant again, with its blue-pink blossoms on frail arteries, the inspector all at once remembered what the texture of the flower reminded him of—naked baby birds.

"—and then he said to Mrs. Brimmer: 'Don't lie to me, Mrs. Brimmer!' I peeped out and saw him standing there with the moonlight in his face. The way he turned and went back through the house from the front to the back and out into the chicken yard, I thought he was going out to kill himself. Just then Mr. Scoggin drove up and I run out in my nightgown and got in the car. Mr. Scoggin said he would try to talk to Mr. Thomas but when Mr. Thomas came running out of the house like he was in a mad fit, Mr. Scoggin ran back to the car and got in and tried to close the door, but Mr. Thomas got there first and when we started up, he just hung on the door and Mr. Scoggin never could get it closed.

"I tried to hide down in the seat and Mr. Scoggin tried to shove him off with one hand and drive with the other. We nearly run into a telephone post and Mr. Scoggin had to stop the car.

"He said: 'So there you are!' and reached in and hit Mr. Scoggin in the face with his fist. Mr. Scoggin gave him a push with his foot and he fell back in the ditch. I seen the long knife then, sticking in his belt.

"We drove to town and tried to find somebody to help. It must have been way past midnight. We hunted and hunted but couldn't find a soul. When we got back to Mr. Scoggin's house we seen two people standing on the porch. It was Mr. Thomas and Junior.

"Mr. Thomas started out but Junior grabbed him and said: 'Where are you going?' 'To kill Gus Scoggin and cut his head

off,' he said. 'Leave the knife,' Junior said. 'You can lick *him* with your fists.' We got out of the car and Mr. Thomas broke away from Junior. Mr. Scoggin got back in the car. Junior grabbed him again and said: 'Please don't act that away, Mr. Thomas.' 'Don't try to hold me,' Mr. Thomas said, 'or I'll cut *your* head off.' 'Don't do that,' Junior said, and drew back his other hand and hit Mr. Thomas one time.

"I never said anything. I saw Mr. Thomas fall to the ground. Then I saw Eula Lee come up and she picked up the knife off the ground. Mrs. Scoggin had come out of the house and Eula Lee handed her the knife.

"I wanted to go to Mr. Thomas but Junior told me to go away, that he would be all right in a few minutes. But I went back and looked at him again. He seemed mighty quiet and so I got some water and sprinkled on his face to make him come to. He didn't move and I told Junior that I believed Mr. Thomas was dead.

"I went and got Mrs. Brimmer and we went to look for the doctor to see if he could bring him to. When we got back the doctor was already there. He pronounced Mr. Thomas dead, then come over and give me some medicine for my heart. He said Mr. Thomas died of a whiskey heart and it was just as much of a accident and couldn't be helped as if a child had run in front of your car."

HER hands were on her lap. There had been no tears. The inspector stood up as though he had suddenly thought of something and was in a hurry to leave.

"May I just look around outside, Mrs. Thomas? To describe it in my report?" He took a step towards the door. From the outside a boy in blue jeans and a sport shirt walked in. His sleeves were rolled high, his well-developed biceps bulging below them.

"This is Junior." The boy looked surly, extended a flabby hand, never looking the inspector in the eye. He said nothing but passed through the room, going toward the back of the house.

"Just a minute and I'll show you the counterpin where he cut it."

"Never mind, Mrs. Thomas. That's all right," the inspector said.

"No trouble." She pushed open the door of the front room. "Right here on the bed."

The bed was iron, with a curlicue design; the bedspread was chenille, faded orange, with scattered tufts of embroidery, like a broken string of beads thrown on it. Above the head of the bed hung a motto, trimmed with a border of cherubs bearing lilies: *He Will Come Again*.

Going to his car the inspector looked once more towards the Cherokee bushes. Full of shadow now, dense, they seemed to incorporate something separate and forbidding in their depths, as though each sheltered an ogre in its bosom. There was an odor of dust and pine. Behind the house Junior was chopping wood—the loud blows of the axe rang out through the tall trees.

As he approached the town he could see the courthouse clock in the tower—7:18. The barber shop was closed. All the stores were closed except the drugstore and no one was in sight there. The square was empty of people—one car was just disappearing behind a building. A thick yellow light pervaded the square giving extra clarity to things—garbage cans showed in all dimensions, standing out singly on the corners, telephone poles looked taller, the iron fence around the courthouse was now more a fence than just an ornament.

In the distance a train whistled, low and mournful, as though beginning the saddest journey. It seemed to the inspector that something had happened here, suddenly, to call people away, some event or tragedy—a fire,

an accident, or something beyond his imagination, and he was the only one not knowing.

He found the hotel, set back from the street, with its lawn of parched grass and dying shrubbery. There was a clatter of dishes, sad too. The rumble of the train had settled into a reconciled, diminishing retreat. Overhead in the trees the sparrows had settled for the night. A wave-like twittering ran through their ranks, as though a chill wind had passed that way. He imagined them huddling closer together on their branches. He slammed the car door shut and for a moment his hand was arrested in that motion.

He carried his bag into the hotel. A somber clerk stood behind the desk. He bent forward slightly from the hips as he pushed his desk pad before the inspector, light from above glinting on his skull, beneath his scanty hair. He watched the inspector write his name, selected a key, rapped once with it on the desk. From somewhere in the back of the room a sleepy Negro porter came and picked up the key.

The porter took the bag and started shuffling up the steps. The inspector hesitated, then moved off mechanically, following the porter, one step up, then the next, his hand grasping the stair rail. The porter led him through a maze of dark corridors and he followed blindly, anticipating a light snapped on, a room lit up, a door closed at last.



"Eula Lee come up and there was a boy with her."

What the Wrights Really Invented

Wolfgang Langewiesche

WHAT exactly did the Wright Brothers invent? Every once in a while a silly controversy gets started because somebody discovers that *almost* everything about the airplane was really quite well understood long before the Wrights, and he announces, "They didn't invent the airplane after all!"

You can answer that simply: they were the first to make an airplane do level, sustained flight; and that is *that*. Also, for many years afterward, their airplanes flew better than their competitors'; so it was not by luck that they were first. But let's take the opposite side for a moment. Let's see what was known by the Wrights' time and what-all they did not have to invent.

By 1900, many people knew that flying could be done without a balloon, on *wings*. They understood the wing. They knew it would have to be an "inclined plane," set at an "angle of attack." As the machine went forward, the wing would catch the air and wash it downward, and the air would, in reaction, push it upward. They knew the wing would have to be curved, in cross section, rather than a true plane.

More than that: men had actually flown on wings, back in the nineties. Chiefly Otto Lilienthal, whom the Wrights considered their teacher. Though it was only downward-gliding flight, it was flight: sustained steady motion through the air. Lilienthal cracked

up finally; dying, he said in his stiff German something that has been invisibly written ever since on every flight test hangar: "Sacrifices must be made." The news of his death was what got the Wrights started.

The few who were interested also knew how you might get flight without loss of altitude: the wing would have to be driven forward against the air by a propeller. Propellers had been driving steamships for many decades. Propellers had already driven balloon-type airships. It was clear that this propeller would have to be turned by an engine, most likely an automobile engine. Back in the nineties, Sir Hiram Maxim had built a very large airplane with huge propellers driven by a steam engine. It never flew. It was restrained by rails. Had it not been restrained, it would almost certainly have capsized or tumbled in the very act of lifting-off; just as later on many a new helicopter capsized, for lack of control, before it could get itself quite air-borne. But Maxim's monster did develop enough lift to break the restraining rails! It then cracked up.

So, by the Wrights' time, there was no longer a deep mystery to "sustentation" in the air, nor to "propulsion" either. Even the configuration of the airplane was quite clearly envisaged. The wings would have to be long and slender. There would have to be a boom with stabilizing fins. A British mathematician

Mr. Langewiesche's duties as a research pilot and his curiosity about the "push and suction of fast-flowing air" have led him to a number of discoveries about the nature of flying. A book of his Flight Reports will be published this fall.

had already calculated the motions of an airplane with stabilizing tail. And some "artists' conceptions" of airplanes, drawn long before the Wrights, look more modern to our eyes than the Wrights' own machine!

THEN what did the Wrights do? In the first place, a brilliant job of what one now calls research and development. They built a wind-tunnel and systematically measured the forces that act on a wing in flight. In doing this they had to use, self-trained engineers though they were, some highly sophisticated, quite abstract concepts—too abstract to explain here. No—they had to create those concepts before they could use them! The notion that the Wrights were tinkerers is very far from the mark. Using their own data, they gave their wing the right plan-form and the right curvature, in cross section. They got a wing that had more lift with less drag than earlier wings. They made similar improvements in the propeller. They started by creating a mathematical theory of propeller action; and they finally got a pair of airscrews that were highly efficient in converting engine power into forward thrust.

Mostly in those two ways—a better wing, a better prop—they juggled the equation of flight until it yielded, instead of a minus item, a plus item: instead of a machine that barely would *not* carry itself in level flight, one that did—by a respectable margin.

The Wrights did all this in their spare time; they spent less than \$2,000 on the whole project, including even their own train fares to Kitty Hawk. It was one of the most remarkable performances of the human mind—though it takes an aeronautical engineer to see it. They did it with an uncanny sureness, almost without misstep, as if they had been under hypnotic guidance from a present-day professor of aeronautical engineering.

In a sense, this was the basic part of their work. A flying machine is, of course, nothing if it cannot keep itself up. Still, it is not the key part of the Wrights' work. It could probably have been done by any good engineering outfit—in ten years, on a budget of \$2,000,000. In this phase, that powerful double mind still dealt only with concepts which already existed—wing and propeller. And if the work was brilliant, it was actually better than it need have been. The Wrights could have built a

much poorer airplane and still have flown it—with what they invented. Later on, in Europe and here, poorer airplanes *were* flown—with what the Wrights invented.

WHAT they invented—the thing that jumped all-new from their heads—was control of flight: control by changing the shape of the airplane. Up to their time, such airplanes as had been flown at all (gliders, of course) had been controlled mostly by shifting *weight*. The pilot hung underneath the machine. He banked it, unbanked it, made it nose up or nose down by swinging his legs about; or—it's the same thing really—he wrestled the machine into the desired attitude with his strong arms.

That was perhaps barely good enough for a light glider. It would never have done for an airplane; no man was strong-armed enough and heavy enough to wrestle with all the forces a rotating engine and a blasting prop would create.

Particularly, the Wrights invented control of bank. They knew what student pilots have trouble learning even now: an airplane turns by banking. If you just lean it over to the left, it will curve to the left—much like a bicycle ridden no-hands. So, if they could get control of bank, it would not only mean they could keep the airplane from capsizing; they would have a way to make it fly curves or steer it straight at will. Without this control, they couldn't have flown the best airplane. With it, they could have flown a barn door.

They rigged up an arrangement of levers and cables that bent the wing-tips out of shape. It would bend one wing-tip rear-edge-down, so that it plowed into the air at more of an "angle of attack" and pushed the air down harder and made more lift. At the same time it would bend the other wing-tip rear-edge-up, so that it would make less lift: the lift-difference between the two wing-tips made the airplane bank or unbank. It was a little thing, but it was the key to practical flying.

II

ALL this, and what follows, has been accurately described by Fred C. Kelly, the Wrights' devoted and able biographer. What it gets here is merely a little pointing-up by a pilot. For it goes right to the heart of

the art of piloting, not only as it stood then, but as it stands now. The Wrights' understanding of flight was sheer genius.

The Wrights' wing-warping was a little thing, but it was deep. It contained an invention-in-an-invention. When they first tried it, on the glider on which all their key work was done, it did not work. When they tried to bank to the *right*, the airplane's nose slewed sidewise to the *left*, and then the ship banked to the left! The Wrights recognized the trouble right away. It was this: when you warped the left wing-tip into a shape that made more lift, you also got more drag out there. When you warped the right wing-tip for less lift, you also got less drag on that side; so the left wing lagged behind, the right wing slid forward, the nose slewed around to the left—and then the whole left wing went sort of dead, from lack of enough forward speed against the air; and it sank down. The Wrights reasoned: the airplane needs a right-left rudder, like a ship's rudder, by which you can counteract this wrong-way slew; *then* it will bank all right. They built such a rudder. They tied the cables directly to the wing-warping control; so, whenever they moved the stick to warp their wings, they would automatically also deflect this tail-rudder to counteract the wrong-way slew. Now the machine banked and unbanked all right, and *that* was the invention that made the invention work that made the airplane fly.

Rather technical. But if this were more widely understood it might help stop useless squabbling in this strangely squabblesome field. You see, some historians and some of the Wrights' detractors have claimed that wing-warping was not original with the Wrights. They claim to distinguish the idea in the Prior Art, especially in the thinking of Mouillard, author of *L'empire de l'air*, published in 1881. The courts never did find so, in the many patent suits the Wrights later had, both here and abroad. But it does not matter at any rate: wing-warping alone would not have worked. It was wing-warping in conjunction with a controllable vertical tail that did the trick.

AND that was so much more brilliant than you think! Forty years later the average engineering text or how-to-fly book understood flying much less well. The

Wright's understanding was so advanced that their real ideas took a poor hold on flying people. Right in the early years, their mechanized tie-up between the banking-control and the nose-right, nose-left rudder was cut; partly for good reasons, partly for poor ones. Control of nose-right-or-left was made independent of control of bank. The job of working the right-left rudder was given to the pilot's feet, while his hand on the stick controlled the bank. So now the pilot had to learn to "co-ordinate," as we now say: use just enough footwork at just the right time to accompany his handwork. This introduced into flying its biggest, most tedious difficulty. When you learn to fly, you spend more time on "co-ordination" than on anything else. You fly endless S-turns and eights, "chandelles," "lazy eights"—all mostly to learn this footwork. During the war, more men were washed out of primary flight training for "poor co-ordination" than for any other cause: all simply because we try to do by "feel" and muscle what the Wrights did by tying two control-cables to one stick.

And that isn't all. Now the pilot found he could swing his nose right or left simply by footwork, without even banking the airplane. He promptly got the idea that this was the way to steer an airplane: steer it like a ship. If you want to go to the left, just push with your left foot and swing your nose to the left.

The effect was disastrous; the airplane skidded; often, when a pilot wanted to make a turn, he kicked himself into a spin. The ordinary turn became the most dangerous maneuver in flying—almost every time an airplane fell out of control and crashed, it was in turning flight that the pilot had lost control. As late as 1940 one could say that pilots, as a group, did not know how to make a turn! And one could back that up with statistical evidence.

And even that is not all. Now that the pilot did have this idea of turning steamship-fashion, by rudder (rather than bird-fashion, by banking), he found it even harder to "co-ordinate." The art of flying, which is simple, got itself involved in contradictions. What a pilot *did* and what he *said* he did became two different things. He *did* (if he flew right) just what the Wrights had done: he controlled the turn by banking the airplane; and every time he used his banking control he also used

a little by-play of rudder. But he *said*, in the instruction he gave, in the manuals he wrote, that he controlled the turn by rudder. He *said* that at the same time he blended in some bank, just enough to fit the rate of turning and make him sit comfortably in his seat, without sidewise pull. To do this is, logically, about the same as driving a screw into a piece of wood and hammering it in at the same time. You *should* do one; you *can* do the other; but you can't do both. But that's what the books said to do, what the instructors claimed they were showing you. Naturally, "co-ordination" became extra difficult. Actually, the co-ordination between stick and rudder is fairly easy, if you have the Wrights' idea of what the rudder is for. Actually, therefore, flying does not require much co-ordination in the proper sense of the word—accurate control of your own body. It's easier to "co-ordinate" on your rudder pedals than to co-

ordinate on clutch, accelerator, gear-shift, and wheel as you set your car in motion. But the poor student was trying to do something by co-ordination that could not be done! Naturally, flying became a mysterious knack. You learned it finally by "feel"; you learned not because of the ideas you had about it, but despite them.

By 1935, the airplane with mechanical tie-up between rudder and banking control was reinvented—with important improvements—as a highly foolproof, simple-to-fly airplane. But for years many pilots claimed you couldn't really "fly" it. Or, if you could, you shouldn't. If a fellow didn't have to "co-ordinate" stick and rudder, then why fly at all? That's what flying was all about! Then came the war, and a lot of fresh brains went into flying. By now our understanding of flight is almost back to where the Wrights were circa 1900.

Oscillogram

DAVID McCORD

NEWS drifted back that nothing had gone forward;
Abroad, most countries had their ups and downs.
Areas X and 5 from peace moved warward,
Smiles on official faces countered frowns.

Steadily to and fro, the sentry pacing
Noted the common dark of east and west.
Pulses so quiet yesterday were racing;
Questions unanswered turned to riddles guessed.

Open and shut, the diplomatic pouches
Swallowed and spewed antiphonal yes and no;
The supersonic kick drew sonic *ouches*!
Each international ebb acknowledged flow.

So it continued. Inside out, the papers
Shifted the news from left to right at will.
Behind the smoke, ahead one sensed the vapors:
Still climbing toward the light we slid down hill.

After Hours

THE eagerness of British manufacturers to cut themselves a thicker slice of the American automobile market is both flattering and oddly unnerving. This country is still callow enough to enjoy being cuddled up to by the heirs of empire, but at the same time we can see a cynical view of ourselves reflected in their calculations. This low estimate seemed to me implicit in the exhibition of British cars which took place in New York during the early part of April, and in the presence of two brave British knights—both named Sir William (Rootes and Welch)—who stood by to see that all went well. When the two Sir Williams made urbane and enticing speeches at an industrial cocktail party in honor of the show a week before it opened, their position vis-à-vis the assembled journalists put the generalities of loans, Marshall Plans, and dollar gaps in a coldly personal light: somebody, ultimately, had to woo somebody else.

The party went well, as far as I could judge, compared to any of the like that American companies habitually force on the press, but I was relieved and delighted when a staff-member of a mechanical engineering magazine suggested that we might as well talk to each other since neither of us knew anybody else. "I go to a lot of these affairs," he said, "but I just barely recognize the regulars. You see those two gentlemen standing close to the canapés? Those are the representatives of the United Press. They are here to eat." He went on to express admiration for the scale on which the catering had been arranged. "Now there are three kinds of canapés. The number-three canapés are cold. These are hot. These are the number-one canapés."

The category-one approach serves the

Britons well, for their show had been put in a decorative setting by the industrial designer Walter Dorwin Teague, a decided improvement over the bare armory in which last year's collection of foreign cars appeared. This time it was all British, and the natural thinness of an automobile crop was compensated for by the inclusion of deisel engines, accessories, motorcycles, that basic form of British transport, the bicycle, and a number of automobile celebrities, including the Humber staff car used by Field Marshal Montgomery in North Africa and Italy. As I passed by it during the preview opening, the latter had been taken over by publicity men, young ladies, and photographers.

"Oo-o-o-oh," said one of the models. "What's this?"

"This is Monty's car," said the press agent.

"Oo-o-o-oh," said the lady.

The willingness of Sir William and Sir William (who during this same preview were seated in solitary conference in the rear of a Sunbeam-Talbot sedan) to undergo this ordeal by public relations is deeply touching, especially since—as one of them said in his speech—even if they achieve their aim of quadrupling British sales in America they will still have reached only one per cent of American auto production, scarcely a figure to scare Detroit into reforming its ways. But this they must do in order to make Britain economically respectable, and they have baldly chosen to court us in our own language—with number-one canapés, with popping flash bulbs, and with cars that look like monotonous parodies of our own. The hope has been expressed before that the popularity of foreign designs might eventually convince American manufacturers of the error of pro-

ducing bloated bodies encrusted with chromium. Well, it turns out to have worked the other way around.

Unless the names of Daimler, Bentley, Lagonda, Jaguar, and Rolls-Royce have a permanent strangle hold on your imagination, you would have had to confess, I think, that the cars that bore these ancient and honorable names this year were not much to look at. They are big, they are bright, and they *do* look expensive, but the distinction of their characteristic verticality has nearly disappeared. In the Rolls-Royce radiator you will see the last of it—the square front with the truncated triangular top, upright against the wind, and streamlining be damned—but for the rest they are going the way of the Cadillac, and that way lies the fish-tailed rear, the flowing curve, and the dyspeptic bulge of a pneumatically inflated interior. There is a cliché of British design—each of the front fenders handled as a single tear drop—that I find just as unattractive as the fads that periodically run their course through American cars, and this year over twenty of the British makes have used it. The only memorable automobile in the show, to my mind, was the Hillman Minx convertible, which manages with extraordinary grace to improve on the American formula that it imitates—a real accomplishment.

THE irony of attempting to satisfy the local taste could be savored at a symposium on automobile design held at the Museum of Modern Art the same week the British show opened. The participants had been artfully selected to cover the spectrum of opinion about car design—at least as far as such opinions can be organized this side of every-man-his-own—and the anti-British, or down-with-the-spoke-wheel, school was represented by Mr. Raymond Loewy, who has earned the gratitude of the initiated by designing the postwar Studebaker, and lost it by designing the 1950 Studebaker. Mr. Loewy argued that the British MG, which is often said to be an “honest” design since it looks like an automobile stripped down to essentials, is actually “dishonest,” since its long hood conceals not the engine but the legs of the passengers. Mr. Wilder Hobson, a student of contemporary *mores* who was billed on the program as “car owner and licensed driver,”

replied that the hood at least had something under it, which made it a good deal more “honest” than many American cars.

This was the rough tenor of the evening, which became quite heated at many points, and if a number of the British guests in town were present I hope they did not go away with the impression that all Americans are as confused as this about automobile design. The Museum of Modern Arts Chowder and Marching Society is a specialized group, necessarily, and there was no doubt that the audience that evening had stored-up resentments of many kinds, most of them directed at the designers of the recent cars. A formidable female in a strong tweed suit stormed out of the auditorium just ahead of me, announcing her own conclusion in clear, firm tones. “The idea,” she said, “that vulgar design can be produced by anything but a vulgar mind is, in my opinion, pure nonsense.”

The difficulty, clearly enough, is to agree on the elements that contribute to good or to vulgar design in a motor car. One of the speakers—Mr. Cameron Peck, the owner of an extensive collection of handsome vehicles—made virtually the only attempt to isolate the qualities particular to the automobile itself. Its nature is founded, he said, on four rotating wheels, on the horizontal line of its base, and on the verticals at its front and rear; these are the limitations within which the designer must work. Mr. Peck did not appear to believe that the fulsome curve serves any useful function in an automobile, and he deplored the gradual lowering of the fender skirting which has almost hidden the wheels from sight—“so that the cars look increasingly,” as he put it, “like a Quonset hut with four naked white feet.”

Mr. George Nelson, writer, architect, and designer of furniture and clocks, had approximately eighty Kodachrome slides of ridiculous items of automobile horribilia, collected by himself on an assiduous tour of parking lots; he showed these slides on the screen one after another. His informal commentary was brief and mild, a matter of innocent-sounding remarks like, “Now just look at *that*,” but his pictures were so carefully selected and arranged that the outcome was devastating and complete—the development of the Buick porthole, or male-and-female symbolism in the radiator cap, or the

heraldry of trade-marks could not have asked for better treatment. The audience was with him all the way, and at moments he seemed to have tapped profound sources of indignation in his listeners. "There is a school of thought," said Mr. Nelson of one especially suggestive ornament, "which holds that in this object the forceful, dynamic element represents the automobile manufacturers, while the yielding, receptive element represents the American public." At this there was a roar, and I think the crowd sniffed blood. If Mr. Nelson had wanted us to, we would have followed him out into the street and begun ripping off fenders with our bare hands.

Mr. Loewy seemed to want to have the last word, and the word was that good designers give the customers what they want. He pulled out this chestnut twice, the second time in response to a question from Eliot Noyes, a designer himself and author of a column on design. Mr. Noyes asked Mr. Loewy why the new 1950 Studebaker was so inferior to last year's model, and Mr. Loewy replied that he himself, his associates, and the public thought the new one was handsomer by far—which may give you an idea of what angry architects mean when they use the expression: "all Loewyed up."

The Museum did well to bring these lively intelligences together, even though little came of it. The only technical imperfection was the necessity, the auditorium of the Museum being so small, of turning away as many again as it would hold. Next time, begging their pardon, they should hire a hall.

A Rosy Wreath

THIS is the season of mortar boards and words of advice, when the famous and near-famous stand on school and college platforms uttering wisdom to their juniors on how they should face the world. Most schools and colleges are satisfied to doze through one baccalaureate sermon and one commencement address, plant one sprig of ivy, and heave one deep sigh of relief that the academic year has come to an end. But not the Brooks School in North Andover, Massachusetts. The senior class at Brooks is going to face the world with more advice from more famous people than, I'll bet, any class that has ever graduated from any school.

It is as though the boys had said, "Let's get this over with once and for all." They have invited words of wisdom from more than a hundred presumably wise men and women.

The Brooks School has published a sort of newspaper for the past year and a half called the *Next Voter*. It is edited by the seniors who take political science, and it wades into controversial issues with all the brashness of youth and with the open face of a young man who lets it be known that he doesn't know what he's talking about but still thinks he has a right to be heard. Which, of course, he has. These particular young men have gone a good deal further than any high school editors I have ever encountered. They have more subscribers outside the school than they have inside, and they picked the names of those they wanted for readers out of *Who's Who*. They started their paper against the advice of their headmaster, who thought nobody would be interested, and to no one's delight more than his they have made a success of it. The paper is in the black; in fact, the editors have grossed about \$10,000 since they set out. All of their profits have gone back into expanding the paper. One of their ideas of expansion was to get commencement advice in wholesale lots.

Members of the senior class were asked to suggest names of prominent men and women from whom they would like words of counsel, and they ranged from the Queen Mother of England to Bing Crosby, from General Marshall to George Bernard Shaw. Letters were sent to more than a hundred such celebrities, and to the astonishment of the boys at Brooks very nearly all of them replied. The result (I have been given copies of the letters which will be published at commencement time) is the most remarkable commencement address on record, but it is also extremely revealing of the men and women who composed it.

In general the celebrities fall into the following categories: high military brass, politicians, writers and other artists (including entertainers), public servants, scholars, divines, business men, and miscellaneous.

The high brass in almost every case emphasizes the duties of citizenship and service to the country. "The purpose of education is to train our young people for the responsibilities that will be theirs as citizens of our country and members of our society," Admiral Nimitz

wrote, and General Lucius Clay merely said: "Be a good citizen." Field Marshal Montgomery of Alamein and General Marshall took a slightly different line, and while they said much the same things they said them quite differently. The Field Marshal put it this way: "1. Speak the truth. 2. Stand firm by what you believe to be right. 3. Be enthusiastic in everything you do." General Marshall wrote: "Sincerity, integrity, and tolerance are, to my mind, the first requirements of many to a fine, strong character."

There is some compatibility between the advice of the military men and of the professional entertainers. General Carl Spaatz advised the boys to "Decide what your objectives in life will be—then *work* for those objectives." And Bing Crosby wrote: "... find your right vocation, gain experience, and work hard for advancement." Benny Goodman, Rise Stevens, Norman Rockwell, and Louis Bromfield all played variations on this theme.

Some of the literary folk were wary of giving or taking advice. In reply to the question of what advice he would give to a young man, George Bernard Shaw wrote: "None unless he asks for it, in which case warn him that you are not infallible, and you are a generation out of date." Christopher Morley starts his words of advice with: "Be wary of advice; advisers are sometimes right," and ends with: "If you really want to make friends with yourself, make a list of your own pressures. Then destroy it."

Other literary men were full of advice, much of it cryptic. Evelyn Waugh wrote characteristically: "Men: go to the university; read philosophy, history, and the classics; ride horses. Women: go to Europe; learn the French and English languages; study architecture and modesty." And Harold Nicolson wrote: "My advice is to go to France direct from New York to Cherbourg and to remain there for at least three months, if possible living in a French family. . . ." It is obvious where British writers think that culture is to be found.

The journalists, as distinguished from the literary men (begging both their pardons) took the side of good will toward men. Marquis Childs said: "Keep faith in the goodness of mankind and have trouble to say the truth as you see it," while Arthur Krock wrote: ". . .

approach every subject and person with good will until there is justification for not doing so." The only journalist who sounded as though he thought he knew all the answers was Colonel McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*. "Be American," he scribbled in pencil—and that was all he had to say; it contrasts strangely with General Clay's "Be a good citizen." General Clay has recently been in the business of trying to make nations live with one another. Colonel McCormick has not.

Even a few educators were asked to participate in this wholesale commencement, and it seemed to me that they approached youth with their hats in their hands—being used to youth they were less sure of their own advice. Professor Henry Steele Commager of Columbia prefaced his wisdom with: "You don't need advice from me—it's the other way around." Sir Arthur Clifforde, the headmaster of Rugby, said more in a single sentence than all of the others manage in several paragraphs. "Through life," he wrote, "never treat any person as a thing."

That is enough. The politicians said what you would expect them to say, and some of them said it very well, words of advice on honesty and hard work. Queen Mary had her *Lady in Waiting* write (in longhand, incidentally) asking to be forgiven for not writing herself. "The Queen," the letter said, "is gradually recovering from a tedious and painful attack of sciatica." The Queen, moreover, felt that she could not make a comment—". . . were the Queen to embark upon giving social advice in the columns of a newspaper, this could easily be interpreted as a semi-political pronouncement, and, of course, Queen Mary, like the rest of the Royal Family, steers entirely clear of all political matters whatsoever."

The editors of the *Next Voter*, when I talked to them, planned to print all of the letters they received in full. This will mean some eighty or ninety little commencement addresses, enough inspirational material and aphorisms to keep the professional commencement speakers going for years. But perhaps Bertrand Russell said all that needed to be said in the final sentence of his brief message—"Every young person should decide on his or her own credo."

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Butler, the Law, and Injustice

Richard H. Rovere

GD. H. COLE, the most versatile of Laborite Englishmen, seems to be trying to stir up a contemporary interest in that most versatile of Victorians, Samuel Butler, about whom he wrote a critical study a few years back. Now, in *The Essential Samuel Butler* (Dutton, \$3.75), he has put together five-hundred-odd pages of Butler's writings, reproducing also two oil paintings and the score of one piece of his music. Nothing could be more laudable than an attempt to get an audience for Butler, but I fear that Cole, who of course edited with a British audience in mind, is not in the present instance doing what should really be done for the cause on this side of the ocean. *The Essential Samuel Butler* lives up to its title admirably, which explains what is wrong with it. Most of the space is taken up with slightly cut versions of *The Way of All Flesh* and *Erewhon*, both of which are available here in uncut Modern Library editions. What we need is republication of some of Butler's unessential but not unwonderful works: *The Note-Books*, which are skimpily represented in this volume; the superbly wrong-headed works on evolution, which Cole has passed over, perhaps rightly in view of his design and the limitations on it, in favor of the magazine series called "The Deadlock in Darwinism," which seems dull to me and less amusingly argumentative than most of his writings; *Alps and Sanctuaries*, of which no part appears in the Cole collection; and the literary criticism, which is oddly spoken for by a few snatches from Butler's translation of Homer. Cole's greatest service is in reprint-

ing the "Memoir of John Pickard Owen," a fiction which originally stood as the introduction to *The Fair Haven*, Butler's ironic treatise on nineteenth-century Christian theology.

Still, anything that wins a few new readers to Butler is all to the good. The neglect of him today is a sad and perplexing business. Many people, to be sure, read *The Way of All Flesh*, which is certainly the best of Butler, but to read that alone is to get to know not an author but a book—and a book which, as it happens, can be greatly enriched for us by a knowledge of its author. But although Butler has been more fortunate than most writers in his biographers and his disciples, he has never had, except in the brief period that followed the posthumous publication of *The Way of All Flesh* in 1903, the kind of audience he deserves. Even in that period, though, Bernard Shaw had to say, in the preface to *Major Barbara* in 1907, how unfortunate it was that he could write "plays in which Butler's extraordinarily fresh, free, and future-piercing suggestions have an obvious share" and be "met with nothing but vague cacklings about Ibsen and Nietzsche."

We now hear less of Ibsen and Nietzsche than Shaw did (less, too, than we ought to hear) and practically nothing about Butler. I imagine that it is Butler's very versatility that denies him an audience. It takes a person of broad interests—or, what is substantially the same, a person uncowed by specialists—to appreciate this gallant, gifted amateur. Thus, the tragedy of our neglect is fenced about by a vicious circle, for it is Butler's

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amateurism that we need as much as anything else he can give us. The great thing about Butler is that he came to grips with his whole spiritual and intellectual environment. He was never apologetic for not being a specialist; indeed, he said it was the specialist who ought to apologize for not being an amateur—or, in his word, a generalist. At the same time, there was nothing flighty or irresponsible about him. "There is no excuse for amateur work being bad," he wrote. When he took on the Darwinians and the Protestant theologians, he was equipped with the learning he needed in the battles he planned to fight. In fact, one should perhaps say that it was the *combination* of amateurism and responsibility for which we should really honor him. He was never for one moment afraid of the scientists, but neither was he contemptuous of them, except when they invited contempt. He attacked many of their ideas, but he was able, as so many present-day writers are not, to do this without ever belittling science itself or scientific method. He was able to score off scientists because he was himself a profoundly scientific spirit. Similarly, he could score off theologians because his view of life matched, and in most cases exceeded, theirs in dignity and seriousness.

Addressing himself to his own role in life, Butler once said, "The question is, what is the amateur an amateur of? What is he really in love with? Is he in love with other people, thinking he sees something which he would like to show them? If this is his position, he can do no wrong, the spirit in which he works will insure that his defects will be only as bad spelling or bad grammar in some pretty saying of a child." He was thinking most of all of his painting when he wrote this, but it applies to every other field in which he worked.

There is, then, an attitude toward life and toward the mind to be learned from Butler. One might sum it all up as a mighty self-respect. "Oh, if men would but leave off lying to themselves," he once had a sympathetic character say. "If they would but learn the sacredness of their own likes and dislikes." The exercise of individual moral and intellectual discrimination seemed to him the most important thing a man could do. Self-respect is thus the foundation of his art and his philosophy, but almost everything he built on

that foundation is still stimulating on its own account. To a degree, he anticipated modern psychology. To a larger degree, he anticipated modern sociology. He had as deep an understanding of the role of institutions as anyone in his time or ours. No one can say how many men of letters he anticipated. Though he produced little fiction, he displayed in what he wrote an astonishing versatility. Even in so short a work as the "Memoir of John Pickard Owen," he was able to range from a knowledge of boyhood as deep as Mark Twain's to a manipulation of ideas as subtle as, say, Santayana's. It is sometimes said that many of his insights into life are valueless to us now because they have become common property. The battles he fought, it is held, have already been won. I do not think this is so. The particular tyrannies he described in, for example, *The Way of All Flesh* may no longer have quite the power they once had to cripple lives, but anyone who reads that book simply as a document of Victorian society misses its true grandeur. It is the expression of a determinedly free spirit that can be a living ally today because it once confronted life whole. "I made no alliances," Butler said proudly. He meant that his only pact was with truth and that he had entered into this strictly as his own man.

SEVERAL recent books should prove rewarding to laymen who are able to find, as this layman always is, diversion and instruction in legal history and legal ideas. René A. Wormser's *The Law* (Simon & Schuster, \$5) is one of those chatty, charty, agreeable outlines of history, Hammurabi-to-Frankfurter in this case, that flourish everywhere nowadays and that, when they are well done, leave one in doubt as to whether to praise or damn them for their competence. The question is not so much whether they satisfy a legitimate thirst as whether they are likely in many cases to quench the thirst permanently. No such troublesome questions are raised by the late Morris R. Cohen's *Reason and Law* (Free Press, \$3.50), by Jerome N. Frank's *Courts on Trial* (Princeton University Press, \$5), or by Edward N. Cahn's *The Sense of Injustice* (New York University Press, \$3.50). All of these are modest in conception and solid in design. On the one hand, there is nothing parochial about them, and

on the other, they refuse to address themselves to the eager illiterates at whom Counselor Wormser flaps his gaudy shingle ("Homer: The First Law Reporter," "Solon's New Deal," "William Begins a New System"). Morris Cohen, of course, was a layman himself, a philosopher who stood in relation to the law as a great critic stands in relation to literature. In *Reason and Law*, his publishers have assembled what they say are the last of his legal papers to be published in book form. These are mostly reviews and fugitive essays, but Cohen was a man who took every job with high seriousness, and nothing he wrote failed to reveal the toughness of his mind or the gentleness of his spirit. Judge Frank's book goes a good deal further than its journalistic title would suggest and is, in fact, a restatement of his whole legal credo, which was first set forth twenty years ago in *Law and the Modern Mind* and which is held by qualified authorities to have had more influence on legal thought and practice in this country than any since Holmes's, from which it partly derives. Professor Cahn's essay is likely to prove a stiff dose for the layman—though hardly stiffer for him than for his attorney—but it goes to the heart of matters that involve us all and is as richly suggestive as anything I have lately come across in any field.

OF ALL these estimable jurists, Judge Frank is the one who is likely to charm the layman most. He is a man who should be a lot better known in this country than he is, for he happens to be one of the few truly protean figures of our age, a man whose breadth of interest and intellectual gusto would surely have commended him to Samuel Butler. Those of us who have been privileged to know him are firm in the conviction that as a conversationalist he could meet his match only in Dr. Johnson and that he could easily have drawn away Oscar Wilde's most enraptured auditors and left Wilde mumbling to himself in a corner. Although the better part of his work has been in the law, his erudition extends deep into literature, religion, history, education, psychology, architecture, and government, and he has written with as much knowledge as

zest in all of these fields. He exists, as his friend and colleague, Judge Learned Hand, once said, in a state of "perpetual cerebration." During the thirties, he celebrated in half a dozen agencies of the New Deal, ending his career as chairman of the Securities Exchange Commission, from which he was appointed to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

Courts on Trial is informed from start to finish by Judge Frank's enormous learning and charged with his palpable delight in life and controversy. Since it is a restatement and elaboration of his whole legal philosophy, its starting point is an attack on the concept of legal certainty, which is the child of Natural Law. Although Natural Law has come back into favor in some quarters as part of the stylish revival of authoritarian religion, it is unlikely that the headiest of revivalists would attach to it the meaning it had three or four centuries ago; but Judge Frank is nevertheless persuaded that its influence on the search for justice in human affairs is still great even among those who would disown a belief in it. Indeed, he feels so strongly about the confusion of Natural Law with the codes by which men try to bring order and decency into their relations with other men that he will not, except when forced to it by convention, allow the word "law" to cross his lips or issue from his pen. Instead, all through this book, he speaks of laws as "rules." But he grants no independent power or substance to the "rules" except as the referees have applied them to specific plays. Believing with Holmes that what we call the law is merely "what the courts do in fact," he further reduces the active force of the law to "decisions" and wraps up the entire judicial process in a quasi-algebraic equation, which reads " $R \times F = D$ " and which means that the applicable rules (R) multiplied by the facts (F) in the case at bar give us the court's decision (D). The legal equation is a human equation. The rules are man-made, the facts are man-determined, and the decision can never be anything but a compound of human wisdom and unwisdom. To recognize this and to act freely on our recognition is not, he thinks, to lower our sights but to

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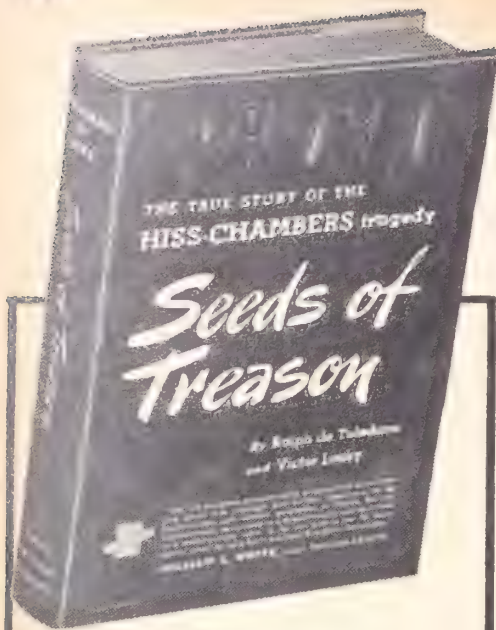
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elevate them. The search for certainty in law, for permanent codification of our desires and ideals, he regards as unworthy and immature, a childish, fear-ridden search for the ease and moral unaccountability of protection by paternal authority. Absolute justice is unobtainable, but we can approximate it more closely if we abandon the search for it and seek instead to express in law the imperfect best that is in us. He would apply to the conduct of all our transactions Butler's principle of the sacredness of man's likes and dislikes.

All this, of course, merely reflects a view of law that has been pretty well accepted in the course of the past few decades, in part through the influence of Judge Frank and like-minded colleagues, but in larger part because it embraces and embodies the view of life that has been predominant in our times. If this were not so, an intellectual bellwether like Franklin Roosevelt could never have sponsored the plan for enlarging the Supreme Court in 1937. The movement that in those days called itself "legal realism" and that found its ablest publicist in Judge Frank merely paralleled similar trends in literature, religion, psychology, and education. But Judge Frank carries it forward in the law with a tartar's vengeance. He would give up for good and all the attempt to write anything on tablets of stone. He would strip the courts of all ritual, lower the bench to floor level, burn all judicial robes, and flatten the disrobed judges on psychoanalysts' couches, there to be freed of compulsive reactions. He would make all precedent-mongering a public mockery and establish contempt of court—in the form of open criticism, not of insubordination—as a free man's right. It should hardly need pointing out that, since Judge Frank is the very opposite of anarchic in temperament and has what amounts to a reverence for government by rules (law), his belief in his own principles is founded on an almost sublime naturalism. His legal philosophy has been called cynical ("gastronomical jurisprudence" was one early, derisive phrase for it) but that is nonsense. If anything, it has not been washed enough in Holmes' cynical acid; if it contains error, it is naïve error; if it is vulnerable at all, it is

vulnerable because of its excessive optimism and its unreasonable courage. To say that man is imperfect and probably imperfectible is, in the light of evidence on hand, only common sense. To suppose, as Judge Frank does, that man can make the closest approximation to perfection in the course of free experimentation with the law and by acts founded on pure self-reliance may be a violation of common sense.

THE possibility that such an orgy of idol-smashing as Judge Frank advocates would violate common sense is, I take it, an underlying assumption in both Morris R. Cohen's *Reason and Law* and Edward N. Cahn's *The Sense of Injustice*. Neither of these men assumes a Natural Law foundation for the codified laws of men, but they both feel that mankind has need for constants of some sort, even if these come not from any force outside us but from some inner source that has some continuity, some sanction in history (Butler said that sanction by men has sometimes the power to sanctify), some reality independent of the moment. Cohen thinks that such a constant or near-constant may be found in reason and logic. He takes issue with Holmes' famous dictum that "the life of the law has not been logic, it has been experience," a sentiment which Judge Frank cites with approval, by pointing out that it seems to be based on "the false assumption that experience and logic are mutually exclusive." "The life of the law," he says, "is not the kind of experience that can dispense with all logic and consistency." Logic in law, as elsewhere, has a kind of critical authority that is, to be sure, man-determined but that, like art, sometimes transcends man and beckons him to transcend himself as often as possible. The effectiveness of logic is apparent in the very forms of law and in its successes. "The Ought of law," Cahn says, "goes far to determine the Is," and the truth of this remark becomes apparent not so much when justice is done, for justice may be done inadvertently, but when injustice is done and men in shame resolve to do better next time.

The Sense of Injustice, which carries the subtitle "An Anthropocen-

BOOKS IN BRIEF

tric Approach to Law," is written in a dense, elliptical style that forces the reader, as Francis Hackett once said of another such book, to brew himself a pot of tea every so often, but if I succeeded at all in extracting its central argument, it is that a substitute of sorts for Natural Law may be found in the human sense of wrong and grievance. Ideals of justice—ideals, that is, of what should be done to and for man—are shifty and slippery. They are hard to define even when we feel about them strongly, which isn't very often. The human response to justice, he says, "is merely contemplative, and contemplation bakes no loaves." With our sense of injustice, however, it is quite otherwise. Men are generally quite clear about what should *not* be done to their fellows. Ideas of wrong are far less subject to the winds of chance and change than ideals of right. Our outrage at injustice is a much greater moral force than our appreciation of justice.

SINCE the absence or elimination of wrong is a definition of right that would satisfy logic, there is obviously a certain amount of verbal trickery in Cahn's book, but his idea is one that has a good many uses, some of them humble enough to be available to book reviewers. At least, it explained to me a distinction I felt but was unable to explain to myself between two books of similar subject matter and outwardly of equal merit. One of these is *Seeds of Treason* (Funk & Wagnalls, \$3.50), an account of the Hiss-Chambers case by Ralph de Toledo and Victor Lasky, and the other is A. Frank Reel's *The Case of General Yamashita* (University of Chicago Press, \$4), a history of the scandalous series of events that led up to the execution of the late commander of the Fourteenth Japanese Army Group on February 23, 1946. Both these books have urgent and absorbing stories to tell, and the authors have in both cases done their jobs with skill. *Seeds of Treason*, which gives a large chunk of American communist history along with its retelling of the Hiss trials, spills a certain amount of unnecessary venom, but it is less remarkable for how much venom it spills than for how relatively little. It is, in view of

the plainly labeled and no doubt commendable leanings of the authors, admirably restrained. *The Case of General Yamashita* is also partisan, as well it ought to be if its contentions are sound, and so far as I know they have nowhere been contradicted. The story, of course, is that of the now celebrated miscarriage of justice in which an American military tribunal convicted of murder, and in so doing was upheld on appeal by the Supreme Court, a Japanese general on the evidence of atrocities committed in the Philippines by troops over whom he had neither command nor control. The author of the book was one of General Yamashita's attorneys, and he has written his story of the conduct, or misconduct, of the case in the hope that public awareness of the crime will in some degree atone for it and prevent its repetition.

What struck me about the two books was the difference between them in emotional impact. *The Case of General Yamashita* has great moral force; *Seeds of Treason* has almost none. One is horrified by the outcome of the Yamashita case, but one is not elated by the outcome of the Hiss case. At the most, one is gratified. Indeed, although I share the feeling that justice was probably done in the Hiss trial, I felt positively glum on being told by the authors of *Seeds of Treason* that it was my civic duty to aid in the apprehension of other Hisses. Perhaps it is, assuming that other Hisses exist, but it is not a duty that I could take much satisfaction doing. But why the outrage and why the glumness? In one case, injustice was done, in another justice. The sense of injustice is plainly stronger than the sense of justice. I rather think it is a bit sounder, too, from the human point of view.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

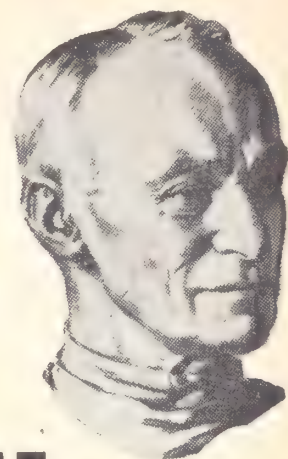
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

To the poor whites they are Negroes. They will have nothing to do with the Negroes nor the Negroes with them. Horace Randall, white farmer on the edge of the swamplands who married one of the dark young women out of loneliness when his wife died, worked it out to his satisfaction that the Red Bones are Indian whites. This story of the marriage and the struggle to get schooling for its children has the unstudied dignity of the people themselves. At first the writing seems stilted and contrived but as the novel progresses the style creates a world of its own, a world whose center is Tempie, the stately but inarticulate, uneducated, and unwashed young Red Bone girl. As the story moves on she grows into a wise, strong, and courageous woman, loving her husband and winning his love. She is inarticulate and uneducated still, but her sweetness and pride in the face of humiliation, and her earthy understanding and acceptance of sorrow give great stature to her and to the book. A moving first novel.

John Day, \$3

The Circle of the Day, by Helen Howe.

On the morning of the tenth anniversary of her very happy marriage Faith Millet learned that her loved and trusted husband was the father of a four-year-old son by another woman. The novel is the story of the rest of that day and of Faith's decision about the rest of her life. It is a picture of love and great compassion triumphant over hate and bitterness. But the fine theme is somehow tarnished by the cheap and sentimental interludes with the friends and enemies in whom Faith confides during the day. It is hard to believe that a woman capable of her final decision could entertain the less worthy emotions on the uncomfortable level she is made to. It is, however, a very readable book, reaching toward wisdom and understanding. Literary Guild choice for June.

Simon & Schuster, \$3

The Other Father, by Laura Hobson. The psychological traps that lie in wait for both father and daughter when parental love is excessive and demanding are the subject of Mrs. Hobson's first novel since *Gentle-*

man's Agreement. It would be unfair to give more of the details, having explained that much, but let it be said that she makes an absorbing story out of it. The trouble is that it is made too pat. There are no overtones and there's no surmising left for the reader to do. Everything is explained, A,B,C, and life's complicated motivations are made so infinitely simple that one closes the book saying, "Oh, come now."

Simon & Schuster, \$3

Cloak of Laughter, by May Mellinger.

From the moment Terry Lancaster's dream of marriage was thwarted by the discovery that he was a bastard he had only one idea: to find and kill his father. He had very few clues but he searched for him everywhere, in all his jobs, on ships at sea, in foreign ports, and, during the depression when jobs were hard to find, in San Francisco. But there, in that wonder city, in a dingy boarding house he rediscovered a glamorous friend made earlier in jail and two unbelievably lovely girls, all poor and all working like himself. The four made a congenial and happy foreshadow. Love and laughter (cf. *Cloak of*) interfered in a strange, wonderful way (in which coincidence plays no little part) with his plans for revenge. . . . An exciting story, clipped and amusing in its dialogue, and basically sound, if somewhat oversimplified in its assumptions about human nature. A first novelist to watch.

Putnam, \$2.75

Night Journey, by Albert J. Guerard. Like several of his contemporaries (Anthony West in *The Vintage*, Rex Warner in *Men of Stones*) Mr. Guerard has forsaken reality to build in this, his third novel, a world of his own. The country is an unnamed one in Europe, at a time of undeclared war against an unnamed dictator. The story is told in retrospect by a man deranged by his experiences. The narrator had come to Europe full of idealism and belief that his side was bringing socialism and democracy to save the Europeans. In the dream world of undeclared war he finds himself, in obeying orders, betraying against his will the people he has come to save and

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

the dynamic commander of his group. He becomes a deserter and asks to be interned to escape his guilt. It is a soul-searching book on intellectual and moral choices in a difficult world, and it is brilliantly done in those terms. But in terms of people that one cares about it fails utterly. Whereas I read his previous novels *The Hunted* and *Maquisard* with deep emotional involvement, this leaves me cold and unconvinced. Knopf, \$3

Non-Fiction

The Autobiography of Robert A. Millikan.

In Dr. Millikan's autobiography we get a great deal that is familiar in all biographies and autobiographies of men whose lives have spanned more than half of the past century in America: the sense of change from the world into which they were born to the world in which they now find themselves. But this sense is heightened a hundred-fold for this man whose inventions have helped to bring about the change. Dr. Millikan made the first proved measure of the electron with his oil-drop experiment. He won the Pulitzer Prize in physics in 1923. Yet in other ways his is a typical American life story. He is the son of a minister; he had to sacrifice and work for an education. He is married and has three sons. And his main preoccupation—not aside from but in addition to his work and his family—is world peace. Like Justice Douglas's book, *Of Men and Mountains*, reviewed here last month, his book is an affirmation of faith in God and the future.

Prentice Hall, \$4.50

Room for One More, by Anna Perrott Rose.

The story of a family of five who adopted three additional children and made a go of it. They weren't prize children, carefully selected. They were, in fact, all problem children at the start. One was a cripple. Mrs. Rose's thesis is that no child is perfect, you take them the way they are and make the most of them. This tells how she and her husband did it, and it certainly seemed to work. As can be imagined, the book is a tear-



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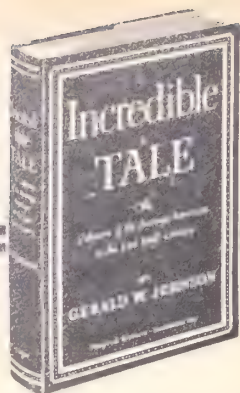
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jerker, but a tear-jerker in all the right ways, for Mrs. Rose's simplicity, unashamed love of humanity, and her wit make it very moving indeed. Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75

Louisa May Alcott, by Madeleine B. Stern.

From the unusual amount of written records left by an unusually literate family and group of friends Miss Stern has reconstructed a careful life of the woman who is still one of America's best-selling authors. The fictional outlines of her life are so well known to readers of *Little Women* that many of them will read the actual life story unwillingly, for any deviation from the book (unless it could be shown that Laurie really did marry Jo after all) is almost sacrilege. In actuality, as the biography shows, it was a life extraordinarily keyed to intellectual pursuits and the satisfactions of the mind—a lucky thing, as the material satisfactions were so few. Yet perhaps because of the very richness of the family life which, translated, gives *Little Women* its enduring charm, Miss Alcott's life, as successive deaths of dearly-loved sisters or parents left her more and more alone, appears in these pages to have been a pretty melancholy one. And this in spite of the satisfactions of her literary accomplishments, so well detailed in this book.

University of Oklahoma Press, \$4

The World of Gilbert and Sullivan, by W. A. Darlington.

Although Mr. Darlington at one time (about twenty-five years ago) took the unpopular end of the argument and held, before the Gilbert and Sullivan Society, that the operas were bound to go out of date if Gilbert's lyrics were not rewritten, he has lived long enough to find himself proved wrong and to be happy about it. Still he has written a book to give the background of the actual operas for new and coming generations so that those who want to go behind the universal qualities may find here a key to the actual topical allusions. (Who, for instance, was Captain Shaw?) There are also illustrations of famous actors in famous parts which would be more fun if their dates appeared too, but overall the work is most informative in a read-



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

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Book Forecast

For those who take their summer light reading seriously there is a feast at hand. On June 5 Dodd, Mead will publish Agatha Christie's newest (her fiftieth), *A Murder Is Announced*, and on June 7 Erle Stanley Gardner's *The Case of the Musical Cow* and Carter Dickson's *Night at the Mocking Widow* come from Morrow.

Biography in fact and fiction will not be lacking for summer and fall. The Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen Catherine Drinker Bowen's *John Adams and the American Revolution* as its July selection and Little, Brown will publish it on June 16. In July Random House has scheduled a novel based on the life of Toulouse Lautrec, the French painter, by Pierre La Mure, and in the fall Macmillan announces that Mary Ellen Chase's biography of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., will appear. In October Putnam expects to publish the Duke of Windsor's much heralded autobiography, although they are still at a loss for a title. And New Directions has signed up Ernest Jones to do a study of Edith Wharton for their *Makers of Modern Literature Series*.

Along the inspirational frontier the big guns are moving up. Norton announces that they have signed a contract with H. A. Overstreet (*The Mature Mind*) for a new book to be called *The Mind in the Community*, no publication date mentioned as yet. And on August 15 Whittlesey House expects to publish Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen's *Lift Up Your Heart*.

Happy news for later in 1950: Little, Brown is publishing *How to Travel Incognito*, by Ludwig Bemelmans; at Crowell's, *Cheaper by the Dozen* by Ernestine Gilbreth Carey and Frank Gilbreth, Jr., will have a sequel, *Belles on Their Toes*, and Louis Untermeyer and Ralph Shikes are editing for Holt *The Best Humor of 1949-1950*.

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